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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23, 1895.

[No. 47.]

Vol. XV.]

THE HOUR OF PRAYER IN THE DESERT.

FIVE times every day the devout Moslem spreads his prayer-carpet and repeats his prayers towards Mecca—the mother city of the faith of Islam. Whether on shipboard, or in the crowded city, or in the lonely desert, he never fails to perform his religious duty. He is required also to go through certain ceremonial ablutions; but if water cannot be had, as in the desert, it will suffice if he washes his hands with sand. The camel, in the picture, is hobbled till his master finishes his prayer. What a peevish, discontented expression of countenance the camel has!

ON THE FARM.

BY BERTHA VOLENTINE.

"I DON'T drink cider; I'm a Prohibitionist," said six-year-old Walter, stoutly, as his brothers around the home cider-mill urged him to take some. "I wouldn't, either," said Amy, Walter's acknowledged companion in thought as well as in play. "Old worm-juice! ugh!"

Then the boy and girl ran away, and soon were seen with a crowd of young people, who had just come up, all visitors to the Thompsons.

"They're queer uns, anyway," said Eb. And at his words the others looked to where they now formed a not unimportant part of the little gathering on the lawn. They had always said that Walter had queer opinions about things, and that Amy would be a strong-minded woman; and right proud were they, let it be added, to be able to call their brother and playmate more clever than the majority of boys and girls. And Amy, indeed, seemed, just now, to be showing her contempt of conventionalities. Right in the midst of the group of children she stood, with her little round hat pushed far back on her head, curls "every which way," as she would have expressed it, bespattered apron, and a fan which she was complacently using, as with a broad smile, she enjoyed the effect of the fresh thrust she had given some of the boys on the temperance question, while Delsie, the daughter of the house, and Naida Witchfield rocked their dolls in cradles under a tree near by.

"Maybe one or t'other of 'em will be president, some day," resumed Eb, as they turned again to the work they had just left. "You know they say the right side always beats in the end." "Pooh!" said lazy Dick. "I'm in for the present."

"I wouldn't be queer for nuffin," said baby Joe, who was applauded noisily. "And I'll drink all the cider I want," said Denny. But he didn't that time. Their father came up just then, and, to their surprise, ordered them all to go into the house.

"What d'you s'pose can be the matter?" they asked each other. "Well," volunteered some one, "I heard father and mother talkin' about some tracts they got at the fair against cider; but I didn't suppose it'd amount to anything."

"What'd they say about cider?" demanded Dick.

"I'll tell you what they said," answered big brother Robert, as he passed them on his way home from the field. "They said that cider began to have alcohol in it when it was only twenty-four hours old, and that when the cider was made out of rotting apples there was alcohol in the juice before it was even squeezed out."

"Let's quit eatin' apples, boys," said Dick sarcastically. But his speech was not noted by the other boys. They saw how grave Robert looked, and they had

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

A LITTLE girl who was playing with her dog unintentionally hit him with her foot. She immediately said, "Please excuse me, Duke," with as much deference as if she had been making an apology to a person. "That is a lesson in politeness for us all," said a guest who was within hearing. Then he told this incident in the life of a high railroad official.

Erastus Corning many years ago was president of the Central Railroad. He was a lame man, and not very prepossess-

"Personally, I care nothing about it," said Mr. Corning. "If you had been so rude to any one else, I would have discharged you on the spot." He continued: "You saw I was lame, and that I moved with great difficulty. The fact that you did not know who I was does not alter the complexion of your act. I'll keep no one in my employ who is not civil to every one."

HER GRACE.

AN Englishwoman of rank, a duchess, while kind-hearted in many ways, was careless about money matters, particularly with the tradespeople whom she patronized. She was apt to forget to pay her bills.

A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of ten years, to beg for the money which was so much needed.

"Be sure you say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child gravely promised to remember.

When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess' presence, the little child dropped a low courtesy, and then folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said softly: "For what I am about to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful." As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that light-hearted person flushed very red, and without delay made out a cheque for the amount due to the milliner.

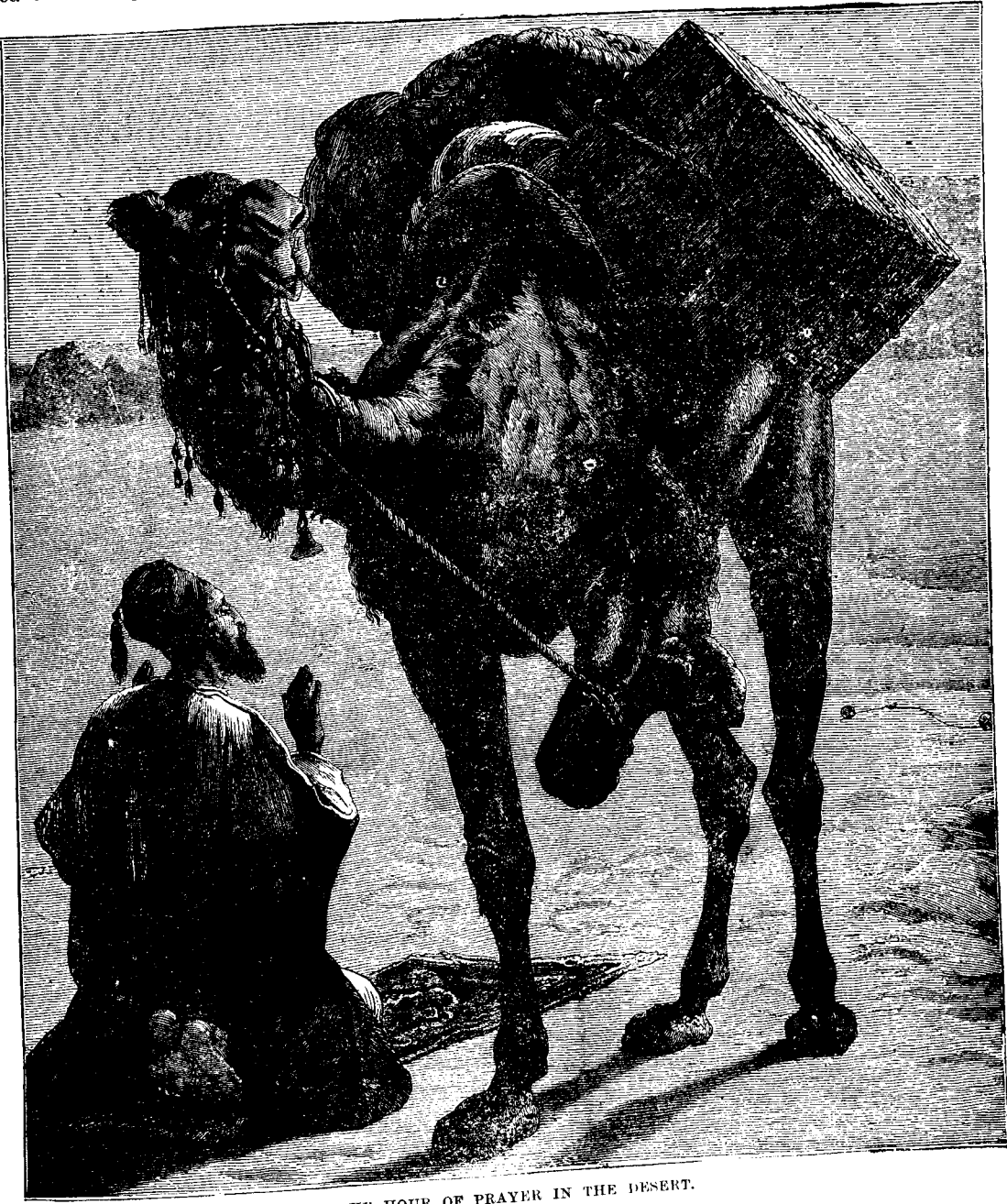
The little girl, happy in the belief that she had done the errand exactly as she had been told, departed joyfully; but the quick-witted duchess knew that the lesson she had received had never been intended, and felt its reproof all the more.

DON'T SNUB ANYBODY.

WE suppose that none of our readers really needs that exhortation. But it is well enough to remind ourselves that to "snub" any one, for any cause, is small business, and should be avoided always. This crumb puts emphasis upon the point:

Don't snub people who do not wear as good clothes as you do. Fine clothes do not make men and women. Don't snub people who may not move in what you are pleased to term "first society." Jesus was reared in a humble home, and many of the world's true noblemen have never belonged to the aristocracy. Don't snub young people, even though in your opinion they may be a little "too forward." If at fault at all, it is a fault of the head rather than the heart. Don't snub old people, whose opinions and habits may seem odd and old-fashioned to you. Remember that old notions of things are sometimes very correct. Don't snub anybody.

THE labouring men of the United States complain of poverty, and the tyranny of capitalists, yet they gave \$600,000,000 last year for liquor!



THE HOUR OF PRAYER IN THE DESERT.

great respect for their grown-up brother.

"Boys, I believe that my Sunday-school teacher was right when she said that cider starts more people to drinking than anything else, and that it's 'the devil's kindling wood.' I signed the pledge against it last Sunday, but if I hadn't, I'd do it to-day, after what I've heard about it," said he.

"That's right; give it to 'em hard!" said Amy, just then coming up, and guessing what they were talking about.

And with Amy and Walter and big brother Robert against cider, to say nothing of what their father and mother will do, there is no longer any doubt as to how the temperance question will be settled at the Thompsons'.

ing in looks. He stood one day on the platform and was about to step on to the cars. A conductor who did not know him shouted: "Come, hurry up, old man; don't be all day about it; the train can't wait."

The conductor went round to take up the tickets. A passenger said to him: "Do you know the gentleman you ordered on board?"

"No, and I don't want to know him."

"It may be worth while to make his acquaintance," said the passenger. "He is your boss, the president of the road, and he'll take your head off."

The conductor gave a low whistle, and looked bold. However, he at once sought the president and offered an apology.

Which Are You?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE are two kinds of people on earth to-day;
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say;

Not the sinner nor saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half-bad, and the bad are half-good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labour and worry and care?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1895.

DIME NOVELS FOR FAMILY READING.

A CLUB of boys once gathered a number of dime novels of the most sensational type and were reading them on the sly. One mother who had discovered a volume of this sort of literature in her son's pocket committed the book to the flames and threatened to whip him if any more were found. Another boy, according to this story from the *Ladies' Home Companion*, was treated in a quite different manner:

When Harry heard his mother's voice he sprang up and intended to hide the book, as he had been thoroughly cautioned to do by the others.

"Why, Harry, what is it?"

"Oh, only a book a boy lent me."

"Is it a good one?"

"Yes, it's awfully interesting."

"Well, I'm glad of that, for if there's anything I do enjoy it is a good book. Just lay it by till after supper, and this evening we'll read it together."

Harry complied, but feeling all the time as if there was something wrong about it

somewhere. After supper Mrs. Nelson got her sewing and said: "Now, Harry, you read and I'll sew."

So Harry began. He read a little while, but somehow the book didn't seem the same to him; things came up in the story that he did not just like to read to his mother.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Well, I can tell you as you go on; if you are interested in it I think I will be."

So Harry read on. It wasn't quite as interesting as it had been for some reason. Finally his interest flagged, he told his mother all about it and where they were reading them.

"And can you get them all?" Mrs. Nelson asked. "What a treat there is in store for us! We'll finish this one and then you can get another, and they'll last us most of the winter."

Harry winced. He was tired of it already. He had expected his mother to act a little as Rob's mother had. Mrs. Nelson went on with her sewing and Harry read until about nine o'clock. Finally, Harry laid down the book and with some anxiety said: "What do you think of it, mother?"

"Oh, it's very thrilling; don't you think so?"

"Well, yes; but do you s'pose these boys really did these things?"

"Why, you must just think how you would do under such circumstances."

"I should be scared to death," admitted Harry.

"Mercy! Would you? Why, I was just congratulating myself that if a bold, horrid man was to step in on us now and say, 'Madam, your money or your life,' you would bravely spring up to my rescue and say, 'Hold there, villain! Unhand that woman or your life's blood shall pay for the outrage, and that you would immediately draw out that immense knife you got a short time ago and made so sharp, and stab him."

Harry's eyes were luminous by this time; he couldn't understand his mother at all.

"But go on, Harry; I must hear the rest of that before I go to sleep." And Harry read a little longer.

Ten o'clock came, and Mrs. Nelson began making preparations for bed. For their evening lesson she read the first Psalm. In guarded language she drew Harry's attention to the climax of the verses, first, walking with the ungodly, then standing, stopping a little longer to listen, and finally being so taken up with the attractiveness of evil as to sit down and stay with it. She did not attempt to moralize but just sowed the seed and let it alone, then, pressing him to her heart, she kissed him fondly. "God keep you, my boy, in the time of temptation. Good night."

When Harry awoke the next morning he lay thinking quite busily. As he started off to school his mother called, "Be sure and get another book, Harry, and tell the boys to come here to-night and read them if they want to."

The boys were thunderstruck at the invitation. Rob Ellis, who was leader of the crowd, who disposed to scold; "Such a cad as you are, Harry Nelson, to blab everything to your mother."

"Well, what of it? She enjoys them. I guess if I can read them, mother can."

Rob was a little confused at Mrs. Nelson's literary taste, but next evening Harry coaxed Rob around for the evening. The reading began, and, although the boys took turns about reading, it flagged. The colour would creep up into Rob's face when he read some of the tall, bragging talk that some of the characters indulged in; it didn't seem just the thing before Mrs. Nelson. Before the evening was well over both boys were completely nauseated with the book. When they were alone Harry said, "I don't believe I'll finish that book, mother; I don't think it's nice."

AN HONEST MAN'S DECISION.

"WHEN I was a young man," said President Finney, "almost every man used tobacco, and I among the rest. After I was converted I continued to use it. The practice was so common that the question as to whether it was right did not occur to me. I was as innocent as a baby about it. But once when I was holding

revival meetings in New York City, I was one day filling my tobacco box from a paper I had just bought, when the gentleman in whose house I was stopping came into the parlour and said, 'Brother Finney, do you think it is right to use tobacco?' 'Right?' I said; 'right? Of course it isn't right. Here, you take this tobacco and keep it till I call for it.' The minute the question was presented to me, I knew it wasn't right, and I have never touched tobacco from that day to this. And I believe what success I have had in life has been due in a great measure to my manner of settling every such question. When I saw a thing was wrong, I gave it up at once and forever; and when I saw a course was right and my duty, I entered it without stopping to confer with flesh and blood."

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A BODY to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, and kindness, and charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, or temptation, or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind, brave words, but not to make a smoke-stack of, or a swill-trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird, and tree, and rill, and human voice, but not to give heed to what the tempter says or to what dishonours God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, the true—God's finger-prints in the flower, and field, and snowflake, but not to feast on unclean pictures or the blotches that Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember, and reason, and decide, and store up wisdom, and impart it to others, but not to be turned into a chip-basket or rubbish heap for the chaff and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul pure and spotless as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good and develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

A LESSON.

THE eccentric George Francis Train, while travelling in a parlour car, was annoyed by the many oaths with which several men interlarded their conversation. Determined to rebuke them, he joined in the talk, exclaiming again and again:

"Shovel, tongs, and poker!"

"Mr. Train," said one of the men at last, wearied with the recurring exclamation, "why do you use that nonsensical phrase?"

"That is my way of swearing," answered Train; "and it is no more nonsensical and far less blasphemous than your oaths. I'll quit if you will."

There was no more swearing during the journey.—*Youth's Companion*.

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant: "Sir, have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause. "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood-pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."

Two Little Maids.

BY MRS. C. D. H. THOMPSON.

Two little maids I met one day—
The one in carriage grand
On cushioned seat sat prim and sweet
With mamma close at hand.

In dainty lace and dainty fur
The little miss was clad,
Her eyes were blue, and smiled at you
In a way to make you glad.

The lashes dark, the rosy cheeks
Kissed so t, and golden brown
Was hair so fair that waved in air
As carriage rolled toward town.

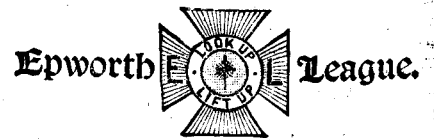
The other maid in alley dark
Trudged cold and lone and sad,
And her eyes, too, were heaven's blue
But no light made them glad.

Her little limbs and feet were bare
And winter's breeze so chill,
About her face of native grace
Made locks to play at will.

Her mamma's heart was broke one day—
Not even baby love
Could stay the hand from "other land"
That beckoned her above.

Dear little maids I met that day!
Canst tell why heart of one
Was light and gay and bright as day,
The other sad and lone?

A shadow dark stood in my path
And shut away the sun
It told me true as I tell you,
A drunkard's child was one.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

December 1, 1895.

THE HEART LIFE.—Matthew 22, 37-40.

Every word spoken by Jesus Christ is worthy of serious consideration, seeing that he spake as never man spake. The words of the present lesson are of special importance, seeing it is said that on them hang all the law and the prophets. By the term "law" is meant all the requirements of the Mosaic dispensation. By the term "prophets" we are to understand, "the prophetic writings." The Law and the Prophets were divisions of the Old Testament which were read daily in the synagogues of the Jews.

The heart is the seat of physical life and means here the soul, where thoughts and actions are first conceived. The soul, therefore, resembles a fountain which supplies streams and rivers with the important element. Thus the soul is the most important part of man. If it be right, all the parts of man will also be right. God should certainly be the object of supreme adoration. He is worthy of all our love because from him proceeds every good and perfect gift. He truly giveth us all things to enjoy.

By the term "our neighbour" is not merely meant those that reside near to us, but every member of the human family, no matter where they may reside, or what their occupation or social position. We are to put ourselves on an equality with them, and assist them in every matter as we would have them to do unto us. We are members of one family and no member of a family would injure another member unless he is either insane or flagrantly wicked.

Obedience to this twofold commandment would do away with strife and animosity. The whole family of mankind would be united together in one common brotherhood. How desirable is this! Let every member of all our Junior Leagues seek thus to act. Let love to God and love to man inspire every action, and we may expect the smile of heaven to rest upon us continually. So note it be.

Sunny-Day Sermons.

THE sun's text is: "Begin the day With shining purpose, any way";
The rain's: "Let tears fall only where They'll make the world more bright and fair."
The wind says: "Let your voice be sweet, And only pleasant things repeat."
The flowers whisper, hid apart: "Show to the world a perfect heart."
The white thistle, from up above,
Shines down the sermon: "Heaven is love."

Sign the Pledge.

BY LEWIS K. LANSARD.

Sign the pledge, dear boys and girls,
While your lives are fresh and young,
While your hearts are pure and spotless,
With God's rays on your tongue,
Like a flower in all its beauty,
Soon the cruel frost will blight.
Mothers, bring your little children,
Come and sign the pledge to-night.

Sign the pledge, fair young maidens,
Pure and spotless as the snow,
Oh, the good you can accomplish,
As through the life you go,
You may help a fallen sister
Out of darkness into light,
Some poor brother you may rescue,
Come and sign the pledge to-night.

Sign the pledge, my young brother,
Think not lone to stand
The temptations of the wine cup,
Come and join our noble band.
God and country call you,
Like a soldier to the fight,
Come and help us raise the banner,
Come and sign the pledge to-night.

Sign the pledge, father, mother,
If you would the children save,
Tell them of a life of sorrow,
And the cold drunkard's grave.
Tell them of the blood of Jesus,
That will cleanse and make them white.
Parents, if you love your children,
Come and sign the pledge to-night.

Sign the pledge, let all the people
Come and join our noble band.
God is for us, we shall conquer,
And drive intemperance from our land.
Come and help us rout the enemy,
Come and help us in the fight,
Help to save the growing nation,
Come and sign the pledge to-night.

PUDDIN'

An Edinburgh Story.

BY

W. GRANT STEVENSON, A.R.S.A.

CHAPTER VI.

FULLY two years had passed since the incidents narrated in the last chapter took place, and Jo's position had been regularly improving. He was now a partner, with the business completely under his control, as Mr. Inglis was too infirm to take any share in it. Mary and Jo were "engaged," though the date of the marriage was not fixed. In the smart business man no one would have recognized the boy "Puddin'"; he had always been making friends and extending the business, which was now in a much better state than when he entered it.

One Monday morning about this time, Jo was seated at the desk reading the morning's letters. One rather dirty envelope was addressed to himself in a stiff hand, and Jo was not a little astonished on reading its contents.

DEAR JO.—You will be surprised to hear from me. I have been working here for near three years, and am sorry not to have sent something to your mother before, nor to have come over. I just spent my money as I got it, and four months since I got my foot crushed, and was laid up ten weeks; if I had not been in the sick society, I might have starved, as I would not come to you then. I had plenty of time to think, and you may be sure I had some thoughts; but I made up my mind not to write till I could send some money. I send ten shillings—five shillings for your mother, and the five shillings I took from you. I shall send her something every pay, and you might let me know how you all are. The boats are running now, and you might come over and see me. I send this with one of the men who is going across, and hope you will get it all right.

Your father,
WILLIAM KEDDIE.

Jo sat thinking over the letter for some time—so long, indeed, that the men had to look in for their orders for the day, which he gave in a mechanical way.

"There's something up wi' the maister this mornin'," said one of the men to his companion. "He stood thinkin' for a while efter I asked 'um whaur to gang, an' I had to ask 'um again afore he told me—ay, there's something up when he's wool gatherin'." I hope it mayna be onything wraung wi' the business, for I wadna like to gang to a new maister. There's no mony like him, he's that kind to a body, even the beasts. I often wonder he can be bothered wi' that cat that gangs about the office; it's either up on his shoulder, or in

front o' um on the desk, he can hardly get written for't. An' there's Tam; he'll never let it gang out wi' a load if he can help it, an' the twa's as thick as thieves; na, it canna be onything wraung wi' the business, for naebody could stick closer titt than him."

After getting the men started with the morning's orders, Jo read the letter a second time, his first impulse being to look up the office for a little, while he hurried off to tell his mother the good news, but on second thoughts he determined to say nothing of it in the meantime.

In the first place a doubt arose in his mind as to the sincerity of his father, who might have heard of his success, and was trying to benefit by it, and even if this thought was an injustice to his father, his intentions in the meantime might be good enough, but he might not have strength to continue in his resolution. The five shillings sent to himself, Jo felt as a greater proof of his sincerity than the money sent to his mother, as it was an acknowledgment of wrong-doing; still, he did not wish to raise his mother's hopes while there was any chance of failing to carry them out. No, he would see his father first, and judge if he could trust to bringing him home. He would not even write, in case his father might be prepared to meet him; he must wait till Saturday afternoon, as there was no one who could take his place for a day.

It was a long time to keep the news from his mother, and a long time to look forward to; and when at last Saturday came, Jo took care to be near the door on his way out before he said, "I'll no' be in to tea the day, an' it'll maybe be late afore I'm hame, an' yo might hae something guid for supper, in case I bring up—somebody." This was said hurriedly, as if the thought had just occurred to him, and he was out before his mother had time to question him.

"Hasn't Jo been kind o' thochtful this week?" his mother asked of Maggie, as soon as he had left, the idea being brought up by his unusual message.

Maggie laughed, and said, "Maybe Mary an' um's lookin' for a hoose, an' he'll be gaun to bring her up here."

The solution seemed perfectly satisfactory to both; and Mrs. Keddie said, with a sigh, "I'll daresay ye'll be richt. Aweel, I canna expect to hae him aye wi' me, though there's few sons as kind to their mothers as he's been, an' though I wad like to see him mairrit I'll be rael sorry to part wi' 'um, an' he'll hae a guid sensible wife when he gets Mary, an' she'll hae as guid a man."

It was natural that these reflections on Jo's marriage should make her think of the lonely house without him, and of the absence of her husband, and she continued after a little, "I dinna like to speak about it afore Jo, but I often wonder whaur yer father is, an' what he's daein'. Ay, yin never kens what they're comin' to, an' it's maybe a blessin'; but I never thocht he could be forsaken as the way he's done."

Although the sail to Aberdeen was very pleasant, Jo felt impatient. When he looked over at the bow of the boat it seemed to be cutting through the water at a good speed, then when he raised his eyes to where he knew his father was, he seemed little nearer than what it appeared ten minutes before. His thoughts were away on before him, at the meeting with his father, whom he now saw in his mind's eye as he remembered him at his best, bright and cheery—hope wiping out his later sullen mood; then he imagined the return home, and the delight of his mother.

"I hope," thought Jo, "that it may a' turn out as weel as I'm expectin'; an' it's a guid thing I mided to put some monee in my pocket, for if he hasna a guid suit o' claes I'll see that he gets them afore I tak' him hame, so that my mother can see him at his best."

In spite of his love for Mary, Jo's first thoughts were for his mother's welfare, but it was natural that they should turn to the effect his father's home-coming would have on them. If his father settled down to work soberly, he knew he could leave his mother happy, but in the meantime he must be cautious.

His reflections filled up the time till the boat arrived at the pier.

"This is a bonnie place," he thought; "I wish I had brocht Mary wi' me. No, that wadna dae; but I'll bring them a' over suno, if a' thing turns out richt. It seems ower guid to be true, but I'll hope for the best."

Walking smartly up to the village, Jo asked of a group of navvies who were standing in the street if they knew William Keddie. "No," said one, "ye see, there's so many o' us we don't trouble much aboot names."

Jo's spirits fell, as he thought of the company and discomforts his father had been among, while he might have been happy and making others happy at home.

"He got his foot hurt a while sin'," he explained.

"Ah yis; brown whiskers, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said Jo impatiently. "D'ye ken whaur he is?"

"Well, now, I can't. I think it's them botches up there foreinist the church, but there's a foreman coming out o' the grocer's, perhaps he'll know."

"Thank you," said Jo, the idea immediately occurring to him that it would be safer to find out something about his father before seeing him; he did not like the feeling of distrust he had, but for his mother's sake it was necessary, and following up the men pointed out to him, he repeated his inquiry.

"Yes, I ken 'um," said the man; "an' if ye come wi' me I'll tak' ye to 'um."

"He had an accident, hadn't he?" said Jo.

"Aweel ye may ca' it an accident, but it was a dashit guid job for 'um, onyway at least if he hunds on as he's daein'."

"Ay," said Jo interrogatively.

"Ay," responded the foreman; "for if he hunda got his sair lit, ye wad a' had to look for 'um in yin or other o' the public hooses, an' then fand 'um drunk, mair nor likely. Ay, we've a bad lot to deal wi'. But Wull's got a fricht, I can tell ye. The doctor thocht at yae time that his leg wad hae to come off, an' says he to Wull 'Wull tell me himsel'—says he, 'When a man's been drinkin' as ye've been daein', the blud gets intie sic a state that I've kent a bit seart carry t' em aff; that was his very words, and it's sic to be wondered at; man, there's an awful siller wared on drink here on a pay day. Ay, but if Wull hands on as he's daein', he'll get a foreman's job afore lang, for he's a guid work-er when he's richt."

Although Jo felt pleased with the report, he determined to take his father home without waiting for his advancement.

"Ay," continued the foreman, "here's the readin'-room, an' I saw 'um gang in there as I gaed doon. Jist gang in an' look round, an' if he's no' there, come into the bothy, an' I'll sure find 'um for ye. Guid-day the noo."

"Good-day, an' thank ye," said Jo. His heart was beating with excitement as he entered the room, and his doubts were set at rest the moment he saw his father; there was a smartness about him he had not seen for many years, and as he looked up from the evening paper on hearing some one enter, he said in astonishment, "Hallo, Jo! Whaur hev ye come frae?"

Jo noticed, and was pleased to see, a slight blush of shame on his father's face, but attempted to put him at ease by shaking hands with him, the first time the formality had passed between them, and saying, "I jist thocht I wad come ower an' see ye. This is a bonnie place; wad ye mind takin' a turn?"

"Hoo? yer mother an' Maggie?" the father asked, when they were out on the street.

"They're baith fine. We might gang along this way, it's quieter. I got yer letter the ither day, an' thocht I wadna say onything to my mother aboot it till I cam' ower an' saw ye; but I jist said, when I was comin' awa', that she might hae a bit supper ready, in case I might bring somebody up."

There was no need for a formal explanation from Jo; his father understood the invitation, and was as eager to return as Jo was to take him home.

"Ye'd better come in an' hae a cup o' tea wi' me," the father said, as they were passing the bothy, but Jo did not wish to enter the place, and said, as if he had not heard his father.

"I was thinkin' that you should jist gang in an' tell the foreman that ye're no' comin' back, an' I'll gang doon an' order tea at that temperance hotel round the corner. An'," he added quietly, "if ye hev ony auld claes, I wad jist leave them."

The father saw Jo's meaning perfectly, and left to do as desired.

"I'm sorry ye're gaun to leave us," said the foreman, "jist as ye're beginning to dae sae weel. I saw a young man askin' for ye."

"Yes, that was my son; he's in busin' as for himsel', an' he wantin' me at hame."

"Aweel, I wadna ask to keep ye in that case, an' I'm very gled to hear o't. Guid-by, then. Man, I was jist sayin' to yer son—a strappin' fellow von!—I was jist tellin' 'um that ye wad suno be a gaffer; hoover, nae doot ye'll be better whaur ye're gaun. Weel, guid-by, then."

At tea, and on the way across, Jo and his father had plenty to talk about; but Jo carefully avoided saying anything to make his father feel ashamed, and had some difficulty in broaching the subject of a new suit. At last he said, smiling, as if the subject was a good joke—

"They'll get a start when we gang in thegither. But you'll get a new rig-out first; I hae plenty siller in my pocket."

The father was completely in his son's hands, and submitted to the proposal, feeling ashamed and sorry that he had not had a few weeks more to save up, and make himself look "respectable"; but he understood Jo sufficiently to know that, for his mother's sake at any rate, he had pride in what he was doing, and he had now regained sufficient

respect for himself to appear as best he could before his wife. His feelings were a mixture of anxiety and diffidence as they approached the house, but as far as the latter feeling was concerned it had to be got over, and the sooner the better; his wife, he knew, would be only too glad to see him, and looking so smart, thanks to his kindness.

"Ye'll pay a guid rent for this," he said, as they entered a stair in a new block of buildings.

"Oh ay," Jo replied; "but, ye ken, I'm no' extra gaun, and I could afford it afore I wad tak' it;" and he felt a masterly pride in producing a key from his pocket and opening the door.

"Whaur hae you twa been?" cried Mrs. Keddie on hearing her son's voice and expecting he was bringing in Mary. "Willie" was all she could say on seeing her husband, and he, in a choking voice, could only say, "Hoo are ye?"

"I'll be back in a wee," said Jo suddenly, seeing he had better give them a little time to get rid of their embarrassment, as Maggie was evidently out.

The husband and wife instinctively felt Jo's object, and, in a little while, explanations were made. There were tears of joy, repentance, and reconciliation; then they started in mutual praise of Jo.

"Ay, he's been a kind son to me, if ever there was yin. But, I doot, we'll soon lose him."

"What do you mean?" said her husband, in astonishment.

"Oh, he'll be gettin' mairrit, ye ken; an' I've been lookin' forrit wi' fear to the time, though she's a rael guid lassie,—ye mind Mary?—but now that ye're here, of coorse, it'll be different; an' I've nae doot the marriage will be a' the suner now, for I ken fine he didna like to leave me."

THE END.

THE VALUE OF A TRADE.

BY FOSTER COATES.

I REMEMBER some years ago, when I was a very young man, meeting John Roach, the great shipbuilder, in his shipyard at Chester, Pa. I remember, too, what he said then about the value of a trade to the average boy.

"Young man," he said, laying his great, broad hand on my shoulder and looking at me earnestly with his keen, steel-blue Irish eyes, "next to a clear conscience, a trade is as good a thing as any young man can have in this country. You can carry it with you all your life long, you have to pay neither rent nor taxes upon it, and it will help you around a sharp corner when most other things will fail."

I have never forgotten that utterance from a man who started in life—after landing in New York from Ireland—a helper to a machinist, who became the leading shipbuilder of his time, and who, up to the hour when he was stricken with a fatal illness, could take the place of any of his workmen, whether it was a man driving rivets or an expert putting together the most delicate parts of a steamship's machinery.

Something very like what John Roach said I heard another great man who is now dead, say. This was Peter Cooper, a man of whom American boys cannot know too much, and whom they certainly cannot too much admire.

"If I had my way," said this venerable philanthropist, on the occasion to which I refer, "I would give every boy a trade. Then I would have him stick to it, love it, and be good to it. If he does, it will be good to him."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A SHEWD DOCTOR.

"MY doctor is a real joker," said a Lowiston lady. "I didn't know that my talkin' bothered him when he was writing prescriptions until yesterday. He never mentioned it, and I always asked him all sorts of questions while he was writing them out. Yesterday he examined me, and sat down to write something. I kept talking. Suddenly he looked up and said: 'How has your system been? Hold out your tongue.' I put out that member, and he began to write. He wrote and I held out my tongue, and when he got through he said: 'That will do.' 'But,' said I, 'you haven't looked at it.' 'No,' said he, 'I didn't daft to. I only wanted to keep it still while I wrote the prescription.'"

Jim and Me.

Yes, boys, I believe in religion,
And I'm not ashamed to say
That I have become a Christian,
And read the Bible and pray.
We've given ourselves to Jesus,
My brother Jim and me,
And go every night to the mission,
Instead of out on a spree.

'Twas Jim first got converted,
Down on the bowery one night,
Where he wandered into a mission
In a wretched and hopeless plight;
For Jim was an awful drunkard,
As low as a man could be—
And then he heard how Jesus
Could save just such as he.

I knew Jim was converted,
As everybody said,
'Twas not so much by his talking
As the different life he led.
And it made a deep impression
On me, but I didn't care
To hear him speaking about it—
It made me mad and swear.

One day—I'm ashamed to own it—
As he was talking to me
About my being a Christian,
And living the same as he,
I got in a terrible temper—
'Twas the rum that did it though—
And turned with an oath upon him,
And struck poor Jim a blow.

Perhaps you won't believe me,
But sure as I'm sitting here,
Jim laid his hand on my shoulder
And said, as he wiped a tear
From his eye, "Tom, I forgive ye,
And God'll forgive ye too."
And he knelt and prayed beside me,
Just as mother used to do.

I tell ye, boys, that hurt me,
It was more than I could stand,
And just knelt down beside him,
And he kindly took my hand
And asked the Lord to save me,
And, boys, right then and there
I know the blessed Saviour
Answered Jim's earnest prayer.

I don't know much of religion,
But I've got this much to say
I know the blood of Jesus
Has washed my sins away.
And I know he daily keeps me
From drink and every sin,
And that his Holy Spirit
Dwells sweetly now within.

And, boys, I'm going to tell it,
No matter where I may be
I'm going to tell what Jesus
Has done for Jim and me.
For it's such a wonderful story
I want men everywhere
To know of this great salvation,
That they may its blessings share.

What did Samuel think of Eliab?
What was he told not to do?
Why had the Lord rejected Eliab? (Golden
Text.)
What was the judgment on Abinadab?
What upon Shammah?
How many were in turn refused?
Why should we look well to our hearts?
Prov. 4. 23.

2. As the Lord Seeth, v. 11-13.
What did Samuel ask about Jesse's family?
What was Jesse's answer?
What command did the prophet give?
What was David's personal appearance?
What direction did Samuel receive?
What gift came to David after being
anointed?
With whom does the Spirit of God now
dwell? 1 Cor. 3. 16.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God calls men to his service;
2. That God directs men in his service;
3. That God qualifies men for his service?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How was Saul's place as king to be filled? By another chosen by God. 2. Who was made the messenger of this choice? Samuel, who had anointed Saul. 3. In what

ards lounging around the public-house door, waiting for some one to treat them?"
"Yea, sir; lots of them."
"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"
"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.
"And who will be the drunkards then?"
"Us boys!"
Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awful! It was awful; but it was true.

HORSE INTELLIGENCE AND HUMANITY.

A Boston gentleman connected with the National Tube Works sends us the following, for the truth of which he vouches:

My friend was a shipbuilder. His shipyard was some miles from his house, which distance he had to cover on horseback. He had a white horse that served him long and faithfully in this capacity. One day his horse fell, for some cause that I do not remember, and he was thrown to the ground and severely cut on the head. He was unconscious for some time, and when he "came to" found the horse standing by him. After a while he gathered himself

for honour, truth and industry are more than gold.

Don't be foolish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun saloons, and be careful how you spend the evening. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true and full of cheer in times of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty and a living faith in God, you will succeed.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise—
Act well your part; there all the honour lies."

"PLEASE DON'T BE SORRY."

Mrs. SANGSTER tells this touching story about a cripple child she met at St. Augustine:

"It was in mid-winter, but the air was like June, and the gardens were in bloom. Near the old fort I met a boy toiling along on a crutch, and he looked so pale and went so slowly that my heart ached for him, till he looked up, and, smiling brightly said:

"Please don't be sorry. It hardly hurts at all now, and the doctor says in a year I will be able to run and jump as I used to do. A year isn't much, is it? Bless the brave little heart!"

In this earthly waiting time, many a crippled soul toils slowly and in daily anguish. But, as we go, we learn the blessedness of suffering and the joy of doing God's will and blessing others. Let us not be sorry! Looking forward to the gladness before us, and tasting the blessedness that comes to us every day, let us "rejoice evermore." The great Physician, who "healeth all our diseases," assures us that very soon an entrance shall be ministered unto us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Let us be glad to-day, and ever look forward and upward to the larger gladness that beckons us onward.—The Cumberland Presbyterian.

The world hardly ever considers a man a success after he makes up his mind that he is a failure.



DAVID THE PSALMIST.

words did God announce to Samuel the man of his choice? "Arise, anoint him: for this is he." 4. What was the effect of this act upon David? The Spirit of the Lord came upon him. 5. What did God tell Samuel was his method of choice? Golden Text: "Man looketh on the outward," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omniscience of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Is family worship also acceptable to God? Yes; for household religion is commanded throughout the Bible.

Are we told how often to pray in private? No; but the examples of Scripture teach us that private prayer should be frequent and regular.

What is the meet posture in acts of worship? Kneeling or standing.

THE DRUNKARDS OF THE FUTURE.

A TEMPERANCE lecturer was preaching on his favourite theme. "Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted a hundred voices.
"Where will your fathers be in twenty years?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.
"That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.
"Right. Now tell me, did you ever, in going along the street, notice the drunk-

up and attempted to mount the horse, but every time he tried he fell back.

Finally, the horse walked to the side of a large rock which stood near. The gentleman crawled along to it, and after hard work got on the horse, and then the horse walked slowly and carefully home with him, the rider being in a semi-conscious condition. The family removed him from the horse on his arrival home and put him to bed. He was a long while recovering from this accident, and one day when convalescing, the horse, being brought to the window where the gentleman sat, showed unmistakable signs of pleasure at seeing his master once more. The gentleman is still living and can corroborate this true horse story.—Our Dumb Animals.

TO BOYS COMMENCING BUSINESS.

Be on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers and all in authority over you, and be polite to every one; politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting along in the world. And above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and mother, and who does not grow away from his Church, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity;

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1065.] LESSON IX. [Dec. 1.

DAVID ANOINTED KING.

1 Sam. 16. 1-13. Memory verses, 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam. 16. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. As Man Seeth, v. 1-10.
2. As the Lord Seeth, v. 11-13.

TIME.—B.C. 1065.

PLACE.—Bethlehem, in the tribe of Judah.

RULER.—Saul was still king.

HOME READINGS.

- M. David anointed king.—1 Sam. 16. 1-15.
T. David and Saul.—1 Sam. 16. 14-23.
W. God's choice.—1 Chron. 28. 1-10.
TA. Searching the heart.—Jer. 17. 5-10.
P. God's omniscience.—Psalm 139. 1-12.
S. Premises for David.—Psalm 89. 19-22.
Su. David's greater Son.—Acts 13. 16-23.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. As Man Seeth, v. 1-10.

- What mourning did the Lord rebuke?
What command was given to Samuel?
Why did Samuel fear to obey?
What was he told to say about his mission?
What was he to do at the sacrifice?
Why were the elders afraid of Samuel?
What did he say to quiet their fears?
What family did he summon to the sacrifice?

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