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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 14, 1896.

[No. 46.]

Stick to Your Bush.

One day in huckleberry time, when little Johnny Falls and half a dozen other boys were starting with their palls to gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him, said "That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come out ahead. "First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and then stick to it till you've picked it clean. Let tucso go chasing all about who will in search of better bushes; but it's picking tells, my son— To look at fifty bushes doesn't count like picking one." And Johnny did as he was told, and, sure enough, he found, By sticking to his bush while all the others chased around in search of better picking, 'twas as his father said: For, while the others looked, he worked, and soon came out ahead. And Johnny recollected this when he became a man; And first of all he laid him out a well-determined plan: So, while the brilliant triflers failed, with all their brains and push, Wise, steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to his bush."

ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

BY THE EDITOR.

The most notable of the churches of Rome is, of course, St. Peter's. I shall not attempt to describe what defies description. Its vastness awes and almost overwhelms the beholder. Its mighty dome swells in a sky-like vault overhead, and its splendour of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vistas. The interior effect is incomparably finer than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation of the portico in front of the church quite dwarf the dome which the genius of Angelo hung high in air. But the very harmony of proportion of the interior prevents that striking impression made by other lesser piles.

Enter: the grandeur overwhelms thee not; And why? It is not lessened, but thy mind, Expanded by the genius of the spot, Has grown colossal.

It is only when you observe that the cherubs on the holy water vessels near the entrance are larger than the largest men; when you walk down the long vista of the nave, over six hundred feet; when you learn that its area is 16,163 square yards, or more than twice that of St. Paul's at London, that the dome rises four hundred feet above your head, that its supporting pillars are 230 feet in circumference, and that the letters in the frieze are over six feet high, that some conception of the real dimensions of this mighty temple enters the mind. It covers half a dozen acres, has been enriched during three hundred years by the donations of two score of popes, who have lavished upon it \$60,000,000. The mere cost of its repair is \$30,000 a year.

No mere enumeration of the wealth of bronze and vari-coloured marbles, mosaics, paintings and sculpture can give an adequate idea of its costly splendour. The view, from the summit of the dome, of the gardens of the Vatican, of the winding Tiber, the modern city, the ruins of old Rome, the far extending walls, the wide sweep of the Campagna, and in the purple distance the far Alban and

Sabine hills, is one that well repays the fatigue of the ascent.

It was my fortune to witness the celebration of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul in this very centre of Romish ritual and ecclesiastical pageantry. The subterranean crypts, containing the shrine of St. Peter, a spot so holy that no woman may enter save once a year, were thrown open and illuminated with hundreds of lamps and decorated with a profusion of flowers. Thousands of persons filled the space beneath the dome—priests, bare-footed friars of orders white, black, and gray; nuns, military officers, soldiers, civilians, peasants in

the holy precincts of St. Peter's no woman's tongue may join in the worship of her Redeemer. As I turned away, my companion in travel remarked, "Well, this is the sublimest fraud in Christendom."

The bronze statue of St. Peter in the nave, originally, it is said, a pagan statue of Jove, was sumptuously robed in vestments of purple and gold,—the imperial robes, it is averred, of the Emperor Charlemagne—a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed, and multitudes were kissing its toe, as shown in the picture. The bronze too has

shut, and his clothes were torn. In her elegant costume Mrs. Hayes knelt by the boy, wiped his face with a dainty bit of lace, and in a strange, gentle voice asked kindly about his pains. He concluded that he must see what it meant. While the big boys were stopping down to Sampson Alley, he sat up at Mrs. Hayes' feet, looking into her beautiful eyes with all his might, and said at last: "O no, ma'am! I never, never will fight a boy again; not a big boy, anyhow."

Sampson Alley was thrown into confusion to see Joe Davis come home in an elegant carriage; to see him lifted out by a driver, and carefully handed to the washerwoman mother. And when Mrs. Hayes said at leaving, "Remember your promise to me, Joe, and as soon as you feel well come to the White House and ask for Mrs. Hayes," Joe's mother sat down on the doorstep speechless. But Joe waved his dirty little hand and screamed after her: "Yes, ma'am, I've fit for the last time; an' I'll come roun', I will."

In two days Joe appeared at the rear door of the White House. The servants refused to speak to the madam for him. He marched to the front door and said: "Mister, I must see the lady. She told me to come."

The doorkeeper made all things easy for him, and in a few moments Mrs. Hayes was welcoming him with smiles and pleasure as an honoured guest. She walked with him through the lovely conservatory and grounds, told him about her Sunday-school, and her newsboys' evening class, taught by a dear young friend.

Very proud, very happy, and wholly content with life, Joe went home from his first visit to the President's wife. He was a new Joe in a new world. From that day he rose from a bootblack to a schoolboy. Not a Sunday was he absent from Sunday school. From school to store, then to business. At present Joe is a book-keeper on Pennsylvania Avenue.

When he read the news of Mrs. Hayes' death, he said: "She was an angel long before she died."—Selected.

A PIECE OF PAPER.

I was asked to go to a public house to see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. I asked her how she found the Lord. "Reading that," she replied, handing me a torn piece of paper.

I looked at it and found that it was a part of a newspaper containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion. "Where did you find this

newspaper?" I asked. She answered: "It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia!"

Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that! A sermon preached in London, conveyed to America, then to Australia, part of it torn off for the parcel dispatched to England, and, after all its wanderings, giving the message of salvation to that woman's soul! God's word shall not return unto him void.

"That woman over there looks as if she were painted—" "Sir, that is my wife!" "I had not finished my sentence. She looks as if she were painted by Raphael, and had just stepped out of the frame."

Waggs—"How is Byker getting on as a wheelman?" Gags—"Oh, he gets on all right, but he don't stay on."



KISSING THE TOE OF ST. PETER.

gala dress, and ladies—all standing, for not a single seat is provided for the comfort of worshippers in this grandest temple in Christendom. High mass was celebrated at the high altar by a very exalted personage, assisted by a whole college of priests in embroidered robes of scarlet and purple, and of gold and silver tissue. The acolytes swung the jewelled censers to and fro, the aromatic incense filled the air, officers with swords of state stood on guard, and the service for the day was chanted in the sonorous Latin tongue. Two choirs of well-trained voices, accompanied by two organs and instrumental orchestra, sang the majestic music of the mass. As the grand chorus rose and swelled and filled the sky-like dome, although my judgment could not but condemn the semi-pagan pageantry, I felt the spell of that mighty sorcery which, through the ages, has beguiled the hearts of men. I missed, however, in the harmony the sweet tones of the female voice, for in

several times been entirely kissed away, and had to be replaced. The vast and shadowy appearance of the Cathedral in the background is indicated in the cut.

JOE, THE BOOTBLACK.

Down Connecticut Avenue, city of Washington, came Joe, one fine day, whistling and singing, gazing nowhere in particular, when a boy twice his size "dared" him to fight. Joe accepted the invitation with vigour, but soon got the worst of it. They rolled over and over on the dirty pavement, Joe howling with pain and rage at his tormentor, who finally left him to his fate.

Mrs. Hayes came out of a house just opposite, where she had been calling, and was attracted by the groans and walls of a child. Seeing Joe, she walked across the street, beckoning the driver to follow. The blood was running down the poor little face, his eyes were

Home Calls.

When the work-day hours are closing,
And the evening twilight falls,
How the homes throughout the city
Send forth their loving calls.

Calls so low, you may not hear them,
But how many hear and smile!
And tired hands and heads so weary,
Are forgotten for the while.

The dear home sounds ring sweetly
In the ears of tolling men,
And, for love of wife and children,
They seek their homes again.

So I sit in a brooding twilight,
And watch as they homeward go,
With glad steps hurrying onward,
To the hearths that love them so.

And I long to cry out to them:
"O, guard the home-love well;
Be tender and true to your dear ones—
How long yours, none can tell!"

For I know there is one among them
Whose heart in sadness roams,
Who hears no call in the twilight,
Save the call to the Home of homes.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 14, 1896.

THE GLEANER.

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

"She (Ruth) gleaned in the field after the reapers."—Ruth 2. 3.

THE FIRST "POOR-LAW."

You know what is meant by "gleaning." It means picking up corn which has been left lying in the fields after reapers have done their work. Poor people were allowed to gather scattered ears of corn. Moses told the Israelites that they were to allow people to glean, and that farmers must leave the corners of their field unreaped for the poor. That was the first "poor-law." The custom of gleaning, which started in Palestine, prevailed in most countries until reaping machines were invented. Reaping machines do not leave much for the gleaner. So now when a reaping machine has gone over the land, you seldom see girls picking up the corn. In place of them the farmer turns a flock of geese among the stubble. The geese do the gleaning, and get themselves ready for Michaelmas or Christmas.

AN ANCIENT HARVEST-FIELD.

David's great-grandmother went into the field to glean after the reapers. Like most of our farmers, the farmers at Bethlehem were kind-hearted men. The Bible draws the picture of one of them on his farm. At the time of harvest he walked through his cornfields. As he passed by his reapers he said: "The Lord be with you!" The reapers straightened their backs, lifted their hot faces, and replied: "The Lord bless thee!" It was beautiful for "master and man" to give such pleasant "good-mornings" to each other. No wonder such a farmer as Boaz, of Bethlehem, allowed gleaners to go over his land, and carry away fallen corn in their aprons.

FRENCH GIRL-GLEANERS.

If you go to that great picture-gallery, which stands in the middle of Paris—the Louvre—you will see (in the chief room) a picture by Millet, called "The

Gleaners." Two girls wearing sun-bonnets are stooping in a field, and picking up here and there an ear of corn. They are gleaning in the field after the reapers.

"GLEANING" A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

We who live in towns do not know much about cornfields, and if we go to look at them we seldom see any gleaners. Yet all know what "gleaning" means, for the word has become a figure of speech. It represents that patient spirit which is content to do a little at a time, and that picks up good things lying around, as girls picked up corn which reapers had left scattered in the fields. Let us talk about gleaning then—such gleaning as all of us can do.

TOO PROUD TO GLEAN.

In that French picture of the gleaners (which they are so proud of in Paris), the two girls in coal-scuttle bonnets are represented as stooping down to their work. People whose backs are so straight and stiff that they cannot stoop, do not glean much. Pride spoils gleaning.

There is a pride which all should cherish. We ought to have such self-respect, that we should scorn to do mean, paltry, and wicked things. We ought to have the spirit of that young man in the Bible, who said: "How can I do this great wickedness?"

But fancy anyone too proud to learn anything good! There are many who spoil their lives by that foolishness. Always be willing to be taught! Most people can teach you something. Bend your mind to learn. Stoop over your books, and stick to them. Conceit is suitable in an ignoramus but in no one else. John Wesley used to say that to God and man his motto was: "What I know not teach thou me!"

The best of all things can only be gleaned by stooping. You know that when we go to God, we go down on our knees. We stoop low at the feet of Jesus. All pride goes, and we ask him to give to us and to guide us. What we call faith is just throwing away self-conceit, and stretching out empty hands to our Lord and Saviour—the Saviour who said: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted!"

TOO BLIND TO GLEAN.

Then a gleaner must use his eyes. You have eyes, and think you can see, but how much more you could see if you looked earnestly, and trained your sight. When I see all those signal lamps outside Cannon Street or Charing Cross railway stations, I think that if I were on a locomotive I should become muddled, and dash on when I ought to stop the train, or stop the way when I ought to go on with my engine. Yet engine-drivers and guards have learned how to use their eyes, and that is why they bring us home safely.

Let me tell you how a conjurer trained his boy's eyes. The use of a conjurer is to take conceit out of people by showing them how easily they can be deceived, and how little people really see though they think they see everything all the while. To train the boy for a performance called "second-sight," or some such nonsense, this conjurer used to go along a street, and when he came to a shop window containing a great variety of things, the man said to the boy: "We will go slowly past this window. Look at everything in the window. Then on the other side we will stop, and you must tell me all you have seen." When he began that practice the boy could only take in a few objects, but after a while the boy could run past a shop with a hundred different things in the window, take a "snap-shot" at the whole, then shut his eyes, and describe everything and whereabouts it was in the window. That is what training did for him.

When I see how foolishly some young men and women pass their time, I feel as if they could not see much worth living for. They are gleaners with their heads up in the air and their eyes shut. God has given us so many chances of learning, doing, and enjoying good things—if we could but see. Most people see when it is too late. They see what they have missed, and they sing a song about "What might have been!" and cry while they sing it. Such people when they were young were blind gleaners in the field of life.

TOO IMPATIENT TO GLEAN.

A gleaner is content to pick up one ear of corn at a time. Impatient people want a wagon-load of things at a time.

Aesop tells a fable about a crow that found a pitcher containing water. The water was too low in the pitcher for the crow to get his beak near it. Crows are wise and patient, so the crow sat down to think the matter over. Having got the right idea, he turned round and

found a small pebble which he took up and dropped into the pitcher. He looked for another, and dropped that into the pitcher. So he went on until he had dropped fifty pebbles into the pitcher, and in that way lifted the water high enough for him to get at it and drink. If it tires you to find and carry the pebbles, then you cannot get what you want.

In China they tell to boys and girls a funny far-fetched fable to teach them the same lesson. They say (though I can't believe it), that one day an old woman was rubbing a crowbar on a stone. A boy stopped to look (as boys do when anything is going on), and at last he said: "Grandmother, why are you doing that?" She said: "Well, you see, I want a sewing-needle. I haven't got a needle, but I have got a crowbar, so I thought I would rub the crowbar on this stone until it is small enough to do for a needle." That is what they put in Chinese story-books to teach the lesson of "a little at a time"—the lesson of patience.

One straw at a time, that is the way in which a gleaner fills her apron. When I was a child they taught me some verses about a gleaner. I have forgotten most of the verses, but this is one of them:

"She never leaves off or runs out of her place

To play or to idle, or chat,

Except now and then just to wipe her hot face,

Or to fan herself with her broad hat."

A hot sun, a long day, stooping all the while, and one ear of corn at a time—that is gleaners' work.

A little boy I know, said to his mother: "Mother, I don't want to try any more to be good!" "Why?" asked his mother. "Because," he said, "it tires me so!" That little man knew all about the matter. It requires patience to be "good," or to be good for anything. Plenty of people can begin, but so few know how to keep on. As when the boys and girls go gleaning or black-berrying or nutting, they all begin wonderfully, but only part of the number keep at work long enough to bring anything home. So in trying to learn good things or to do good things—in trying to be a Christian many begin and few continue. "Many are called but few are chosen."

"That gleaner-girl whom old people recollect—the girl with brown face and big sun-bonnet, with stooping back and apron full of corn—the gleaner has a lesson for us, if we will but learn it. Work! Patience! Perseverance!"

Jesus said: "The field is the world." This world is a field where God's sun shines upon us, and where God scatters his good gifts. We may all glean our share of blessing and happiness if we will. Sunday is a great gleaning day, and in the House of God and the Word of God we can find things that are for our life. If we are thoughtless, careless, and idle, we are wasting the golden daytime. Hours and moments are like stray ears of corn, which we may snatch and turn to good account. If money lay on the ground we should not pass it by and leave it there. But no money is so valuable as time—the golden time of youth. Go with hearts full of thankfulness and full of trust, and work hard and patiently. Redeem the time! Sow and reap and glean. Then when the harvest of the end of the world arrives, you will come to God rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

The sea occupies three-fifths of the earth. At the depth of about 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down, the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway, the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm, one would think the water travelled. The water stays in the same place, but motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour,—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer.

The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height; hence a wave five feet high will extend over

seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons to the square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea fourteen feet deep, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,464 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 18,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plain on which the great Atlantic cables were laid.

The Mediterranean is quite shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves. It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and a shot weighing thirty pounds carried down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to a line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unbooks and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached, a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 22, 1896.

Hymn 19; vs. 4-6. Rev. 7. 14-17.

"To him I owe my life and breath."

"To heaven, the place of his abode."

"Since from his bounty I receive."

The verses of which the above are the first lines in each, are to be committed to memory. The advantage of doing this will not be questioned by those who hope to meet their loved ones in heaven. We cannot insist too earnestly that our young friends should make themselves familiar with those beautiful hymns. The sentiments which they contain will become good seed, which will in the near future bring forth a glorious harvest.

THE REDEEMED IN HEAVEN.

Whence came they? Out of great tribulation. Tribulation may signify all manner of afflictions, sufferings, privations, persecutions, or whatever else may have been theirs while in this world. Many are the afflictions of the righteous. Through much tribulation Christians enter the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

THE CHANGE THEY HAVE EXPERIENCED

They have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." White is an emblem of purity; uncleanness is an emblem of sin. Being washed in the blood of the Lamb, signifies that the saints in glory have been saved from sin, by their faith in Christ, who loved them and gave himself for them, and in return they exclaim, "We love him because he first loved us."

THEIR POSITION AND EMPLOYMENT.

"They stand before the throne of God." This is a wonderful position of honour. A wonderful change from labour and toil to stand near the throne of the King of kings in glory. They serve God day and night in the temple of glory, and are constantly in the presence of God and the Lamb, where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore. No language can describe their perpetual enjoyment. Hunger and thirst are forever unknown. Sickness and sorrow never come there. They are never scorched by heat, nor chilled with cold, but are forever happy, and know neither sickness nor pain.

WOULD YOU JOIN THE HEAVENLY COMPANY?

Now begin to make preparation. Break off your sins by repentance. Believe on Jesus Christ for salvation. Do not expect a meetness for heaven by any meritorious acts. You go there as sinners saved by grace. Being made new creatures in Christ Jesus. Heaven is a holy place, and none but those who are holy can pass through the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. Come, then, dear young friends, accept Jesus as your Saviour.

Do All That You Can.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To make this dark world bright,
My silvery beams cannot pierce far
Into the gloom of night;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan
And so I will do the best that I can."

"What can be the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud
If caught in her chalice of gold;
But I, too, am part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily out to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy, golden head—
"Mother said: 'Darling, do all that you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan.'"

She knew no more than the twinkling star,
Or the cloud with its raincup full
How, why, or for what all strange things are.

She was only a child at school,
But she thought: "'Tis a part of God's great plan
That even I should do all that I can."

So she helped another child along,
When the way was rough to his feet,
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought wondrous sweet;
And her father—a weary, toil-worn man—
Said: "I, too, will do the best that I can."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY HATTIE LOUISE JEROME.

The last bit of mother's shawl had disappeared from sight down the road, and the sound of the creak of father's buggy wheels was growing fainter, until it could scarcely be distinguished from the twitter of birds and the croak of frogs. It was early morning, and Annie and Silas were looking forward to the unusual responsibility of having the silent farm left to their care the whole long summer day.

It was somewhat lonely, too, but neither would have owned any feeling of the kind for worlds.

"You'd better begin digging those potatoes right away," said Annie, assuming a tone of authority to drive away that queer feeling that made her throat feel so full. "Father said you could get that home field done to-day."

"Well, but he told me to fasten back that blind that slammed last night, too, and to strap back the vines while I was about it. I'm going to do that first, and you'll have to help me."

"Have to?" repeated Annie, quite as much displeased at his tone as his refusal to go to work at once in the potato field.

"Have to? You needn't order me around, Silas Fisher! That blind can wait, and the vines, too. After I get this kitchen fixed, I'm going to sew on my new waist, and you'd better go and dig those potatoes."

"After I fix that blind and those vines," said Silas, "and not before."

"Then you'll have to do it alone," declared Annie. "I am the oldest, and you ought to do as I think best."

"Pooh! but you are only a girl. You'd better come and hold the ladder or it may slip down the bank and break my neck."

"That would be a pity," said Annie scornfully. And although the instant they were uttered she would have given anything to have taken the ugly words back, she turned away to the stove, fully believing he would give up and go to the potatoes since she would not help him.

A few moments later, however, she heard the ladder bumping against the house, and realized Silas had determined to do the work alone. It was particularly difficult, because the ladder must be placed almost on the edge of the bank. The window was one on the stairway in the hall, so high up that the blinds could not easily fastened back from inside.

Annie listened. Yes, he had placed the ladder and was ascending it. Her heart beat quicker; she would leave her work and go and help him. Then she flushed as the memory of his last words came back—"Pooh! you are only a girl."

"Since I am only a girl, probably he would find me of little assistance," she thought scornfully again, and she took up her sewing and stitched away with an angry frown on each cheek. Sarcasm was one of Annie's bitterest faults. It always makes life harder and less pleasant for those who indulge in it, and Annie was just repeating bitterly to herself, "Only a girl," when with a whir and a rasp and a crash she heard the

ladder fall to the ground, and—what was that? Could it be an involuntary cry of despair from Silas as he fell?

Annie never knew how she reached the door, for all her strength seemed to have left her. How could she endure to see Silas dashed to the ground and perhaps crushed under the heavy ladder! It took but an instant to reach the place, but it seemed an age to count by the thoughts that flashed across her mind.

"O Silas! — But he was not crushed beneath the ladder, was not even on the ground, but high above it clung fast to the window-sill, his face white and wild."

"O Silas, hold tight! I'll put the ladder up again!"
It was a heavy task for one who was "only a girl," but Annie never thought of that. Now strength seemed given her just as unexpectedly as at first it had disappeared, and soon she and Silas sat panting together in the kitchen, where they had quarrelled but a few moments before, both breathless from fright, Annie crying a little and Silas not so very far from it.

"You—you got that heavy old ladder up there pretty quick," he said finally. "I couldn't have held on much longer. Guess—I guess it would have been better to have worked on the potato patch first. If you were in a hurry to finish your dress."

"O Silas! but it wouldn't have hindered me ten minutes. I ought to have come anyway when I heard you put up the ladder," penitently, for people who can be most finely sarcastic can also be most whole-heartedly sorry usually. "I could never have forgiven myself if you had fallen and got hurt."

"Well, I didn't," said Silas, cheerfully, having regained his breath and composure, "so now I'll go and hoe those potatoes. The reason I didn't want to was because it seemed—well, it seemed kinder lonely down there."

"I'll bring my sewing down under that apple tree," said Annie; and she was generous enough to add, as if it were all for her own good, "It'll be lonely in the house, too," for she knew it had been hard for Silas in his boyish pride to confess to the loneliness.

"All right, then; I'll carry your rocker down for you, and don't you want a rug to set it on?"

"Why, if you please," said Annie; "and I'll make some lemonade so you can have a drink whenever you come to my end of the rows."

"Good for you!" cried Silas, as he settled the chair bottom up on his head, and the rug over his arm, while the hoe swung over his sturdy young shoulder. "Good for you; we'll have a fine old time!" And away they went together, each so anxious to be courteous and kind, that the whole day, which had begun so unpleasantly, and almost tragically, was one of the happiest of their lives.—Well-spring.

THE BOY HERO.

He is only fourteen. He is a boy full of fun and perhaps some mischief, but he loves his books dearly. He has already looked into the future, and chosen what he wants to be. His sense of honour is keen, and he has a high ideal of manhood, both in scholarship and morals. How so much fun and ambition to be useful can be bundled together is surprising.

His body is a compound of good health, vigor and good muscles, developed by play and work.

One of the sports in which he most delights is swimming. He is quite at home in the water, and might be called a water-animal or sprite.

In the country where he lived is quite a large mill-pond. It was rare sport to swim from shore to shore, swim on his back, dive to the bottom, and cut up all manner of antics, as if he were a sea-lion or seal.

One day he was swimming with a little fellow not far from his own age, though not quite so strong. He said to his mate, "I'm going to swim across the pond."

"So will I," was the response. In they plunged. In a few minutes they reached the opposite shore, puffing and blowing. After a little rest, he said, "I'm going to swim back."

"So will I," was boldly said. But our hero said, "No, no; it's too much; you are not strong enough." But, boylike, confident of his strength, he insisted, and in the plunged, our hero leading. When more than half-way over he heard a cry of distress. Turning, he found his friend had given out and was sinking.

What a situation! It might well have appalled the heart of the strongest swimmer. But his wits and his courage and his strength did not forsake him. This is the story he told his father after it was all over:

"Papa, when I saw him go down, I just thought bad his papa would feel if

his little boy never came home. So I said, 'I will never go home without him.'"

He swam to where his friend was struggling, to see whether he could help him. As soon as he touched him, the little fellow seized him with a death-grip, and both went under. But our hero came to the surface, the other clutching him.

"Then I remembered," he said, "that you must strike and daze the one who is drowning, so I stunned him, and then caught him, and tried to swim, but was so tired that we both went to the bottom. Then it came to me that my feet touched bottom, I must kick and try to force the body towards the shore. As soon as I came to the top down I went. Again and again I rose and sank, but at last I got to the shore. My friend seemed dead. Then I remembered that I must roll him, and get the water out of him, so I carried him to a log and worked till he began to breathe. Then I felt so happy that his papa didn't have a dead boy!"

Was there ever anything more heroic? That act is worthy of a place with Grace Darling. Indeed, when one thinks of the presence of mind, the thoughtful love, and courage, it is unsurpassed in history.

A PEACE-MAKING DOLL.

We often hear of dolls sent out in missionary boxes to delight some child in a far-off land, but The Outlook tells this story of how a doll sent to a little American girl out West fell into the hands of an Indian child, comforted her, and was the means of preventing what might have been serious trouble.

"Some Apache Indians had left the reserve, and one of our generals had a good deal of trouble in trying to get them back. One day a little papoose—that is, a little Indian girl—three years old, strayed away from her father's wigwam. One of the soldiers found her and took her to the fort. All day she was very quiet, but when night came she sobbed and cried, just as any little white child would, for her mother and her home. The soldiers did not know what to do with her; they could not quiet her."

"At last the commander in charge remembered that a beautiful doll had been sent from the East to the daughter of one of the officers. He went to this officer's house and asked to borrow the doll for the little Indian girl in the fort. The doll was beautiful herself and was beautifully dressed. The little girl loaned it to the officer, and it was carried to the fort to the little Indian baby. It was placed in her arms, and she was made to understand that she could take it to bed with her. Immediately she stopped crying and fell asleep with the beautiful doll closely held in her arms.

"When morning came she was radiant—happy, the moment she opened her eyes and saw her beautiful little companion. She petted it, she rocked it, she talked to it, just as any little white child would. But now there came a new difficulty. The soldiers hoped if they kept the little girl, that her parents would come or send after her, and they could enter into some negotiations with them to get them back on the reserve. But the father and mother of the little Indian girl did not appear.

"It was a very serious thing for a lot of soldiers to have a little three-and-a-half-year-old girl, and they were greatly puzzled. Several days passed, and at last the soldiers decided that the little papoose must be taken back to her family, as they would not come for her. With her doll in her arms she started with her protectors for the wigwam. When she reached the tribe with her doll she created the greatest excitement. The soldiers left the child with her mother and returned to the fort.

"The next day the little papoose's mother appeared at the fort with the doll to return it. She was received with the greatest courtesy by the soldiers, treated with the greatest consideration, and made to understand that her little daughter was to keep the doll. The result was that the soldiers' kindness to the little girl, and their courtesy to her mother, created a revulsion of feeling among the wandering Indians, and led to negotiations which resulted in the Indians going back to the reserve—that is, the land set apart for them by the United States Government—without any trouble."

A little boy in one of our country schools received his first day's instructions, and before night he had learned how to spell one word. "Now," said the teacher, "you can tell your grandmother how to spell pig." "My grandmother knows how to spell it," indignantly replied the loyal little fellow. "She's taught school."

DEAN FARRAR AND THE BOYS.

We heartily wish that all our Canadian boys could have heard the fine speech of Dean Farrar on Speech Day at Dover College. The Mayor of Dover called it a "marvellous address." Anyway it was most inspiring and greatly interested and affected the boys who heard it. We regret that we have only space for the closing remarks. There was something related in connection with the late President Garfield, who was himself at one time a teacher, which was worth repeating. "Boys," said the master, "the roof of this schoolhouse forms a watershed for the whole continent, so that a mere breath of air, a flutter of a bird's wing, decides whether a drop of water shall make its way to the torrid Gulf of Mexico, or the frozen Gulf of the St. Lawrence. Your actions are like that." The slightest thing may forever afterwards decide the current of their lives.

De Quincey, one of the greatest writers of whom any country could boast, had fallen when a youth into the fatal habit of opium-taking. "Oh, Spirit of Merciful Interpretation," he cried, "Angels of Forgiveness,"—writing of a period of total eclipse, for the habit followed him through life, and made of him at times an utter imbecile—"I attribute it to my own unpardonable folly." To that folly he traced his ruin. The evil phantom pursued him. Remorse gathered round him, overshadowing every step he took. Oh, the bitterness of his words, that he, a boy, not seventeen years old, by blindness, by listening to one false voice, to the impulse of his own bewildered heart, by one erring step, should have laid the foundation of a life-long repentance!

To each one of them there came such moments for decision. In one form or another the questions of life presented themselves to all of them. He hoped that each one of the boys of Dover College intended to be a distinguished man. At a very large school in London, those boys who intended to be distinguished were invited to hold up their hands. Every hand went up. Every single boy meant to be a Field-Marshal at least, or perhaps an Archbishop, and very glad indeed was he to feel that they were so determined to get on in life. It was perfectly right. They must remember that at any rate there was one failure which none need have. Every one could be a good man if not a "great" one, as the world sometimes rated "greatness." Sir Walter Raleigh wrote with a diamond on a window pane,

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

and Queen Elizabeth wrote beneath it,

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

For success they must indeed have thoroughness and doggedness, will and resolution, but that diamond-writing on the glass reminded him of another diamond-writing by one of the English Royal family. "Oh, keep me innocent." There were earlier words, "Keep innocence and do the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last," a secret of life which none could know too well. But he must conclude. He would do so with one short anecdote and one short piece of advice. As for the anecdote: There was a saintly hermit in old days who was exceedingly anxious to save his soul by giving gifts to God. Satan, disguising himself as an angel of light, sought to perplex and ensnare him by telling him that if he would give acceptable gifts, they must be these three,—the crescent moon, the orb of the sun, and the head of a rose. The last did not trouble him much. He would give all the roses in the land. But how could he give the crescent moon, how could he give the orb of the sun? In his distress an angel came to him. "This spirit is trying to deceive you. The crescent moon is the letter C, the orb of the sun is the letter O, and the head of a rose is the letter R,—C-O-R. Heart—give your heart to God and you need have no fear about the rest." And from a living poet he would quote his one short piece of advice:

"Take thou no thought of aught but truth and right,
And deem it thus thy prize to die secure.

Wealth, gold, and honour, fame may not endure,
And noblest souls soon weary of the light.

Keep innocence, the orb of true man's life.

Let neither pleasure tempt nor pain appal.

He who hath this
Hath all things, having naught.
He who hath not
Hath nothing, having all."

The Fairy's Gifts.

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.

Last night when I was snug in bed,
A fairy came to me and said:

"Dear child, three gifts to you I bring
A box, a mirror, and a ring.

"Each morning use the mirror bright,
To bring your little faults to light;

"When you have found them, every one
Open this box, as I have done,

"And pack them quickly out of sight,
Remember! shut the lid down tight!

"We call these, best of gifts to youth,
One, Self-control; the other, Truth;

"This golden ring, Sincerity,
Wins friends wherever you may be."

I never spoke, I did not stir;
I only lay and looked at her.

And when she went I do not know—
She melted like a flake of snow.

The door was barred, the window, too;
How do you suppose that she got through?

I'm sure she came, so real it seemed;
But mamma says I must have dreamed.

QUEER WAX EFFIGIES.

BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

Years ago a flight of narrow stone steps led to the oratory above one of the chapels in Westminster Abbey, but these have long since been covered with wood, and the oratory is used as a storage place for the famous wax effigies, the least grotesque and best preserved of which may still be seen there. These wax statues are the mementoes of a strange old-time ceremony. Long ago, when a great man or woman died, it was the custom to model a representation of the deceased, dressed as in life, which was carried in the funeral procession. After the burial the effigy was set up in church as a temporary monument. One odd feature of the practice was that during the time that the effigy was on exhibition, it was customary to affix to it, by means of paste or pins, short poems or epitaphs complimentary to the person represented. In the case of a sovereign the statue was usually left in position for a month only, though after Charles II. died his wax figure stood for two centuries over his tomb in the chapel of Henry VII., and was the only monument he had.

The royal effigies here in Westminster date back to the fourteenth century; but all of the oldest ones are so mutilated and defaced that they are not shown. Many of them were of wood, and have been wantonly stripped of the rich garments which they wore. About a dozen of the later figures are still preserved, each standing stiffly in a glass case by itself, and decked, as they are, in faded silk and tarnished tinsel, they form so startling a contrast to their stately marble successors on the tombs below, that it seems as if the coming up of this one short flight of steps had translated the visitor from the consecrated atmosphere of the Abbey into the vulgar air of Mme. Tussaud's establishment.

The oldest figure here is that of Charles II. It is dressed in the blue and red velvet robes of the Garter, trimmed with superb old point lace. By his side, in another case, is a figure of Gen. Monk, clad in armour. The head of the figure is now bare, but it originally wore the famous cap mentioned in the "Ingoldsby Legends":

I thought on Naseby, Marston Moor, and
Worcester's crowning fight,
When on mine ear a sound there fell, it
filled me with affright,
As thus in low, unearthly tones, I heard
a voice begin:
"This here's the cap of Gen'ral Monk!
Sir, please put summat in."

In the last century the vergers, when showing these figures to visitors, came to use this cap as a gentle hint that their none too large wages might be acceptably increased by a small coin dropped into it. Goldsmith, who has recorded an account of his visit to the Abbey, says of this cap, in an account of a conversation with the vergers who was his guide, "Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?" "That, sir," says he, "I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble."

The two latest figures, those of the Earl of Chatham and Admiral Nelson, were unquestionably put in by the officers of the Abbey merely for show purposes, to increase the attractiveness of the exhibit. That of Lord Nelson is in-

teresting from the fact that it is dressed in a suit of clothes which the admiral once wore. There seems good reason to believe this to be true, since, when MacIise borrowed the figure as a model while he was painting his famous painting, "Death of Nelson," he found attached to the lining of the hat the eyepatch without which the admiral, who was blind in one eye, never appeared. Nelson is buried in St. Paul's, in spite of his famous exhortation to his men at the battle of Cape St. Vincent, where he cried, "Westminster Abbey, or glorious victory!"—St. Nicholas.

REMARKABLE ANTS.

Bees and ants may be called civilized animals. They live in cities, and understand the value of co-operation. Indeed, they could give men some valuable lessons upon one of the oldest, the best known, and the truest of human proverbs: "In union there is strength."

Ants show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too; only, these boats are formed of their own bodies. They

ings by millions. They are harmless to the residents if they do not disturb or kill any of the number. In half an hour the ants enter every room, wardrobe, trunk, and cranny in the house, in search of insects. They cover the walls, the floors, the ceilings, and even the under side of the roof, and woe to every cockroach, fly, or wasp that does not immediately escape!

In Trinidad, they filled Mrs. Carmichael's house for five hours, destroying hundreds of insects, and a score of mice and rats, which she saw covered with hundreds of the little warriors, until they were worried to death and then devoured. After this thorough depopulation, the ants suddenly left for their nests.

The negroes are so impressed with their usefulness, that they call these ants "God's blessing." One of them, passing Mrs. Carmichael's house just after the above scene, called out: "Ah, missus, you've got the blessing of God to-day; and a great blessing it is to get such a cleaning!"

It is hard to please people who never know what they want.



AN ARMY OF ANTS.

are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night; while chickens, lizards, and other small animals in Western Africa, flee from them in terror.

To protect themselves from the heat, they erect arches, under which numerous armies of them pass in safety. Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth, and gummed together by some secretion; and, again, it is formed by the bodies of the larger ants, who hold themselves together by their strong nipers, while the workers pass under them.

At certain times of the year, freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "drivers," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood; but, instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds, and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruin rises a black ball that rides safely on the water, and drifts away.

At the first warning of danger, the little creatures rush together and form a solid body of ants—the weaker in the centre. Often this ball is larger than a common base-ball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound.

"Hunter Ants" are found in tropical countries. It appears that at particular seasons, when pressed for food, they leave their nests and enter the dwell-

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

**LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 22.
REWARDS OF OBEDIENCE.**

Prov. 3. 1-17. Memory verses, 1-4.
GOLDEN TEXT.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy patha.—Prov. 3. 6.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (Prov. 3. 1-17). Learn the Golden Text.

Tuesday.—Read what we are to do with God's word (Deut. 6. 1-13). Learn the Memory Verses.

Wednesday.—Read what the obedient will have (Deut. 6. 17-25). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Thursday.—Read of the safe way (Prov. 3. 19-26).

Friday.—Read why we should like correction (Heb. 12. 1-11).

Saturday.—Read how to be a doer of the word (James 1. 19-27). Answer the Questions.

Sunday.—Read who are the friends of Jesus (John 15. 1-14).

QUESTIONS.

I. The Value of Law, verses 1-4.
1. Why does the father counsel his son?

2. How does religion tend to prolong life? 3. What was meant by "mercy and truth"? Where were they to be worn? Why were they to be in the heart? 4. What is favour?

II. The Value of Faith, verses 5-10.

5. Why should we trust in God? What must we guard against? 6. When should we own God? How may we attain safe guidance? 7. What is one of our worst enemies? 8. What will fear of God do for us? 9. How should we honour the Lord? What was the law about first fruits? 10. What temporal blessing is promised?

III. The Value of Chastening, verses 11, 12.

11. How does God chasten? 12. How do afflictions come? Of what are they tokens?

IV. The Value of Wisdom, verses 13-17.

13. How should we seek wisdom? 14, 15. Name the things it is better than? 16. What gifts does wisdom bring? 17. What will we gain by following her?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

There is only one right way and only one safe guide. The good will be respected and loved. Safety is linked with a low esteem of self. Trial often prepares for greater usefulness. The most earnest efforts should be made to secure the best things. It is only by religion that we can secure the best of both worlds.

The true philosophy of family descent is in old Mat Pryor's epitaph, quoted by J. S. Willis in a speech in the House of Representatives:

"Here lies Mat Pryor,
Descended from Adam and Eve;
If any one can go higher,
I'm willing to give him leave."

Jilson—"That's rough on you, Jabson."
Jabson—"What is?"
Jilson—"That three days' beard of yours."

McGuiggan—"An' why do they call it a tin weddin'?"
O'Dare—"Bekase they've been married tin years."

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