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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1899.

No. 37.

Don't You Care?

They are dying by tens! Do you know it?

Dying without the light,
They know not Christ as their Saviour;
His cross is hid from their sight.

They are dying by hundreds! Oh, hear it!

In chains of ignorance bound!
They see not their need of a Saviour—
The Saviour whom you have found.

They are dying by thousands? Believe it!

Oh, what are you going to do?
Your Saviour cares for these lost ones,
And longs to bless them through you.

They are dying by millions! Yes, millions!

All over the world's wide lands;
In Africa, India, and China,
Can you sit with idle hands?

Dying while you are all sleeping,
Dying while you are at play,
Dying while you laugh and chatter,
Dying by night and by day.

JAMES CALVERT—FROM DARK TO DAWN IN FIJI.*

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

It is quite true that the most marvelous novel of all is real history. The last fifty years has produced no romance equal to Fiji; nor have the last five hundred years of Christian history produced anything that is more instructive, suggestive and inspiring.

Dotting the vast Pacific some seven-hundred miles north-east of Sydney, two hundred and twenty islands, more or less, form the Fijian group. Volcanic disturbance and the ceaseless activity of those wonderful workers of the sea—the coral insects—have reared this unique paradise in the vast deep. The still, blue waters of the lagoons contrast strangely with the purplish indigo of the outside ocean. The emerald green waters that reveal the variegated coral beneath, flash with all the colours of the rainbow. All the wondrous beauties of the South Seas are clustered here.

Sixty years ago, a race of the worst cannibals on earth lived in these islands. They were the terror of every ship-captain, of every trader, of all other nations, white or black. They were a superior race in physical size and form, in intelligence and in the knowledge of many ingenious arts. They could make excellent cloth and pottery, mats and sails, baskets and mosquito-nets, and splendid canoes. Their style of hair-dressing was the envy of all surrounding heathendom, and even a Parisian artiste might well covet some of its extraordinary achievements.

The Fijian was a warrior by birth. He ate his enemies partly through revenge, partly as a religious rite, and partly because he liked human flesh. It was considered a great distinction for a chief to have eaten a great many. Two chiefs gloried in the fact that they had, between them, eaten about nine hundred human beings! Men sometimes killed and ate their wives.

Sometimes when the post-holes were being dug for a chief's house, he would make an offering to "earth-spirits," in the

* "James Calvert; or, From Dark to Dawn in Fiji." By R. Vernon. James M. Robertson, Willard Tract Depository, Toronto. Price, 50 cents. A most fascinating missionary biography.



THAKOMBAW, LATE KING OF FIJI.

shape of a living man, in each hole with his arms around the post, and in that condition he was buried alive. War canoes were launched on living human bodies, as rollers. It was considered the honourable thing for a wife to be strangled when her husband died. Sometimes a dozen or more wives of a chief were thus put to death and buried with their husband.

One of the first triumphs of the missionary was in getting the life of one of the wives of a chief spared. When the order came that she should live, the holder of the strangling-rod indignantly exclaimed, "Then I suppose we are to die like nobody now!"

From immemorial ages, such had been the state of these savages. Must they remain so forever? So it seemed to human reason. But the Gospel is, indeed, the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth. It has made a man and a Christian of the brutal Fijian cannibal. It can save and en-

noble the vilest sort of humanity anywhere. The work God does, and the instruments He does it with, are often far out of the line of human calculation and choice.

In 1833, a Yorkshire lad had just completed his apprenticeship as a printer and bookbinder. He had no thought of any other position in life than that of a good tradesman. A short time previously he had been converted to God—a glorious change which has meant to many a man a career of usefulness little dreamed of by either himself or any one else. That boy did print and bind many books, and did it excellently well, but it was as a missionary of the Cross. It was James Calvert, the future triumphant missionary, the hero of Fiji.

HUNT AND CALVERT.

Hunt and Calvert, two very plain and unpretentious men indeed, were the by the Wesleyan Missionary Society for the foreign field in 1837. After pre-

paratory study in the Wesleyan Theological Institute, at Hoxton, he, with two others—Hunt and Jagger—started for Fiji in 1833. Calvert took with him one of the greatest blessings God ever gives to men, a thoroughly good and suitable wife. Through all his subsequent career in Fiji, she proved his equal in every element of Christian excellence.

The two landed, and began work at Lakemba. The landing of any other white man or woman would have almost certainly meant a bit of savoury fresh meat for the ferocious Tui Nayau—King of Lakemba. They would have been on their way to the "ovens" within an hour. How came it to pass that these two lived there unharmed for ten years, and some twenty years more in Fiji after that? The answer to that question has a human, as well as a divine, side. It was to the interest of these savages to let them live. The missionary's power to help the sick and to teach new arts has often been of inestimable service in heathen lands. The ability of the most degraded nations to perceive something of the religious objects of such a man's work, is often surprising. These cannibals knew at once what this man and woman came there for—to persuade them to "Lotu," as they called becoming Christians. King George, of Tonga—whom they respected because they feared him—had told them it was a good thing to "Lotu," and that they must not harm the missionary.

The extraordinary heroism of Calvert and his wife, certainly the highest of the high, impressed these savages. They never hesitated to reprove the mightiest and most brutal king of Fiji. It was done respectfully but unflinchingly. Many a lesson these savage monarchs learned of the supreme dignity and fearlessness of these defenceless strangers.

When King Tanoa was visited by a tribe bringing large offerings of spoil, one of his head men was sent out to capture enemies or friends for a cannibal feast. Some women were seen fishing. Fourteen were seized and brought to Bau. Mr. Calvert and Mr. Lyth, his associate at that time, were away. Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth started for the king's house. The sound of death drums and the firing of muskets told them that the butchery was going on. They rushed into the very presence of the king—where no woman was ever allowed to enter—and boldly made their request. Tanoa was stunned by their audacity, and ordered the murder to stop. Nine had already perished, but the remaining five were set at liberty. Nothing could exceed the consummate tact, the splendid discretion, and the unbounded labours, of these servants of God. But after all, it was not to these

they owed either their safety or their success. It was God who sent these missionaries to Fiji. His promise was over them. His blessing was upon their work.

A ROYAL CONVERT.

One great chief after another was converted, but the most remarkable of all was the conversion of Thakombaw, the most powerful monarch of Fiji.

Years of faithful effort and earnest prayer were at last crowned with success. In 1857 he was publicly baptized. He had been requested to address the assembly after his baptism. He did so. What a congregation he had! Husbands whose wives he had dishonoured, widows whose husbands he had slain, people whose relatives had been strangled by his orders. Those whose friends he had eaten; and children, the descendants of people he had murdered, and who



(Continued on next page.)

Jesus Calls.

BY W. BARKLA.

"Go ye into all the world." Jesus calls, Jesus calls "Let my banners be unfurled." Jesus calls, Jesus calls, Lift the Gospel standard high. Immanuel! your battle cry. Forward! See, the foe is nigh. Jesus calls, Jesus calls.

Go where heathen powers enslave, Jesus calls, Jesus calls. 'Tis of these he came to save, Jesus calls, Jesus calls, Heeding God's divine decree Bring my heritage to me, Hallelujah as thou lovest me, Jesus calls, Jesus calls.

Go through all his broad domain, Jesus calls, Jesus calls. Of his saving grace proclaim, Jesus calls, Jesus calls. Strengthened by the Spirit's power, Fear not, ev'ry present hour God will needful grace shower, Jesus calls, Jesus calls.

Go! Beneath yon orient skies, Jesus calls, Jesus calls, See, the host of darkness flies, Jesus calls, Jesus calls. May his vanguard in the night Soon dispel the shades of night With a blaze of Gospel light, Jesus calls, Jesus calls.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1899.

WHAT JAPANESE CHILDREN BELIEVE.

The religious instruction of children in Japan does not consist in an intelligent presentation of a system of doctrine, but only in teaching them the observance of certain rites, such as burning incense, visiting the temple, worshipping the idol, etc. I am sure we have all wondered what it would be like to be a "heathen." That is, what we should do in a country where no prayers are said at night where there is no church or Sunday-school where our own God is not known Mrs Parshey, one of our missionaries in Japan has kindly written for us the description of the customs and superstitions taught the children of Japan, from which we can see something of what it would be like to be a heathen child in Japan. On festival days the Japanese children are dressed in their best clothes, and go with their grandmothers to worship the idols at the temples. They do just as their grandmothers do, sit on the floor bow to the idols, and their foreheads touch the matting. Listen to the priest for a few moments, throw the smallest coin (worth one-tenth of a cent) on the floor and repeat over and over the prayer, "Namu Amida Butsu." I address thee, O Eternal Buddha. Children in Japan are not taught to love the gods, for the gods do not love them. "One day I saw an old woman and a little child enter a temple and stop before an idol. The child said that he would never worship them again. One day

how to rub the idol's head and then his own, and teaching him that if he did so the god would cure his headache or any other head disease. Rubbing hands or feet or face of the idol and then his own would cure disease in that part, the woman said. "Sometimes you see a child walking back and forth, back and forth, in front of a temple. Why is she doing that? Oh, her father or mother is ill, and she has been sent out to pace back and forth a hundred times or more to appease the god, and then perhaps her father or mother may recover. "When a parent or other relative dies the children are taught to burn incense at the funeral in the temple as an act of worship. The priest gives the deceased a new name, which is written on a tablet of wood and placed in a niche in the house. Children are taught to place at special times a kind of rice cake before these ancestral tablets, and they are also taken to visit the graves on certain days. "Sometimes a widow commemorates the seventh or tenth anniversary of the death of her husband by making a feast and inviting all the friends still living who were present at the funeral. "When going to worship at a Shinto temple it is not customary to go inside to pray. Do you see that long rope hanging down in front of the door? That rope hangs down over a double gong, and the person outside pulls the rope and rings the gong to call the attention of the god, lest he should not hear the prayer which is offered as the person stands outside the temple. "The two most important articles of faith which are taught the children seem to be the love of country and the duty of obedience to parents in certain matters.

they took him to a temple and tried to force him to go on his knees and knock his head to the idol, but he stoutly refused. "At last they threatened to throw him into the river which was flowing near by. "Throw me," said he, "if you like, but I will never worship wood and stone again. Jesus is the true Saviour, and I will worship him only." They took hold of him and pitched him into the water. One of his relatives, however, rushed after him and picked him up again. When out of the water the first thing he said was, "You have not succeeded. While in the water I never prayed to the idols, I only prayed to Jesus. A brave little boy that! May you all be as brave-brave for God; brave for Jesus, brave for righteousness, brave for the missionary cause; brave for the salvation of the world. Such bravery will make you a great power for good."

NOT TOO DRUNK TO TELL THE TRUTH.

It happened on a crowded car. A seedy-looking man, very much the worse for liquor, rose to give his seat to a lady, when a robust man slipped into the vacant seat, leaving the lady still standing. "Sa-a-y, you-you fellow you," said the doozy but chivalrous individual, as he swung to and fro hanging to a strap. "I-I'm drunk, I know, but I-I'll get over it, I will; but you-you're a hog, and you'll never get over it-in this time-no, sir, never!" And the other passengers agreed with him.

James Calvert. (Continued from first page.) had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers. A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombaka said: "I have been a bad man. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said, 'I will continue to fight.' God has singularly preserved my life, but now I realize that it was the Lord's doing. I desire to acknowledge him as the only and the true God." He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence. He showed his sincerity by dismissing his many wives, and publicly marrying the chief one, Andi Lydla Samanau. From this time, he took no retrograde step. His thirst for knowledge grew, and the touching spectacle was often witnessed of his efforts to learn to read taught by his own little children. The Rev. J. Nettleton, who was his chaplain for seven years, said he never met with a more devoted, earnest and consistent Christian. He died in 1883. Miss Cumming writes, "Certainly, they are the most devout race for Christians that I have ever seen." In 1885, the Jubilee of Christianity was celebrated in Fiji. Mr. Calvert, then seventy-two, left England to attend it. Referring to this visit, he said: "In 1835, when the mission commenced, there was not a single Christian in Fiji. In 1885 there was not an avowed heathen in all the eighty inhabited islands. Out of a population of 110,000, 104,585 were attendants on public worship. Now marriage is sacred, regularly conducted, schools everywhere established, law and good government firmly laid, and spiritual churches formed and prosperous. The language has been reduced to written form, and made one of the utmost progress, and three editions of John Hunt's invaluable 'Christian Theology,' have been widely circulated. We had no night school, and we confirmed his Word with signs following. They were whole-hearted and very true and faithful. They became living epistles. The Fijian Church is also continually sending native missionaries to other distant lands, to preach the good tidings. This many of them do successfully." Well might Mr. Calvert add, "What has been wrought in Fiji is of the utmost intrinsic value on the behalf of every saved Christian, and extremely important as it affords hope and encouragement to pray and work and give for the salvation of the vast populations of China and India, Africa, and the whole world. Christ has redeemed for every man in the whole world, and to him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. For he must reign till he has put all his enemies under his feet."



LEVUKA, CAPITAL OF FIJI.

A BOY'S VOCABULARY.

Many things that are not so rare are taught in public schools. I have a friend at whose hospitable board I often dine. At table the other night his son, a bright boy in his early teens, told his father that his teacher had told him that his vocabulary did not exceed 600 words. The father asked my opinion. I suggested that we try nouns to begin with, and asked the boy what he knew about a cat-boat. He said he knew all about it. Then I asked him to tell me some of the things connected with it. He spoke of sail and mast and rudder, tiller, bow, stern, and several other things. Then I suggested keel and gunwale, deck, cock-pit. All these he knew, and they gave him a new start. Block and rope, knot, splice, anchor, bucket, sponge, and a lot of others came to his mind. We counted up three or four score, nouns only. Then we started on the human body. Legs, arms, hands, knees—all these were obvious. I started him on the face. Mouth, eyes, ears, nose, forehead. Then we went into particulars. Lips and gums and teeth and eyebrows and lids. And then he got thoroughly interested, and rattled off half a hundred more, as can any one who will try. Then we took the room and the things therein. There was no end to it. "My son," said the host, "write out 1,000 nouns, every one of which you know, and know well; take them to your teacher, and say that you've only begun. And, by the way," he added, "stick to nouns of one syllable. You can do it." And he did.—Time and the Hour.

A BRAVE CHINESE BOY.

Dr Griffith John, the eminent English missionary who has laboured long in China, sends to a mission band of children in England the following story from Hankow: "It is the story of a brave boy—a Chinese boy, of course. A little boy who had been to a Christian school had made up his mind that he would worship idols no more. Some of his relations were very angry because of this and were determined to force him to worship them. They beat him, but it was of no use, he only became more determined in his mind that he would never worship them again. One day

of toll. God was with us from the beginning, and we confirmed his Word with signs following. They were whole-hearted and very true and faithful. They became living epistles. The Fijian Church is also continually sending native missionaries to other distant lands, to preach the good tidings. This many of them do successfully." Well might Mr. Calvert add, "What has been wrought in Fiji is of the utmost intrinsic value on the behalf of every saved Christian, and extremely important as it affords hope and encouragement to pray and work and give for the salvation of the vast populations of China and India, Africa, and the whole world. Christ has redeemed for every man in the whole world, and to him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. For he must reign till he has put all his enemies under his feet." A pathetic story that comes from China gives an illustration of how medical missions prepare the way for the advance of Christianity. A military graduate was successfully treated for a cataract at the mission hospital in Hankow. As he returned, he gathered about forty-eight other blind men, and begged him to lead them to the wonderful foreign doctor. So this strange procession of blind men, each holding on to another's rope, and walked for 250 miles. One who could not be cured, received, while in the hospital, the better gift of spiritual healing.

The Lost Harvest.

Beneath the crimson sunset waved fields
of amber grain,
Inlaced with slanting sunbeams, like
skeins of golden rain;
And in the rustling billows the winds
were charmed to rest—
The weary winds of even, whose home
was in the west,
The last bright eve of autumn waned
softly into gray—
But fair, deserted harvest, no reapers
came thy way!

No silver sickle gleaming, no ringing of
the scythe,
No songs from out the barley of busy
workers blith,
No faces glad and ruddy amid the bend-
ing wheat,
And on the dusty roadside no sound
of coming feet,
The darkness gravely falling, the owl's
despondent call,
The ghostly mists arising, the sadness—
that was all.

And so the west grew sober, its melting
beauty spent,
And night raised in the welkin her star-
lit shadow tent,
And winter, swift returning, like some
pale exile old,
Shook out his frosty garments and
brought the deathly cold;
And all the harvest's glory was bound
with snow and frost—
O reapers of the harvest—too late!—the
fields are lost!

Alas! for life's rich promise, when thus
it finds a doom,
And death o'ertakes its splendour before
God's reapers come.
Awake! Arise, O reapers! Why wait
the deadly frost,
And then, half-blind with weeping, be-
hold the harvest lost?
Awake! Arise! Already ye see the
waning light—
Go forth! The skies are fading. The
winter comes to-night!

—Youth's Companion.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Resolution to save all the money he
could, now that he felt his savings were
safe, combined with a natural distaste
for tobacco to keep Heman from learn-
ing to smoke; Aunt D'rexy's careful and
early temperance instructions also held
him firm against invitations to enter
saloons, or drink beer.

"Come on, and have a cool beer, Heman; you'll work twice as well after it this hot day," said one acquaintance.

"No, thanks. I don't need it."
"But, man, I'm going to treat you. It won't cost you a cent."

"To-day it wouldn't, but what would you think of me to-morrow if I didn't ask you in to have a glass of 'cool beer,' when it was just as hot a day?" said Heman the shrewd.

"Oh, well—if you're too stingy to be sociable; but you'll not get on in the world very well that way, let me tell you."

"So I wouldn't, and I don't mean to be too stingy to be sociable; only, if I spend my nickels I want to spend them on things that are worth while. I don't see first-class people hanging about beer-shops, and I've made up my mind to be first-class myself, if I can make it. If you'll come round to the house to-night I'll give you as nice a glass of lemonade as ever you taste; that'll be healthy, and drunk in a decent place, and it will not cost less than beer, while you'll have a slice of Aunt Espey's gingerbread with it. To-morrow, for lunch, I'll have here a basket of as nice orchard-cherries as ever grew. Joey Clump brought them to me, and I'll share the basket with you, if you'd rather than lemonade. One thing I'm set on, I won't have any transactions in beer-shops—no guzzling for me. I've seen men in gutters."

On another day some lads came up saying, "Heman, come to our club to-night to visit; maybe we'll elect you a member, if you like it. Meets in Ward's back shop."

"What do you do?" asked Heman.
"Oh," said the lad largely, "we have it kind of free-and-easy, and we talk politics, and read things out of papers, we make speeches and we sing songs—kind of a literary club—trains us for poli-

ticians; shows us which side our bread's buttered, and what we ought to go for."

This was not very lucid, but on the whole did not sound ill. Heman had a boy's longing for youthful society, to be sometimes where he could rather lead than be led. After a day's work, an evening at the club, singing and making speeches with other fellows, might be refreshing. He went. About twenty boys were gathered. The air was already dim with smoke when Heman entered, and at the three or four dirty tables were lads with mugs of beer or glasses of weak lemonade, ginger-pop, or buttermilk. Heman had no objection to any of these drinks except the beer, but he thought the glasses looked very greasy and unpleasant. There was some singing, loud street songs, and choruses. Some reading from doubtful papers, which railed against churches and corporations, and educational limits to the franchise. Other lads read stormily from magazines which advocated war on all foreigners, and especially attacked negroes and Chinese. There was some effort at recitations of a rather vulgar fashion, to Heman's view, and the speaking was the ranting of lads whose eager minds had had no sound training—the demagogues and stump speakers of the future. Heman found nothing agreeable in any of it, but he sat, curious to see what it was all about, until he heard a bell ring for half-past nine. He reflected that he rose at five to get "home chores" done before he went to his work, and at the best he never felt that he had too much sleep.

When he reached home Aunt D'rexy was waiting for him; she sat on the door-step, the lamp was out, and the others of the family were in bed. Heman sat down by her.

"Why, Heman! You've never been smoking?" she said.

"No; but I've been where other fellows were smoking, and I guess my clothes are full of it. Kind of a club, they call it."

"I hope you think home is a nicer place. Let us get to bed."

Heman felt that Aunt D'rexy's voice had anxiety in it.

The next evening as they all sat on the porch a lad halted by the gate calling, "Come along, Heman; going to the club?"

"Well, no; I guess not," said Heman.

Aunt D'rexy and Uncle 'Rias looked relieved.

"That's you," said Uncle 'Rias, "no boy ever hurt himself by keeping to a good home. Your Aunt D'rexy says, Heman, you told her that your knowing none of your savings would get lost in speculators' pockets kinder toughened you up to refuse to spend money on beer, or cigars, or any such matters. Now I see how your feelin' sure that your earnings ain't to be thrown away will make you save cheerfuller; and so I promise you, boy, I won't do any speculatin' again, not till we all talk it over and agree as to it."

"I could keep out of any kind of wasting and foolishness with a good heart for the sake of getting back the farm," said Heman.

"I've observed," said Uncle 'Rias, "that what people set their hearts on, vigorous that way, they most generally get. I could tell you several little ditties about that. There was—I set my heart on buying that farm grandpop Sinnet had cleared, and at last I got it. Lost it, more fool I, just as grandpop did, by being too graspin'! Then there was Dan Hays; his father was kind o' soft in the head, and his mother a good hard-working soul. Dan wasn't so very bright, but he set his heart on buying a little four-room house, clear, for his mother, and a cat-boat for himself to make a livin' in, fishin'. Ten years that feller worked. The Lord peared to open ways for him; some rich folks came to the beach and hired Dan two or three summers, at big wages, and my, didn't they give him things! Well, he got his cat-boat and his house, and made his old mother's life easy."

"Then there's a ditty about the Macky boys. Left orphans at twelve—twins they were. They said they meant to make a way in the world, and set up a big tombston for their folks. An' they did too. They were grown up when I was a boy; but, sir, Bill Macky was captain of a steamer, and Tom Macky had three tony restaurants, and made a fortune. Oh, yes, Heman, folks get what they go for mostly. I could tell you plenty of ditties ab 't that."

CHAPTER XIII.

DAILY FRIENDS.

Heman was by no means too dull to see that Uncle 'Rias' remarks about people getting what they went for sug-

gested that it was well to go for something good and worth while, for if they went for the idle and evil, that they would get. As 'e listened to Uncle 'Rias' "ditties" about the early struggles of people that Heman had known, he thought that this was much more entertaining than the boys' club.

Possibly Uncle 'Rias had some wish to emphasize such thinking. He said, "Come, boy, tell us about what that club did last evenin'."

Heman hesitated a bit, but then it would never do to be too ashamed of the company you keep to describe it. He had just begun. "Well, they have a place to meet in, the back room of Luke Ward's shop—when in at the gate 'ame Master George Renfrew and took his seat on the porch. Heman was still more hesitant to speak before the master, he would think he'd been wasting his time. Aunt D'rexy helped him out; she usually had her reasons for what she did."

"Mr. Renfrew, Heman was just beginning to tell us about a Boys' Club he visited last night."

"It see," explained Uncle 'Rias, "he wasn't enough taken up with it to want to go to-night when one of 'em called him."

"Let us hear about it, Heman," said George Renfrew; "it may help me out in some plans I am making for boys."

Heman therefore began his description of what had been said and done.

Not wishing to be too hard on boys, Uncle 'Rias urged, "Tell the hull of it, Heman; mebbe there's some good in it."

"Oh, yes," said George Renfrew, who had seen much of the world and was not so much frightened, "there's good in almost everything."

Heman continued his narration: "And then I heard the half-past nine bell ringing, and I came away," he concluded, "for I knew I'd be sleepy in the mornin', and I wasn't interested."

"Well! well!" cried Uncle 'Rias, slapping his knee, "if it don't beat all nature, them boys settin' up to overturn books and ways that has existed before their granddads were born!"

Master Renfrew laughed. "Why, this is nature, Mr. Sinnet. All reformers since the world began have risen to question and overthrow what existed before their grandparents were born."

"But you don't hold with those boys' doings?" said Aunt D'rexy.

"Oh, not with their opinions, of course; they're crude, and ill-guided, and ill-informed; but I sympathize with their wish to know, and be, and do; and I'd like to help them to know, be, and do rightly."

"Wherever did they get such cranky notions! Set up to say the Bible's wrong, and holdin' property is wrong, and govment's wrong, and it ain't right to levy taxes! Why, whatever's this world comin' to with such boys as that?"

Uncle 'Rias looked so excited that Master Renfrew laughed, and that made Heman give a joyous shout.

"There's plenty of just such foolishness in print, Mr. Sinnet, and news-dealers and beer-saloon men have it to give out free secretly to boys. Satan takes more pains to train them up wrong than the church often does to train them up right. However, now we'll take a hand in it, and see what can be done. Some of those lads are naturally smart; nearly all have the making of useful men in them. Who seem to be the leaders, Heman?"

Heman named two or three lads.

"I thought so," said Mr. Renfrew. "Now we'll let the matter drop while I spend three or four days making some plans, and then I'll ask these fellows to help me get up a Lads' Club and Debating Society, and I'll outbid the attractions of Luke Ward's place. Mr. Hepburn left a few thousand dollars to be used for philanthropic work in Windle, according as a committee of some of our leading people should decide. I have prepared a petition for a part of that fund to be applied to founding the 'Hepburn Club' for young men and boys. There will be, if my plan is carried out, a supply of magazines and papers; prizes for oratory, debating, and essays; a room for gymnastics, table games, and a lunch counter, all properly directed. We'll try and give the lads clear and clean ideas, and help them to find themselves. Say nothing about it, though, until you hear of it from some of the other boys, Heman."

"I'm powerful relieved at your takin' a hand in it, master," said 'Rias. "I know boys of Heman's age get hankerin' after company of other boys, and amusement, and I tell you it comes hard to see all the work you've done in rearin' boys nigh onto the verge of being thrown away by their getting with a gang that talk such nonsense as that. Heman has been detailin'."

A few days later the schoolmaster overtook Heman going home from his work. He said to him, "I was in the city a few days ago, and I went to a second-hand bookstore and bought you a few books. I had a little fund given to me to use for working boys, and I thought you should have a share. These are books on building and architecture; they have plates; some are old, some more modern; all will educate your taste and fill your mind with high ideals of building. The smallest and most practical, building may have its symmetry, and its harmony with its surroundings, and its intention. If you spend some of your evenings with these books, you will find in the day your mind dwelling on the suggestions and instructions they contain; and when you begin to learn mechanical drawing, you will have your thoughts already educated into a mingling of beauty with utility. Have patience, don't alight anything heavy all your work up to the best it is possible for it to be."

"I'm ever so much obliged for the books," said Heman, "and I'll read them over and over. I see, if I take the right way of it, I can be somebody—be as much a man in my work as if I had chosen a profession. I wish you'd tell me, when you think of it, what I ought to learn, and what I ought to give up saying and doing. Every day now I think I didn't pay enough attention in school when I had a chance."

"A man marks himself by his conversation. If you would observe the conversation of educated persons and the language of books, you would improve in your forms of expression and your pronunciation. You need not use all the vernacular your good uncle does. I heard you speaking of popple wood the other day; there is no popple wood; it is poplar. Why not call it poplar? I have heard you speak of jell, and many people use that word jell; there's no such word properly. Why not add the y which belongs to it and say 'jelly'?"

These little things mark men's speech. You have as much right, and should find as much pleasure in correct language, being a carpenter, as if you were a merchant or a lawyer, it seems to me."

"So it seems to me, when I think of it," said Heman.

"Some time I will make you out a list of books which you should get by degrees, and I will help you to get them as cheaply as possible. Remember, that while it is well to save, one can be too saving. It is not good economy to starve either our minds or our bodies. Your aunt told me the great secret you have, all of you working to get your farm back. That's fine; but it will not be well to deny your mind nourishment in your effort to save. You must have some books to make a man of you. Books are friends; books are food, books are material for our work—always the right kind of books, understand."

(To be continued.)

AN AGREEABLE NEWSBOY.

He simply exercised tact, that was all. Was it not more successful than the lordly contempt with which small thoughtfulnesses are often ignored? The New York Recorder tells about this boy.

"Beats all," said the old gentleman in the Black Cat Restaurant last night as we sipped our coffee.

"Yes."
"See that boy?"
We looked.

The door had just swung open, and a ragged newsboy had come in, making the round of the tables, trying to make a sale.

"Never saw the like of it," said the old man with admiration.

"It is singular," said the man at his elbow.

"And what's more, it's commendable, here, boy, give me a paper, and here's a dime; never mind the change."

Before the lad had made half the circle of the room he was sold out—would you believe it?—and for a very unusual reason.

Simple, too.

He didn't roar and romp through the room, Oo-uu-x-tra-sah" as thousands of his brothers do day by day. Not he. His was a trick worth two of that.

He went from table to table in a quiet, gentlemanly way, and spoke in a low, pleasant voice. Best of all—and the greatest stroke of genius—he politely took off his hat.

The man who will not first say, "Thy kingdom come," has no right to say, "Give us our daily bread."



HOOR OF NATIVES, VIET.

An Eastern Legend.

BY GRACE DUFFIN D. GOODWIN
There is a tender Eastern legend,
In a volume old and rare,
Of the Christ-child in his garden,
Walking with the children there.

And it tells—this strange, sweet story—
(Tru or false, ah, who shall say!)
Now a bird with broken pinion,
Dying in the garden lay.

And the children, cruel children,
Lifted it by shattered wing,
Shouting, "Make us merry music;
Sing, you laye fow, sing!"

But the Christ-child bent above it,
Took it in his gentle hand,
Full of pity for the suffering,
He alone could understand.

Whispered to it—oh, so softly,
Laid his lips upon its throat,
And the song-life, swift returning,
Sounded out in one glad note.

Then away, on wings unweared,
Joyously it sang and soared,
And the little, white, kneeling,
Called the Christ-child "Master"—Lord!"

THE CHILDREN OF OHINA.

Almost every Chinese child of high station carries a fan. Fans are the rattles of Chinese babyhood. A Chinese nurse of a royal young prince charges with views of her swiftly-moved, gaily-painted fan with that same fan she cools for him the torrid air of the Chinese summer, and when he grows strong enough to walk, and totters about, with Asiatic masculine arrogance, upon his well-developed yellow legs his appointed mother is forced to criticize his movements in a moderate tone. The naked Chinese boy of life, is very apt to score his yellow shoulders with her pink perforated fan, though, to be honest, a Chinese child is almost never struck.

Many Chinese children, who have received a garment and rarely have a good dinner, have fans, and are experts in their use, for in China the manner in which a fan is carried, opened, used, and moved is almost as significant as it is in Corea. The naked Chinese boy will be almost sure to own a kite-Chinese children are as skillful as Japanese children in kite-flying, and are almost as fond of it as are the children of Siam. They also delight in rolling the hoop and in playing battledores and shuttlecock.

It is more than religion with the Chinese to obey as their ancestors have obeyed, and in all things to follow in the footsteps of those ancestors. This held China together for centuries, but now the reluctance of the Chinese to make use of methods and implements of war which were unknown to their ancestors threatens to make China, if not a nation of the past, at least a nation torn and dismembered. The late war with Japan should teach China the necessity of the

arts of Western civilization. A large proportion of the Chinese are born, live and die on boats. Strangely enough, none or nearly none of them can swim. But all must every Chinese child is an expert fisher and exceedingly fond of the sport. Fish and rice form very largely the diet of every Chinese child. Except among the very poor the children and the women eat apart from the men.

The children of the weather people eat considerable poultry and unlimited fruit. Among the poorer Chinese the girls are taught to cook, to do all sorts of household work, and to sew roughly. I have eaten some delicious dinners cooked by a Chinese girl of twelve. Indeed, cooking is the great national talent of the Chinese.

The boys of the poorer classes are taught one or more of a thousand ways of earning a living. I remember one bright, merry little fellow who lived alone with his grandfather, who was blind and lame, and the small fellow (I think he could not have been more than eight, perhaps not so old) was the real breadwinner of the family. They had a hatching establishment, a small hut with a very low roof, on which the sun in summer beat down fiercely. Near the hut was a good-sized pond, divided by boards and stakes into small sections. On the floor of the hut they hatched ducks' eggs, and when the ducklings were sufficiently hatched they were put afloat upon the pond. People came from miles, bringing from a dozen to some hundreds of eggs. These eggs were wrapped in coarse napkins, put on the floor of the hut, and left there until the sun had done the natural work of the mother duck. The process, if I remember, took the better part of a month. I have seen the floor of the hut completely covered with eggs.

the foe it should be in the mission battlefield. Canon Taylor had assured us that the natives were a failure. If they were, he failed to see it. Was it a failure in the West Indies, in China or the South Sea Islands, where, in 1811, there were only two native converts, while there are at present 850,000 converted to Christ and Christianity? Continuing, the preacher spoke of those who had fallen as sacrifices in the missionary cause. Some one had said if it were not for H. M. Stanley we would know comparatively nothing of Africa; but it had also been said if it were not for the old missionary who was found dead on his knees on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, the martyred Livingstone, we would have known but little of that dark land. In conclusion, the ever-ready gentleman likened the combined forces of the missionaries to the "thin red line" of the British at Waterloo, who hurled back the cavalry of Napoleon, and if the whole of the Christian Church met the enemy, we would soon hear the expiring shriek of every system of idolatry.



BURN, OR HEAVEN TEMPLE, VIET.

- 4. Name the visions, and give the main lesson each teaches.
5. State the various kinds of affliction of God's people mentioned in the lessons.
6. Show how "the angel of the Lord" delivered them that feared him.

To turn in temptation directly to the power of God, to cry out in sorrow for God's company; to be satisfied in doubt with nothing short of the assurance that God gives; to know that there is no real escape from sin, except in being made holy by God's holiness—these are what make a man's complete salvation.—Phillips Brooks.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 24

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34. 7.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Gracious invitations.—Hosea 14. 1-9
Tu. Daniel in Babylon.—Dan. 1. 8-21.
W. The handwriting on the wall.—Dan. 5. 17-31.
Th. Daniel in the den of lions.—Dan. 6 10-23.

A POPULAR STORY

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CANADA has taken her place among the nations, and her people should instruct themselves in all the principles which form the basis of good citizenship. Good conduct in the individual means good conduct in the nation. A most useful work for this purpose, just published, is

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WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. Coates, Montreal. S. F. Hoole, Halifax.



HOY SPRINGS, 1822 ROAD, VIET.

But it was said the small boy never made a mistake. At all events his customers seemed satisfied to a man that they invariably received the results of their own eggs. I never heard of a complaint, which was to me remarkable.—Fall Mail Budget.

ARE MISSIONS A FAILURE.

A stirring missionary sermon was preached by the Rev. James Henderson, on the subject, "Are Missions a Failure?" taking for his text John 1. 22. He had been told, he said, that his subject was a dry one. He would say, however, that what there was a heathen country the subject's missions would never cease to be discussed. United Protestantism was what we most need in foreign lands, and if Protestantism was not united at home it could not be expected that it would be in the missionary fields. Our missionaries are a most devoted band, but a most divided one. If there was any place where an unbroken front should be presented to

- F. The new heart.—Ezek. 36. 25-36.
S. Returning from captivity.—Ezra 1.
Su. Encouraging the builders.—Hag. 2. 1-9.
1. Recall the Titles and Golden Texts of the lesson.
2. Name one important teaching of each lesson.
3. Give the names of some of the chief persons of the lessons.

