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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

[No. 38.]



JAPANESE SCHOOL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HOLIDAYS IN JAPAN.

In December all houses are washed and cleansed more than usual, and the people make of rice something like cake, called *mo-ki*, which is to be eaten when New Year's Day comes. At the very close of the month, bamboos, which are tall and perfectly straight, and also pine trees, are placed at each entrance of the houses to welcome the new year. The reason for using the bamboos and pine trees for an ornament of the new year is that a blessing may come to each family, that the gifts and safety of the past year may continue, just as the trees never lose their leaves in autumn, but are green and beautiful when cold winter comes.

In this way the first day of the new year is welcomed. Boys play with kites; girls with battledores and shuttlecocks. All rest on that day from labour, even the seller and buyer. On the second day all begin to work for a little while for a blessing on work; boys and girls study for a few minutes and then play again. People visit their acquaintances to express thanks for the kindness of last year and ask a blessing on the new year.

The third day of March is a holiday for girls. On this day two dolls which represent the emperor and empress, as they appeared in the early period, are put on something like a table which has many steps, and there a feast is offered on a very beautiful table on which are cups, plates, and tea-

cups. This custom is taken from early history.

The fifth of May is the holiday for boys. Those who have boys in a family make a very large carp of paper. The number of carps is increased according to the number of boys. These are floated beautifully, high up in the air, suspended by a column, just as a flag is. The carps of paper which are floated in the air represent the real carp which swims and leaps up the water-falls.

From the thirteenth to sixteenth of July all visit the graves of ancestors; the fifteenth and sixteenth are holidays, when people send presents to each other, as in December. Farmers are very busy all the time, but they are joyful on the holiday of July and in the New Year. They have only these times to rest if they are not Christians. The fifteenth of November is a holiday for boys of three and five, for girls of five and seven years of age. The parents make very fine dresses for the children to wear on this day. All acquaintances send presents for children of this age, and parents, who receive them, make red rice, called *sekihan*, and send as a return of presents.

JAPANESE POLITENESS.

BY DR. ABEL STEVENS.

I AM still here in the very heart of Japan, delighted with this charming country. "the most beautiful that I have seen

in all the world," as Mrs. Grant said to its empress when she and her lamented husband were presented at court. Some of its mountainous parts are grand, almost as much so as Switzerland; but generally it has a simple rural beauty, picturesque enough to enchant the eyes of artists. It is everywhere cultivated and dotted with little towns and hamlets, which are relieved by abundant foliage and flower gardens, the latter interestingly curious, to say the least, by all sorts of fantastic contrivances, strangely shaped trees and shrubbery, rockeries, fish ponds and lakelets, Liliputian bridges and cascades, shaded seats and arbours. Its domestic architecture is light and cheery; the interiors are fastidiously clean, for you must change your shoes for sandals before you step upon the nicely matted floors. The walls (if such they can be called) slides, mostly of whitest paper in small sashes, and usually open, throwing the whole house into one room. In even their homes the people may be said to live in the open air. And, then, what shall I say of the people themselves—more interesting to me than anything else here? They are the most gentle, cheerful, docile, and polite creatures I have anywhere found in my travels of more than half a century.

All writers about this strange, this thoroughly "original country," agree in pronouncing them the politest of nations. They are called "the French of the Orient." It would be more correct to say

that the French are the Japanese of the Occident. French *politesse* is, however, more mannerism than manners. It is otherwise with Japanese politeness, though not with Japanese etiquette. Their high-class etiquette is antique, and may be said to be even scientific; it is taught, as an essential part of education, in elaborate books and from academic chairs. This is giving way, in the court and everywhere, to Western manners; but its less factitious effects on the popular manners remain. No salutation, in courts or streets, is more gracious or polite than the bow of the Japanese. The Frenchman will doff his hat to you, the Englishman tip his, the hasty Yankee nod his; but the poorest labourer or peasant, the very "coolie" himself, here will bow down at a right-angle or more so to you, repeating the act again and again with the most charming, smiling complacency, as if he could not enough express his good-will. It is curious to see two nearly naked street labourers casually meeting go through this mutual demonstration of cordiality, with their sympathetic "Ohio"—their word for "Good-morning." You see it everywhere; even the little children on the highways practice it. There is genuine heartiness in it. It seems a very rivalry of politeness and good wishes.

READ the Sunday-school lesson at least once a day.

Service.

Two angels, waiting, stood before the throne,
Summoned for service. "Go," the mandate
said,

"To you far world: find on his dying bed
A child; convey him hither. Overthrown
Through stress of war, a conquered king
makes moan

Gather the wasted people whom he led,
And rule and guide the kingdom in his stead.
Choose ye which service ye shall make your
own."

Then each made haste to answer: "When
God's voice

Utters the least command, or great or small,
Our eager wills can never know a choice,
Enough for us that we may serve at all;
Whether to soothe a child, or rule a state,
Only obedience makes the service great."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

LION-HUNTING.

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

"He went down also and slew a lion in the
midst of a pit in time of snow."—
2 Sam. xliii. 20.

Our Zoological Gardens contain a won-
derful collection of "wild animals." It is
a sort of living picture-book, where, in the
pleasantest way, boys and girls learn a
good deal about creatures that are fast
dying out of the world. The most popular
part of the Gardens is the lion-house, where
half a dozen lions are kept. They are en-
closed in great cages, and have grown so
used to captivity that the great king of the
forest looks quietly at children standing
before his cage, and allows his keeper to
pull his mane and stroke him. There the
lion is rarely a splendid picture, and does
no mischief.

In his native home it is different, and
hunters go out to kill him. As Africa (the
chief home for lions) becomes more and
more inhabited with people, the lions have to
be cleared out as wolves had to be cleared
out of England. Twenty years ago lions
in Algeria destroyed many horses, cattle,
sheep, and goats. Every lion devoured
£240 worth of cattle every year, and as a
lion lives about thirty-five years, each lion
cost £8,000. The people there called him
the tax collector, and said that for every
pound they paid to their government, they
paid fifty pounds to the lion. A country
cannot afford to keep lions, so it is a very
good work to hunt them down and destroy
them.

SAMSON AND DAVID.

Lions were in existence in the Bible
countries, and so lion-stories are to be
found in the Bible. Once when Samson was
beginning to feel his great strength, he was
walking along among some vineyards, and
a young lion roared against him. Samson
had no weapon, but with his naked hands
he seized the lion by the throat, and killed
it as easily as if it were a lamb. So David's

lion was attacked by a lion, and the bold
youth fought the lion, and killed it there
in the field.

BENAIAH AND THE LION.

Here again is a story of one of David's
mighty men, and his attack on a lion was
evidently thought to be one of his boldest
deeds. It was winter, and the land was
white with snow. Benaiah saw some foot-
prints in the snow, and knew they were
the track of a lion. He followed the foot-
prints until they came to the edge of a
pit. Deceived by the smooth surface of
snow, the lion had fallen in the drift, and
sunk into the pit. Benaiah sought no
help, but went down, attacked the lion,
and killed him. We are not told much,
but the people regarded it as one of the
most daring of actions for a solitary man
thus to face a lion.

"THE CHRISTIANS TO THE LIONS!"

We make a proverb about lions, and say
that any one determined to serve God and
do good must be ready to face a lion. Once
it was more than a proverb. Bad people,
who did not understand Christianity, often
put the followers of Jesus Christ into a pit
among lions. St. Paul says that he had fought
with beasts at Ephesus, and he says that God
delivered him out of the mouth of the lion. His
meaning is not clear, but some think that
(like many other Christians) St. Paul had
been thrown to lions in the theatre, and
that he had been delivered from death. One
of the amusements in great cities of those
days was to watch the struggle of Chris-
tians with wild beasts. This was especially
so in Rome, where one of the grandest
buildings in the world is still standing. It
had a gallery that would seat thousands of
spectators. Lions' dens and prisons were
under the gallery, and there was a large oval
space for conflict. People who go to Rome
now see a cross fixed in the middle of the
ruin as a memorial of those who died in that
cruel way for the sake of Christ their Saviour.
For in those days, when the town was excited
about the Christians, there rose the cry, not
of "Down with them!" but of "To the lions!
To the lions!"

Lions have been the destroyers of brave
Christians who have made a stand for Christ,
and they have given us proverbial sayings
about persecution. To-day there are Christian
peoples in Russia who are suffering terribly
for Christ's sake. We should not have our
quiet Sundays if men like St. Paul and Martin
Luther had not dared everything to spread the
teaching of Jesus.

It is very well to read stories like that
of this Israelite, who followed the lion through
the snow and killed him in that pit; but there
are infinitely grander stories of brave, good
men and women whose biographies make our
hearts leap as we read them. Their lives help
to stir ours, for we need courage if we are to
follow Christ faithfully. Many people want
to be good, but they dare not.

A TIGER STORY.

Jt. Peter once spoke about temptation
as a lion. "Your adversary, the devil, goeth
about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he
may devour." I wish we could think that
sin is really terrible. People often think
there is no harm in doing wrong. Once a
tiger escaped from Jamrach's place (a dealer
in lions and tigers in Ratcliffe Highway),
and as the savage creature walked along, a
little boy went up to stroke it. The tiger
stunned the child with a blow of its paw,
and then took the little thing in his teeth,
and carried him along until some men came
with crowbars and other weapons and set
the child free. He was not hurt, but had
a narrow escape. People often stroke the
tiger—play with him. When Simon Peter
compared sin to a lion springing on its
prey, he thought of that night when he
himself was suddenly tempted to tell a lie
and deny Jesus. He was a brave man; but
he was off his guard, and did what he
was sorry for immediately.

AN ADVENTUROUS ARAB.

I have read about people in a Nile boat
with some Arabs. A lion was in the desert
by the river, and one Arab, who was very
bold, and a good shot with a rifle, stopped
on the bank to show what he could do.
He went near to the lion, attracted its at-
tention to make it turn, and then fired a
fatal shot. But the lion made one dying

spring, and struck the man on the shoulder
with his paw such a blow that the arm was
torn clean from the body. The man died
instantly from the shock, and the lion fell
dead close by him.

People are often as foolish in putting
themselves into dangerous company, and in
meddling with what is wrong. Jesus
taught us to say: "Lead us not into tempta-
tion." It is wise to be afraid of doing
wrong. The Bible compares sin to what is
terrible. The Bible calls sin a lion, a
wolf, a serpent, a fire, a flood—it is fear-
ful to do wrong—the most fearful of all
things.

Daniel faced the lion's den rather than
displease God. He was put into that den,
and there God took care of him, and saved
him from the mouth of the lion.

IMAGINARY LIONS.

Many people have more trouble with
imaginary lions than with real ones. Solo-
mon says that people who are lazy often
say: "There is a lion in the streets." About
three years ago a lion got out of a trav-
elling show in Lancashire, and for a day
or two was roaming the fields. One evening
I asked a little boy whom I knew down
there to walk along with me a little
way, and he said he dare not because of
the lion. The lion, he said, was in a field
just behind the cemetery. Of course the
lion was not there at all. When people
don't want to go anywhere or to do any-
thing, they soon find out that there is a
lion in the way. This is what Solomon
meant. People with no spirit are checked
by fancies of a lion.

They say that a real lion will often re-
treat if you quietly let it see that you are
not afraid. Lions come out and roar on
dark nights, and on stormy nights. If it
is moonlight they are not very bold, and
in the day-time less bold. Dr. Living-
stone (who was once knocked down and
bitten through the arm by a lion) used to
say that if you meet an African lion, and
look at him steadily, he faces you a second
or two, then he turns and walks quietly on
for a few paces, and then trots away.
There are lions in the path of life that are
only pictures, and others that make way if
you are resolute. In study and work, and
in serving God, the great thing is to be
determined and not to fear difficulty.

"THE LION SERMON."

But if we trust God, we need not fear
even greater difficulties, and troubles, and
errors. In one of the London churches
there is (or there used to be until very
lately) a sermon preached every year called
"The Lion Sermon:" because long ago, a
city merchant, who was travelling in North-
ern Africa or Arabia, suddenly found him-
self face to face with a lion. The traveller
fell on his knees, and asked God to save
his life; and after the lion had walked
round him and looked at him, it went
away. When the good man came back,
he went to the church to give God thanks
for this salvation, and arranged that every
year some one should keep this incident in
mind, and tell people about the God who
watches over our lives, and saves them
that trust in him.

THE COURAGE OF "THE LAMB OF GOD."

That is the real secret of courage. Even
timid people learn to be strong and con-
fident through faith in God. Jesus was so
gentle that he was called "The Lamb of
God." No one was so kind and gentle as
Jesus, yet he knew no fear. Pilate won-
dered that Jesus was not afraid of him,
and asked why, for he said, "Knowest
thou not that I have power to crucify
thee?" But Jesus was the Son of God,
and did not fear Pilate or the cross. If we
follow Jesus, and become God's true chil-
dren, we may have the same happy con-
fidence. The sweetest and most loving of
all Christ's disciples said that "perfect
love casteth out fear." If we love God,
and have good, kind hearts, we need not
fear, for God will guide and save us. "The
wicked flesh when no man pursueth; but
the righteous are bold as a lion."

INDELICATE AND DANGEROUS.

In New York great numbers of cigars
are made in cheap tenement houses. In
one small room the poor cigar maker and
his family live, sleep and work. The leaf

tobacco is spread and moistened on the fil-
thy floor, walked on by the women, chil-
dren, cats and dogs. Then it is made into
cigars. These are finally varnished, given
a popular Spanish brand, and sold at ex-
travagant prices as a first-class luxury.
Those who chew fine-cut occasionally find
in it old dried-up quids which have been
worn out by some careless or covetous
chewer. Some kinds of smoking tobacco
are made wholly or in part of refuse tobacco
quids and stumps of cigars which have
been gathered by children from sidewalks,
gutters and spittoons. Cigarettes are also
made of this tobacco garbage, tobacco
stems, opium and paper containing a large
percentage of arsenic or other deadly
poison. In San Francisco hundreds of
boys are breaking out in and about the
month with leprosy from smoking cigar-
ettes made by Chinese lepers. Smoking
is most injurious to the young; often its
worst effects do not appear until late in
life. Smoking produces dyspepsia, dis-
eases of the liver, pulmosis, salivatoriness,
weakness, inability to procreation, indolence,
paralysis, congestion of the brain,
blindness, cancer of the mouth, tongue
and lips, and early death. Dr. Pidduck
says, "In no instance is the sin of the
father more strikingly visited upon the
children than in the sin of tobacco smok-
ing; the enervation, the hysteria, the in-
sanity, the dwarfish deformities, the con-
sumption, the suffering lives and early
deaths of the children of inveterate
smokers bear ample testimony to the
feebleness and unsoundness of the con-
stitution transmitted by this pernicious
habit.

Smoking is far below beasthood. The
lamb or pig that smoked would be treated
as a nuisance. Could dogs be induced to
imitate their masters, smoke and chew at
home, in the streets, stores, saloons, etc.,
flavouring everything with tobacco filth,
what a shocking exhibition it would be of
cruelty to animals, but if mankind would
only imitate the dogs in their disuse of to-
bacco and intoxicants, to what sublime
height our race would be elevated, what
measureless happiness and prosperity
would follow such a glorious reform. How
holy angels must wonder at the folly of
those fiendish smokestacks who court dis-
ease, while they glory in their shame,
fancying their superior manhood because
they smoke a filthy poison.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

September 29, 1895.

BOWING DOWN.—Exodus 20. 4-6.

If we compare some of the images which
have been made in various countries and have
been worshipped as so many deities, with the
prohibition contained in these words, we will
see how the makers of idols have done the
very things which the Jews were commanded
not to do.

God reveals himself as "a jealous God." This
is a strong expression intended to convey the
idea that he will not be content to place him-
self in competition with any being or object
which may be set up as an object of worship.
All these beings, no matter by what high-
sounding names they may be known among
men, are created objects, the work of men's
hands.

God is the High and the Holy One who in-
habiteth eternity. He never was created but
was always in being. From everlasting to
everlasting he is God. He is the first eternal
cause. He holds the winds and the waves in
his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his
hand; he even taketh up the isles as a very
little thing and the nations are but as grass-
hoppers in his sight. He speaks and it is
done. He commands and it standeth fast.

See his power to punish and reward, verse 6.
The meaning of this is that those who do well
sow the seeds of truth in the hearts of their
offspring which bring forth the fruits of love
and righteousness. And those who do evil by
worshipping other gods entail upon others
those principles the development of which are
evil, only evil, and that continually. This is
seen in all heathen nations.

Beautiful Hands.

Beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
These aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That children might be glad.
I always weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
To think how these hands rested not,
While mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their work
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But, oh! beyond this shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know very well those dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear
Where crystal streams, through endless
years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll sleep my mother's hands.

PROSPEROUS, RIGHTEOUS,
UPRIGHT & CO.

By E. Donald McGregor.

CHAPTER VI.

SEPTEMBER sunshine, bright but with a certain iciness in its smile. A cosy little coffee stall with a pair of coal-oil fires glowing brightly 'neath two cans of steaming coffee, and not far off three dishes loaded high with fresh, toothsome, sugared buns. There you have the back-ground of the picture. Now let me put some figures in the front. A tall boy, freckled, and with a regular mop of bright red hair; a cheery lad with a bright face, and a restless way of moving his hands; up on the counter, with his arms round a shaggy little terrier, a mite of a chap with short yellow curls, and pretty red cheeks. Now you have the picture, and I'm sure you won't need me to tell you what it's called. You recognize Tom, Jinks, Pete and Scrape, and their coffee-stall.

It was nearly a month since Mr. Black had dismissed them for their holiday, and again an interesting matter was up for discussion. Tom it was who started the ball rolling.

"Let's put up a sign, an' our names on to it," he said boldly; "we aint half a firm unless we has a name." "Tom, Jinks, and Pete," Jinks announced in very grand style. Then he paused. "That don't sound right—what's up with it?"

"Why the other folks had end-up names like Brown an' Smith an' Kennedy," said Pete.

Tom turned suddenly to Jinks. "Jinks," he said, "what's your end-up name?"

"I aint got none," Jinks replied.

"Well we aint neither," Tom said rather mournfully; "let's get one."

Pete looked up brightly; "There's lots of folks' names in the Chart," he said, "let's pick one of 'em."

"Good idea," said Jinks approvingly, "why shouldn't we?"

"Every one is to have one day to pick out of the Chart the name of the man as he wants to be like," Tom said authoritatively; "let's give Pete the first chance, 'cause he's the littlest," he added.

Three days later this same Tom called the meeting to order. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and customers were usually scarce at that hour, so very often the boys chose the time for Chart study.

Pete was the first to respond to Tom's sharp, energetic—"Names, please."

"I knowed right away," he said, "what name I wanted. I've read 'bout Samuel, an' David, an' Paul, an' Peter, but I liked Job best of all."

"Oh, I was sure as you'd pick Samuel or David," Tom said in a rather disappointed voice.

"No," Pete said firmly, "it was the man as I wanted to be like, an' I want to be like Job. Once you know I had two boils, an' Granpa had to fix 'em every mornin', an' oh my, but they was sore, an' yet he behaved himself."

In very incorrect order, Tom called upon himself next.

"Mine's Joseph," he said, "an' I'm awful proud of my name."

"An' what if folks thinks as you're a son of old Uncle Joseph?" Jinks asked in horror.

Uncle Joseph was a man noted for his cruelty to man and beast, and these boys viewed him with positive disgust.

Tom was upset for a moment, then he spoke with a certain amount of comfort in his voice.

"Well anyway, Pete's just as bad, fer folks, as like as not, will think he's a son of Mr. Job's."

Pete's face clouded over, he could not be a son of the stingy, mean old money-lender.

"May be you won't take to mine neither," Jinks said slowly. "I was a-lookin' for David, an' I just opened to a verse as stuck to me. It's in the Proverbs—'A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.' It just said, 'Jinks, that's the kind of man you wants to be,' an' then I thought 'bout Scrape an' how I knocked a boy down as was plaguin' him, an' how the little chap sort of took to me, an'—well I just made up my mind to be Mr. Righteous when I grewed up."

When Jinks made up his mind, it usually stayed made up. He moved slowly but surely. Tom knew this, so he didn't give out his first thought that the name wasn't just a proper one. He sat for once completely silenced. Then slapping one hand on a bare brown knee, he exclaimed:

"Then I'll be Mr. Prosperous, for the Lord said as Joseph was a prosperous man, an' I want to be a prosperous man."

Pete asked wonderingly: "What's a prosperous man?"

"Why a rich un, I guess, aint it?" Jinks said turning to Tom.

"Yes," Tom answered, "it's somethin' of that kind, for Joseph had a ring, an' a gold chain round his neck, an' oh, he was awful grand."

Pete had turned to the Chart, and was carefully turning over its pages. After a few minutes' study, he said cheerfully, "Then I'll give up Job, and just be the kind he was. I'll be Mr. Upright. It says he was 'perfect' too, but I like the sound of Mr. Upright better." Tom began to kick up his heels.

"Prosperous, Righteous, Upright and Co.," he shouted gleefully.

"Where's yer Co.?" Jinks interrupted. Tom hesitated, and then feeling Scrape's sharp little teeth pressed playfully upon his feet, he said triumphantly:

"Why Scrape of course—you're the Co., aint you, old man?"

"An' what's a Co.?" Pete asked in astonished tones.

"I don't know, only folks has it, lots of 'em," Jinks answered.

"It's somethin' as ought to be on a sign anyhow," Tom said in a very certain tone of voice.

And then the newly christened firm fell to devising ways and means, whereby a real sign-board might be purchased. "Jim Herd will let us have a little board, out of his shop, fer five cents, I know," Tom said.

"An' the paint an' brush would be ten cents I reckon," Jinks added.

"Why couldn't we let Jim Herd have coffee an' buns two or three mornin's fer nothin'?" Tom said, a sudden idea coming into his head. "He's one of our customers, an' we could make a trade, an' do things cheap that way."

"That would be first-rate," Jinks said in a pleased tone of voice.

"An' you paint it, couldn't you, Tom?" Pete said.

"Well, I don't know as I could make letters," Tom said hesitatingly, "but if Mr. Herd was to fix me up just a little copy on paper, I believe I could get on somehow. I can try, anyway."

The following evening, passers by smiled as they saw hanging up on a certain coffee-stall, a very crooked, red-painted sign—

"Prosperous, Righteous, Upright & Co."

CHAPTER VII.

"I've read every scrap of time I could get, an' I can't see when the Lord Jesus is a-goin' to come—still Mr. Black said as he really would come fer us."

It was Jinks' voice, with a troubled note in it. The three boys were on their way to Mr. Black's, for the first time during a long month, and they were talking as they walked.

"Why yes, an' you know, we found the very verse, where he said, 'bout the Lord Jesus goin' to prepare a Place, an' th'n comin' back fer us," Pete said. "It seems queer as he's so long gone."

"Oh well, it would take a good while to get an extra fine Place ready. I aint worritin'." Tom said comfortably.

"I wish we could do somethin' for him when he comes back. I just love him."

Pete's voice was eager.

"It would be a queer un as wouldn't love him," Jinks put in rather indignantly.

"He says if ye love me, keep my commandments," Tom said, looking quite puzzled.

"Why, I never seed that, where is it?" Jinks asked in surprise.

"Right along 'bout his gettin' the Place ready, an' I've been wonderin' what commandments is. I'm sure I'd keep 'em fer him, if I knowed what they was."

"I think as it's the things as he tells us to do," Jinks said thoughtfully.

"Well, if that's it, then I'm afraid I don't love him much," Tom said, looking quite downcast. "He says as we're to love folks as hates us, an' how we're not to hit fellers back again, an' one day I thought I'd try it, but I couldn't make it work no-how."

"Well, I don't see how a feller could do them kind of things," Jinks said wonderingly.

"But he says as we can be his friends if we does 'em," Pete said longingly; "an' oh, wouldn't it be nice to have him fer a friend?"

Tom looked at his little brother curiously. "Pete," he said, "honest now, could you help kickin' a feller back, as kicked you?"

"I did one day," Pete answered timidly. "Joe Sharp hit me hard, an' fore I thought I just said, 'Lord Jesus, I don't want to hit him back,' an' somehow I found as I didn't have to."

Tom looked puzzled. "It's awful mixed up," he said. "This Chart was to show us the way, an' now the Lord Jesus is a-comin' fer us an' we don't need to know any way. An' of course we love him, an' yet he says as we can't, 'less we do things as we aint able to do."

It was indeed a real tangle to these boys, and when they reached Mr. Black's they told him all about their difficulties.

He heard them patiently, then said: "Listen, my boys. Thirty years ago a young man in England left college, to become a minister. He preached for five years, and great crowds came to hear him. Very often of course, he was asked to the homes of his people, and sometimes he found that they had wine on their tables. He just tasted it at first to be sociable and friendly, but after a while he became very fond of it. Then he tried to stop drinking, but the taste and love for liquor had become far stronger than he imagined, and he went down, down, until one night he went into his pulpit drunk. Then his people dismissed him, and he went to a small church in Ireland. For a time he did well; his church became full to overflowing, and he was the most popular minister for miles around. One Wednesday night, the 1st of February, while he was preaching, the thirst for liquor came upon him suddenly, and so powerful was the longing that he rushed from his pulpit, crying out: 'If I knew that a glass of liquor would send me straight to hell I would drink it now.' His congregation thought him crazy, but they never saw him again. He ran straight to the railway station, only stopping to get a glass of whiskey at a neighbouring saloon, and jumping on board a train, he was soon far away. He came finally to America, but before he landed he threw overboard his Bible, saying, 'There I give up God and heaven, and all that kind of thing.' New York hid him so safely that no one of his old friends ever found him. He went into business, and once or twice a year he drank heavily for a few weeks until his thirst was quenched. So the years passed, and every now and then the Lord Jesus, in his great mercy, sent a message to urge this man to get ready for the Place he had prepared for him. He turned them all aside, until one day three little messengers were sent, and somehow or other he couldn't turn them away. He received them and their message, and now he is ready for the Place, whenever the Lord Jesus comes."

Mr. Black paused, then said with a queer shake in his voice: "My lads, I am that man, and you are the little messengers."

Jinks stared, Pete slipped off his chair and came and stood beside Mr. Black. As for Tom—he put his hands in his tattered slits that he called pockets, and strode up and down the room. He wanted to cry, but he was afraid it wouldn't be just the thing for Mr. Prosperous to do. At last he stopped in front of Mr. Black, and said abruptly, "I never guessed you was that kind of a man—whatever made you act that way to the Lord Jesus? an' what did you have to do to get ready for the Place?"

Mr. Black took Pete on his knee, and pulling the chairs close up to him, he said:

"Sit down, Jinks, and Tom lad, come here."

Then, with a tenderness that the boys had never seen about him before, he spoke of his great fall.

"It was touchin' and tastin' the first drop of strong drink that so nearly ruined me."

"You don't catch me touchin' the stuff," Tom said warmly.

"Nor I neither," Jinks added.

Pete listened silently with a troubled look on his face.

"You asked me why I treated the Lord Jesus so," Mr. Black continued. "It was because I had allowed Satan to come into my heart, and the Lord Jesus had gone out."

"Whoever is Satan?" Jinks asked.

"He is the evil one, who as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour," Mr. Black answered.

"David would have fixed him, if he'd come across him," Tom said confidently, and then, as clearly as he could, Mr. Black told our story,—I mean the story of our sin, and disobedience, of the sentence of death that was passed upon us, and about how the Lord Jesus died in our place.

"We must have on the white robe of his righteousness, when he comes," he said, "or the Lord Jesus can't take us to the Place, into which nothing soiled or unclean is allowed to enter."

Tom looked doubtfully down at his soiled, torn garments. "Will he bring the robes with him, when he comes?" he asked.

Mr. Black explained that it was the heart and life which must be made clean from every spot and stain of sin.

"I'd like that kind," Jinks said earnestly, and then somehow, the boys never quite knew how it was, they joined themselves kneeling round Mr. Black, and he was asking the Lord Jesus to wash them and make them clean.

"I'm done," Tom exclaimed, jumping to his feet, with a shining face.

"He heard me, as soon as ever I axed him," Jinks said more quietly, while Pete with glad, happy tears confessed his Lord in a simple "Thank you, Lord Jesus."

"You must go to work now, and help other boys to find the way to the Place," Mr. Black said.

"Are we to take all the fellers into the Chart?" Tom asked in a rather doubtful voice.

"Don't you want others to know and love your Lord Jesus?" Mr. Black asked kindly.

"He will ask you when he comes how many people you have helped."

"Oh dear, we must hurry then," Pete said eagerly. "I'd feel awful mean to say as I'd never told one single feller."

"I'd feel just like not lookin' him in the face," Jinks said soberly.

"An' I guess I'd sneak off an' not see him at all." It was Tom who made this last remark.

(To be continued)

ELOQUENT RAGS.

TALKING about the way boys were admitted to his Home, Dr. Barnardo said to an interviewer:

"I was standing at my front door one bitter day in winter, when a little ragged chap came up to me and asked me for an order for admission. To test him, I pretended to be rather rough with him."

"How do I know," I said, "if what you tell me is true? Have you any friends to speak for you?"

"Friends!" he shouted. "No, I aint got no friends; but if these 'ere rags—"

and he waved his arm about as he spoke—"won't speak for me, nothing else will."

When we seek admission to the heavenly home above, we shall not be so badly off as this poor boy, for we shall have a friend to speak for us—the one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. As for our righteousness, they are as "filthy rags," which need not, and should not, be mentioned. Our hope is not in these, but in Christ's righteousness, which pleads for us.—*The Quiver*.

TWO GOOD HANDS.

WHEN I was a boy, I became especially interested in the subject of inheritances.

I was particularly anxious to know what my father's inheritance was; so one day, after thinking about the matter a good while very seriously, I ventured to ask him. And this was his reply:

"My inheritance? I will tell you what it was—two good hands and an honest purpose to make the best use of the power in my hands and of the time God gave me."

Though it is now many years since, I can remember distinctly the tones of my father's voice as he spoke, with both of his hands uplifted to give emphasis to his words.

Many a boy does not receive a large inheritance of money or lands; but every one has a pair of good hands, which are better than thousands of money. And the good purpose to make the best use of them is in every boy's power. Remember this wise injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"Ships That Pass In The Night."

WHAT kind are those barks that we hear of—
Those "ships that pass in the night"—
That steal thro' the mist and the darkness
All hid from the keenest of sight?

Whether sail they with what are they laden?
Who pilots while we are asleep?
Do they enter the harbour in safety?
Or submerge in the black watery deep?

Al! those ships that go by in the darkness
Are bound for eternity's shore,
And no mortal meter can measure
The ocean these vessels sail o'er.

We only know darkness surrounds it,
That beyond is a day ever bright,
That the angels are watching and praying
For the "ships that pass in the night"

That the sails which they hoist are immortal;
That the cargoes they carry may be
So infested with moral corruption
They never can leave the dark sea;

That some of them surely are laden
With rubies and diamonds and gold,
And are piloted into the harbour
To remain there for ages untold.

Tho' our eyes may be aching to see them,
And our bosoms all seething with pain,
They never come back with a message
From beyond that most mystical main.

But some time—perhaps 'tis not distant—
The mist shall envelop our sight,
And we shall become, ere we know it,
As "ships that pass in the night."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There hath not failed one word of all his
good promise, which he promised by the hand
of Moses his servant. — 1 Kings 8. 56.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The Ten Commandments. Exod. 20. 1-17.
- 1. The golden calf. — Exod. 32. 1-8.
- B. The report of the spies. — Num. 13. 23-33.
- 1A. The brazen serpent. — Num. 21. 4-9.
- F. The new home in Canaan. — Deut. 6. 3-15.
- S. Crossing the Jordan. — Josh. 3. 5-17.
- Sa. Caleb's reward. — Josh. 14. 5-14.

I. TITLES AND TEXTS.

[Every scholar should become familiar with the Titles and Golden Texts of the lessons. They are as essential to a review as is a frame to a house or a theme to music.]

- 1. The T. C. Thou shalt love the—
- 2. The G. C. Little children keep—
- 3. N. and A. Do not drink wine nor—
- 4. J. to C. Come thou with us—
- 5. The R. of the S. The Lord is with us—
- 6. The B. S. As Moses lifted up—
- 7. The N. H. in C. Thou shalt bless the—
- 8. C. the J. When thou passest—
- 9. The F. of J. By faith the walls—
- 10. C. R. He wholly followed—
- 11. The C. of R. Who have fled for—
- 12. J. R. the C. The Lord our God—

II. LESSON FACTS.

[Drill on these questions until you can answer them from memory.]

- 1. What four duties do we owe to God? What six duties to man? Whose law enforces these duties? What name do we give to the law?
- 2. What did the people demand of Aaron? What demand did Aaron make on the people? What forbidden thing did Aaron make? What did the Lord say about this, and to whom? Who pleaded for the people? With what result?
- 3. What sin did two priests commit? What punishment fell on them? Who were forbidden to mourn for them? What were the priests warned never to do?
- 4. What invitation did Moses give, and to whom? What guide had the Israelites in their journey? What did Moses say when the ark started? What when it stopped?
- 5. Who sent out spies and for what purpose? How long were the spies gone, and what fruits did they bring? What advice did Caleb give? What said the other spies?
- 6. What complaint did the people make against Moses? How were they punished? What confession did the people make? What remedy did the Lord provide?
- 7. What command was given about God's law? What were the people warned not to forget? Whom were they to fear? After what were they not to go, and why?

8. What order of march was observed in crossing the Jordan? What promise of victory did Joshua make? What happened to the waters when the priests entered the river? How did the people get over Jordan?

9. What strange procession went about Jericho? What occurred on the seventh day? What befell the city and the people? Who only were saved, and why?

10. Of what faithful follower does this lesson tell? What promise had been made, and by whom? What now did Caleb ask? What inheritance did he receive, and why?

11. For whom were cities of refuge provided? Where were they located, and what their names? How long must a slayer remain in one? When only was he free?

12. To what choice did Joshua summon the people? What was his own decision? What service did he say was impossible? What decision did the people make?

III. LESSON TEACHINGS.

[Answer each question with a Golden Text.]

What Text warns us against breaking a commandment?

What Text is an invitation to become a Christian?

What Text tells us our whole duty?

What Text tells how to avoid being a drunkard?

What Text points us to Jesus as a Saviour? What Text promises safety in peril?

beams, and at a distance there appears to be nothing. But at the centre of the great wheel is an immense iron axle 32 inches thick and 45 feet in length. Each of the twin wheels, where the axle passes through it, is provided with a large iron hub 16 feet in diameter. Between these hubs and the inner "crowns" there are no connections except spoke rods 2½ inches in diameter, arranged in pairs 13 feet apart at the crown connection. At a distance they look like mere spider webs, and the wheel seems to be dangerously devoid of substantial support.

HOW PASSENGERS ARE CARRIED.

The great wheel has thirty-six carriages for passengers hung on its periphery at equal intervals. Each car is twenty-seven feet long, thirteen feet wide, and nine feet high. It has a heavy frame of iron, but is covered externally with wood. It has a door and five broad plate-glass windows on each side. It contains forty revolving chairs, made of wire and screwed to the floor. It weighs thirteen tons, and with its forty passengers weighs three tons more. It is suspended to the periphery of the wheel by an iron axle six and one-half inches in diameter, which runs through the roof. It is provided with a conductor to

is a 1,000 horse-power reversible Blooming train engine, is located under the east half of it, and sunk four feet in the ground. The machinery is very similar to that used in the power-houses of the cable-car companies, and runs with the same hoarse roar that they do. It operates a north-and-south iron shaft, twelve inches in diameter, with great cog-wheels at each end, by means of which the power is applied at each side of the wheel.

In the construction of this great wheel every conceivable danger has been calculated and provided for. Windage was the thing of greatest importance, for, although the wheel itself is all open work, the cars present an immense resisting surface. But Mr. Rice points to his two towers, with their bases fifty feet north and south of the wheel, and bolted into twenty feet of concrete, and says that a gale of 100 miles an hour would have no effect. He says that all the frost and snow that could adhere to the wheel in winter would not affect it; and that if struck by lightning it would absorb and dissipate the thunderbolt so that it would not be felt.

EIGHT LIVES SAVED BY A DOG.

SOME years ago a vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent, England. The sea was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help; but a boat could not be got off, through the storm, to their assistance, and they were in constant peril, for any moment the ship was in danger of sinking. At length a gentleman came along the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the animal's attention to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the angry waves towards the vessel. He could not, however, get close enough to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew understood what was meant, and they made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and throw it towards him. The noble animal at once dropped his own piece of wood, and immediately seized that which had been thrown to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination scarcely credible—for he was again and again lost under the waves—he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed with the vessel, and every man on board was rescued.

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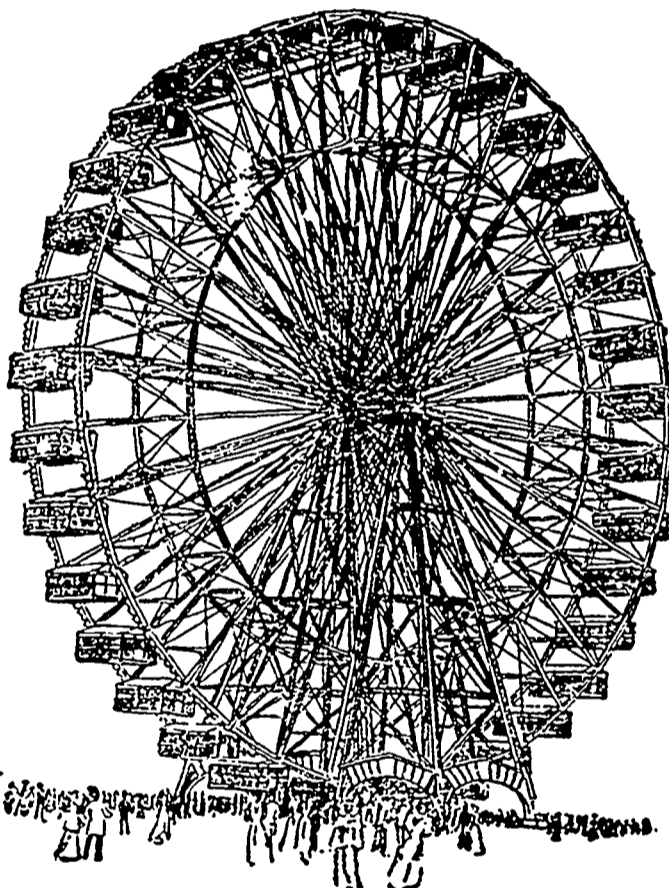
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THE GREAT FERRIS WHEEL, CHICAGO.

What Text is an encouragement against enemies?
What Text tells us to be thankful?
What Text tells us of a great victory won by faith?
What Text tells us who only are saved?
What Text tells of an unhearted service?
What Text shows a pledge of service?
What is the Review for this quarter?

**THE GREAT FERRIS WHEEL,
CHICAGO.**

The great wheel is 250 feet in diameter, 825 feet in circumference, and thirty feet in width. As it is elevated fifteen feet above the ground a spectator on the top of it will look out upon the landscape at an elevation of 265 feet.

The wheel is composed of two wheels of the same size connected and held together with rods and struts, which, however, do not approach closer than twenty feet to the periphery. Each wheel has for its outline a curved, hollow, square iron beam 25½ by 19 inches. At a distance of forty feet within this circle is another circle of a lighter beam. These beams are called crowns and are connected and held together by an elaborate trusswork.

Within this smaller circle there are no

open the doors, preserve order, and give information. All the cars together will carry 1,400 people. To avoid accidents from panics and to prevent insane people from jumping out the windows are covered with an iron grating.

FOUNDATION OF CONCRETE AND STEEL.

The wheel, with its cars and passengers, weigh about 1,200 tons, and therefore needs something substantial to hold it up. Its axis is supported therefore on two skeleton iron towers, pyramidal in form, one at each end of it. They are 40 by 50 feet at the bottom, and six feet square at the top, and about 140 feet high, the side next to the wheel being perpendicular, and the other sides slanting. Each tower has four great feet, and each foot rests on an underground concrete foundation 20 by 20 by 20 feet. Crossbars of steel are laid at the bottom of the concrete, and the feet of the tower are connected with and bolted to them with iron rods.

As to passengers, Mr. Rice says that the 1,400 passengers have no more effect on the movements of the speed than if they were so many flies.

The wheel, however, is never left to itself, but is always directly and constantly controlled by a steam engine. The wheel points east and west, and the engine, which