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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

[No. 24.]

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 a vault overhead, and its splendour of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vista. 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 or 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 26,163 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



KISSING THE TOE OF ST. PETER.

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

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 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

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 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

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

A Barrel of Whiskey.

A DRAYMAN rolled forth from his cart to the street
A red-headed barrel, well bound and complete;
And on it red letters, in forked tongues of flame,
Emblazoned the grade, number, quality, fame,
Of this world-renowned whiskey from somebody's still,
Who arrested the grain on the way to the mill.

So there stood the barrel delivered, but I
Could see that a shadow was hovering nigh,
A sulphurous shadow that grew, as I gazed,
To the form of Mr. Histo. Though sorely amazed,
I ventured to question this imp of the realm,
Where Vice is the pilot, with Crime at the helm;
And asked him politely his mission to name,
And if he was licensed to retail the same
Identical barrel of whiskey which he
Was fondly surveying with demoniac glee.

"Oh, I never handle the stuff," he replied;
"My partners mortal are trusty and tried;
Mayhap, peradventure you might wish to look
At the invoice complete—I will read from this book.
You will find that this barrel contains something more
Than forty-two gallons of whiskey galore."
And ere I could slip but another word in
He checked it off gaily, this cargo of sin:
"A barrel of headaches, of headaches, of woes;
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all-unavailing regret;
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;
A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of lies
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies;
A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight;
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass
From the head on the liquor that glows in the glass.
My barrel! my treasure! I bid thee farewell;
Sow ye the foul seed; I will reap it in hell!"

—*Wisconsin Prohibitionist.*

TALK TO BOYS.

WHEN I meet you, everywhere, boys—on the street, in the cars, on the boat, at your own houses, or at school—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, and you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours. But very often I find one great thing lacking in you: You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make up a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you. Sometimes, when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother," or "Sit here, Annie," but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister in the door-way from one room to another, instead of stepping aside politely for them to pass first. Sometimes you say, "the governor," or "the boss," in speaking of your father; and when he comes home at night you forget to say, "Good evening, sir." Sometimes when mother has been shopping, and passes you on the corner carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, "Let me carry that for you, mother," but keep on playing with the

other boys. Sometimes, when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, "Come, hurry up!" just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes, when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, or wait a moment till she has passed in.

"Such little things!" do you say? Yes; to be sure. But it is these very little acts—these gentle acts—which make a gentleman. I think the word "gentleman" is a beautiful word. First, "man," and that means every thing brave and strong and noble; and then "gentle," and that means full of those little, kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentleman! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy, I feel so glad and proud! I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.

THE VIOLET'S MISSION.

THE room was as neat as soap and brush could make it, and although the windows were high up under the eaves of a tenement house there was an outlook over the lower roof next to it. A peep at the busy street, a patch of water, a sparrow's nest, and, better yet, a good share of the blue sky overhead.

Mrs. Blake was at the wash-tub, rubbing away as fast as she could, the boiler was steaming on the stove, and near one of the windows in a high chair a crippled boy was sitting. His large brown eyes were gazing at the bit of river that he could see, and he wondered how it would look if he were near to it; if it was as blue as a river ought to be, or only of a grayish colour, as it appeared. Sometimes he would turn his head and watch his mother as she rubbed away at the wash-board; but that made him sorry, and as he turned again to seek the river his eyes would look toward the sky, and a great longing came into his heart to be far away above the earth and the river, and with God.

And so with the longing came discontent that heaven was so far away, and his eyes filled with tears. If that had been all, the splash of the water over his mother's hands would have kept the knowledge of his grief away from her; but as the tears fell fast he began to sob, and she heard it.

Wiping her hands upon her coarse apron, she went to him, and gathering him in her arms she kissed him, and said, "What is it, lambie? What ails the bairn?"

Comfort always came to the little fellow when mother held him, and he answered her in a quiet way, "I was thinking of how pretty the river was, mammy, and then I thought of the river that flows by the throne of God, and the tears came; it seemed so far off, and I was so lonely; and—and —" He could not finish, for the tears had come again.

Before the mother could reply there was a knock upon the door, and when it was opened a young girl came in, carrying in her hand a pot containing as many green leaves as would fill its top. "Good morning, Mrs. Blake. How is Jamie to-day?" a cheery voice inquired.

"As usual, miss, thank ye, but just a bit lonesome; so I was cuddling him when ye came in."

Jamie smiled at the visitor; but his eyes were upon the flowers, and he wondered what they were for.

He did not have to wonder long, for the pot was put upon the table, and the same joyous voice that had greeted his mother a few moments before said, "Jamie, see what I have brought you—a pot of violets, with only a few open, and more to come every day!"

Jamie was speechless with joy. And each day after that the violets kept unfolding, not only showing their delicate purple leaves, but giving out a delicious perfume that many a time cheered the sick boy, and made him forget how far away heaven was, and become more satisfied to wait for God's time to take him there.—*The Child's Companion.*

THE TWO SCHOOLS.

Two schools open their doors invitingly to our boys and young men—the Sunday-school and the street-school. From which shall they graduate? Which will you choose? Which had you better choose?

The influence of the Sunday-school you well know. You have been in it. As you verge toward manhood shall you stay in it or leave it? Before deciding that you are "too big" for Sunday-school, you will do well to stop and think the matter over. What is the tendency of the Sunday-school, as you observe it, for this world as well as for the next? Bad or good?

As it appears to those who have spent twenty, thirty, or more years in it, as scholars, as officers, and as teachers, the influence of the Sunday-school over boys is good; over our young men more valuable still, as they more need help to resist the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil. In the Sunday-school the young man is led to study the Bible, to understand it, and to feel its power for good. He is kept in the sense of the presence of the holy God who hates sin and will punish sinners, and who will hold up, bless and save those who look to him and trust in Jesus Christ. He is brought into the society of Christian men and women, and learns to respect goodness in them and in himself. He is thus restrained from many evil ways and kept out of many dangers. If the teacher is faithful, there is constantly upon the young man a pressure toward good and heaven and away from sin and hell. His model comes to be, not the rowdy or the profligate, but the upright and pure Christian man. He is constantly under influences that tend to hold him back from bad ways and to strengthen him for right ways. If, then, he accepts God's offer of mercy in Jesus Christ, his feet are set upon a rock from which all the powers of earth and hell cannot drag him or cast him down.

We notice, too, that the graduates of the Sunday-school are apt to turn out well. Not that there are none who resist its influences and go astray. Alas! too many do so. But the rule is that the young men who stick to the school turn out well.

Many a youth on the road to ruin has been saved to become an excellent and respected man, father and citizen by the influence of the Sunday-school. It is a good school in which to be, and from which to graduate.

The street-school is attractive to young men. It has its thousands in attendance, and they seem to enjoy it. They learn something, too, as they lounge at the street corners, or hang about the grogeries and saloons. They learn to tell obscene stories, to use foul words, to swear and to scoff at godliness. If steady in their attendance, they are found at length, not outside, but inside, of the saloon, the gambling-room and the abode of sin. They fall into the company of the degraded and the vile; they catch from them their opinions and habits; they sink lower and lower, and at length graduate in the house of refuge, the house of correction and the jail, or drop into the drunkard's grave, after defiling society and bringing grief and shame upon all who love them or are connected with them.

Young men, when you choose your school, look ahead!

The Brave Engineer.

B. MARGARET J. TRISTON.

Ript on the track of the flying train
Lay the huge boulder. Quick as thought,
Grasping the throttle with a strain
Tightened and terrible, Pritchard caught
Hold of the brake-bar. On its way
Crashing to headlong ruin, rushed
Madly the engine, till it lay
Hulked on the boulder, wrecked and crushed.

Smitten with horror, pale with fear,
Hastened the anxious crowd to see
Whether the faithful engineer
(Braver or better none than he)
Breathed, as he stood there with his face
Grand in its steadfast purpose set,
Showing the ordeal's awful trace
Stamped on the rigid features yet.

What did they find? One hand a-strain,
Grasping the throttle with a clutch
Closer than death's, and one in vain
Climbing the brake-valve bar with such
Spasm of grip they could undo
Only with wrench of strength applied;
Seeing the bolt that pierced him through,
Failed to unclasp it—so he died:

Died at his post, as a brave man should,
Shirking no duty, danger, strife;
True to his trust, although it would
Cost him—he saw it so—his life.
These are the heroes noblest far—
Men who can meet without a fear
Death, with their hands upon the bar,
Even as Pritchard the engineer!

A TALK ABOUT INDIA.

THE DIFFICULTIES AND TRIUMPHS OF A MISSIONARY.

ON Sunday evening, October 7, the Queen's Hall, Montreal, was well filled, the large congregation having gathered to hear an address by the Rev. W. Burgess, for twenty-two years a missionary, upon the theme "Triumphs of the Cross in India."

When the veteran missionary stepped to the reading desk to deliver his address it seemed almost incredible that so young and healthy looking a man could have faced the blazing sun of the Orient and its burning sands for more than a score of years. Mr. Burgess is rather tall, with dark hair and a light moustache. His eyes have the flash of intrepidity. His skin, being somewhat tanned, alone attests his trials. He possesses a strong, commanding voice, and has a faculty of accentuating a sarcastic sentence, or of emphasizing a denunciation, indicative of a strong individuality.

Mr. Burgess announced that he did not purpose preaching a sermon, but just giving a talk about India.

This prefaced an intensely interesting and sometimes exceedingly droll but always beautifully worded address, passage after passage being of the loftiest eloquence. After it was over the Rev. James Henderson voiced the unanimous opinion of the audience that Mr. Burgess had delivered probably the grandest missionary address ever listened to in Montreal.

A quaint allusion to his voyage to India twenty-two years ago, which occupied five months, brought out in strong relief a majestic description of his arrival in India, where the natural scenery had all "an Eastern tinge." Houses of one story, imposing temples, broad rivers, plains and mountains being included in a fascinating word picture, the background of which was the Himalayan range, covered with the stainless and untrodden snow, where from the streaming hair of the greatest Hindu god is supposed to flow the Ganges, carrying fertility and freshness to the plains below, and to the swarming myriads who inhabit those holiness and immortal life.

Touching on the turning incidents of the missionary's life, from the moment when he left his Methodist class-room in Manchester for long years in a Hindu town, where he was the only white man; the incident of learning the language, narrow escapes from imprisonment on four trumped-up charges; being bitten in the shoulder when attacked by a mob of natives who tried to tear from his protection a convert—with glowing descriptions of the theology, history, poetry and mental attainments of the high caste Hindu, Mr. Burgess impressed on his audience the missionaries' methods and their triumphs.

About eleven months' day and night work, in which to learn the language was a passion—he had it on the brain, or would never have had it on the tongue—he was able to preach his first sermon to the natives. His subject was the Prodigal Son. One method of preaching is to adapt the sermon to the metre of a Hindu poem, and, using the drolling tune used for thousands of years by the Hindu priests, stand at a street corner or in the centre of a market square. A crowd gathered on one occasion, and after his sermon upon his favourite theme, the Prodigal Son, a tall supercilious fellow stretched out his arm and clove his way to the front. Mr. Burgess surmised that mischief was brewing. The new comer complimented the missionary on the intensely interesting character of his address, his choice of words, perfect pronunciation, the divisions of his subject and so on—but from the smothered laughter among the crowd it was evident that there was something behind all this intended to put the missionary to confusion. The latter followed his honeyed words with the sequel—"but I think you are in error in your application." The Hindu then began to jeer,—“We are not the prodigals, we are at home; it is you—you are the prodigal, you have left your father's house and gone to a strange country, and” (he shot it out with a vindictiveness which disclosed his hate) “the sooner you go back home again the better.” In such instances it became necessary to use the lash of sarcasm or to answer a fool according to his folly.

Many exciting episodes rapidly followed each other in Mr. Burgess' address. “Sometimes,” he said, “those who would pit themselves against the missionary were men of intellect and power, with faculties of an iron grip, imaginations which would soar among the most sublime of poets' fancies and revel with the muses; but they were slaves to the myths of the past, and their slavery was all the greater because it was a slavery of a high mental nature.”

Turning to the triumphs of the Cross Mr. Burgess proclaimed with victorious accents, “These erroneous doctrines, though mellowed with the age of centuries, cannot live under the light of revelation.” He gave examples of how the story of the Cross awoke a chord in the Hindu heart which would vibrate with the sweetest harmony and inspire the convert to deeds of the grandest heroism. “No statistician,” said he, “can tabulate the success of Christian mission work in India, although to-day 2,000,000 native Christians acknowledge the Cross of Jesus.” Mr. Burgess' conclusion will not readily be forgotten. Having held himself, as well as his audience, under severe control during the whole of his masterly speech, he at last launched out, comparing the progress of Christianity with the course of a river from its mountain source to the mighty ocean, and concluded with the prophecy, “The glorious day shall dawn when India, yea, and the whole world shall be Christ's. Hallelujah!” A handsome collection was taken up on behalf of the mission work.

In the Printing-Office.

“I CANNOT read my father's name, see I cannot read my father's name,
I thought that I could I think I know,
But no, I can't, I really cannot do.”
This spoke a little while at his father's side,
Was it the first time that he had so bravely tried
To read the type—the printer's name; laid
Upon the press as if it were a book,
“Come, little one, and try to read once more
These letters for they were reversed before,
But now they are plain—no clouds from that fair brow
Have passed away, for he can read it now.

So with our Father's lessons: Day by day
We tried to read and puzzled turn away,
We do not understand, we cannot see
Why this was done, or that allowed to be,
But in the world to come, through his clear light,
We, too, shall read the mystery aright.

READINESS.

YET often hear it said of old Christians that they are “ready for death,” “ready to go,” “ready for the Lord,” and the picture presented is that of patient waiting with folded hands. But this is not the most important sort of readiness. Young Christians must be ready too—ready for work, ready for duty, ready to go forward and ready—ay, even ready for suffering.

An intimate friend of Stonewall Jackson once asked him, wishing to test his faith, “If God called you to leave wife and child and go into the heart of Africa, there to end your days, could you do it?” Spitting to his feet, the blunt old soldier answered with thrilling earnestness, “Without my hat.”

Perhaps not many of our readers will be called to end their days in desert-wilds, but along each path there are to be dangers, temptations, trials, and daily you young pilgrims must be making yourselves ready by prayer, by Bible-study, by doing the nearest duty, to meet these oncoming events.

There is a motto better than the soldier's words just quoted; you may find it for yourself (with a slight verbal change) in the answer of the pure-minded maid of Nazareth, “Behold the servant of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy will.”

A DOZEN GOOD RULES.

WE were struck lately by the orderly behaviour of a large family of children, particularly at the table. We spoke of it to their father, and he pointed out a paper pinned to the wall, on which were written some excellent rules. We legged a copy for the benefit of our readers. Here it is:—

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Don't make a practice of running, shouting, or jumping in the house.
3. Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to everybody, if you would have them do the same by you.
5. When told to do or not to do anything by either parent, never ask why you should not do it.
6. Tell your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal.
9. Never sit down at the table or in the sitting-room with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last, and best confidants be your mother.—British Juvenile.

At School.

BY BERNIE CHANDLER.

We are all at school in this world of ours,
And our lessons lie plain before us;
But we will not learn, and the flying hours
And the days and the years pass o'er us.

And then we grumble and mourn, and say
That our school is so tiresome and weary,
And we ask for a long, bright holiday,
That will banish our lessons dreary.

But what is it God is trying to teach?
Is it patience, or faith, or kindness?
Is the lesson really beyond our reach,
Or made hard, through our wilful blindness?

If we were in earnest, and tried to learn,
If our listless study we mended,
Who knows but our holiday we would earn,
And our school-days be gladly ended?

Who knows but we make our lessons long,
And hinder their meaning from reaching
The hearts that would be full of joyous song
If we knew that our God was teaching?

Then let us study his will while we may;
There's a warning for us in the rule,
That the scholar who will not learn all day
Is the one that is kept after school.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

"THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER."

A VERSION FOR BOYS.

"A PREACHER went out to preach, and as he preached, some of his good words reached a number of boys; but they were thinking about their fun and paid no attention; and when they got home, they couldn't remember where the text nor the reading was, nor what the preacher had been saying. And so the preaching did them no good.

"And some of his words reached some other boys, and they thought they would try and be good and religious, and would pray and love Jesus just as the preacher advised. But when, after two or three days, the other boys found out they would not bluster and fight, and use bad words and do mischief at night, they began to mock them, and call them names, and work spiteful tricks on them. And the boys who thought they would try to be good got angry, and seemed ashamed to be caught 'being good,' and in less than two weeks were just as bad as any of the other boys. They left off trying to follow Jesus just because somebody laughed at them.

"And some of the preacher's words fell among the men and women who were very full of business and cares. And the men said: 'We must attend to our souls,' and the women said: 'It is of more importance to be saved than to be fashionable.' And the preacher thought there was going to be a great revival and many converts; for they began to come to the prayer-meetings, and some of them took pews in the church, and a few became members of the church. But the men said: 'A man can't do business on Christian principles;' and the women said: 'It was impossible to be in society, and take care of one's house and family, and be religious too.' And their religion all seemed to fade out, though they did not all give up their pews. And when the preacher died, he said he hoped he should meet some of them in heaven; but he was not quite sure."

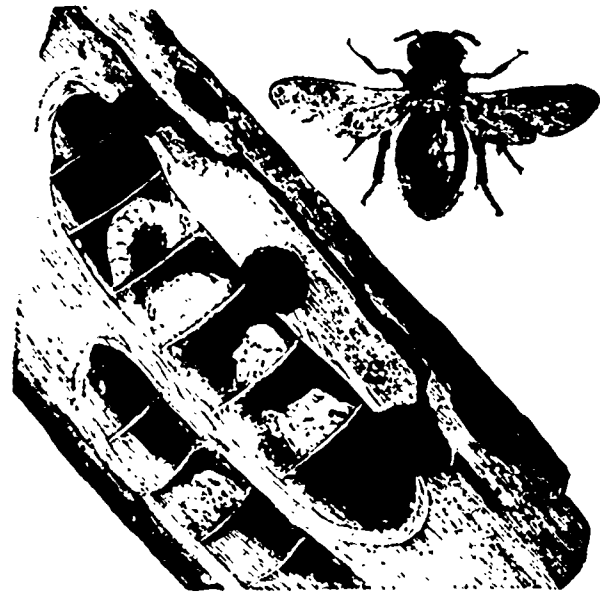
"And some of the preacher's words fell on the ears of some boys and girls and men and women who were sick of sin, and tired of being enemies of God. And they took his advice and went that very day to Christ in prayer, and said to him: 'O Lord Jesus! We don't want to love sin any more. We want to be thine. From this hour we will be thy willing servants forever. We give ourselves away to thee. Save us!' And people soon found out that they were Christians. At first some tried to laugh at them; but they remembered that people laughed and mocked at Christ and he did not get angry at it. And some of them went away as missionaries; and still more of them did good missionary work at home and in their families. And all of them gained wisdom, though few of them gained fame. And when their neighbours who had mocked at them got sick, they sent for these Christian friends to come and pray with them. And when they died, the world around them said they were good men and women—the salt of the earth. And some did more than others; but all did something for Christ."—Selected.

INCREASE IN JUVENILE MISSIONARY OFFERINGS.

It is very gratifying to find that the Juvenile Missionary Offerings, for the year 1887-8, reach the sum of \$27,915.83—an increase of \$2,389.12 on the previous year, and an increase of \$13,215 in four years.

We heartily endorse the following sentiments from the *Guardian*:—"It is evident that the superintendents of our Sunday-schools have it in their power to exert great influence in increasing the missionary spirit among the children entrusted to their care. Special efforts ought to be made to press the Sabbath-school children into the service of the missionary cause, and to make them an important aid in swelling the amount of missionary contributions. It is the superintendent's duty to impress upon those under his charge the importance of this idea, and to seek to carry it out in the most effective manner. We think the subject might be oftener mentioned in connection with Sunday-school exercises than it is at present. It is an invaluable way of assisting the children to realize the unselfish devotion required in Christian work. It is good to ground them practically in the meaning of the missionary idea."

We hope that the Juvenile Missionary Offerings of the present year may exhibit a large increase on those of the last year.



THE CARPENTER BEE.

This picture gives you a very good idea of the nest of the Carpenter Bee, and the way in which the young are provided for. Selecting an old gate post or some such piece of wood, it gnaws a hole with its sharp upper jaws, boring at first across the grain of the wood. After getting some distance in, it turns and works in another direction, this time following the grain, until it has made a hole some inches in length, at the bottom of which it places an egg, covering it with a deposit of pollen and honey, on which the young bee, when hatched, will feed.

Then a floor is made, to separate this from the rest of the hole, after which another egg is laid, and another supply of food deposited. So the work continues until the hole is filled with successive layers of cells, each one containing an egg and its supply of needed nourishment. Perhaps several such galleries are made before the bee's work is done.

HE REBUKED THEM.

THERE lives in Pennsylvania a little boy who has been a regular attendant of the Band of Hope. He went on an excursion not long since down the river, and was shocked to see sitting at a table near him a party of men drinking beer. The little fellow thought it was very wrong, and wondered that no one spoke to them about it. He is not five years old, but he did a very brave thing for a little boy. He left his mother's side, went up to the men, and said in a very sweet tone, though wearing serious face: "You ought not to drink that beer; you had better join our Band of Hope."

The men looked at him in surprise, but he was too serious for them to laugh. They did not know what to say to him, but finally one of the number who had been very dissipated, arose and said: "I think, fellows, when a little chap like that sees we are on the wrong road, and is brave enough to tell us of it, it is high time that we quit." The tears were in his eyes as he spoke, and he evidently was deeply moved. I do not know whether they quit drinking from that day or not, but it is certain that they drank no more beer on that occasion. Ah! little folks, you don't know how much good a kind word does. Try it and leave results with God.—*Temperance Banner*.

NEVER rejoice in an enemy's downfall, or in any evil that happens to him; but always pray for his conversion and sanctification. This is the gospel rule.



GECKO, OR LIZARD.

Trust.

My little girl came home from school one day, Holding within her hands a pretty weed, And saying, "Mamma! once it was a seed, And then it burst itself, and right away It peeped above the ground. God let it stay Where it could see the sky." "When did you read That story, pet?" I asked. "I didn't need To read," she said; "I heard my teacher say 'Twas so!" Dear child! If we the One who knows Believed, like you! When seeds forgotten lie, "Out of the dark divinest beauty grows," Could say, "and blinded, seeks the sunlit sky!" Ah, could we trust, not that the whole we know, But simply that the Master told us so!

GECKO, OR LIZARD.

If you look at our picture of the foot of the gecko, or lizard, you will begin to understand why the Bible calls them "hands." You can easily conceive that they would grasp and hold very strongly, and cling very tight, more like hands than feet. And, indeed, they do. Those of the gecko, who live out of doors, suspend themselves by their feet for hours from the underside of the larger tropical leaves, lurking in ambush for the insects on which they feed. Those who live indoors can run up the smoothest surface, and hang like house-flies from the ceiling. You would not be surprised at that if you could turn their feet upside down and see how they are made. Let me do it for you. Here, then, is the underside of their feet. They have five toes, and each one is divided into two parts, and composed of plates or scales set on in regular order. I believe they act very much like the sucker, with which you sometimes play. And that the gecko can squeeze the air out from between the cushions of his feet and so cling to the ceiling; then he can let the air in again, and so be loose the moment he wills.

Most of these geckos are quite harmless; but one kind has what we should call a very nasty habit. He sheds an aerial poison from his toes, so that when he runs across a man's hand little red pustules rise wherever his feet have touched. Hence the Arabs call him the father of leprosy.

By this time I think we know enough of our teacher to begin learning our lesson. The gecko says, "We lizards only lay hold with our hands, yet

we are in kings' palaces." So far as the mere sense of the words goes, we understand him at once. We quite see that feet such as his, so nimble, so capable, so strong in their grasp, deserve to be called hands. We quite understand that, with such hands as these, the lizard may very easily climb the walls and hang from the ceiling of any house, even of the king's palace. This clever little lizard has only feet—no horns or wings—but it uses its feet so well that it turns them into hands, and then uses its hands so well that, even though born and brought up in an old wall, it finds its way into the palace of the king. It does not sit and fret because it is so little, and has so little, but it makes the best use of what it has. It does not sit and fret because it is so poor and weak, but runs into the house of a strong, rich king. Now, this is the very spirit you should show. You should make as much as you can out of a little, and you should try to get on and to get up. There are boys and girls who cannot do much even when they have a great deal. There are boys who have all manner of toys—Noah's arks as big as baby's cradle, puzzles that cover a good-sized table, cricket balls and bats, skates, footballs, velocipedes even, and more pretty, expensive things than I can count—and yet they are often more troublesome and more clamorous for new toys and new amusements, and less cheerful and contented, than the poor little creatures who sit in the gutter as good as gold, making mud-pies. There are girls and boys who have more books than they can use, and are sent to the very best schools, and who, after all, learn less than the children in ragged schools, and are less able to do their duty and to play their part in life, when they come home for good. For good? no, for bad; to be a plague and burden to the parents who have taken such pains with them, and have been so kind.

There are children with plenty of pocket-money, and with parents who would be charmed to help them in any act of kindness, who hardly ever think of serving their poor neighbours, and doing a little good in the world in which God has given them so much. Heaven, the palace of our King, is very high. It takes much climbing, and patient climbing, to reach it. But the first steps are very low, easy even to children's feet; and all the upper steps grow easier for children who have begun to climb from the first.

You have only your feet to get up with; but by diligent use you may turn your feet into hands, and cling to the King's steps, where many, for want of use, are swept off them. And if you look up as you climb from one duty to another, from one act of kindness to another, you will sometimes see the great King himself smiling on you from the palace door, and hear his gentle voice in your hearts, bidding you still go up, and promising that you shall at last reach the palace in which are many mansions, and in which the angels behold the face of your Father who is in heaven.

Autumn Winds.

BY MRS. ADDIE STAIN.

Autumn winds, how wild you blow!
Autumn winds, autumn winds;
You tell us that there'll soon be snow,
Autumn winds, autumn winds.
Snow! the poor lone widow's cry,
If it snows, we'll surely die,
Let us look for help on high,
Autumn winds, autumn winds.

See the trees all bare and brown,
Autumn winds, autumn winds,
Now the leaves come falling down,
Autumn winds, autumn winds.
Oh have pity! hear their cry!
Pity, the wild winds sigh
Is not known, by you or I,
Autumn winds, autumn winds.

Many seasons have you known,
Autumn winds, autumn winds,
Yet no mercy have you shown,
Autumn winds, autumn winds.
"Winter is coming," your song,
And indeed it will not be long:
Only wait and see if I'm wrong,
Autumn winds, autumn winds.

Long ere you have waft them down,
Autumn winds, autumn winds,
The leaves are painted gold and brown,
Autumn winds, autumn winds.
But 'tis not long that you'll hold sway,
Over your beautiful world to-day,
For winter is coming, and he'll say nay,
Autumn winds, autumn winds.

FOOLISH RIDER, FAITHFUL HORSE.

This story of a horse is quoted from Bayard Taylor's incidents illustrative of "Animal Nature." It also illustrates the depravity of human nature.

"When a boy of fourteen I was walking along a lonely country road with a companion of the same age, and came upon an old gray horse, standing in the middle of the track over a man who was lying upon his back. We hastened up to give assistance, but presently saw that the man, instead of being injured, was simply dead drunk. He had tumbled off, on his way home from the tavern, and a full bottle of whisky, jolted out of his pocket in falling, lay by his side. The fore-feet of the horse were firmly planted on each side of his legs. The position seeming to us dangerous for the man, we took the animal by the bridle and attempted to draw him away; but he resisted with all his strength, snorting, laying back his ears, and giving every other sign of anger. It was apparent that he had carefully planted himself so as completely to protect his master against any passing vehicle. We assisted the faithful creature in the only possible way, and left him until help could be summoned. His act indicated not only affection, involving a sense of duty, but also more than one process of reasoning."

The true order of learning should be, first, what is necessary; second, what is useful; and third, what is ornamental. To reverse this arrangement is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice.

O, Bold is the Frost.

BY ELIZABETH BARTER BURTON.

Oh, bold is the frost that comes dipping and nipping,
And painting the woodland over,
Till the woods are ablaze in the soft autumn haze
That hangs o'er the distant ever,
And the thin, crisp air to the meadow so fair
Clings with the strength of a lover.

Oh, bold is the frost that comes tipping and tipping
His goblet of gems o'er the trees,
Till the acorns fall down from the oak's lofty crown
At every caress of the breeze,
And the woodland perfume and the grape's purple bloom
The world-weary senses appease.

Oh, bold is the frost that comes sipping and sipping
The breath of the summer away,
And it kills in its strife that the springtime gave life
In the tender sunshine of May;
And it frights the bee in the hollow old tree,
And fills every heart with dismay.

Oh, bold is the frost that comes dipping and dipping
Its hands in each river and rill,
Till it stops their bright smiles and frolicsome wiles,
And bids their blue wavelets be still.
Then it trails its fierce hands o'er the innocent lands,
And withers the valley and hill.

Oh, bold is the frost that comes gripping and gripping,
With fingers so lather and cold.
Oh, help those, good Lord, when the frost is abroad,
Who have neither labour nor gold.
For the rich in their stealth they garner their wealth
With grimness that cannot be told.

THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR,

LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XV.

PERIL AND RESCUE—THE GUIDING STAR.

It comes—the beautiful the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence & alone
To seek the elected one.

—LONGFELLOW—*Lady Macbeth*.

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

—WORDSWORTH.

LAWRENCE did not neglect during the winter to keep up the round of his appointments, far and near, especially, as may be supposed, that at Owen's Corners. On snow shoes, or on horse back, or in a rude jumper, how bad soever the weather or the road, he was always at his post. On one occasion, when the drifts were so deep that his horse fell down, unable to proceed, he unhitched the outdone animal, left his "jumper" in the snow, and led his horse to the school house, where a large company were awaiting patiently his confidently expected appearance.

When possible, the frozen lake was chosen, as offering a smooth and level road. One night—it was toward spring, and a thaw and rain had weakened the ice—he was overtaken by night some distance from the landing. As it became dark, he hugged the shore pretty closely, in order to avoid getting lost on the ice. At length he saw gleaming in the distance a well-known light. It was that of the room in which the fair Edith Norris sat and read, and sewed or sketched. Had he been

unusually familiar with Shakespeare, he would probably have said with Romeo—

"Yonder's the East, and Juliet is my sun,"

but he simply thought, "Is that fair creature to be the loadstar of my life?"

These pleasant reflections, however, were soon ended. Suddenly, in a moment, his horse disappeared, as utterly as if he had been annihilated. Lawrence sprang instantly from the back of his "jumper," but was immersed in the water up to his waist. He managed to scramble out on to the ice, however, and crept carefully around to the head of his horse, which was struggling in the water. He tried, after the backwoods' fashion, to bring the animal to the surface by twisting the "lines" around his neck, and then to drag him on to the ice. But the ice kept breaking around the edge as often as he attempted this feat.

After struggling alone in the dark with the drowning horse for some time, he resolved to seek help at the landing, more than a mile off. He first drew the points of the shafts well up on the ice, so as to support the animal, and then started for the shore. But he had now completely lost his bearings, and he could not form the least idea where the landing was. He eagerly scanned the horizon, but could only see, looming through the darkness, the shadowy outline of the shore. At length—oh, joy!—there, far to the left, gleamed the solitary light which had previously gladdened his vision. It became his loadstar in peril sooner than he had thought. Would its fair mistress also? He hurried, with sturdy strides, to the shore, the chill wind piercing his wet clothing. Reaching the landing, he entered the village tavern, the nearest house, and cried, "My horse is in the lake. I'll give ten dollars if you'll get him out."

Four or five sturdy fellows immediately set out with ropes and a lantern. They spread out in skirmishing order over the lake, so as to sweep as much of its surface as possible. The rising wind blew out the lantern, and much time was lost in relighting it.

"This way," shouted Lawrence, who had run ahead. The poor animal, struggling hard in the ice-cold water, heard his voice, and faintly whinnied a reply. Lawrence hurried on, and supported the faithful creature's head till the men came up, when by main force they dragged him out on the ice. The benumbed animal was able to walk to the shore, apparently not much the worse for his icy immersion.

"Gentlemen, you have my warmest thanks," said Lawrence, when they were re-assembled in the bar-room, and he took out his meagre wallet to divide amongst them the promised reward.

"D'ye think we want your money?—not if I know myself and these jolly fellows," said the landlord—a burly, good-hearted man, though engaged in a very nefarious calling. But oftentimes, alas!

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

"Of course we don't." "Not a cent." "D'ye think we'd risk we're lives for money?" chorused the entire group.

One pitiful-looking sot, however, who had boozed by the fire while the others were on the ice, hiccupped out, "Ye might treat us to summat, noo ye've gotten yer 'orse as were as good as drowned."

"Gentlemen," said Lawrence, "it is contrary to my principles to treat or be treated to liquor; but I will be obliged, Mr. Landlord, if you will prepare for those gallant men the best coffee supper you can get up."

"Hurry for the preacher!" "He's a brick!" echoed the group—the latter expression being the very quintessence of a backwoods' compliment.

Lawrence had been wet for over an hour, and was shivering with the cold. He forwent his purpose of going to the Norris' hospitable house in his then plight, and asked for a bed at the tavern, at the same time ordering a quart of spirits to be taken up to his room, that he might bathe his benumbed limbs.

"It's good sometimes externally, gentlemen," he said; "and that is the only way it is good."

"E wants to take a soop on the sly," said the disappointed toper.

"Landlord," said Lawrence, not deigning to notice the insult, "haven't you some strychnine, that you use for killing foxes?"

"Yes. What do you want with it?" he replied, as he brought a small package from the clock-case, in which, for safety, it was hidden.

"Only this," answered Lawrence, as he poured it all into the vessel containing the spirits. "Now, gentlemen," he went on, "I'm not likely to take any of it 'on the sly,' nor any other way; but its poison is no more deadly now than it was before, only a little quicker in its operations, that is all," and he bade them a courteous good-night.

"He's a trump," said the landlord, "anyway, for all his notions. Pity he's a preacher. What a politician he'd make, with that manner of his'n! He's nobody's fool, nuther. 'Cute as a weasel, he is. If he was only runnin' for parliament now, he'd scoop up the votes at the Corners wholesale."

So great was that worthy's admiration of his unusual guest, that he refused next morning to accept anything for his entertainment over night.

"The men preferred drinks o' whisky all round to any of yer coffee stuff," he said; "an' I won't ask ye to pay for what's agin yer principles; an' as fer your bed, you're welcome here any time."

Very warm were the congratulations of the Norris family, who, in consequence of the celerity with which news travels in the country, even without telegraphs or telephones, had already heard of his adventure.

As Lawrence told the fair Edith that it was the light of her lamp that had been the guiding star that rescued him from the peril in the dark, her eyes were suffused with a sympathetic emotion. A great hope dawned like a brighter star in the young man's soul; but he strove to put the thought aside as a temptation that might come between him and the great life-work to which he was espoused as to a bride—that of the humble and ill-remunerated toil of a Methodist preacher.

The winter passed rapidly by. Successful revivals had taken place at several of the appointments, and the membership was largely increased. With the spring thaw the roads broke up, and travel was almost impossible. To Lawrence's efforts to reach his appointments might almost be applied the words of Milton, descriptive of the progress of a far different character on a far different mission:—

"O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

But still he bated not a jot of energy or hopefulness. As the bright spring weather came—and it comes with an almost magical transformation in these northern latitudes—the church was approaching completion. Lawrence expected that that venerable, highly-honoured, and much-beloved friend of missions, Dr. Enoch Wood—who has probably opened more churches for the worship of God than any other man in Canada—would conduct the dedication service. But that could not

take place till after Conference, and so probably he would not even have the pleasure of witnessing the consecration of the building in whose erection he had toiled so earnestly.

There is probably no class of men in the world who more completely solve, by their life of labour, the Virgilian riddle:

Sic vos non vobis nificatis oves.
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.
 Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.
 Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

They labour, and another enters into their labours. Yet none are more zealous for the up-building of the cause of God than they, even in a neighbourhood which they expect soon to leave—probably never to see it again. In no Church is the unselfish, wide-hearted, comprehensive connexional spirit more grandly developed. Their sympathies are not circumscribed by any local limits. The progress of God's work at Gaspé or Red River—nay, at Fort Simpson, on the Pacific, or in Japan—causes the same thrill of happy emotion as a revival on the adjoining circuit.

So Lawrence toiled among these people as though he was to live with them all his life. Or, rather, he toiled harder, for he felt that whatever he would do among them he must do at once, for he might never have another opportunity. The people were exceedingly anxious for his return, and requested his re-appointment. But they could offer him no inducement beyond a hearty welcome, glad co-operation, hard toil and plenty of it, poor fare, and scanty remuneration. But for just such rewards, hundreds of brave, great-hearted men, are willing to spend and be spent in the most blessed service of the Divine Master.

(To be continued.)

THE INVALID AND THE VIOLINIST.

AN old and infirm soldier was playing his violin one evening on the Prater, at Vienna. His faithful dog was holding his hat, in which passers-by dropped a few coppers as they came along. However, on the evening in question nobody stopped to put a small coin into the poor old fellow's hat. Every one went straight on, and the gaiety of the crowd added to the sorrow in the old soldier's heart, and showed itself in his withered countenance.

However, all at once, a well dressed gentleman came up to where he stood, listened to his playing for a few minutes, and gazed compassionately upon him. Ere long, the old fiddler's weary hand had no longer strength left to grasp his bow. His limbs refused to carry him farther. He seated himself on a stone, rested his head on his hands, and began silently to weep. At that instant the gentleman approached, offered the old man a piece of gold, and said, "Lend me your violin a little while."

Then, having carefully tuned it, he said, "You take the money, and I'll play."

He did play! All the passers-by stopped to listen—struck with the distinguished air of the musician, and captivated by his marvellous genius. Every moment the circle became larger and larger. Not copper alone, but silver—and even gold—was dropped into the poor man's hat. The dog began to growl, for it was becoming too heavy for him to hold. At an invitation from the audience, the invalid emptied its contents into his sack, and they filled it again.

After a national melody, in which every one present joined, with uncovered heads, the violinist placed the instrument upon the poor man's knees, and, without waiting to be thanked, disappeared.

"Who is it?" was asked on all sides.

"It is Armand Boucher, the famous violin-

player," replied some one in the crowd. "He has been turning his art to account in the service of charity. Let us follow his example."

And the speaker sent round his hat also, made a new collection, and gave the proceeds to the invalid, crying, "Long live Boucher!"

Deeply affected, the invalid lifted up his hands and eyes towards heaven, and invoked God's blessing on his benefactor.

That evening there were two happy men in Vienna—the invalid, placed for a long time above the reach of want; and the generous artist, who felt in his heart the joy of doing good according to the Scripture, which says, "The merciful man doeth good to his own soul."—*Sel.*

COMING EARLY TO CHRIST.

BY TRYON EDWARDS, D.D.

A LITTLE girl, when her mother was about going to church on a communion Sabbath, asked that she might go too, and sit with her at the Lord's table. And when the mother kindly and gently said, "I am afraid, my child, that you are too young," the little one replied, "Mother, I'm not too young to die, and not too young to love you, and why am I too young to love the Saviour?" The mother was deeply touched by the reply; and at the next communion service the child, who was only nine years old, was, after conversation with the minister and church session, received to full membership in the church, of which, to this day, she has always been a most faithful and consistent member.

Why should not our children, from their earliest days, be instructed and encouraged to devote themselves to the service of Christ, and to be known as his faithful disciples? Polycarp was converted at nine years of age, Matthew Henry at eleven, Robert Hall at twelve, Dr. Watts at nine, and President Edwards at seven. Mr. Spurgeon tells us that the many children who have early become members of his church have been found the most consistent and steadfast Christians of all in its membership. And Dr. Charles L. Mayo tells us he is satisfied that a large proportion of those who in later years profess Christ, in reality begin the Christian life in their early days, though perhaps not themselves then realizing that they are God's children.

If the parents of those mentioned above had prevented them from confessing Christ at an early age, in each case would not a most important step for good have been delayed or suppressed, and the Christian character of each have been less decided and earnest, and so the loss have been great both to themselves and the world?

Should not Christian parents and teachers remember that there is a grace of *Christian nurture* as well as a grace of *conversion*, and endeavour to lead their little ones, at their earliest days, to him who invites them so earnestly and tenderly to himself?

"THERE'S LIGHT BEYOND."

"WHEN in Madeira," writes a traveller, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me ever and anon, saying: 'Press on, master, press on; there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes

the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was light and brightness above, and beneath was the almost level sea, revealing the world below me and glistening to the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens."

O ye over whom the clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadows, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on there is light beyond.—*The Worker.*

Our Benediction.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she came
 To dwell with us, a little fragile thing;
 And day by day we watched her, fearing lest
 The new-imprisoned spirit might take wing.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she slept,
 And when she woke, or smiled, or wept, or sighed;
 And when we planned her future, then we prayed
 No real good or gain might be denied.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she walked,
 And when she knelt to say her simple prayer,
 And when we laid her in her bed at night,
 And when we called her in the morning fair.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she went,
 Happy and proud, in school to take her place;
 And when she ran to join her comrades' play,
 And when we kissed her dimpled, flower-like face.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she went,
 With school-days all behind, in girlish grace,
 To read the valedictory, and take
 Among the graduates an honoured place.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she knelt
 To take the yoke of Christ, with heart so meek,
 So free from guile, it seemed to us that she,
 To find his kingdom, had not far to seek.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she stood,
 With orange blossoms on her sunny hair,
 Upon the threshold of her womanhood—
 The old refrain was still our loving prayer.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it yet again,
 When strangely white she lay in dreamless rest;
 And though we could not understand, we felt
 That now our darling was most truly blest.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

JAPANESE POLITENESS.

WHEN guests arrive, say for dinner, the politeness of paradise is turned loose. With great apparent hesitation they enter, bowing low with their hands on their knees if they are men, or dropping on their knees and touching their foreheads almost to the ground, if they are ladies. The first Japanese salutation corresponds exactly to the Norwegian "Tak for sidst"—"Thank you for the pleasure I had the last time I met you." This, however, is but the merest beginning of Japanese greeting. A conversation something after this style ensues:—

"I beg your pardon for my rudeness on the last occasion."

"How can you say such a thing when it was I who failed to show you due courtesy?"

"Far from it! I received a lesson in good manners from you."

"How can you condescend to come to such a poor house as this?"

"How can you, indeed, be so kind as to receive such an unimportant person as myself under your distinguished roof?"

All this punctuated with low bows and the sound of breath sucked rapidly in between the teeth, expressive of great *expressment*.

No true man can live a half-life when he has genuinely learned that it is only a half-life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.

"If I Should Die To-night."

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my
hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness;
And fold my hands with lingering caress,—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving
thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Fragments on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once
more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way,
For who would war with dumb, unconscious
clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel-worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a
thorn.
Forgive! O hearts estranged, forgive I
plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not
need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

**LESSON NOTES.
FOURTH QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.
B.C. 1425.] LESSON IX. [Dec. 2
ISRAEL UNDER JUDGES.

Judges 2. 11-23. Mem. verses, 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any
of you an evil heart of unbelief, in depart-
ing from the living God. Heb. 3. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Forsaking God.
2. Forsaken by God.

TIME.—1425 B.C.

PLACE.—No special place is designated in
this lesson, which is simply descriptive of
their social, political, and religious condi-
tion.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Did evil in the sight of
the Lord*—This is the regular phrase for
laping into idolatry. *Provoked the Lord to
anger*—Not such anger as men feel in
passion, but a righteous indignation against
sin. *The Amalekites*—Marauding
bands of robbers, who robbed their fields of
crops at harvest, and carried the people
away for slaves. *He sold them*—God allowed
them to be sold as described. *Raised up
judges*—By a judge, we always understand
the presiding officer in a court of law. But
here the term means a leader who assumed
all the functions of direction and govern-
ment in emergencies, and yet without pomp,
equipment, or emolument of office. They
were inspired for the purpose. *It repented
the Lord*—Or, the Lord repented. Looked
at from the human side, God seems to
change, but it is man that changes, and
God's uniform way of treating the righteous
follows the change.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That God is angry with the wicked?
 2. That God is patient with the way-ward?
 3. That God is merciful even in his judgments?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. After Joshua's death, how did the
people of Israel act? They forgot God and

did evil. 2. How did they do evil? They
worshipped heathen gods. 3. What was
the result of their evil? They were bit-
terly punished by the Lord. 4. How did
God even then show his mercy and love for
them? He raised up deliverers for them.
5. What warning did the apostle give the
Church many centuries afterward? "Take
heed, brethren," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The punish-
ment of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. But are all mankind, being born in
sin, born without hope?
No; for a Saviour was provided from the
beginning, and all that come into the world
receive of his grace and his Spirit.

Genesis iii. 15.—And I will put enmity
between thee and the woman, and between
thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy
head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

B.C. 1249] LESSON X. [Dec. 9
GIDEON'S ARMY.

Judg. 7. 1-8. Memory verses, 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not by might nor by power, but by my
Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Zech. 4. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. The Host of Midian.
2. The Host of God.

TIME.—1249 B.C.

PLACE.—Near Mounts Gilboa and Little
Heron, west of the sea of Galilee.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Beside the well*—That is,
above, on the mountain side. *The people
are too many*—The army is too large: it
numbered thirty-two thousand, which num-
ber was greatly inferior to the Midianites.
I will try them—Put them through some
form of test, what the form was is at once
described. *Down into the water*—That is,
down the side of Mount Gilboa, to the well
of Harod, or fountain, or spring. *The peo-
ple took victuals*—The people who took sup-
plies were the three hundred who took from
the rest of the ten thousand soldiers, so that
each had a pitcher and a lamp, as afterward
described.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That God will not give his glory to
men?
 2. That God is mightier than all his
enemies?
 3. That God chooses men of courage for
his service?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What great danger was threatening
Israel during the days of Gideon? Destruction
by the Midianites. 2. To what tribe
did Gideon belong? The tribe of Manasseh.
3. What made Gideon the leader of the
army of Israel? "The Spirit of the Lord
came upon him." 4. How large an army
did he raise? Thirty-two thousand men.
5. How many did God choose to overthrow
Midian? Three hundred picked men. 6.
What lesson did he mean to teach
them? "Not by might," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Lord of
hosts.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. By what means were our first parents
led to commit so great a sin against God?
By the subtlety of the devil, who made
use of the serpent to beguile Eve.
Genesis iii. 13. And the woman said,
The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.
2 Corinthians xi. 3. As the serpent be-
guiled Eve in his craftiness.

**"HOW CAN I HELP TO MAKE
HOME HAPPY?"**

1. To make home duties of the first
importance, not to despise the very
smallest, but to perform it even as
"unto God."
2. To undertake no work outside
which may cause the neglect of even
that "small duty" at home.
3. To think of the happiness of
others before my own; "for even Christ
pleased not himself," and went away

leaving us an example that we should
follow his steps.

4. To try to add to the happiness of
every member of my family, sympa-
thizing in both what gives them pain
and pleasure.

5. To find my besetting sin, and
fight hard to overcome it; for "I can
do all things through Christ which
strengtheneth me."

6. To remember God has formed
my home, and as long as he leaves
me in it, no one but myself can
fill the niche in which he has placed
me.

"Content to fill a little space
If thou be glorified."

7. To improve the talents that God
has given me, especially those that
will give pleasure or be of use to
others, remembering the command,
"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory
of God."—*Faith and Works.*

THE YOUNG FOLLOWER.

WHEN Prince Charles Edward, the
Young Pretender, arrived off the
coast of Scotland, some of the High-
land chieftains proceeded on board his
vessel. Though they came at his in-
vitation, they were unwilling to take
part in his enterprise, but recom-
mended delay until they were joined
by troops from France. The prince
expostulated and argued with them,
but the chieftains were wanting in
enthusiasm, and were aware of the
rashness of attempting to overthrow
the government with so small a force.
As they paced up and down the deck,
the Pretender noticed a young man in
full Highland costume leaning on the
taffrail of the ship, his eyes glistening
and excited, his lips compressed, while
every now and then he grasped the
hilt of his sword. Turning towards
him, Charles said:

"Here, at least, is one who will
join me."

"I will! I will, prince!" replied the
youth; "though all others should for-
sake you, I am willing to die for you!"

Like wildfire the enthusiasm spread,
and all declared themselves ready to
follow their prince.

This youth was but the younger
brother of a chieftain, and might have
little influence, yet his earnestness
stirred many hearts. We often hear
it said, "What can a child do!" But
a child's influence is great. Only let
it be seen that you love your Lord,
and wish to follow him, and your fresh
young spirit will stir others who have
grown cold, it may be, into life and
energy. If an earthly prince could
awaken such devotion, what shall not
the Prince of Peace, the Captain of
our salvation, receive! "He that
confesseth me before men, him will I
confess before my Father and the holy
angels."—*S. S. Messenger.*

Good temper, like a summer day,
sheds a brightness over everything. It
is the sweetener of toil and the soother
of disquietude.

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