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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

[No. 23.

## TO WIN SUCCESS.

A YOUNG man who does just as little as possible for an employer, sometimes wonders why he is not given a higher position in the business-house in which he is employed, when a less brilliant companion, who works for another establishment, is advanced very rapidly. The reason probably is, that the less brilliant companion is more faithful, and works conscientiously—always seeking to do more than enough barely to secure his salary. Somebody sees and appreciates his work, and when the opportunity comes a better place is given him, which he fills with equal faithfulness. An illustration of this may be found in the following true incident:—

A boy, about sixteen years of age, had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for two weeks, and was well-nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when, one afternoon, he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question, "Can you give me anything to do?"

Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed, answered, "No—full now." Then, happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face, said, "If you want to work half-an-hour or so, go downstairs and pile up that kindling-wood. Do it well, and I'll give you twenty-five cents."

"All right, and thank you, sir," answered the young man, and went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon, he came upstairs, and went to Mr. Stone.

"Ay, yes," said that gentleman, somewhat hastily. "Piled the wood?" Well, here's your money.

"No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and thought no more of the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and, recollecting the wood-pile, glanced into the coal and wood-room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanly swept, and the young man was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal-bin.

"Hello," said Mr. Stone, "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up that wood."

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered the lad; "but I saw this needed to be done, and I had rather work



PET DOVE.

than not. But I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went up to his office without further comment. Half an hour later the young man presented himself, clean and well-brushed, for his pay.

Mr. Stone passed him his quarter. "Thank you," said the youth, and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone. "Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I want you to work for me. Here, —writing something on a slip of paper—" take this to that gentleman standing by the counter there. He will tell you what to do. I'll give you six dollars a week to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that downstairs and—that's all;"

and Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is more than twice as large as it was then, and its superintendent to-day is the young man who began by piling kindling-wood for twenty-five cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has been advanced step by step, and has not yet, by any means, reached the topmost round of success. He is sure to become a partner some day, either with his employer or in some other business-house.—*Youth's Companion.*

## A WORD OF CAUTION.

WE do not want to be hard on the young folks, as regards rightful exercise, and recreation, and social intercourse with one another; but how about those roller-skates that are rolling away with so many of the precious hours of leisure and the silver dimes? Have you all looked into the matter carefully, ay, prayerfully? Is there not danger of their rolling away with our good common sense? In fact, coming right down to what so much the truth of the matter, are we not being carried into an excess of recreation that is bordering somewhat upon dissipation? Where are the reading clubs that flourished so before this skating rink furor took possession of us? Where are the social "sing" and the "students' night," where the eager young minds sought for crumbs of knowledge? And more than this, where are the young people's prayer-

meetings? As we said at the start, we do not mean to be hard on young people, with hearts bounding with fresh life-blood, but when we find universal apathy creeping over our strongest bulwarks of society, we feel bound to throw out a word of caution. When recreation touches upon dissipation, its skirts smell of the scorching flame. We have but one life to live here, we cannot go back to make more of it when we see that we have handled it too lightly. We want our young folks cheery and light-hearted and happy, but we also want them to be constantly growing.—*Gracious Word.*

We never graduate in religion; because the nearer we are to God, the more we see there is to be learned.

## Rain on the Roof.

BY COATES KINNEY.

WHEN the humid shadows hover  
Over all the starry spheres,  
And the melancholy darkness  
Gently weeps in rainy tears,  
What a bliss to press the pillow  
Of a cottage-chamber bed,  
And lie listening to the patter  
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles  
Has an echo in the heart,  
And a thousand dreamy fancies  
Into busy being start,  
And a thousand recollections  
Weave their air threads into wool,  
As I listen to the patter  
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,  
As she used in years ago  
To regard the darling dreamers  
Ere she left them till the dawn:  
O! I feel her fond look on me  
As I list to this refrain  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph-sister,  
With the wings and waving hair,  
And her star-eyed cherub brother—  
A serene angelic pair—  
Glide around my wakeful pillow,  
With their praise or mild reproof,  
As I listen to the murmur  
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes, to thrill me  
With her eyes' delicious blue;  
And I mind not, musing on her,  
That her heart was all untrue:  
I remember but to love her  
With a passion kin to pain,  
And my heart's quick pulses quiver  
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence  
That can work with such a spell  
In the soul's mysterious fountains,  
Whence the tears of rapture well,  
As the melody of Nature,  
That subdued, subduing strain  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.

## THE STORY OF A WAVELET.

BY E. L.

Yes, I am very old! How old I cannot say exactly, but five or six thousand years at the very least. I have seen a great deal, too, as the whole of my existence has been spent in travelling from place to place. Far up in the heavens I have played with the lightning, and laughed with the thunder; deep down in the earth I have revelled amid the wonders that lie hidden beneath its wrinkled surface. I have lain like a crest on the brow of a hoary mountain, I have travelled over swift rivers, dashed down foaming cataracts, and floated on the bosom of the ocean. But you would like to know my history, so I must go back to the beginning.

My earliest recollections are of finding myself playing with my brothers and sisters, on the bosom of our dear old mother ocean. I loved to watch the white clouds flit across the blue sky, sometimes hiding the face of the sun, who seemed to be all the time beckoning us upward. At last I yielded to his powerful influence, and instead of a careless wavelet became a small invisible mass of vapor so light that the mere weight of the atmosphere forced me upward. I felt very sorry at the thought of leaving my dear old mother, but the hope of becoming a cloudlet buoyed me up, and I joined a party of spirits similar to myself and off we dashed at lightning speed, without having much idea of where we were going. At last we reached

a region which to us who were unaccustomed to the cold climate of the north seemed very chilly. We huddled close together to keep ourselves warm, and then to our great delight we found ourselves assuming the very form of the cloud which we had so admired. In this form we floated about for some days, amusing ourselves with some simple electric experiments, and watching what was going on below us.

One day, however, we drifted into an exceedingly cold region. I learned afterwards that it was in the neighborhood of some high mountains where the air is always cold. Well, the queerest thing happened. For a while we huddled close together resolved to keep warm, but it would not do. We grew colder and colder, till at last we could bear it no longer, and letting go of hands we all tumbled headlong to the earth beneath.

I fell on a housetop, and went rolling over the eaves right into the hands of a rosy-checked little girl who was standing in the doorway catching rain-drops. How she laughed as I trickled through her fingers and fell on the hard earth below. I daresay if she had known that I had come all the way from the ocean she would have looked upon me with more respect.

Well, after stopping to flirt with a rosebud, and kissing two or three meek-eyed daisies that grew in the little girl's garden, I sank gently down into the ground; here I met some of my companions, and together we pursued our way through the heart of the earth. It was not very pleasant down there in the dark, but we passed some curious and wonderful things on our way. Treasure of gold and silver lay hidden in our path, but we swept by them in scorn. That which man values most is of small account to us. At length, at the foot of a great hill, we emerged together with quite a company of our old friends who had thought fit to join us, into the broad glare of sunlight. We could not help laughing aloud at finding ourselves once more in the open air.

"Mamma," said a little girl to her mother, as they stood on the bank watching us, "isn't the brook pretty? Where is it going?"

"To the ocean, my child," was the answer. "Yes, it is very beautiful."

We laughed louder than ever when we heard that. To think that we were on our way to the ocean, that after all our ramblings we should see our dear old mother once more. How fast we dashed along, leaping from stone to stone, whirling round in little bits of eddies, and turning somersaults over every sandbank, till at last we found ourselves in a sober old lake all shut in by hills.

But we had no intention of staying here. We pursued our way, though more slowly, across it, then by a large stream we entered one still larger, and at last leaped headlong down a foaming cataract right into the bosom of a mighty river. Then we floated along gently, past pleasant farms and orchards, past picturesque villages and beneath lofty bridges, till we heard afar off the roar of the great sea coming out to meet us. What a meeting it was, when the big ocean and the swiftly flowing river rushed into each other's arms! How the waters foamed and surged to and fro in their delirious joy! How thankful we wavelets were to rest once more upon the bosom of our mother ocean, while we told her of all the strange and beautiful things that we had seen in our wanderings.

Since then I have made a great many voyages across the heavens, and a corresponding number of journeys through the earth and over the land. Once I visited a remarkably cold climate, and, much to my own disgust, was frozen stiff while still high up in the air. With a view to getting thawed out,

I floated gently down and found myself lying flat on the sidewalk of a very dirty town. I heard several people admiring me as I lay there sparkling in the sunlight, and was just beginning to feel a little warmer, when a boy made a snowball of me and threw me at a little girl who was crossing the street. Unfortunately for myself, I happened to fall right in the centre of a carriage way, and was almost trodden to death by the feet of the horses. However, when spring came, I managed to make my way to a tiny stream and thence back to my old ocean home.

On another occasion, a similar calamity befell me while high up in the air, but instead of falling in a town, I chanced to alight on the top of a very high mountain, a little above snow line. I do not know how long I lay there, but at the very least calculation it must have been several hundred years. That was the most uncomfortable period of my existence. At length growing weary of this monotonous life, a great host of us who had been almost crushed to death by the mass of snow falling on us year after year from above, began—very slowly, indeed, but none the less surely—to force our way down the mountain side. As we moved along at a rate of a few inches in a year we became wedged together in a solid mass, and thus in irresistible strength and grandeur, we crept silently toward the beautiful valley below.

I can scarcely tell how it happened, but one day there was an awful sound louder than thunder, and then all at once I felt myself being precipitated violently downward. When I came to my senses again, the trees and vineyards of the pretty village on which I had looked for so many years, were all buried beneath a great mass of ice and snow. Yes, it was a terrible thing to do, but you see I couldn't well help it. I had no idea when I began the descent of the mountain, that I should ever participate in such a terrible destructive work as this. So take care, my dear children, never to enter the downward path. You cannot possibly tell in what it will end.

Well, I think I have given you a fair idea of the queer wandering sort of life I live. But if any of you would like to know more about it, just come down to the seashore, where you'll find me always ready to tell the whole story. Only be careful to bring with you Fine-ear of the fairy-tale to act as interpreter, otherwise you will not be able to understand a word I say.

Ufford, Ont.

## IT IS SO HARD.

THINGS often seem hard at first—so hard that it is almost useless to attempt them—but they grow easier when I try to do them. At a certain season of the year the salmon fill our rivers, swimming up against the stream. They meet waterfalls in their path, some of them so high that it seems impossible they could pass them; but they do their best, and a wonderful best it is. I once stood near a waterfall in the north of Scotland watching the salmon leap. They were in the stream that day by hundreds. How they did jump—five feet, six feet, seven feet, I suppose—into the air, trying to get up that waterfall! They often missed, but they only tried again and again till they did succeed. Salmon have been known to take leaps of twelve feet; and it is said that by pausing in the fall itself for a moment, as some of the stronger fish can do, and jumping again, they have passed falls which have a clear descent of sixteen feet. If we go straight up to something difficult which meets us in the path of duty and try our very best, it is wonderful what strength God gives us for the occasion, and how difficulties vanish which seemed likely to block up our way.

Canada.

For all geographical and trading purposes this fair Canada of ours holds a central and commanding position, and, with the development of its vast and varied resources, must one day lead the van of the world's commerce. The following lines contain a loyal tribute to all the main divisions of the Dominion:

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Hurrah! for the land of the bays and the streams,  
The land where old ocean his brightest gleams;  
Where the fisher rests from the stormy main,  
Which is richer to him than gold or grain.

QUEBEC.

Hurrah! for the land of the river and hill,  
Where the bold habitant has his farmyard still;  
Where the bright plains nourish unnumbered herds,  
And the hills are alive with the songs of birds.

ONTARIO.

Hurrah! for the land of the loyal and bold,  
Where the wave of Niagara ever has rolled;  
Where the lakes are spread into mighty seas,  
And the green land is laughing with plenty and ease.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Hurrah! for the land of the mountain and wood,  
Where the beautiful Bow is for ever in flood;  
Where high on the Rockies the white snow lies,  
And back from their bases the white foam flies.

FOREST BELT.

Hurrah! for the land of the larch and the pine,  
Where the broad lakes far through the green wood shine;  
Where the mighty Mackenzie and Nelson roll,  
And the land is rich with the treasure of coal.

FERTILE BELT.

Hurrah! for the land of the maple and bear—  
For the home of the loyal, the brave and the fair;  
Where the Saskatchewan through the green land sweeps,  
And the wild meadow into fertility leaps.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the broad, green land,  
Where courage and loyalty ever shall stand.  
Hurrah! for the home of the brave and the fair;  
Hurrah! for the land of the maple and bear.

—Wesleyan.

SIGNAL THAT NEXT TRAIN.

THERE had been a sad railroad accident. The engineer was caught in the overturn of the locomotive, pinned to the earth, and could not possibly extricate himself. Others came to release his struggling, writhing form. His thoughts, however, were on the next train, the train behind. Could he not see the engine driving along the rails, bringing the train loaded with priceless lives? And then came in thought the awful crash of a collision! "Boys!" cried Engineer Kennar, giving the name of the expected and endangered train, "go back and signal the second Atlantic if you haven't done it!"

Noble, heroic soul, his first thought was for the train behind. They succeeded at last in liberating his body, but his only liberator from suffering was death itself, which came in a very few minutes.

Signal that next train!

Do we always bear it in mind, the train that is coming? As those interested in Sunday-school activities, may our thoughts rest appreciatively upon the next generation, gathered about us in our classes, and that we are trying to teach. That next train is coming fast. The boys and girls of to-day will be men and women to-morrow. This next train is confronted by peculiar dangers. On the right track, we hope—heading for righteousness and temperance, honesty and integrity; but what perils may yet be before it!

Our scholars may be tempted to tamper with the evil of "light drinks." Signal the train! There is a beer-barrel on the track! Our scholars may be solicited to look upon licentious prints. Signal

the train! There is a bad book on the track. Our scholars may be urged to put off the day of salvation. Signal the train! The boulder of pre-destination has fallen across the rails. A. Here is evil company beckoning the boys and girls to wrong-doing. Signal the train! Wreckers are at work on the rails, threatening the lives that are coming forward. Whatever be the danger, be alert! Watch! Hasten! Speak! Signal the train!

AT MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"Mother's grave." How we start at the words! They seem to touch a nerve at the very centre of the heart.

"Mother's grave." We glance furtively across the room at a figure moving quietly here and there; now picking Fred's hat from the floor, now at the window setting a stitch in Will's coat, now searching for Lizzie's stray glove, now soothing Lucy's aching head and smoothing the wrinkles from her forehead.

"Mother's grave!" Impossible! We cannot get along without mother! There is no one to take her place. There is no one like her. Mother will stay with us always; we will not think of any thing else.

So, perhaps, once thought this young girl and her brother. Yet to-night they stand together in the quiet churchyard looking down on mother's grave. Shadows flicker softly on the dewy grass, and far down the river tiny waves dance and flash in the moonlight. But the brightness cannot drive the terrible sadness and longing from their hearts.

"We must see mother again. We must, we must!" they whisper over and over. "Yes, we will see her again. Though she cannot come to us we may go to her. We have promised, yet O, it is so long to wait. If we only could see her now for one small minute, and tell her all the love and longing of our hearts."

Let us close our eyes for a little and stand in the night shadows, looking down with these two on mother's grave.

Do you feel it? Mother lies there. Never again on earth will her gentle hand caress you. Never again will her voice soothe and comfort you. Never again will her wonderful love be round about you, and never again can any fretful, unkind, wicked word or act of yours wound and grieve her. Never again. Yes, you do feel it. We all love mother, but she has always been with us, ready to bear our burdens and share our griefs. We never thought that mother could be sad or weary or sick and dying. Now she is gone. We bear this bitterest grief alone. The heart that beat itself away for us is still and cold as the marble glistening in the moonlight. We cannot bear it. We cry out in agony and open our eyes on the quiet figure still standing by Lucy's chair—our own dear mother, with a heart still warm and beating for us.

Ah, mother, when you leave us we will bury you in flowers if we can, but while you are with us we will spare you a rose for your bosom, a wreath for your brow, and give you a little token now and then of the gratitude and love that we found hidden deep down in our hearts when we stood for a little in the night shadows looking down on "mother's grave."

A LITTLE newsboy of Orlando, Florida, being suddenly told of his father's death, dropped his papers and hurried home. A citizen picked them up, sold them through the town, telling the circumstances, and realized seventy dollars for them, some of them fetching five dollars apiece.

IN YOUR OWN HANDS.

Excuses are too often on a boy's lips: "I cannot help it, I try, but I fail." "If you lived where I do you wouldn't be any better than I am," "You don't know my temptations." These excuses should never be made. You can help it, and you have no reason for failing in your Christian life, for the Lord is always waiting to help you. Where you live does not make a particle of difference. The Lord will live with you, no matter where your abode, if you only ask him to do so. Your temptations are never greater than the strength the Lord will give you to battle with them. He has promised us that. Remember how our Saviour was tempted and resisted, remember, too, that Satan did not say to him, "I will cast thee down," but "Cast thyself down."

That is what he says to you: "Cast thyself down." If he could do it himself, he would do so very quickly, without waiting for any words on the subject. There he is powerless, and he knows it. So he gives the command, and oh, it is a command which is all too often obeyed! If you would only realize two things—how helpless Satan really is, and how strong the Lord is—you would oftener conquer. Instead of that, I sometimes fear boys think the other way. As for your surroundings, they are nothing. There have been boys and girls whose lives have been in such close contact with sin that it seemed impossible for them to be anything but degraded, and yet they have come out Christian men and women, kept pure and good by the Lord's own strength and grace. There have been others who have grown up in Christian families who have turned a willing ear to the voice of temptation and allowed Satan to cast them down.

No, boys, your surroundings have nothing to do with it. The Lord is able to keep you pure, no matter where you live. Only pray and trust and watch. It is all in your hands and your Saviour's.—*Christian Soldier.*

AFTER THE SHOT, A LINE.

THERE is a gun on the beach, and around the gun is a group of surfmen. Bang! There is a shot going out of the gun. That all! There is a line attached to the shot, that whizzes through the air and reaches that wreck. That all! No, by means of this first light line those at the wreck will pull aboard a stouter line and then a hawser. That all! No, a life-car will soon be on its way to the wreck, and soon will be travelling back, bringing three or four sailors.

Ah, how one thing leads to another! There was the invitation you gave, the other day, to Charlie Tombs, the little fellow in that poor drunken home, to come to the Sunday-school. That invitation was the shot to the wreck. You went to that home on Sunday and brought Charlie to the school. That was the line after the shot. You and Charlie made a stouter line, for you brought Tom and Will to the school, and they proved to be a full-sized hawser. Influenced by the children, who are these coming into the Sunday-school concert but old Jerry Tombs, the drunkard, shuffling along, followed meekly by his thin wife, in that faded and darned and turned and patched old sacque, worn ever since the one happy day of her life with a man who "only drank a little"—the wedding day! How the people stare! Ah, something is said in the concert that brings Christ before the drunkard's soul so needy, so needy! Thank God, it is the life-car coming to the wreck, and Jerry and his wife enter! Soon both may stand up to confess Christ.

Keep sending out your shot, your invitations to Sunday-school. After the shot, will come a line.

Unto Me.

A POOR, way-faring man of grief  
 Had often passed me on my way,  
 Who sighed so humbly for relief,  
 That I could never answer nay

Once when my scanty meal was spread,  
 He entered, not a word he spake -  
 Just perishing for want of bread,  
 I gave him all His blessed and brake,

And ate; but gave me part again.  
 Mine was an angel's portion then;  
 For while I ate with eager haste,  
 The crust was manna to my taste.

Then in a moment to my view  
 The stranger started from disguise:  
 The tokens in his hands I knew—  
 My Saviour stood before my eyes.

He spake; and my poor name he named—  
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed;  
 These deeds shall thy memorial be.  
 Fear not; thou didst them unto me

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

"WHAT HAST THOU GIVEN FOR ME?"

A MINISTER, living in the country, received once a month, towards his personal support, the offerings of his flock. Amongst his congregation was a poor woman, who found it no easy task to live, but who dearly loved her pastor, and regularly brought her mite to the collection. All she could manage to spare was a fourpenny piece, but she was exceedingly particular that this coin must be the best of its kind, and she spared no pains to send round the village, changing it again and again, that the fourpenny-piece she gave to the collection might be the newest and the brightest it was possible to procure. Listening to this true recital—a touching memory to the pastor—the thought came to us of the claim of the King of love upon our best, and how sometimes we try to satisfy that claim with the second place in our thoughts and devotion. Earth and heaven are his, and the value of our offerings in human eyes to him is nothing. The legend tells us that she who brought a wisp of straw to the tired horses dragging stones to build the house of God, laid a richer gift on his altar than all the rest, for she gave the best she had. Nothing below our best—our fullest, deepest, dearest consecration—is a meet offering for him who for our sakes became poor.—*The Quiver for July.*

YOKOHAMA.

This Japanese sea-port town is beautifully situated in the island of Nippon, on the south side of a bend in the bay of Yedo. Its name signifies "the cross shore." Yokohama was a mere village until 1859, when it was made the foreign mercantile settlement. Since then it has been a place of great importance, and carries a considerable foreign trade, of which the United States takes the largest part. An intelligent Japanese now in this country (Mr. Hiraiwa) said in a public address not long since: "Christianity has made rapid strides in Japan. Ten years ago everybody was opposed to it; now everybody is inquiring about it, and there is a general belief that it is growing rapidly. This favourable change is due largely to observation of Christians living in Japan and the reports of Japanese who have gone abroad, both tending to produce the belief that civilization advanced rapidly where Christianity prevailed. The lower classes of the people are Buddhists, and are usually very bigoted. The more intelligent people do not believe in any religion at all. Their experience of native religions led them to regard all religion as superstition until they began to inquire into the doctrines of Christianity. The result of that inquiry was that many of them embraced the new religion; in fact, it is from this class that the greater number of converts to Christianity have been made. There is now complete toleration of Christianity in Japan; the edict against Christianity has not been repealed, but has been allowed quietly to drop out of sight. A Japanese statesman gave a curious reason for not formally repealing the edict. 'If we passed such a law,' he said, 'it would show that Christianity was previously forbidden.' But the change in the law is to come, with other improvements, in 1890, when, according to the promise of the Emperor, constitutional government and a parliament will be given in Japan. Another proof of the Emperor's liberality is found in his practice of sending forth parties of young men to England, Germany, France, and America for the purpose of learning what Western civilization is. European dress is now very fashionable in Japan, and is worn by nearly all the government officials; and European habits of eating are displacing those of Japan. About three hundred miles of railway are built, and work is going on rapidly on three lines.

"The two Northern Methodist mission schools at Tokio occupy a leading position. About three hundred and twenty boys and two hundred and thirty-four girls are in attendance." The Southern Methodist mission at Kobe is a most promising field of operations, and our Church is becoming more and more alive to the glorious possibilities in that almost untilled vineyard.

Dr. A. Stevens, while in Japan last December, wrote concerning the work and its prospects thus encouragingly: "When Bishop Wilson was here, about a year ago, your Japan mission had not a single member, nor a single probationer; but it now has one hundred and sixteen. It is giving daily instruction to five hundred young men and women, three hundred of them receive daily instruction in the Bible. It has also a self-supporting school of a hundred and thirty males under its auspices. The Church at home may well be encouraged by its initiative measure in Japan. If India and China are the largest foreign fields,



YOKOHAMA

Japan is the most hopeful one. The world has been startled by its incredible efforts for self-regeneration. It is determined to take a prominent position in the county of civilized and Christian States. In two years it is to have a constitutional government—the first example of it in all Asia; it has extinguished its ancient feudalism; the government has disowned its old religions and abolished the Cabinet Bureau of Religion; it has adopted all the leading provisions of Western civilization—the Western banking system, the postal union, savings-banks in the postal system; the railroad, steamboat, telegraph, telephone, the common school system, the university, the polytechnic academy, the normal school, female education, the Western medical faculty, universal religious toleration, and (strangest of all) the Christian Sabbath, now observed in its government offices, schools, banks, etc. A few years ago it knew nothing of the newspaper; it now has about five hundred periodicals, and one of them announces that 'all' of them are, at last, in favour of the immediate Christianization of the empire, as a necessary condition of its success in Western civilization. A native writer, once hostile to Christianity, now writes in the public journals that the 'whole country is willing and ready to be Christianized.' Native authorities say that it will be a Christian empire in ten years. I give it twenty-five."

A BLESSING OR A CURSE.

Two Scotchmen emigrated in the early days to California. Each thought to take with them some memorials of their beloved country. The one of them, an enthusiastic lover of Scotland, took with him a thistle, the national emblem; the other took a small swarm of honey bees. Years have passed away. The Pacific Coast is, on the one hand, cursed with the Scotch thistle, which the farmers find it impossible to exterminate; on the other hand, the forests and fields are fragrant and laden with sweetness of honey, which has been and is still one of the blessings of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Even so does every Christian carry with him some thistle plucked from the old man, or honey from the new man, with which to bless or curse men according as he makes choice for God. How precious is our influence! How we should watch and guard it!—*Words, and Weapons.*



THE BOTTLE-TREE.

**THE BOTTLE-TREE.**

THERE is a tree in Australia which grows in the shape of a bottle, and puts out its branches broadly from the part which seems like the neck. This tree would appear very curious to our American children, as we have nothing like it in this country. God has made each land to differ from every other, and each has beauties and dangers peculiar to itself; yet over them all he watches as Father and Friend, and his children have his loving care in whatever land their lot may have fallen.

"Cousin Annie" sends us an interesting story about another curious tree, and we will give it place just here, where it seems to belong:

**THE RAINING-TREE.**

At first thought it really did seem quite impossible. There must surely be some mistake. But then Uncle Colin had said he had seen it—yes, really and truly seen it with his own eyes; and whatever Uncle Colin said he had seen, that had he seen beyond a doubt. Why, this little niece and nephew of his, Charlotte and Wilbur Hayes, would as soon have disbelieved the preacher as Uncle Colin.

But what could it all be about? Why, simply that Uncle Colin had told them that on his recent trip to Africa he had seen a tree that rained water.

"O uncle!" exclaimed Wilbur. "Where could that have been?" and "O uncle, dear," chimed in Charlotte, "how could such a thing be?"

"One question at a time," warned Uncle Colin, shaking his finger vigorously at each in turn.

"Now, which one of you," he continued, "can tell me where the Canary Islands are?"

"On the north-west coast of Africa," came the answer from both simultaneously.

"Quite correctly replied to," declared Uncle Colin with one of his funniest looks. "Well," he went on, "if you have heard of the Canary Islands, and can locate them so readily, you must have heard something, too, of the famous Peak of Teneriffe."

"That we have, uncle!" declared Miss Charlotte, ere Wilbur could open his lips. "It is the great mountain peak of the Canary Islands, and towers over twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. What makes it all the more conspicuous still is that it seems to rise right out of the ocean when viewed by approaching vessels."

"It is truly a wonderful mountain in more respects than one," added Uncle Colin. "The name Teneriffe means in the native language *tener*, snow, *ffe*, a hill; hence in full, *snow-hill*. It is most appropriately named, as its summit is covered with snow nearly all the year round. This is all the more noticeable as the climate of the islands is quite tropical. But as wonderful as this mountain is, there is something more wonderful still among the group of islands. One of these islands is called the

Ferro Island, which means the Iron Island. It is so called because it has a soil so hard that it is almost impossible to dig any distance into it. As might be supposed there are no channels through it, not even a tiny stream trickling its way along; yet there are a few wells, or rather shallow cisterns, which have at length been hollowed in the earth only by the most persistent effort of the natives. When it rains the water collects in these depressions, but as they are so shallow the supply does not last long. If the people had to depend upon these pools entirely they would surely perish of thirst. But there is another source to which they can go—a source that is all the more wonderful, as it seems to have been placed there by God's own hand. There is really no natural law governing it after all, if we look at it in one way.

"Near the centre of the Ferro there grows a large and magnificently proportioned tree. Just to what species this tree belongs, the natives have never been able to discover. It seems of its own particular variety, and stands alone of its kind. The tree towers many feet into the air, the branches being most luxuriant, while the leaves are long, narrow, and pointed. They remain green all the year round.

"The strangest part of this wonderful tree is that its branches, even those nearer the earth, are constantly enveloped in clouds, which drip moisture down upon the leaves. The leaves in turn let the drops of water, which are as clear as crystal, glide undisturbed along the smooth and satin-like surface, when arriving at the pointed ends the globules drop one by one into the shallow pools the natives have dug all about the tree. Although these pools

are, as I have already intimated, necessarily shallow on account of the hardness of the soil, yet it is said they are never empty, for as fast as the natives relieve them of their contents more is dropped into them by the leaves of the wonderful tree which go on dripping, dripping, day and night.

"Now, mark the incomprehensible power of God and his all-wise provision for his people. But for this wonderful raining tree the Island of Ferro would be rendered uninhabitable, and man and beast would alike perish if forced to remain on it.

"Naturalists have tried again and again to solve the mystery of the raining tree, and to assign to it some natural law, but all have alike failed. It is true that the clouds drop moisture down upon the leaves—that is all clear enough, and quite natural, too. But how do the clouds get there? and why do they stay there so constantly? and why is it, also, that they hover over no other part of the island as they do over this?" S. S. Visitor

**How the King Came Home.**

"Oh, why are you waiting, children,  
And why are you watching the way?"  
"We are watching because the folks have said  
The king comes home to-day—  
The king on his prancing charger,  
In his shining golden crown.  
Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,  
When the king comes back to the town."  
"Run home to your mothers, children,  
In the land is pain and woe,  
And the king, beyond the forest,  
Fights with the Paynim foe."  
"But," said the little children,  
"The fight will soon be past  
We fain would wait, though the hour be late,  
He will surely come at last."  
So the eager children waited  
Till the closing of the day,  
Till their eyes were tired of gazing  
Along the dusty way:  
But there came no sound of music,  
No flashing golden crown;  
And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,  
When the round red sun went down.  
But at the hour of midnight,  
While the weary children slept,  
Was heard within the city  
The voice of them that wept:  
Along the moonlit highway  
Toward the sacred dome,  
Dead on his shield, from the well-fought field—  
'Twas thus the king came home.

**A GRATEFUL HEART.**

A GENTLEMAN was walking late one night along a street in London in which stands a hospital for sick children. There were two men and a boy passing along plodding home to their miserable lodgings after their day's work. The boy trotted on wearily behind, very tired, and looking pale and sick.

Just as they were passing the hospital the little lad's sad face brightened for a moment. He ran up the steps and dropped into the box attached to the door a little bit of paper. It was found next morning. It contained a sixpence, and on the paper was written, "For a sick child." The one who saw it afterward ascertained, as he tells us, that the poor little waif, almost destitute, had been sick, and in his weary pilgrimage was a year before brought to the hospital, which had been a "house beautiful" to him, and he was there cured of his bodily disease. Hands of kindness had ministered to him, words of kindness had been spoken to him, and he had left it cured in body. Some one on that day in a crowd had slipped a sixpence into his hand, and that same night, as he passed by, his grateful little heart gave up for other child sufferers "all the living that he had."

## Going to School.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I SEE the little children creeping, creeping,

Down the long hill-side to the village school,  
With slow, reluctant feet, and almost weeping,  
To end glad summer with the sterner rule  
Of tasks and hours, and waste October weather,  
Pent up in irksome study all together.

I see the little children running, running,  
When school is over, to resume their fun,  
Or in the late sweet warmth of daylight, sunning  
Their little discontents away, each one.  
"How nice to be grown up," so they are saying,  
"And not to study, but be always playing!"

Ah, foolish little children! if you knew it,  
Grown folks must study, just as children do;  
Must be punctual at school, or else they rue it,  
And learn a harder lesson yet than you.  
Early they set to work, and toil all day;  
The school lets out too late for any play.

Their school-room is the world, and life the muster;  
A stern, harsh muster by, and hard to please,  
Some of the mightier children study faster  
Than can the others who are dull; and these,  
When they've recited, if they stand the test,  
The Master suffers to go home and rest.

But all must learn a lesson soon or later,  
And all must answer at the great review;  
Until at length the last discouraged waiter  
Has done his task, and read the lesson through;  
And, with swollen eyes and weary head,  
At last is told he may his home to bed.

So, little children, when you feel like crying  
That you are forced to learn to read and write,  
Think of the harder lessons lying  
In the dim future which you deem so bright.  
Grown folks must study, even 'gainst their will;  
Be very glad that you are children still.

## THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR,

## LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE FOREST FIRE—FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,  
That first he wrought and afterwards he taught.  
Out of the Gospel he the wordes caught.

As Lawrence sailed homeward on the lake in the soft light of a September day, he became aware of a pungent odour in the air, and soon after of a dense smoke, drifting from the land. He thought nothing of it, however; but next morning Mr. Perkins remarked:

"The fire's a-gettin' nearer. I wish the wind 'ud change—been burnin' in the woods north there better'n a week."

All day the smoke grew denser—darkening the sun and irritating the eyes. During the night the flames could be seen leaping from tree to tree in the forest that encircled the little clearing, and running rapidly along the ground in the dry brush-wood. The tall pines could be seen burning like giant's torches in the darkness, and then toppling over with a crash, scattering the sparks in a brilliant shower, far and wide, to extend the work of destruction. Great tongues of flame hissed and crackled like fiery serpents enfolding their prey.

No human effort could avail aught to withstand or avert this fiery plague. Only the good providence of God, by sending rain or turning the wind, could stay its progress. The next day was intensely hot. The earth seemed as iron, and the heavens as brass.

All in a hot and copper sky  
The bloody sun at noon  
Richt up above the trees did stand  
No bigger than the moon.

It seemed like the torments that followed the trumpet of the fifth angel in the Apocalypse: "There arose a smoke out of the pit like the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit."

On came the flames—roaring like a hurricane. The heat became unendurable—the smoke almost stifling. The cattle fled to the streams, and stood in the deepest pools, sniffing the heated air. The water became gradually warm as it flowed over the heated rock and through the burning woods; and the fish that were in it floated on the surface in a dead or dying state. Fences were torn down, and broad spaces of earth were turned up by the plough, to break the progress of the deluge of fire—before which stacks of hay and straw were licked up like tinder.

Many of the villagers stored their little valuables, and as much of their grain as they could, in the underground roothouses, and banked them up with earth. Many had abandoned everything, and fled to the islands. Lawrence, with most of the men, remained to fight the flames till the last moment. When compelled to fly, they sought the shore, where they had moored a boat, as a means of escape at the last moment. But, O horror! the lapping of the waves and the fierce wind created by the fire, had loosened the boat—but insecurely fastened—and it was rapidly drifting away. All hope of escape seemed cut off. The men were about to plunge into the water, as preferring death by drowning to death by fire.

"Let us die like brave men, if die we must," said Lawrence, "trusting in God. He will be with us, as he was with his servants in the fiery furnace."

"Father," cried Tom Perkins, a boy of thirteen, "I know a cave where we can hide."

"Quick, my son! Show us the way," was the eager reply.

"This way—up the stream a bit—near that cedar root. The bears used to live in it." And he pointed out a concealed entrance, through which they crawled into a small grotto, caused by a dislocation of the strata.

"God hath opened for us a cleft in the rock. He will keep us as in the hollow of his hand," said Lawrence, with a feeling of religious exaltation he had never felt in moments of safety.

On came the flames—roaring louder and louder. The crackling of fagots and falling of trees were like the rattle of musketry and firing of cannon in a battle. The smoke and heat penetrated the grotto. They were almost perishing with thirst.

"I hear the trickling of water," said Lawrence. "I will try to find it. Lie low on your faces, so as not to inhale the smoke. Here is the water," he cried, as he found it. "Now, wet your handkerchiefs, and tie them over your heads," he said, as he did the same himself, and they all found the greatest relief therefrom.

At last the fiery wave seemed to have passed away. They crawled forth from their refuge to view the desolation the fire had wrought. The ground was still hot and smoking, many of the trees were still burning, and everything was scathed and seared and blackened with the flames. Perkins' house was burned; but his barn, which he prized more, was, with its contents, spared—saved by the adjacent clearing and fallow.

By a special providence—as it seemed to these simple-minded men, unversed in the sceptical objections to the efficacy of prayer—the wind had veered so as to blow the flames away from the village. This they devoutly attributed to their prayers in the cave. That night a copious rain fell, and farther danger was averted.

Mr. Perkins' neighbours made a "bee" to help him rebuild his house, and turned out in full force on that important occasion. Lawrence, a fine athletic specimen of muscular Christianity, turned to with a will, and swung his axe and rolled his logs with the best of them, as "to the manner born." He won thereby the profound respect of several of the young men, who were more impressed with his prowess with the axe than by his eloquence in the pulpit.

Soon a larger and a better house than the one destroyed was erected, so that, Hopini said, "the fire wuz a sort o' blessin' in disguise." He "feared he wuz a-takin' better keer o' his crops and beasts than of his wife an' chil'en, so the Lord jes' gin 'im a hint to make them kind o' comfortable too."

Lawrence was very anxious to have a church built at Centreville, the head of the circuit, for the purpose of holding quarterly-meetings and the like, as well as to accommodate the growing congregation. Some of the wise men of the village gravely shook their heads, and said it was impossible after the fire. But the zealous young preacher was determined to try. He therefore went round with his subscription-book for contributions. These were mostly in "kind," or in labour.

Squire Hill gave a lot in the village, which did not count for much, as land was plenty; and real estate, even on the front street of Centreville, was not worth much more than that three miles distant. But he promised, moreover, all the nails, glass, and putty required, which counted for a great deal, as these articles were not so plentiful as land in Muskoka.

Hopini Perkins gave all the pine wanted for the frame, as a "thank-offerin'" to the Lord, for sparing his barn and crops, and a liberal subscription besides. His brother Phinehas, who owned a sawmill on the creek, gave all the sawn lumber required.

Father Hawkins could not give anything else, so he promised to make the shingles during the winter. The village painter promised to do the painting if the materials were provided, which was soon done by subscription.

A grand "bee" was accordingly made to get out the material. Axemen felled the tallest and straightest trees for sills, frame, plates, joists, rafters, purlines, and all the appurtenances thereof.

"It reminded him," said Father Hawkins, "of Hiram and his workmen getting out the timbers for the house of God at Jerusalem." Teams of oxen and horses dragged them to the site of the building. Others drew stone for the foundation, sand for the plaster, and boards to enclose the building.

Lawrence was the moving spirit of all these activities—the wheel within the wheel—the mainspring of the whole. He it was who drew the plan, got out the estimates, made all the calculations, and was a whole building committee in himself. Nor was he content with directing. He worked with the strongest and most diligent. He mortised sills and plates, and tenoned studs and beams. And another great "bee" was made for putting together and raising the frame.

It was like magic. In the morning the ground was strewn with beams and timbers—the *disjecta membra* of a house; in the evening, they were all in their places, and the complete skeleton of the building stood erect in its gaunt proportions, the admiration of not only the village, but the entire country-side. Almost, thought Lawrence, might be applied the words of Milton, descriptive of a structure of far other character:

"Amen out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation."

But this was only the bony framework. It had not to be indued with the flesh and skin, so to speak. Everybody who was skilled in carpentry—and in the bush almost everybody learns to be so skilled—gave one, two, or more weeks' work, and before winter the church was covered in, and by spring it was nearly finished. Although not of very elaborate architecture, it was an object of great complacency to the entire community, and especially to those who had wrought upon it. Among these were several who had never previously shown any interest in Church matters, but who now became quite zealous in its secular concerns. They soon became more interested, also, in its religious worship, and were brought at last more immediately under the influence of the Gospel. Get a man to give or work for any object, and you have quickened his interest in that object forever.

(To be continued.)

**"I AM JESUS CHRIST'S MAN."**

THE beginning of Christian life is that a man should submit his whole heart and his whole being to the rule of Jesus Christ. When I was living in Africa, I had a very dear missionary friend, an American missionary. He was a very beautiful speaker of the language, so that when you heard his talk, you would feel that he really knew how. On one occasion he was speaking in a large crowd, in a great town of 60,000 people, a town which war has swept away; but when it was in full prosperity our American friends had a strong mission there, and Phillips was preaching in the market, and among the listeners stood a Mohammedan, who was conspicuous among the rest by wearing a turban. While my friend was speaking, this Mohammedan said,

"White man, stop."

Sometimes services in this country are monotonous; it is a one man ministry right through; it is not half so interesting as when a man or woman asks you a question. So my friend stopped, and the man said,

"My friend, write it down in your book that I am Jesus Christ's man."

That was his way of saying that he meant to be a Christian from that day. And years after, when the war had destroyed the town, and my friend was separated from his church, and there was no chance of getting up to see them, there came a spy to the coast, and he brought these words from that Mohammedan: "Try and find out Phillips, and when you find him, tell him I'm Jesus Christ's man yet."—*Thomas Champness.*

**THE GENTLE SOUTH WIND.**

"Now, Walter Harrison Ames, you get right out of that chair this minute, for that's my seat, and I want to sit there," and little Miss Rose, who looked like a snapdragon just then, tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat us calmly looking out of the window as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading at the other window, but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called the little snapdragon—though he did not use that name—to come to him, as he had a story to tell her.

A story was always a delight; and so the little changeable flower—almost a rose again—went instantly, and seated herself on a little bench at his feet.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going down town," he began, "I met a disagreeable north

wind, and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees, and break off the branches, but the branches were too strong for it, and wouldn't give way. Then it rushed at me, and blow my coat as hard as it could; and said in a gruff tone, as plain as wind can talk, 'Take off your coat quick; I won't wait.' But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and so just buttoned my coat up as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

"In the afternoon, as I came home, the south wind met me; and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first; and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, 'Open your coat, please; open your coat.' I opened it right away—every single button, for I was glad to get all the south wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which is my little girl—the stormy north wind, or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa," answered little Rose cheerily, as she went up to brother Walter, and kissed and patted him, and said, "Please let me have that chair, Walter dear!"

Brother Walter didn't say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught the little south wind up, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses, and scampered off to play.

**A BOY'S BIBLE.**

It is a good plan to begin the day by reading a few verses of God's word and by learning at least one verse by heart. Then we should go on our knees and ask him to lead and guide us all the day. In the reign of James II. a night watchman of the city of London came to a linen-draper who had a shop in Smithfield, and told him that he had frequently noticed of late, in looking through the keyhole, the light of a candle burning in his shop all the night through. He wanted to put him on his guard lest thieves might be making free with his goods while he was asleep. It turned out that the shopkeeper's apprentice—a boy called Newman, had been sitting up three nights a week trying to write out the whole Bible in shorthand. He was afraid, seeing that the power of popery was growing so fast, that soon no one would be permitted to have a printed copy of the Word of God, and he was determined to prepare a copy of his own which no one would be likely to take from him. The secret of happy days and of a good and useful life lies within those sacred pages, and any one may find it who searches for it earnestly and prays for the teaching of the Holy Spirit. It is reconciliation with God through faith in Jesus Christ as our Mediator and Advocate, "in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins," followed by a life of loving and faithful service.—*Rev. W. Park.*

**GOUGH'S TOMBSTONE.**

JOHN B. GOUGH requested that on his monument the following sentiment should be cut as part of the inscription: "I can desire nothing better for this great country than that a barrier high as heaven should be raised between the unpolluted lips of the children and the intoxicating cup; that everywhere men and women should raise strong and determined hands against whatever will defile the body, pollute the mind, or harden the heart against God and his truth." The sentence has been duly added to the stone.

It is a remarkable peculiarity with debts that their expanding power continues to increase as one contracts them.

**A Banker's Eventful Journey—A True Incident.**

BY MISS ELIZABETH G. DANIELLY.

ONCE in a western forest,  
Where the thicket densely grew,  
Where the golden light of heaven  
Scarcely dared to struggle through,  
There groped a weary traveller  
Who had blindly lost his way  
As the shade of night grew darker  
And dispelled the light of day  
Foul murders had polluted oft  
This dismal, lone retreat,  
And here had robbers banded  
With their hidden, stealthy feet.  
A thrill of horror darted  
Through his wild and frenzied mind  
As, in despair, no beaten road,  
Or pathway could he find  
At last a distant ray of light  
His anxious eye discerned,  
And, gladdened by this gleam of hope,  
His faithful steed he turned.  
He reached a wretched cabin,  
Scarcely a fit abode for man,  
Perhaps the den of robbers—  
Oh, imagine, if you can,  
His awe and strange emotion  
As he neared the creaking door,  
Where none, perhaps, but ruffians  
Had ever knocked before.  
'Twas opened by a woman  
Who beheld him with surprise,  
As the cause of his intrusion  
She endeavoured to surmise.  
She told him that her husband,  
Who would presently return,  
Had been out all day hunting  
That a living he might earn;  
But thought she'd give him shelter  
From the wintry, chilling air,  
She told him to unhitch his horse,  
And offered him a chair.  
He sat and mused in silence,  
His alarm was very great,  
He expected an encounter  
And was doubtful of his fate;  
For, hidden in his pockets,  
There were bank-bills by the score,  
Concealed about his person  
Precious gems and valued ore.  
At length the man, in deer-skin shirt,  
And bear-skin cap attired,  
The hunter came with weary tread,  
For many a shot he'd fired.  
As hours passed he silent sat,  
Was in no talking mood,  
And this, the anxious traveller thought,  
Betokened naught of good.  
He took his loaded pistols out  
And placed them by his side,  
Determined to sell dear his life,  
Where braver men had died.  
At last the old man drowsy grew,  
And asked him to retire;  
But no, he said he'd rather sit  
All night before the fire.  
"Well, stranger," then the old man said,  
"I'll let you have your way;  
But always, ere I go to bed,  
I read God's Word and pray."  
Then, stepping to a wooden shelf,  
He reverently took down  
A bible, dingy, old and worn,  
And soon a chapter found.  
The traveller was an infidel,  
He scorned the Holy Book,  
Its sacred counsel oft contemned,  
Its paths of right forsook;  
But what a change came o'er his mind!  
How very calm he grew!  
There was no reason for alarm  
Now, this full well he knew;  
That night he slept as still and sound  
As 'neath his father's roof.  
The sceptic was convinced at last,  
Of this he soon gave proof;  
For, from that long-remembered night,  
He ne'er reviled again  
The Holy Word, the "Book of Books,"  
That none shall read in vain.  
A Christian he at last became,  
And often told the story  
Of how his wayward steps were turned  
From sin to God and glory.



Nobody Else.

Two little hands so careful and brisk,  
Putting the tea-things away;  
While mother is resting awhile in her chair,  
For she has been busy all day  
And the dear little fingers are working for love,

Although they are tender and wee  
"I'll do it so nicely," she says to herself -  
"There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered up-stairs,  
For daddy will quickly be here;  
And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire,

That is burning so bright and so clear.  
Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch.

"He cannot come in without me,  
When mother is tired, I open the door—  
There's nobody else, you see."

Two little arms around daddy's dear neck,  
And a soft, downy cheek 'gainst his own;  
Far out of the nest, so cosy and bright,  
The little one's mother has flown in.  
She brushes the tear-drops away as she thinks

"Now he has no one but me.  
I mustn't give way; that would make him so sad—  
And there's nobody else, you see."

Two little tears on the pillow, just shed,  
Dropped from the two pretty eyes.  
Two little arms stretching out in the dark,  
Two little faint sobbing cries.

"Daddy forgot that I was always waked up  
Then he whispered good-night to me.  
O mother, come back, just to kiss me in bed  
There's nobody else you see."

Little true heart, if mother could look  
Out from her home in the skies,  
She will not pass on to her haven of rest  
While the tears dim her little one's eyes.  
If God has shed sorrow around us just now,  
Yet his sunshine is ever to be!  
An He is the comfort for every one's pain  
There's nobody else, you see.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1444.] LESSON VII. (Nov. 18

HUFGING ONE ANOTHER.

Josh. 21. 43-45; 22. 1-9. Mem. verses, 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Gal 6:2

OUTLINE.

- 1. Rest.
2. Reward.

TIME.—1444 B.C.

PLACE.—Shiloh.

EXPLANATIONS.—Unto their fathers—That is, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob. Swore—Promised. Have not left your brethren—These two and a half tribes, whose home was east of the Jordan, had passed the river with the rest and aided in the conquest. Get you unto your tents—Rather, go to your allotted inheritance east of the Jordan. Keep his commandments—These were already written, and called the book of the law. With riches—Probably booty, from the spoiling of the inhabitants of the land.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. A lesson of confidence in God's word?
2. A lesson of loyalty in God's service?
3. A lesson of fidelity to God's commandments?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How much of the promised land did God give to Israel? All that he had promised. 2. What was the political position of Israel in the land? They were stronger than their enemies. 3. By whose aid had the western tribes won their possessions? Of the tribes from east of Jordan. 4. What reward did they receive for their fidelity? Half of all the spoil. 5. What word of com-

mendation did Joshua give them? Ye have kept the commandment of God. 6. What practical Christian duty had these tribes fulfilled? "Bear ye one another's," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Brotherly kindness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. What is the sinfulness of that state? The want of original righteousness, and the depravity of our nature, through which it has become inclined only to evil.

Romans v. 19. Through the one man's disobedience the many were made sinners. Romans iii. 10. There is none righteous, no, not one.

[Matthew vii. 11; Luke xi. 13.]

B.C. 1427] LESSON VIII. (Nov. 25

THE COVENANT RENEWED

Josh. 24. 19-28. Memory verse, 20-28

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey. Josh. 24. 24.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Choice.
2. The Record.

TIME.—1427 B.C.

PLACE.—Shechem.

EXPLANATIONS.—Ye cannot serve—That is, if you follow the leaning of your natural heart. He will not forgive—If you remain impenitent and incorrigible. Strange gods—Or worship idols; perhaps alluding to the images which they appear to have had at all times in their history among them. Joshua wrote these words—That is, the history of this whole occurrence. A great stone—A monument, or stone pillar, as a witness or memorial. A custom always practised among all nations. The sanctuary of the Lord—Some think the tabernacle had been brought to Shechem for this occasion; others think it means any holy place, made so by the circumstances of the time.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

- 1. That God demands our service?
2. That God demands our entire service?
3. That God demands a holy service?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was Johna's last service with his people? Making a covenant with God. 2. What did he promise for himself and his house? "We will serve the Lord." 3. What did the people promise? "The Lord our God will we," etc. 4. How did Joshua help them to remember the scene? He wrote the words in a book. 5. What was his last recorded official act? Erecting a stone of witness. 6. What was the purpose of it? That they might not deny God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The covenant.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

9. What is this sinfulness commonly called.

Original sin; being that from which actual transgressions proceed.

10. What is the name of the state into which man fell?

All mankind, being born in sin, and following the desires of their own hearts, are liable to the miseries of this life, to bodily death, and to the pains of hell hereafter.

Ephesians ii. 3; Galatians iii. 10; Romans vi. 23.

KEEP STRAIGHT.

LISTEN while I tell you something which deeply concerns your welfare. The subject is the shape of your bodies. God knew the best shape. He created us upright in his own image. None of the inferior animals walk upright. God fitted the great vital organs in your bodies to an erect spine. Do your shoulders ever stoop forward? If they do, so do the lungs, heart, liver and stomach fall down out of their natural places. Of course they can't do their work well. To show you how this is, I will tell you that when you bend forward you can only take about half as much air into the lungs as you can when you stand up straight. As

I have said, God has so arranged the great organs in the body that they can't do their duty well except when the body is straight. O how it distresses me to see the dear little children, whom I love so much, bending over their school desks, and walking with their head and shoulders drooping! My dear children, if you would have a strong spine and vigorous lungs, heart, liver and stomach, you must, now while you are young, learn to walk erect.

If a boy were about to leave this country for Japan, never to return, and were to come to me and ask for rules to preserve his health, I should say: "I am glad to see you, and will give you four rules which, carefully observed, will be pretty sure to preserve your health." He might say to me: "Four are a good many. I fear I may forget some of them. Give me one, the most important one, and I will promise not to forget it." I should reply: "Well, my dear boy, if I can give you but one, it is this: 'Keep yourself straight,' that is sit up straight; walk up straight; and when in bed at night, don't put two or three pillows under your head, as though intent on watching your toes all night." And I believe that in this I should give the most important rule which can be given for the preservation of health and long life. My dear children, don't forget it.

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.

THERE is a story told of a little boy who began keeping accounts when he was seven years old. A little blank book was given him. On one page he wrote, "What is mine." On the opposite, "What is God's." Then he kept a careful account. He gave one-fifth to God. He did not do it for a little while only, but kept it up faithfully.

That little boy will grow into a Christian giver, without doubt. He did this because he thought it was right, not because he was told to do it, and so he found it a pleasure. We always find those things pleasant in the end which we do to please God.

A young girl began many years ago to keep an account, much in the same way. She had no home. She was obliged to earn all the money she had. But she gave one-tenth of it all to the Lord. She, too, had a little book, and kept her accounts faithfully. Said she, "I would not dare use the Lord's money for myself! no, not if I were starving." This young girl was greatly prospered in her life. A great deal of money was given her to use, and she used it faithfully.

Are any of our readers too young to begin to keep accounts? Think: how many of your pennies do you want to give to God? Maybe you do not have many. Never mind. It is the willing heart God loves to see, rather than a large gift. Only if you say you will give him one-fifth, or one-tenth, do not forget, or take it back.

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