

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XVII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

No. 17.

The Little Boy Blue.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The little toy dog is covered in dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them, and put them there,
"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And, as he was dreaming, an angol-song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.
Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face,
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

THE BUILDING OF THE MINSTER.

BY J. E. NILLER, D.D.

In an old city, long ago, some zealous men determined to build a minster for their Master. The building was to be reared with great magnificence, and they brought costly wood and marble from distant lands, and employed the best artists to make the elegant figures for them. When all was ready, they met together to plan where they should build it.

"We will not have it here," they said, "in these narrow streets, where the smoke and dust of traffic would defile the pure whiteness of the marble."

"No," said another, "we will put it on yonder green hill whose summit can be seen from all the surrounding country. There we will build our minster; the world about us shall see it and know what we have done."

So they chose the summit of the hill, and there with willing hands they laboured all the summer long. The grain was just planted when they began, and it was waving like gold when they came together once more to talk about it. They had laboured for months, yet the towers of that minster never rose, and its walls never grew. The people said that what the men did in the daytime a band of angels undid at night.

"It is the hand of God," an aged man said to them; "he will not have the minster builded there for the whole world to see. You should have wrought for his glory, not for your own."

Meekly the builders bowed their heads. They saw the hand of God in the failure of their work, and looking deep into their own hearts they saw there what they could not see before—that they had been working for their own glory, not for God's. So they took up their work again. This time they chose a site in the midst of the city's traffic, where the poor, the lame, the old, the woman and children could go, fair days or foul, to worship. As they laboured a strange Workman came and helped them. He was clad in pure white garments, whose brightness dazzled their eyes. Like magic the walls rose, till they grew to be a wondrous pile. As the men wrought day by day, no one heard the sound of strife, for they knew that their strange fellow-Workman was Jesus Christ, the Lord.

This old legend contains a lesson for us. It is not an easy one to learn, for we all want to erect our pile to God on the summit of the hill, where it will be seen by all the world. We easily forget that sometimes the greatest work we can perform for him is to do quietly and sweetly the little things he gives us to do. He stands by us as a fellow-workman when we labour thus for him.



REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

STREET PREACHING IN LONDON.

One of the most notable features of early Methodism was its street preaching. Wesley, Whitefield, and many others often took their stand amid the crowded fairs of Moorfields and proclaimed the Word of Life with a power that was attested by the tear-washed furrows on the dusky faces of those who thus heard it. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is that this primitive usage of Methodism is being largely employed in the crowded streets of London, and other great cities. Our picture on this page shows a common scene in Whitechapel Road, London. Every Sunday morning the street is like a fair with crowds of people buying and selling. But faithful ministers take advantage of the opportunity to preach to the multitudes the Gospel of Christ. The picture on this page shows the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, one of the foremost workers in the "forward movement" of the Wesleyan Church in Lon-

don, preaching in the open air. This movement has been attended with the greatest success.

THE STORY OF A QUESTION.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

In a long, one-story building on the high bank of an Indian river, there was a strange silence one day. For more than a year since those walls had gone up, with the queer windows so near the roof, and the green slatted blinds, there had been a pleasant hum of young voices, girls' voices, learning the letters of the alphabet; learning that the world is a globe revolving in space, and not placed on the back of an elephant or tortoise; learning that the bright stars are worlds, also, and not "the Sky Lord's cows and buffaloes turned out at night to graze;" learning, above all, of Jesus, the "One above all others," who could be a friend



STREET PREACHING IN LONDON.

and helper in the sad lives of India's ignorant, oppressed women.

But now the rooms are silent, except for the soft footfall of the "Mem Sahib," as she paces up and down, thinking of the strange happenings of the last few days.

"It all began with the beating of that unfortunate boy," she says to herself, recalling how—a few days before as she was threading her way down an alley, with her old syce, who had seen a lad, closely followed by two men, dash across the street. After blows and yells, the lad had been dragged into a house and the door locked.

"Money lenders!" had been the syce's answer to her question. "Oh, yes! they may kill him; no one dares to interfere."

The missionary went straight to the police; the lad was found to be badly injured, and the case came into court. Then the Mem Sahib found out why "no one dared to interfere." For immediately a rumour spread, no one knew how, though one might guess whence, that a hungry goddess wanted one hundred and fifty little bodies, and that—some said, the Mem Sahib was engaged to provide them! Others who knew the missionary's gentle ministrations, said, "Oh, no!" but on their way to school they were kidnapped; and there was a third report, not so boldly uttered, that Queen Victoria was this hungry goddess!

Perhaps there were still other stories, at any rate the school was emptied, the missionary's work broken off, and the Adversary seemed to be triumphing.

"I can only pray and wait," said the missionary. But praying and waiting have often more splendid results than the most fussy and showy activity, and as this child of God waited, the father of one of her girls came begging—like that father of old—that she would come and heal his little daughter, who was at the point of death.

The missionary took her portable medicine-chest and her old syce, and set out at once. The Hindu girl was in a raging fever, and everything they had done had but aggravated her malady; but after twenty-four hours of skilful treatment the fever declined, the wild delirium abated; another twenty-four hours and the child showed that she was recovering. Then the father, who like most men of his nation, had been unwilling for the coming of a daughter, and yet was kind and affectionate in his way—wanted to overwhelm his benefactor with gifts; but she would take nothing.

"The only return I ask of you," said the wise Mem Sahib, "is that you shall put a simple question for me to your neighbours and friends. I do not ask you to answer the question, I only ask you to ask it. What can be the harm in asking a question?"

The grateful father promised, and kept his promise. And, lo! the question was answered by the opening again of the long, low school-room, by the hum of sweet young voices at work again on simple, suitable lessons, by the singing of Gospel hymns, and the uttering of prayers in that strange tongue.

What was this question that had defeated the malice of cunning adversaries, and given the missionary back her little dark-skinned pupils? This was the question put in the mouth of the father whose child had been healed: "If the Mem Sahib's medicine is so good for the body, may not her teaching be good for the heart?"

It was a little thing, not more than David's pebble from the brook, yet the giant Distrust was slain! And shall we not follow the one perfect Example who healed all manner of sickness and disease among the people, and then called upon them to believe, "for the very work's sake"? Shall not the healer of bodies go hand in hand with him who proclaims soul-healing, that together they may work the works of him from whom went forth both virtues? If there is an earnest-hearted lad or lassie among our readers to-day asking, "What shall I do with my life?" let these facts—for these are facts—from a far land suggest a glorious possibility of service.

Life.

The shortest life is longest, if 'tis best;
 'Tis ours to work to God belongs the rest.
 Our lives are measured by the deeds we do,
 The thoughts we think, the objects we pursue.
 A fair young life poured out upon the sod,
 In the high cause of freedom and of God,
 Though all too short his course, and quickly run,
 Is full and glorious as the orb'd sun,
 While he who lives to hoary-headed age
 Oft dies an infant—dies and leaves no sign,
 For he has writ no deed on history's page,
 And unfulfilled is being's great design.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 60 pp., monthly illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 00
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 00
5 copies and over	0 00
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 00
Less than 20 copies	0 00
Over 20 copies	0 00
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 00
10 copies and upwards	0 00
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 00
10 copies and upwards	0 00
Dew Drops, weekly, per year	0 00
Per quarter	0 00
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 00
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 00
Quarterly Review Service, By the year, 25c. a dozen; 62 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per 100.	0 00

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. CHATZ, S. F. HEWITS, Wesleyan Book Room, Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 28, 1897.

Isaiah's song of joy.—Isaiah 12.

ISAIAH.

A prophet, sometimes the evangelical prophet, because he predicted with such remarkable clearness the work of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. Read the 53rd chapter, which is a description of the sufferings of the Saviour, and you will be ready to say that the prophet must have been an eye-witness of those tragic scenes, whereas Christ did not thus suffer until nearly 500 years after Isaiah had given the graphic picture here portrayed. He was inspired of God to write thus. All the prophets foretold the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow, but none of them equalled Isaiah.

CHAPTER XII.

This chapter reads very much like personal experience. Can you repeat this verse? Please commit it to memory.

"What we have felt and seen,
 With confidence we tell,
 And publish to the sons of men,
 The signs infallible."

Men may theorize and give vivid descriptions respecting things, but there is nothing like experience. Suppose a man tells you about a medicine that will perform wonderful cures, and minutely describes all its component parts, but never mentions the name of a single person whom the medicine had cured, what would you think? Would you not be likely to ask him to tell you of one or more persons who had tested the excellency of the said cure-all?

EXPERIENCE.

Isaiah is here describing the blessed effects of the Saviour's incarnation, and the joy which those would experience who believed on him. He anticipated the coming of Christ, and believed on him as his personal Saviour, and thus he exults and rejoices in him, who died the world to redeem. The name of Jesus is sweet music to the sinner, and fills his soul with joy. The precious

words of this chapter have often been used by those who have experienced a knowledge of sins forgiven.

TELL IT TO OTHERS.

Verses 4, 5, 6. Good news always deserves to be made known. People are not afraid to tell others of the medicine which cured them of disease, and why should there be any hesitancy of professing the pardon of sin, or the sanctification of our nature, when we know that we have passed from death unto life. "Jesus loved me and gave himself for me." Any person who believes that precious truth will surely sing,

"Praise God for what he's done for me,
 Once I was blind, but now I see;
 I on the brink of ruin fell,
 Glory to God I'm out of hell."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S FIRST PATIENT.

Florence Nightingale, who afterward became one of the most famous women in the world because of her deeds of mercy and kindness, especially to wounded soldiers, began her work of love when she was a little girl.

We are told that her first patient was a shepherd dog. Some rude boys had hit his leg with stones, and it was very badly hurt—so badly that the men were going to kill the dog in order to put him out of his misery, for he would not let them touch the wound. But little Florence went up to where he lay, saying, in a soft, caressing tone, "Poor Cap! Poor Cap!" The dog looked trustfully up into her eyes, and while she talked to him and stroked his head he allowed his leg to be examined.

She was told there were no bones broken, but that the leg was badly bruised and ought to be fomented to take the swelling down. "Fomented" was such a big word that the little Florence did not quite know what it meant. "How do you foment?" she asked.

"With hot cloths dipped in boiling water," she was answered.

"Then that's quite easy."

And so the little girl went to work and applied the compress of old rags soaked in hot water to the poor dog's wounded leg until he was out of danger, and on the high road toward getting well.

This little girl grew up doing things like that, always doing a kindness and a deed of mercy whenever she had a chance. So we are not astonished to read that after she had come to be a famous woman, when she would walk through the hospital to find out if her orders were being obeyed in the care of wounded soldiers, the grateful men would turn and kiss her shadow where it fell on their pillows.

What a noble thing it is to grow up merciful and kind. The Bible says, "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart; so shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man."

The way to be a kind and merciful man or woman is to begin when we are children.

HARD ON BOYS.

At a recent Bombay school board examination for girls, one of the tasks was an essay on boys, and this was one of the compositions, just as it was handed in by a girl of twelve: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongues till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house."—The Temple Magazine.

THE CHAMELEON.

The chameleon is a funny little animal. It belongs to the lizard family—is harmless and timid. Mr. Keen, one of the near neighbours, had been away to a large Southern city, and had brought a chameleon home with him. Standing on his porch one day, he saw Wickliffe and his friend Philip playing in the yard. He called to them, telling them to come, he had something to show them. The boys were not long obtaining permission, and were soon standing by Mr. Keen's side. He took them to a large double window on the south side of the house, where lovely pot plants and vines

covered a large wire rack, or stand. Standing in front of this was a rustic table, the usual receptacle of the canary's cage; but to-day it held a wire and glass case, in which there was a chameleon. The boys thought the chameleon was a very funny-looking little thing, and began at once to ask questions about it. Mr. Keen told them to watch while he put some green leaves in the case. They opened their eyes wide in astonishment when they saw the chameleon turn green. Mr. Keen now took out the green leaves, and put in a piece of yellow paper, when, lo! the chameleon was now yellow. He took the paper out and picked up Anabel's doll, and taking off a pink bow, put it into the case, and the chameleon was, sure enough, pink this time, assuming the colour of what was near it. Mr. Keen watched the boys' faces as they wore a mingled look of surprise and delight. He told them that the chameleon was the only creature that had the power to change its colour, and that naturalists soon discovered this power, and had tried to account for it in many ways, but they never came to any fixed conclusion as to how or why it was able to change its colour. It was at one time believed that the chameleon lived on air, because of its large lungs, and because it could go so long without food. It had the power, also, to look backward with one eye, while it looks below it and forward with the other one, watching for food. It can protrude its tongue six or seven inches, and procures its food, insects, in this way. The chameleon's home is in parts of Asia, Africa, and Southern Europe. They cannot live in close confinement nor a cold country. The boys never forgot what Mr. Keen told them of the chameleon.

MEN WHO MAKE RUBBER.

Few people, says the New York Journal, ever give a thought to how much of our comfort nowadays depends on a few lazy, sleepy South American natives along the Amazon river. Half the mechanism of our daily life would come to a stop were there a rubber famine. The hundreds of thousands of bicyclists, for instance, would have to jolt along on rigid, springless wheels, and a universal wall would arise from millions of babies deprived of their feeding bottles.

The men who make the rubber in the jungles of Brazil can earn fifteen dollars a day when they choose to work. They toil as little as their necessities permit, however, and for that reason the supply of this article is always far below the demand. Many trees in various parts of the world yield the caoutchouc milk, but none in such quantities as in the seamy, luxuriant jungles along the Amazon.

There the natives cut gashes in the bark and place under the wound a little clay dish. The milk which runs out, if examined under the microscope, is found to be sap, in which are suspended millions of tiny globules of liquid caoutchouc. In three days the trees will bleed about six ounces. The fluid is collected and taken home, where the native operator evaporates the surplus moisture and reduces the caoutchouc to the condition so familiar in raw India-rubber.

He has a wooden mould on the end of a stick, and having dipped this in the milk he dries it in a fire of oily nuts, forming a thin, elastic film over the mould. He keeps on adding to this by repeated dippings and cooking over the fire until a solid cake of rubber is the result. An expert will make six or seven pounds an hour, but the native will work at his leisure. Every sort of food or commodity in these districts has to be imported and brings a high price. Thither find their way, eventually, most of the gay-coloured ties that changing fashions leave upon the dealers' hands in New York and London. Often a native will wear one of these, which will cost him four or five dollars, and little other clothing. It seems a charming and idyllic sort of existence, but no white man can withstand the fevers, and so the lazy natives have a monopoly of their trade.

When a conflagration takes place in any of the principal towns of Germany each fire company is accompanied by a "Schaphander." This is a man whose dress is largely composed of asbestos, and is rendered thereby quite fireproof. His face also is protected by a helmet and visor of the same material. He carries on his back a large sack of the same material, in which he can remove helpless people from the burning building in case of necessity. He can manage an adult or two or three children at once.

Wanted—A Million Boys.

BY ELIZABETH M. APPLEBURY.

Wanted—a million boys. Say, boys, do you hear?
 Wanted—a million boys—all good boys, that is clear.
 An army of teetot'lers, a million strong, or more,
 Are going to fight King Bacchus and close the saloon door.

Wanted—a million brave, true boys, with courage to say "No!"
 To all kinds of temptation to every wily foe,
 That seeks to lure them on to drink the soul-destroying rum,
 Which flaunts its fiery signal and says unto them: "Come."

Wanted—a million honest boys, of every size and age,
 To help blot out the record, the dark, polluted page,
 Which bears the impress of the laws that legalize the trade,
 By which ten million boys are spoiled—ten million drunkards made.

Wanted—a million hearty boys. What's wanted with them now?
 To win good health, the truest wealth, to plant, and sow, and plough;
 To drink at health's pure fountain that ripples down the hill,
 And say their nay to every way which leads them to do ill.

To take some comrade by the hand and help him on the way;
 Lead him to shun the vile saloon, the great curse of the day,
 To leave the road the drunkard goes, and swear allegiance ever
 To temperance, to fight its foes, and drink to ruin never.

Come, boys, and pledge right heartily your lives and honour true,
 That you will never drink strong drink, whatever others do.

A million boys stand pledged to-day their hearty aid to give,
 To help the cause of temperance and help the poor to live.

Ten million women join with them and lift their hearts in prayer,
 That these same boys, and millions more, may 'scape the saloon's snare.

—Religious World.

A HOUSE MOVED BY SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

Just think, remarks Fhebe Bird, in The Advance, what a curious and beautiful thing this was—the moving of a house by seven thousand Minneapolis school-children! The house is said to be the first one put up on the west side of the Mississippi River, where Minneapolis now stands. It was built by Colonel Stevens in 1848, and in it the first white child of Minneapolis, a little girl named Mary Elizabeth, was born; the first religious services of the place were held there, and there the first church was organized.

By-and-bye the place where it stood was wanted for business, and the house was moved. The same thing happened to it several times, until finally it got "lost," but it was found again, and a generous man bought it and offered it to the Park Board if they would move it. This they were glad to do, and somebody suggested that the school-children be invited to do the moving.

When the proposition was made to the schools, over seven thousand of the scholars enthusiastically volunteered to help. No students below the fourth grade were accepted, probably because it was thought that they were not strong enough. The scholars were divided into relays of a thousand each, each relay having a separate badge.

The house was mounted on heavy wheels, and at nine o'clock a thousand boys took hold of the ropes and pulled it a seventh part of the distance; then another thousand took their turn, and so on, until all of them had had their pull, and about two o'clock in the afternoon it reached the end of its journey. Then there were speeches and a general good time for everybody.

The city made the day a holiday, and the boys with badges were given free rides on the city cars. The house is a story and a half frame, and Colonel Stevens, its builder, who is still living in Minneapolis, made a short address. I suppose this is the first time in the world a house was ever moved by school-children. It has been set down near Minnehaha Falls, and when we go to Minneapolis we must all go and see it.—Visitor.

Harvest Hope.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

The sweetest thought the harvest-time can bring
Is that it keeps for us the hope of spring.
Ripe seeds are hidden in the fruits' rich heart;
Brown nuts are wind-tossed from the tree apart!
The kind earth gathers to her own warm breast
Roots, stripped of leafy growth, for winter's rest,
In autumn time what stores of strength are sealed,
To be to later needs of men revealed!

Fair are the harvest fields the hills between,
But nobler are the gifts that are unseen—
The promise for the acres yet untilled,
The hope with which onlooking care is stilled.
For grains that we within our garner lay
May fill the furrows whence to us to-day
Is borne the solemn music of the pines,
Or swaying birches show their silvery lines.

A sure, sweet hope nestles at sorrow's side;
Within all growth do nobler growths abide.
Because such seeds of thought are in her earth
Can bear with patience her long time of dearth.
The sleeping rose-roots have their dreams of bloom,
The tiniest herb for its own germ hath room;
Dying, it keeps its life through time unknown,
And next year's wild flowers are already sown.

COUNTER COLLEGE.

When Richard Atwood, eager for college, knew it was selfish even to finish high school, he found unselfishness a trying ordeal. But he loved his mother and felt her long sacrifice for him. And he resolved that rest should recruit her failing strength if he could help her to rest.

This was why, one morning, when the other boys were going merrily to school, he stood, a clerk, behind the counter of Tidd & Titus' village store, awkward and embarrassed whenever a customer addressed him, doubtful whether he should ever know the names of half the things, and with a melancholy sigh struggling upward now and then at thought of the old desk where he had loved to pore over the books, now neatly stacked on a shelf in the sitting-room at home.

Dr. Bartlet knew Richard Atwood "like a book." He had seen him safely through many childish ailments, had cared for his father in his last sickness and had assured Richard's mother that rest from so much sewing would soon make the pain in her side a thing of the past. Dr. Bartlet knew Richard's sacrifice, and sympathized with it.

Some people sympathize with you, and you never know it. But Dr. Bartlet was not of that sort. He remembered that Richard would be in a strange place that morning, and he remembered, too, to go and see him there.

All the boys liked to meet the doctor. They respected him so much that they felt honoured when he spoke to them in his hearty way, and they had an instinctive knowledge that he was their friend.

To Richard, with a lump in his throat, of which he was ashamed, the sight of the family friend, coming in at the store door, whose bell tinkled cheerily as he entered, was a good sight indeed. He smiled ever before the doctor called out:

"How are you, my boy? I heard you had entered Counter College, and I called around right away to congratulate you."

Richard looked puzzled. "I've been to Counter College myself," went on the doctor, "and learned some of my best lessons there. The counter was about the size of this, but not nearly so shiny."

A gleam of intelligence came into Richard's eyes as the doctor laid his hand on the broad, hard wood of the counter.

"Were you ever a clerk?" he asked. "I went to Counter College," said the doctor, "and without its instruction I should not be nearly so wise as I am well known to be."

The merry twinkle and of a pretence of thinking himself wise, accompanying the doctor's word, drove all the serious look out of Richard's face.

"I wish," he said, "you would tell me

what some of your lessons were. I should like to study them. If I don't have to leave off study I shall not so much mind measuring and weighing, while my class are going on with Latin, Greek, and the rest of it."

The doctor sat upon a stool as if he were about to shop a little, and had you seen him drop his soft hat upon the counter and lean forward with a sociable, visiting air, you would not have dreamed that he was one of the busiest of men.

"Necessity and Responsibility," he said, "were two of the faculty when I went to Counter College, and of them I learned industry, patience, method, and self-reliance. My honour, too, was strengthened by their demands on me; my judgment was developed, and my whole character gained in force. I found the drill of Counter College of great service later in life."

"I see what you mean," said Richard, smiling, yet speaking without enthusiasm. "You got discipline. We always have that to fall back on when we lose everything else."

"But I did not lose everything else," continued the doctor, "for there was another member of the faculty much more to the mind of a growing boy, with a taste for knowledge. This member was Observation."

Richard looked increasingly interested. "I had studied geography, yet I never could easily remember about products until I began to measure sugar, molasses, tea, coffee, spices, and the like, and became curious and inquisitive about their preparation for market. I remember I used to examine the cloves, and wonder how they looked green and growing, and when the covers were lifted from a box of raisins, and they lay so neatly packed, I thought of the warm skies of Europe, and wished I might see the foreign peasants gather and get them ready for home housekeepers. As for the queer Chinese belonging of the tea-chest, I learned about all I know of China, its history and government, during my first three months at Counter College. I was led into it by my interest in the odd things that came with the tea."

Richard looked up at a picture opposite, representing Chinese picking tea, with the great wall in the distance, and resolved he would make himself sure about the history of the wall. He knew, in a vague way, how and why it was built, yet he could not have given an intelligent account of it, though he considered himself through with geography and all he could learn from it, long ago. But before he could put his resolution into words a customer came in, made some small purchases, and offered a five dollar bill in payment. Correct attention to this matter required considerable pains, and Richard felt a good deal embarrassed at the thought that he must seem awkward to the buyer and to the looker on.

"Isn't that a new bill?" asked the doctor, as the bell jingled after the retreating customer. "Yes, sir," replied Richard, producing it. The doctor looked at it, and said: "It is new, but not a new series. That is Garfield, one of our two murdered presidents. You were pretty small when he died, but I suppose you have learned at school the history of the case, and the causes that led up to it."

"I am afraid I don't know it very well," said Richard doubtfully. "I think you would be interested in studying it," said the doctor, "and the story of the madness that cost the life of Lincoln, too, and that would take you into the history of the Civil War, and all the slavery agitation from the beginning. An inquiring boy could be led into all there is to know about his country by following up the history of the faces on the paper money we use."

At that moment the doctor's boy drove up with his carriage, and he rose, put on his hat and held out his hand to Richard. "My boy," he said, "I was once a poorer boy than you are, with just your thirst for education, and I found that I could not be placed anywhere without finding some way open to knowledge, if I knew how to walk in it. It will be so with you, and though I won't pretend that I think Counter College as desirable as some other schools I know, yet I am sure you can learn a great deal here pretty thoroughly. If you want any books of reference in your studies, come into my library any time."

Richard looked bright and happy. "Thank you," he said heartily, "I don't think I shall mind doing this work at all, after what you have said."

"Oh, yes, you will," replied the doctor. "You will often be down-hearted and regretful. But if you are the boy I take you for, you will shake yourself out of such moods, and show yourself able to get much from little. If we are faithful

in a few things, you know, we shall be ruler over many. That is not in the Bible because it sounds well, but because it is true."

This was not the only encouragement the doctor gave Richard at his daily toll, but it was perhaps the most useful, because it turned his thoughts to present opportunities just when he thought all opportunity over. And should every student at Counter College act so industriously upon wise suggestion as did Richard, the young clerks who look upon their work as mere measurement and making of change, would become as intelligent as many boys who have the uninterrupted advantage of school.

TRUE GREATNESS.

Rev. H. W. Knapp, in his eulogy upon Ruskin, tells how Ruskin began by giving first a tenth of his income to the poor, then half, and finally nearly the whole.

If others would not encourage the study of art in schools, Ruskin would buy ten water-colour drawings of William Hunt, and give them to the public schools of London.

He fell heir to one million of dollars; this amount he has given away except a sufficient sum to give him an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year. Upon this he now lives, the income of his books being distributed among his old pensioners and his various plans for social reform.

He bestowed his art treasures with like generosity. He gave the marbles which he had collected in Greece and his priceless Italian drawings to public galleries and museums, where they would benefit the common people.

Refusing the invitations of the rich, and putting away the temptation to a life of elegant ease and refined luxury, Ruskin gave himself to the poor. His best lectures were never given where English wealth and social prestige were represented, but were delivered to working-girls' clubs and workingmen's associations.

If Rousseau refused the yoke of law and service upon the plea of genius, this man, by reason of his talents, was careful to fulfil the duties not expected of mediocrity.

KEEPING THE GOOD NEWS.

A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her. They said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got the pardon and peace and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there! Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news."

"BETSY'S IMPS."

"Betsy's imps," as they were called, numbered more than seventy. These same "imps" were the children who attended a school started toward the end of 1798 by Elizabeth Fry, "a timid and delicate woman," who, after her heart was "touched at seventeen years of age," never, to quote her own words, "awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how I must best serve my Lord."

Before her conversion "Betsy Gurney" had been the brightest and gayest of the Gurney lot—herself and six sisters.

This group of merry girls attended religious service one February Sabbath in 1798 in Earlsam, England.

"A strange minister, William Savery, who had come from America, preached that morning. Betsy's attention was very soon fixed, her eyes filled with tears, and she became a good deal agitated. . . Savery had won her heart for Christ. . . She began to lead a life apart."

The Bible became her chief study, and from that time she gave herself to visiting the poor, and especially the sick.

After the school known as "Betsy's Imps" was established, "a Sunday-school was formed, and afterward a little day-school in Norwich (an adjoining town), where some of the best servants

in the neighbourhood were trained by this same earnest young Christian.

About this time Joseph Fry, himself a zealous young Christian worker, visited Earlsam and went to see "Betsy's Imps." Soon after he proposed to Betsy, who at first "unhesitatingly refused him."

But he finally conquered, and, after starting other schools, and looking after the poor later, Mrs. Fry became a "minister." "though this was," she says, "awful to her nature, terrible to her as a timid and delicate woman."

Mrs. Fry's famous work in Newgate did not, however, begin till 1813.

Rich in events though her life may be, no more interest attaches to the early womanhood of Elizabeth Fry, who may well be regarded by her sex as one of the most daring pioneers, than the glimpse we get of her when, surrounded by "Betsy's Imps," she was wooed and won by the man who influenced her life to the discharge of public service.—Forward.

A BOY'S CONVERSION.

Seventy-six years ago, the Methodist Penny Magazine was issued in England, and James Greener, then a boy of nine years, bought a copy of the first number in the Sunday-school and took it home to read. That paper contained the story of a boy, seven years of age, who was converted and died happy. James said to himself, "That boy was converted at seven years of age, and I am nine years old and not converted yet." He went to his room, and kneeling down beside his bed, prayed and wept before God because of his sins. The Lord heard him and pardoned his sins there and then while he prayed, and he went down and told his mother how happy he was. This boy became a preacher of the Gospel and was a Methodist minister for fifty-four years and a holy and useful man. He died last June in Lindsay, Ont., where his home had been for the last twenty-five years.

AN ACT OF COURTESY.

When the train bringing the McKinley party into Washington stopped at the station, the incoming President found himself, after the custom of like times, greeted by a great concourse of people and surrounded by masses of flowers. Selecting from among these flowers a bunch of the most beautiful, when his salutations were made he walked the length of the platform alone and handed them to the engineer who had brought the train in safety.

It was an evidence of delicate courtesy possible, perhaps, only in a democracy, but it revealed, as no message to Congress and no proclamation to a country could reveal, the real nature of the man—the fundamental impulses of his character. Even those disagreeing with him as a statesman must do honour to him as a man.—Harper's Bazar.

TURNING CHARITY TO ACCOUNT.

One very severe winter, when distress was terribly prevalent, a soup kitchen was opened in a destitute neighbourhood, the lady patronesses themselves, for the sake of economy, taking it in turn to superintend the supply of the soup. The faces of the applicants became in time so familiar to their benefactresses that one day, when a little girl who was in the habit of taking only one plate asked for three, the lady in charge said:

"Three penny plates to-day, my dear? How is that?"

"If you please, ma'am," replied the child, with a suspicion of pride in her tone, "we have some friends coming to dinner to-day."

PARTICULARLY HONEST.

An Oakland bootblack, an honest man who would not deceive his patrons, when he first went into business, six years ago, put up a sign which read: "Joe Garibaldi, bootblack. Has two small children." Each succeeding year found him deserving of more sympathy, for he kept amending the sign until it read, eight small children. A few days ago Joe's stand was locked for a whole day, and when he returned the next morning he confided to the butcher's boy that his baby had died. His first work was to amend the sign so that it might not mislead the public, and it then read: "Joe Garibaldi, bootblack. Has seven small children." Then, to avoid being placed in a false position before the public, he added with his finger and shoe-blackening: "One he die"—Argonaut.

Fairy Umbrellas.

Said wet east wind, calling loud to Rain,
"Come down little drops, to the April
flowers;"

And over the grass and the sleeping
grain,
And into the street they swept in
showers.

They tapped at each door and called,
"Come up!"

For the bleak, cold wind and the snow
are gone;
Arbutus is lifting her perfumed cup,
And the grass is carpeting all the
lawn."

But the fairies that lived in the quiet
wood,

All wore their n / spring bonnets that
day,

So they raised their umbrellas as quick
as they could,

And under the trees went trooping
away.

And the people said, when they saw
them there,

The fairy umbrellas out in the rain,
"Oh! spring has come, so sweet and so
fair,

For there are those odd little load-
stools again."

you mean the man, you did that! This
morning, when he arose, he was sober;
when he walked down the street, on his
way to work, he was sober, when he
went into your gin-shop, he was sober,
and now he is what you made him. Is
he not a true specimen of the work done
inside?"—*Gems of Illustration.*

A NEW SOCIETY.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

Violet Kerr was excited about some-
thing; that was clear. Her cheeks were
flushed and her eyes were very bright.

"Girls! girls!" she exclaimed, as soon
as she could recover her breath after her
hurry to overtake the group who were
walking along a pleasant street. "What
do you think I heard Miss Baker say
just now?"

"We can't think at all, 'cause we don't
know, of course. Tell us," chimed two
or three voices.

"Well, you know I ran back for my
book, and when I got it I started out the
front way. Miss Baker and Mr. Clarke
were talking in the hall, and I heard
Miss Baker say, 'I'm just discouraged.
I wonder if some one else could do any
better with my class?' And I wouldn't
go past then for anything, so I came

Did they wait till next Sunday to begin?
Oh! no, indeed. That very day they
looked over the lesson for the next Sun-
day. That was a good beginning.

Then they told Jennie and Maud of
the new society, and reminded each
other through the week of their promise.
They might have called their new circle
the Teachers' Aid Society, but they did
not think of it. They did not name
themselves at all. They simply did what
they banded together to do, and it was
much better to do this without a fine
name than to have a fine name and do
nothing.

You should have seen Miss Baker's
face the next Sunday after the well-
learned lesson had been recited by the
well-behaved class. It was plain to be
seen that she was "encouraged," as May
had said. She did not refer to their
previous carelessness and inattention,
but she said, in the gladdest tone, "Girls,
you have helped me so much to-day. I
have enjoyed every minute of the hour."

But after school little May did the
most encouraging thing of all.

"Thank you, Miss Baker, for the nice
lesson to-day," she whispered; "I liked
it ever so much, and I mean to try to
Miss Baker kissed May lovingly.

"It is so good to have you tell me this,
if you thought it," she said.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Past, v. 1-4.
Who suffered for us in the flesh?
As a consequence of this what should
we do?
How can we arm ourselves with the
mind that was in Christ?
How can we cease from sin?
To whose will should we conform?
What does "work the will of the
Gentiles" mean?
Are Christians tempted to this now?
What do worldly-minded people think
strange?
Why do they misrepresent Christians?
Is it worldly-wise to indulge in revelry
and intoxication?
Is such conduct advantageous to our-
selves or our friends?
Is it morally justifiable?
- The Future, v. 5, 6.
Who is "him that is ready to judge"?
What class of people especially shall
be made to give an account to him?
What does "the quick and the dead"
mean? It is generally explained to
mean those that are alive when God
judges the world and those are till then
dead.
When, with this understanding, was
the Gospel preached to them that are
dead? When they were alive.
- The Present, v. 7, 8.
What is at hand?
What should we therefore be?
What should we do?
What should we have?
What is the meaning of charity?
In what sense does love cover the mul-
titude of sins?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
- That sinners always misunderstand
true Christians?
 - That all men everywhere can be
saved?
 - That we should be sober and watch
unto prayer?
 - That the root of all virtue is love?

The finest metal wire made is the
1-500th part of an inch in diameter,
which is finer than a human hair. To
produce so fine a wire the metal is drawn
through drilled diamonds, because the
rough wearing of the steel plates,
through which ordinary wire is drawn,
would destroy the hair wire.

Epworth League REQUISITES

Constitution and Laws. In one leaflet. Per doz. \$0 10
Suggestions, Constitution and By-laws for Junior
Leagues. Per doz. 0 10

Prayer Meeting Topics

With blank space on first page for writing in
the name of League. Per hundred. 0 75
With name of League printed in—Fifty copies 0 00
Per hundred. 1 00
Per additional hundred. 0 60

With name of League and list of Officers on
first page—Fifty copies. 1 50
Per hundred. 1 75
Per additional hundred. 0 60

With Leaders or any change in Topics,
\$1.00 extra.

Six-page Folding Card, with name of League,
list of Officers and Committees and
Church Services—Fifty copies. 2 25
Per hundred. 2 50
Per additional hundred. 0 80

Estimates given for Printing Topics selected by Local Leagues.

Junior League Prayer Meeting Topics. On card-
board. Per hundred. 0 50
Associate Member's Pledge Card. Per hundred. 0 50
Active Member's Pledge Card. Per hundred. 0 50
Junior League Pledge Card. Per hundred. 0 50
Membership Certificate Card. Printed in colors.
Per hundred. 1 00
Removal Certificate Card. Printed in colors. Per
hundred. 1 00
Epworth League Charter. Handsomely litho-
graphed. 0 25
Epworth Ribbon. Per yd. 0 20
Epworth League Badges. from 0 20
Epworth League Wall Pledge. 1 00
Conference Constitution of the Epworth League. 0 03
Epworth League Manual. A handbook of
Epworth League methods. Compiled by
Rev. A. C. Crews, General Secretary of
Epworth Leagues and Sunday Schools in
Canada. 0 25
Junior League Handbook. Devoted to Junior
League methods of work. By Rev. S. T. Bart-
lett, Superintendent of Junior Leagues in
the Bay of Quinte Conference. 0 25

Postage Paid

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.
C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.
S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX.



SPECIMEN OF WORK DONE INSIDE.

"One of my friends," says the Rev.
Charles Garrett, "is a very earnest,
shrewd man, who seems to always know
how to do the best thing at the right
time." One day he was passing a gin-
shop in Manchester, when he saw a
drunken man lying on the ground. The
poor fellow had evidently been turned
out of doors when all his money had
gone. In a moment my friend hastened
across the street, and, entering a grocer's
shop, addressing the master, said:

"Will you oblige me with the largest
sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the
matter?"

"Oh, you shall see in a minute or two.
Please let it be the very largest sheet
you have."

The sheet of paper was soon procured.
"Now, will you lend me a piece of
chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, whatever are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently."

He then quickly printed in large let-
ters: "Specimen of the work done in-
side!" He then fastened the paper
right over the drunken man, and retired
a short distance. In a few moments
several passers-by stopped, and read
aloud: "Specimen of the work done in-
side." In a very short time a crowd
assembled, and the publican, hearing the
noise and the laughter outside, came out
to see what it was all about. He eagerly
bent down and read the inscription on
the paper, and then demanded, in an
angry voice, "Who did this?"

"Which?" asked my friend, who had
now joined the crowd. "If you mean
what is on the paper, I did that; but if

back as softly as I could and ran out the
other way; and, girls, whatever should
we do if Miss Baker wouldn't teach us
any more?" Violet's blue eyes opened
wide as she asked the question.

"I don't know what she's discouraged
about," said May Grant, the youngest
scholar.

"Well, I know," said Violet; "it's the
way we've been behaving lately. I just
feel ashamed of myself."

"It's too bad," said Grace Bell. "We
haven't learned our Golden Texts, nor
studied our lessons, nor anything."

"It would be dreadful if Miss Baker
gave us up," said Susie Gray. "She's
the best teacher we ever had. I don't
know why we've been cutting up so in
the class and not minding her. It's
mean as can be, I think."

"I wonder if it would encourage her
if we'd all begin right off to be good?"
said little May.

"Of course it would," exclaimed Grace,
who was the eldest; "and, oh, girls! I've
thought of something. Let's be a so-
ciety; to help Miss Baker and encourage
her. We won't need any officers, nor
anything like that. We'll only promise
to help Miss Baker, every one of us.
How'll we do it?"

"We'll be in time, for one thing.
We've been lazy lately," said one.

"We must study our lessons," said
another.

"And get new scholars if we can."

"Jennie Green and Maud Harper were
absent to-day. We must tell them, so
that they'll help, too."

This wonderful list of things to do to
help Miss Baker showed plainly enough
that the girls knew very well what was
needed.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 28.

SALUTARY WARNINGS.

1 Peter 4. 1-8. Memory verses, 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto
prayer.—1 Peter 4. 7.

OUTLINE.

- The Past, v. 1-4.
- The Future, v. 5, 6.
- The Present, v. 7, 8.

Time and Place.—The First Epistle of
Peter appears to have been written from
Babylon, not before 63, and probably not
long after 67 A.D. It appears to be ad-
dressed to the districts in which Paul
had laboured, and especially to persons
under trial (evidently converted Gentiles),
and it contains elevated Christian doc-
trine mixed with practical exhortation.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Salutary warnings (temperance).—
1 Peter 4. 1-8.
Tu. Wise counsel.—Prov. 23. 15-23.
W. Blessedness of watching.—Luke 12.
31-40.
Th. Punishment of unfaithfulness.—Luke
12. 41-48.
F. Be ready!—Matt. 24. 42-51.
S. Watch and be sober!—1 Thess. 5.
1-11.
Su. Watch and pray!—Mark 13. 28-37.