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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Lesson from the Camel.

The camel at the close of the day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off,
And rest again.

My soul, thou too shouldst to thy knees
When twilight draweth to a close,
And let thy Master lift the load,
And grant repose.

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that he no load too great
Will make thee bear.

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.

BY JAMES W. STEELE.

I.

Mexico, save to the very few, has until very recently been an almost unknown country. Among the latest achievements of engineering enterprise must be counted the construction of the Mexican Central Railway, forming a continuous line through the heart of the country from Paso del Norte to the Capital. The republic is now open for the entrance of whomsoever will, and her chiefest cities are connected by a continuous line with the entire railway system of the continent. Fenced by impassable barriers for some three hundred years, this old, rich, quaint and isolated empire has suddenly become the coming country of the capitalist and the tourist. Mexico is accessible, as she has never been before, hopeful, expectant, and abandoning all the ancient antagonisms of race and custom, asking for no passports and making no inquiries, she invites every comer from the land of her ideals and hopes, to the palms and pyramids, the gray towers and tropical gardens, of a capital that may be as old as Thebes, is as quaint as Tangiers, as foreign as old Spain, and as new as the newest Canadian territory to all modern things.

Winter and summer the climate remains nearly the same, a region of tropical latitude, but immense elevations. Mexico is pre-eminently the land of mountains. Ragged sierras, towers, castles, cones, seamed and scarred



MOUNT POPOCATAPETL, MEXICO.

veterans of the age of fire, fence the horizon in. Among them lie valleys where the vertical sun shines scarce half the day, where villages nestle and mysterious waters flow, and where the only aspiring thing is the tower of the inevitable church, shapely and beautiful even in the most squalid village. You may go from the Capital by rail to Yantepec, at the foot of his serene and smoky majestic, Popocatepetl. If you are adventurous you may even climb that elevation of some 19,000 feet, standing amid eternal snows, you may look down into the fervid heart of our common mother earth. But everywhere you will encounter a primitive, slow and picturesque people.

THE MEXICAN AT HOME.

stands as the sixth race; unlike all others in appearance, gait, language, and probably blood itself. Street and village scenes afford the stranger a panoramic amusement which does not fall him in weeks of association. Customs, industries, habits, mechanical operations, with industrial contrivances unknown to all the world beside, are everywhere. But everywhere and always you are wrapped in a climatic brilliance that never fades, save when it gives place to the flashes of stars that seem nearer and brighter than ours. It is the perpetual glow of a land where winter never comes, and whose people, time immemorial, worshipped the sun.

Four-fifths of the people of Mexico are Indians; that is to say, pure Aztecs. The remainder are of mixed descent, and, in a few cases, Castilians. Spain, her glory, her tyranny and her dominion, have seemingly left but the faintest marks upon Mexican personal characteristics. Religion somewhat modified, language,

and the Moorish architecture are her bequests to Mexico, and are apparently all that is left to mark the brilliant conquest of Cortez.

Of the whole number, a larger proportion of the population than of any country except Italy, seem to be very poor. Every Mexican toiler is so from early youth. Boys are stone-cutters and burden-bearers from twelve years. The peasant's gate is quick and all his movements active. He is a notoriously fast walker. Slight in figure, and thick-set, he will, and often does, carry a burden of three hundred pounds, and go off with it at a jog-trot. Three men, and sometimes two, will carry a piano a dozen squares. A crate of crockery, of vegetables, of fruit, of anything, may be discerned jogging rapidly up some steep road, so huge that the bearer is quite invisible, and he has tirelessly borne it across mountain and valley in a country where leagues are notoriously long.

Every Mexican, of every grade and class, is a courteous man. Ask him a question, and he invariably gives you the best answer at his command. He is generally willing to spend time and effort for your accommodation. He is never embarrassed. Look at a Mexican gentleman, and he is wont to smile and salute you. Ask him a question on the street, and he will shake hands with you at parting. People whom you never saw before, and will in all probability never see again, will willingly show you through museums and libraries, give you their time for an hour, shake hands and bid you good bye, merely because you are a stranger, and during the whole time never ask you a personal question.

In outlying towns the idea of what constitutes a hotel is, to say the least, unique. It is a building into whose open court the diligence drives through a castellated gateway. Mules, pigs, and domestic fowls occupy the place together. A water-tank is in the centre. Around the sides are the rooms. Each has one door, no windows, no beds, no furniture of any description. The wayfarer furnished everything and carries it with him, and rents the

room for a single night. It reminds one of the scenes in Don Quixote.

Nearly all of Mexico that the tourist will wish to visit has an elevation of from five to seven thousand feet, and though far within the tropics, may be said to be never oppressively hot and never really cold. It is always warm in the sun, always cool in the shade, always chilly at night-fall.

It may be at first a matter of surprise that with an advancement in art that surprises every visitor the country has no literature. So far as I have been able to discover, there is not a publishing house in the republic, and the three or four book-stores of the city are filled with French works, either scientific or novels.

Go Up Head.

A mighty hush is o'er the land,
That's different to the regular rule,
A stillness reigns on every hand,
The boys and girls are all at school,
There is no shouting in the yard,
They have their books and slates instead,
And every one is trying hard
To get up head.

Hark! "I love, thou lovest, he loves!"
What sweet familiar words are they!
Work hard! old Time relentless shoves
To-day far into yesterday.
Work hard, my lad—the reason why,
You soon will have to earn your bread,
And so it's worth your while to try
To get up head.

There's splendid prizes to be won,
They're every one in sight to-day;
There's splendid deeds that must be done,
You wish to do them? Then you may!
The solemn bench with judges ermined,
Wreaths to fit your clever head,
Go to work and be determined
To get up head.

"Three and three is six and three's nine"
Good, my little kindergartner,
Good, thou little friend of mine,
Fortune has thee for a partner
Toddle home now with your brother,
And before you're washed and fed,
Go and tell your happy mother,
"I dot up head."

—The Khan



TYPICAL MEXICAN.



THE CONVENT GATE.

Autumn.

By J. MORRIS.

Like fiery cones of living gold,
Our every vale and height,
The trees are beautiful to behold
In Autumn's dreamy light

Here, where the ray of setting sun
O'er fading verdure grieves,
Northward in silence, one by one,
Flutter the dying leaves.

O Father, whose almighty hand
Poured unconsuming fire
On every tree in forest-land,
Do thou our souls attire.

In living faith, that when at last
Like withered leaves we fall,
Thy friendly care for Autumn's blast
May shield us, one and all.

And when, as Autumn's frosty breath
Cuts loose the dying leaves,
The white-winged messenger of death
Shall cut the ripened sheaves;

We may, in answer, to that call
Forsake each dread alarm,
And with unwavering courage fall
On his upholding arm

Not here, like falling leaves to die
And moulder in the ground,
But in a brighter world on high
With fadeless glory crowned.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

THE COMPASS.

The compass is one of the most important things on board a vessel, for without it the captain could not tell which way to guide his ship. A passenger noticed on board a big steamer two compasses, one on deck and the other high up on the mast. He asked why the one below was not enough, and he was told that sometimes it was put a little out of order by the attraction of the great mass of iron of which the ship was built, and then the tiny needle would not point truly to the north, and very dangerous mistakes might be made. The one up on high was always true, and showed when the one down below went wrong. "We steer," the captain said, "by the compass above." Our little lives have to be steered like ships at sea. One compass is our own will, and the other is God's will. They ought to be both alike, but very often our will makes mistakes, and we must not forget to look up to the Higher Will and see that our own is not pointing wrong. Our ships will be safe if we "steer by the compass above."

THE READING HABIT.

Whoever desires to retain through life the habit of reading books and of thinking about them, says James Bryce, in The Youth's Companion, will do well never to intermit that habit, not even for a few weeks or months. This is a remark abundantly obvious to those whose experience of life has taught them how soon and how completely habit gains command of us. Its force cannot be realized by those who are just beginning

life, when an unbounded space of time seems to stretch before us, and we find a splendid confidence in the power of our will to accomplish all we desire. The critical moment is that at which one enters on a business or a profession, or the time when one marries.

Those who are fortunate enough to keep up the practice of reading, outside the range of their occupation, for two or three years after that moment, may well hope to keep it up for the rest of their life, and thereby not only to sustain their intellectual growth, but to find a resource against the worries and vexations and disappointments which few of us escape. To have some pursuit or taste by turning to which in hours of leisure one can forget the vexations, and give the mind a thorough rest from them, does a great deal to smooth the path of life.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS AT PRAYER.

A lady who went with her husband on a scientific expedition to Funafuti, a coral island in the South Pacific, gives this interesting testimony to the results of missionary labours.

"The natives never miss prayers. We took them away to various islets for several dredging and surveying trips, and the boatmen assembled in clean lavas regularly at six in the morning and at sundown on the beach for prayer-meeting. No matter where we were, or what the weather was like, prayers were never neglected. We were very much astonished the first time we saw them preparing for the service, getting into clean clothes, and grouping themselves round a fire. We wondered what the fire was for, as it was a hot night, and we wondered why the men had put on clothing, because they seldom wear any but the loin cloth, when working. The fire was to give light enough for Opataia to read by, and the clothes were a part of the religious ceremony, 'palenticoes,' being one of the observances that the pastors insist on.

"My husband and I were strolling on the sandy beach while these preparations were going forward, but the sudden outburst of the weird singing stopped our wanderings, and we stood still to watch these brown children of the London Missionary Society. It was a perfect night, still and balmy, with a faint light from a young moon, and the natives made an exquisite picture as they sat in their bright clothes round a wood fire, under a stately clump of palms. They sang a hymn heartily and reverently, and then Opataia's (the sub-chief) deep voice was heard reading from a Samoan Bible, after which all the men closed their eyes and sat still while Opataia offered up a short prayer. After the few still seconds which usually succeed a prayer, the men dispersed, took off their clean clothes, and got into working garb, and went to bed, or wandered off in quest of sea fowl. After the first night we always joined the group for evening prayers, and we were struck with the frequency of the word 'faafatai' (thanks) in all Opataia's prayers; they were chiefly thanksgiving, and not begging, as are many extempore prayers."—The Classmate.

DAL'S OFFERING.

By H. MARGARET FAIRLIE.

Dal was a cripple. His poor little back was quite crooked, and sometimes the pain that seemed to run all up and down it was almost greater than he could bear. Yet it was very seldom that the tears got away and ran down his cheeks. He tried not to cry.

But one day his back got so bad—the pain made him forget everything—that he was put in one of those unkind things called ambulances and taken away to the great hospital.

When he opened his eyes he was in such a soft little white bed, in a large room full of light and sunshine. All around him were other little beds just like his, and in them were boys—some older—and some very much younger than he was. Dal thought for the first time that there were other boys like himself that must have those bad pains running up and down their backs too. He wondered if he couldn't speak to them, and wanted to tell them something that might help their pain.

When the nurse with the pretty face came up to Dal's bed and said kindly, "Well, little man, how is that poor back of yours now?" he looked up and smiled. "I feel rested now. All I would like to be able to do is to whistle. May I, nurse? Mother always said I could whistle away her pain; I wonder if I might help some of those sick boys?"

"Just try and see what you can do," said the nurse.

Such a clear, sweet note, like the warbling of a little bird, came from the thin lips of Dal that little heads in all directions were raised to hear where the strange trilling came from. That was just the beginning of Dal's whistle, or the "pain whistle," as some of the little sufferers came to call it.

"Do you know, nurse, I just put all my 'feel' into my whistle. I sometimes think it helps to let out some of the pain in my back."

One day Dal heard the doctor and one of the nurses talking together. It was about moving one of the little sufferers to another city where the right treatment for his case could only be had. "But," said the doctor, "I don't see how it can be done. His mother is poor, cannot even pay to have him with us. I am almost afraid the poor little chap will have to bear it out here."

Dal and his nurse had a great secret and no one else knew anything about it. In some way, known only to herself, she sent a special message to certain of her own friends, and one afternoon, not long after, quite a party of eager-looking ladies and gentlemen entered the ward where our little men were. Some of the little fellows were propped up in pillows, others were lying; but they all had the same look of expectancy. The nurse went up to Dal's bed and whispered a word in his ear.

Immediately, through the ward, there floated a strain, sweet and clear. It warbled and trilled and then seemed to echo and re-echo in a pathetic little ripple. At last it formed itself into the air, "There's a friend for little children."

When Dal stopped there were tears in some of the ladies' eyes, and even the gentlemen turned away and looked very sad. And then a strange thing happened. Dal held out his thin, wasted little hand and the ladies and gentlemen all went up and dropped something into it. Indeed, his hand was not big enough to hold all the bright pieces that fell. Before they turned away some of the ladies stooped down and kissed Dal's little white forehead.

He had done what he could. He had used his "pain whistle" to help to send that other little sufferer where his pain would be cured. Dal handed the money to "his nurse" with a happy smile. "Do you think that will help to cure him?"

The nurse bent low and gently stroked the child's forehead. "Yes, Dal, if Tom can be cured this will more than do it. You have been my brave little helper."

Not very long after this, "Whistling Dal" went to the "Friend for little children above the bright, blue sky," but he left behind him something that will always live, a memory. Tom is a big boy now, strong and healthy, and he never can forget the little whistler who so often made his pain easier and in the end gave him his life.

BEGGING AS A BUSINESS.

The following story, told by the New York Tribune, shows the folly of indiscriminate almsgiving:

A man who had lost both his legs seated himself in a wicker basket, and pushed himself along where people could see him. Coins came to him in small showers.

The basket was a part of his business outfit. When off duty, that is, when not soliciting alms, he wore two well-made artificial legs and walked on crutches.

One of his most fruitful fields was Coney Island in the season, and having gained the good will of a resident of the place, he used to deposit his legs at the man's house when he went abroad to touch the hearts and the purse-strings of the pleasure-seekers. One evening, when he returned from "work," he found that the closet in which his legs had been placed was locked, and the custodian of the key gone for the night.

"Never mind," said his friend. "Stay here over night, and I'll give you a shake down."

"No, I must be in New York to-night," he said, "and I've got to have my legs, too!"

"But why not stay here and save car fare, and be on time for work in the morning?" his friend asked.

Neither argument nor persuasion had any influence on the man, whose nervousness increased perceptibly, and as his friend was making ready to break down the door behind which the legs were stored, he asked: "Why must you be in New York to-night, and why do you compel me to force this closet door?"

"Well, the truth is," said the legless man, "I bought an apartment house last

week, and promised to pay ten thousand dollars on the bargain to-night, and unless I get away pretty soon I'll get there too late and forfeit the amount already paid down."

The friend was speechless with amazement, and his astonishment grew when he heard, a few weeks later, that the apartment house which the poor man spoke to him about was the third he had purchased since he went into the begging business.

THE LITTLE VOICE.

Rena was a little girl ten years old. Her mother had often said: "God has put a little voice in your heart to tell what is right. This voice is called conscience."

Rena lived in the old time of tallow candles, open fireplaces, and simple living. One night she went to bed up stairs. The door of her room was open. She could not sleep, and lay thinking for a long time. All the rest went to bed, and last of all her big brother came through the door and up the stairs. She thought she saw a light as the door opened, but soon concluded that she must have been mistaken. She still lay thinking, and all at once a voice seemed to say, "Go down and see."

Rena was afraid, and said to herself, "Of course, Carl blew out the light."

The voice said, "Go down and see."

She said, "Carl told me to-day that I was full of fancies."

The voice still said, "Go down and see."

"I would take cold, and mother would not like it."

The little voice continued to speak. At last she jumped up and crept down the stairs. She opened the door, and there stood the candle burning with double its usual light. The wick had curled around and melted the candle on one side, and it was just ready to fall. On the table was a great pile of papers, almost near enough to touch the blaze. "Mamma was right about the voice," said Rena, and she marched boldly up the stairs, so glad and happy that she had put out the light! The little voice seemed to say: "All right, all right! You did right!"—Sunday-school Evangelist.

Alga.

By ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

Aristotle speaks of a "great weedy sea" that the Phoenicians came upon, and as the great Sargasso Sea that Columbus met with is still in the place in which he saw it, one cannot help wondering if the Phoenicians drifted into it also during stormy weather, when going up to England for tin. Algae—seaweeds—are flowerless, and without proper leaves. A green colour is characteristic of those algae native to fresh water or the shallower parts of the sea. Olive-tinted algae are common between tide marks, while the red-coloured species occur chiefly in the deeper and darker parts of the sea. Some have roots, by which they attach themselves to rocks; but these are not nourishing roots, like those of flowering plants, but only serve to fix the weed and allow it to sway in the water.

Besides furnishing food to an immense number of sea creatures, seaweeds are valuable to man. One or two varieties, under the name of "tangle," are eaten in the north of Europe. Another, one of the red seaweeds, is the "dulse" of the Scotch, and the dilkes of the Irish. Irish moss, of which blanc mange is made, is also a variety. Many varieties are used in South America, in China and Japan, for food, and the edible nests esteemed so great a delicacy in China are supposed to be formed from some alga. Seaweeds form an excellent dressing for farm land, and when burned furnish barilla, an impure carbonate of soda.

NO DICTIONARY NEEDED.

To prove that man was made for another world as well as this, give one man this whole earth and he wouldn't be happy. I was once in a beautiful castle in Europe, one of half a dozen that belonged to its owner, and when I asked how long it was since the owner had lived in it I was told ten years. You poor people say, "If only I were rich I would be happy." Don't make any such mistake. This world is not big enough to find rest and peace in. The only way is by taking your burdens to Christ. Get to him. If you can't run, walk; if you can't walk, crawl; only come. You don't need Webster's Dictionary to find out what "come" means. You say, "But I am not worthy." He knows that. He knows better than you how mean you are. But he won't slam the door in your face and say, "When I said 'all' I didn't mean you."—D. L. Moody.

The Shepherd Psalm.

BY REV. SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

The king of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness falleth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth;
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And, oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness falleth never,
Good Shepherd! may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL.

"Tis true, that we are in great danger. The greater therefore should our courage be."—Shakespeare.

Judge Seabury expected that when he allied himself with the proud Archer family his happiness would be complete and contentment would fold her wings and abide with him. Clara Archer was haughty, wilful and selfish to the heart's core. She married from expediency, not from love. A miserable home was the natural consequence. The Judge spent most of his time in his office, and left the household to run according to the dictum of the mistress. Only in this way could open warfare be avoided, and the Judge disliked "scenes," as what man does not?

One afternoon Mr. Felton came into the library to have a talk with the Judge about Ralph.

"The child needs a companion," said the ex-minister. "It is not a good plan to bring up children alone. Ralph does not take the interest in his studies that he would if there was some one sharing them. He is very backward, very!" and Mr. Felton shook his head dubiously. "Now there's the boy Mrs. Dow adopted. He's not as old as Ralph, about five now, I should say. Probably Mrs. Dow would be delighted to have some one take the boy, as she is not in circumstances sufficient to warrant her assuming this extra burden for any length of time. What do you say to taking this boy and educating him with Ralph?"

The Judge looked thoughtful, but made no reply.

"It would be a very benevolent thing to do, besides being an advantage to your son," pursued the minister, touching his brother-in-law in his weak point. Nothing so pleased the Judge as to have people say, "Oh, what a benevolent man!" He prided himself on giving large sums to sundry charitable and philanthropic objects. Mr. Felton had touched the right chord.

"Yes, yes, I think you're right," he said. "I will go at once and see the woman. There is no doubt but what she will be glad to get rid of the boy. Am glad you spoke to me about it."

Many attempts had been made by Mr. Strong and others to find out the relatives of the little waif, but in vain. The circumstances of the shipwreck, and the recovery of the child were duly advertised, but no one appeared to claim kinship. As over a year had passed and no light was received on the subject, Phoebe became convinced that God had sent this child to be a son to her in the place of the one whom she mourned as lost. She took him into her heart with a tenderness which surprised herself, and gave the boy her name. Maurice Dow became, from this time, a settled fact in the community.

Not long after taking the waif to her home, Phoebe made an unpleasant discovery. As she was coming from an adjoining wood lot with a large bundle of sticks on her arm, she saw Peter MacDuff a little way ahead, examining something which was hidden behind a large rock. Maurice was walking to meet his foster-mother, when he came across

Peter. With a child's curiosity, he stopped to watch the man. MacDuff rose suddenly from his stooping posture, and meeting the innocent eyes of the child fixed on him wonderingly, he uttered a terrible oath, and lifted his hand as though he would strike the boy.

"Out o' my sight, yer good fur nuthin' brat! What yer gapin' at me fur?" The child uttered a frightened cry and ran to Phoebe.

"Be careful, MacDuff, how you frighten one of the Lord's little ones," said the woman sternly. "It is evident you are drinking too much. Can you not learn a lesson from poor Rast's death and shun the same fate? Take heed before it is too late, and the dragon has you so fast in his clutches that you cannot escape."

The surly fisherman covered at these searching words and muttered a sort of an apology. There was something in his manner which mystified Phoebe. "The man is going mad with drink," she thought. "But why should he dislike Maurice? The child certainly has done him no harm. His face revealed a half-terrified, half-defiant look as he saw the lad. Singular! Hereafter I must keep my eyes open."

The day was full of surprises. As Mrs. Dow sat knitting a sock for Maurice and planning for his future, a shadow darkened her doorway, and looking up, she saw, to her great surprise, Judge Seabury. As it was the first time he had visited her humble cottage, it was no wonder that the widow was a trifle disturbed.

"Good afternoon, my good woman. Pray keep your sitting. No, I do not care for the rocker, I sit very comfortably by the door. Doubtless you are surprised at my call."

Phoebe nodded assent. "Ahem; well, my call is a trifle unusual, for with all my duties I have very little time for becoming acquainted with my workmen at the Cove." He stopped, and then glanced about the room, as though in search of something.

"By the way, Mrs. Dow, where is the little waif who created such a sensation in these parts some months ago?"

"Maurice is out with Tom Kinmon's girls. They came to take him to the beach. It is about time they were returning. There they come now."

Over the hill and down the footpath which lay between the rocks came the children. Their shouts of merry laughter floated into the cottage, and caused a sigh to escape from Judge Seabury. "How happy these simple-hearted fishermen are," he thought. "They get more enjoyment out of life than I. What makes the difference?"

Ah, my learned Judge, happiness is from within, not without. A conscience void of offence toward God will prove a source of perennial enjoyment to the possessor.

The Kinmon girls shrank back as they caught a glimpse of Phoebe's distinguished visitor, and ran away, leaving the boy standing in the middle of the kitchen floor. He made a pretty picture as he stood there, in the unconscious grace of childhood. His round, rosy face was lighted up by a pair of sparkling black eyes. His dark curls were pushed away from a noble forehead, and his torn straw hat was dangling from one little brown hand. In the other were his shoes and stockings. Evidently he had been playing in the sand.

"Come here, my brave little man," said the Judge, holding out his hand. The child looked earnestly at him a moment, and then ran to Phoebe. A frown flitted across the gentleman's face.

"You must excuse the child's actions, sir," said the widow. "Maurice was frightened only this morning by one of the fishermen. I expect it will make him shy of strangers for a long time. Come, Maurice, go to the gentleman." But the little face was closely hidden in the folds of Phoebe's dress, and no persuasion could induce him to raise it.

"The object of my visit, Mrs. Dow," said the Judge, clearing his throat, "was to tell you that I am seeking a companion for my son. Mr. Felton recommended your adopted child. I have come, therefore, to offer this waif a good home and superior advantages. I do not mean that I shall adopt Maurice, for his blood may be tainted, for all we know, and the name of Seabury cannot be linked with one of plebeian stock. I thought that as your circumstances were not of the best, you would be glad to be relieved of your charge. How does the matter strike you?"

Phoebe sat like one stunned. Then, as she realized what Judge Seabury had been saying, she groaned, and covered her face with her hands.

"My good woman," said the gentleman, "I perceive that my proposal comes unexpectedly, therefore I will not press you for an answer. Take plenty of time

to consider the matter, and then let me know your decision."

The echo of retreating footsteps fell upon Phoebe's ear, but she heeded them not. The little clock on the shelf ticked loudly, as it measured the fleeting moments, but the busy fingers for once were idly crossed upon her knees. Even the ceaseless prattle of Maurice fell upon deaf ears, for Phoebe was settling a question which touched the deepest springs of her nature. Should she relinquish the little orphan to the care of Judge Seabury? Did she not love the child better than life? Had she not taken a mother's place, and was he not her own? For a long time she battled with these selfish feelings; then, with a prayer to God for help, she tried to look at the matter impartially. What would the child gain by going to the Seabury mansion? He would secure position, wealth, influential friends and superior educational advantages. He would undoubtedly be qualified to take a position in life which he might never attain if reared in humble circumstances. So much for his side of the question. But when the thought came to her that the Judge was a moderate drinker, and that wine was a daily visitor upon the elegant dining-table, she realized that the child had also much to lose by exchanging homes. He might lose his spotless character, his soul, eternal life. Could she give her consent to this flattering offer? No! A thousand times, no! She would work her fingers to the bone before she would see that innocent child thrust into the dragon's clutches.

The warm pressure of a child's arms about her neck brought her thoughts to the present moment. Clapping the boy to her heart, she cried:

"They shall never take my precious lamb from me! God has given him to me in trust, and he shall be trained to serve his Maker."

Although Phoebe had decided the question in her own mind, she wished the advice of some trusted friend. She sought the counsel of Pastor Strong, and a heavy load was lifted from her heart when he heartily approved her decision.

"Judge Seabury's home is a dangerous place to bring up a boy, and Mr. Felton is a dangerous teacher for a boy to imitate. If the avenues to sin are not closed to protect the Judge's son, think you that the orphan child will fare any better? Mr. Felton is a Christian man, I sincerely believe, but on the temperance question he is terribly mistaken. We have had several hot discussions on the subject, and I fear Mr. Felton thinks me obstinate because I will not let the mooted subject rest just where he does. I pray, Mrs. Dow, that you may say some word to the Judge and the minister which shall lead both to see their error in tolerating intemperance."

Phoebe left the parsonage with a light heart, conscious that she had the support of one for whom she entertained the most profound respect and reverence. She was ready to face the displeasure even of a Judge or an ex-minister.

Judge Seabury's library was an inviting place to one who had been battling the storm of wind and rain. The heavy crimson curtains were drawn close about the windows and a bright fire glowed in the grate. That worthy gentleman was pacing back and forth, his head bowed upon his breast, apparently lost in deep thought. Near him sat Mr. Felton, writing letters. The Judge came forward graciously to meet Mrs. Dow as she was ushered into his presence. Phoebe waited for no preliminary remarks, but came at once to business.

"I have come, Judge Seabury, to give you my decision in regard to relinquishing Maurice. After looking at the matter from all sides, and giving it a prayerful consideration, it has seemed best for me to decline your kind offer. I have come to-night to give you my final answer."

"Madam, your reasons," said the Judge, icily.

"In the first place, sir, I desire to have this child trained to be a staunch temperance man. In the second place, I love the child too well to give him away; these are the main reasons why I wish to retain the boy under my humble roof."

The Judge rose in a towering passion. "What do you mean to insinuate by your words, woman? Am I not a temperance man? Cannot I instil temperance principles into this child. I should like to know?"

"No, sir, not while you keep your wine-cellar. Having seen all that I have of intemperance, I am convinced that nothing short of total abstinence will save the coming generation. I dare not place this boy in your home, for fear he may become one of the dragon's subjects."

"Very complimentary, I must say," sneered Mr. Felton, looking up from his sheet of paper. "Pray, my good woman,

to which of us does your remark refer?" Phoebe paid no attention to the interruption.

"This is an expression which I heard first from my mother's lips, in reference to the terrible curse of intemperance. This great dragon walketh about our little town, seeking whom he may devour. My home is humble, and my means scanty, but this child will never see or taste any intoxicating liquors under my roof. God helping me, he shall learn to hate the accursed stuff, and be stimulated to labour for those who have succumbed to the insidious enemy. I beg to be excused if I have offended you. You know, full well, that I have good reason for feeling strongly on the subject."

"I have no patience with you temperance fanatics," replied the Judge, disregarding her closing words. "You will put aside this child's future prosperity, deprive him of superior educational advantages, for the sake of a quibble on the temperance question. Bah! I have no patience with such a procedure."

"You surely do not intend to decline this munificent offer?" said Mr. Felton, in his impressive way.

"Most certainly I do," replied Phoebe, without flinching. Then turning to Judge Seabury, she said: "Sir, you are proud of the Seabury name, take care that your son does not disgrace that name by linking it with that of a drunkard. Banish your wine cellar. Remove temptation from before your family and before the young people of this place. Throw your great influence on the side of temperance. For God's sake, for your boy's sake, do this!"

Before the astonished man could reply, Mrs. Dow had faced the ex-minister.

"Reverend sir, may God forgive you for being a stumbling-block in the way of temperance progress in Fairport. May he convince you of your error one day—but, oh, good sir, may you never suffer as I have." Phoebe paused, overcome by her emotions.

"Woman," said the Judge, angrily "do you dare to dictate what I shall or shall not do? I do not know to what you refer by your insinuations. You had better reserve such for the fishermen who make hogsheads of themselves and fill them with poor rum. This is the outcome of such fanatical nonsense as Parson Strong preaches. He has got to stop it, or he will be asked to send in his resignation. When it gets to this, that one is insulted in his own house by a temperance bigot, it is time something was done. Don't you agree with me, Phineas?"

"Most certainly I do," replied Mr. Felton, a bright spot glowing on either cheek. "Strong is carrying this thing too far. I have told him so repeatedly, but he is young and headstrong, and thinks the old pastor is terribly behind the times. For my part I am sick of the word 'Reform.' These temperance fanatics are going from house to house, lighting their torches at every fireside."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Dow.

"Go," cried Judge Seabury, to Phoebe, forgetting all courtesy in his anger. "Go, keep the outcast child, if you will, but vacate the house you live in. I will have no tenant who dares thwart my will. Go, but beg a shelter at the house of the ranting minister who advocates your notions. Go, but never darken my doors again."

Mrs. Dow was only too glad to leave the Seabury mansion. Filled with anxiety for her beloved pastor's welfare, she stopped at the parsonage and told him what had been said.

"You will work cautiously, will you not?" she entreated. "I fear these men will brew mischief in this place. They make excellent friends, but deadly enemies."

"Do you remember the words which I quoted from the master-poet, only last Sunday?" he asked, with a slight smile. "'Tis true that we are in great danger. The greater therefore should our courage be. Be assured, Mrs. Dow, that I shall do nothing rashly, and many thanks for your timely warning. I will be on my guard."

(To be continued.)

True Love to One's Neighbour.

Who is thy neighbour? He whom thou Hast power to aid or bless; Whose scolding heart or burning brow Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor, Whose eyes with want is dim, O enter thou his humble door, With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup When sorrow drowns the brim! With words of high, sustaining hope, Go thou and comfort him.

After All

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Grief is strong, but joy is stronger,
Night is long, but day is longer.
When life's riddle solves and clears,
And the angels in our ears
Whisper the sweet answer low
(Answer full of love and blessing).
How our wonderment will grow
At the blindness of our guessing.
All the hard things we recall
Made so easy, after all!

Earth is sweet, but heaven is sweeter;
Love complete, but faith completer.
Close beside our wandering ways,
Through dark nights and weary days
Stand the angels with bright eyes;
And the shadow of the cross
Falls upon and sanctifies
All our pain and all our loss.
Though we stumble, though we fall
God is helping—after all!

Sigh, then, soul, but sing in sighing.
To the happier things replying,
Dry the tears that dim thy seeing,
Give glad thoughts for life and being.
Time is but the little entry
To eternity's large dwelling,
And the heavenly guards keep sentry.
Urging, guiding, half-compelling,
Thill, the puzzling way quite past,
Thou shalt enter in—at last!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 9.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke 10. 25-37. Memory verses, 33-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Love thy neighbour as thyself.—Lev. 19. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. The Law of Love, v. 25-28.
 2. The Life of Love, v. 29-37.
- Time.—November, A.D. 29.
Place.—Perea.

LESSON HELPS.

25. "Lawyer"—A professional interpreter of the Mosaic law and of the rabbinical comments upon it, which were far more extensive than the law itself. "Tempted him"—Rather, "tested him," to ascertain the measure of his knowledge and wisdom. "Master"—The word means "teacher." "What shall I do"—It was not the question of a convicted sinner, but of a self-conscious theorist, who sought for an opportunity of airing his knowledge.

26. "What is written"—Instead of giving detailed precepts, Christ sends him back to the law of which he was a teacher.

27. "He answering said"—Quoting from Deut. 6. 5; 10. 12; Lev. 19. 18. "A passage which every Jew repeated in each morning's and evening's prayer and wore in the little text boxes of his phylactery."—Geikie. "The Lord thy God"—The sum of the first four commandments. "All thy heart"—With sincerity and earnestness. "All thy soul"—With the emotional nature, having feeling and warmth. "All thy strength"—With intensity and devotedness, as the one great purpose. "All thy mind"—An intelligent affection, the tribute of reason rather than of blind passion. "Thy neighbour as thyself"—Freely and readily, sincerely and unfeignedly, tenderly and compassionately, constantly and perseveringly.—Burkitt. Love to man is the sum of the last six of the commandments.

28. "This do"—A personal application of the general principle. "Thou shalt live"—Shalt have eternal life.

29. "Justify himself"—To find some excuse for a lack of obedience to this high command. "My neighbour"—The Jews considered only their own people as "neighbours," and all the rest of the world as aliens and enemies.

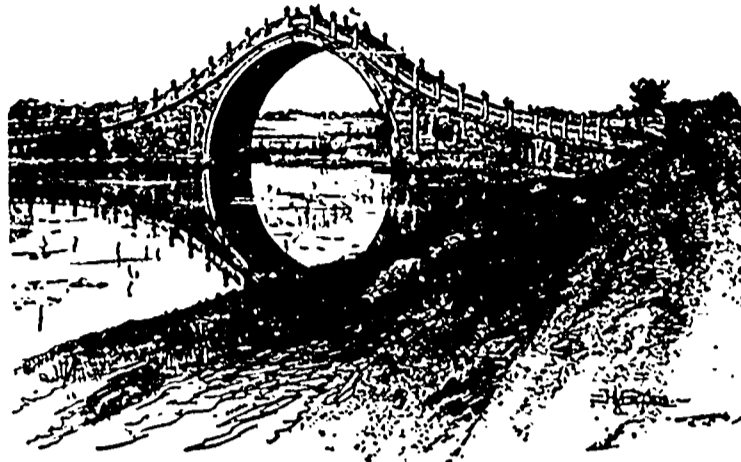
30. "A certain man"—Who by the terms of the parable is supposed to be a Jew. "Went down"—Jericho, about twenty miles from Jerusalem, is thirty-five hundred feet lower, being in the Jordan valley. "Thieves"—More correctly, "highway robbers." Jerome says that in his time this road was called "the bloody way." "Stripped him"—The word "raiment" is not in the original. They probably robbed him of both money and clothing. "Half dead"—Unable to help himself, yet with a chance of life if assisted.

31. "By chance"—"By a coincidence." Not by accident, but by divine order, the sufferer was met that day. "A certain priest"—Many priests had homes in Jericho, from which they went up to the temple for their fortnight service in turn. "On the other side"—"Not of the road only, but of the ravine."—Ellicott.

32, 33. "A Levite"—One from the priestly tribe, though not from the family of Aaron, employed in subordinate duties in the temple and in religious instruction. "Samaritan"—One who was despised by the Jews. "Had compassion"—His creed was imperfect, but his heart was right.

34. "Went to him"—Putting aside

2. The Life of Love, v. 29-37.
How did the lawyer seek to justify himself?
Did Christ give a direct answer?
Who first found the wounded man?
What is the office of a priest?
Who next saw him?
What special charge was given to the Levite?
How did he treat the wounded man?
Who finally ministered to him?
Does the knowledge of others' needs make us at all responsible?
What does Christ say in regard to giving?
Who were the Samaritans?
How were they regarded by the Jews?



HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, CHINA.

all fear of robbers and Roman police."—Plumptre. "Oil and wine"—A common remedy, recommended by Greek and Latin physicians. "His own beast"—Probably a donkey. "An inn"—The inn or khan of the East is an open building by the wayside where the traveller finds shelter only, and must provide and prepare his own food.

35. "Two pence"—About twenty-seven cents, but in that time the wages of two days, and able to buy as much as perhaps two dollars now.

36. "Which . . . thinkest thou"—Thus Jesus leads the lawyer not only to answer his own questions, but to a consciousness of his own individual duty.

37. "He that showed mercy"—The lawyer is unwilling to praise one of the despised race, and so answers by a circumlocution, yet answers sufficiently to condemn himself. "Do thou likewise"—He is bidden not to stay questioning about the theory of religion, but to go out and practice it.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The Good Samaritan.—Luke 10. 25-37.
- Tu. Love to God.—Deut. 6. 1-13.
- W. Love for neighbour.—Lev. 19. 11-18.
- Th. Coals of fire.—Rom. 12. 9-21.
- F. Greatness of love.—1 Cor. 13. 1-10.
- S. Perfection of love.—Matt. 5. 43-48.
- Su. The great commandment.—Mark 12. 28-34.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Law of Love, v. 25-28.
Who came to tempt Jesus?
What question did he ask?
Who had previously come with the same question?
How did Jesus answer this lawyer?
Was this lawyer well versed in the law?
How did Christ reply to him?

How are we to measure our love?
Golden Text.
What does Paul say in regard to love?
Whom does Christ consider our neighbour?
Why is sin doubly wrong in a follower of Christ?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That we should love God with all our heart, soul, strength, and mind?
 2. That we should love our neighbour as ourselves?
 3. That the neediest person we know is our nearest neighbour?

THE CHINESE CRISIS.

England, Russia, Germany and France have jointly resorted to arms to protect their subjects in China. The Taku forts which guard the river approach to Peking, seventeen in number, have been captured by the joint forces of these foreign countries. War once begun by these nations against China may not stop short of the division of the Celestial Empire. Of the nineteen provinces of China, thirteen were some time ago leased separately to the four nations which have struck this blow at Taku. Russia began the deal, and the others, fearing that she might be laying plans for the gradual absorption of China, followed suit. This caused a strong national feeling among the Chinese against all foreigners, which a secret society called the Boxers took advantage of to wreak their vengeance on missionaries and other foreigners, encouraged thereto, if popular belief may be credited, by the Empress Dowager. The Chinese Government, under the influence of the Empress Dowager, became involved in the contest with the Boxers,



Patent Applied For.

Tourist: "What is your idea in working with the wire rope on?"
Native: "It ain't my idea; it's my boss's—there's a circus in town!"

whose irregular movements from the first it made no attempt to put down. The Boxers had put the European embassies in danger and were reported to have actually destroyed more than one, before the combined attack on Taku took place. The Chinaman, finding himself excluded from different countries, thinks of retaliation; and if the four hundred millions of human beings who crowd the soil of China, should ever become generally armed and drilled, Europe may have heavy work cut out for her in that part of the world. If Russia were able to add these teeming millions to the population of her empire, the guarantees for the liberty of the world would be greatly weakened. The foreign embassies and other Europeans at Peking have been in great danger, and the question of their safety still causes great anxiety.—Monetary Times.

WHAT STANLEY SAID TO LIVINGSTONE.

In a recent interview Sir Henry M. Stanley describes the actual scene which followed his meeting Dr. Livingstone after the long search in the wilderness: "What were your feelings when you first saw Livingstone?" "That was the happiest moment of my life up to that time. I felt like a school-boy, and I could have jumped up and down, and shouted for pure relief if I had been alone." "Your first words?" "Were as commonplace as you can imagine. I hardly knew how to address the man before me, and I blurted out: "'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'" "Yes," he said. "'I thank God, doctor, that I have been permitted to see you,' I added." "'I am thankful that I am here to welcome you,' he returned."

Max O'Rell—"We Americans are always hitting at Britons about coming over here and dropping their 'h's.'" Luke Warme—"Yes; but no one ever objects to them coming over here and dropping their X's and V's."

Judge—"What brought you here?" Prisoner—"A hack, your honour." "Oh, it did, did it? And I suppose you paid the driver?" "No, your honour; I thought perhaps you would give me something so I could pay him." "I'll give you ten days." "Would you just as lief give it to the driver, your honour."

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