

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: Some pages are cut off.

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

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

DEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

[No. 37.]

A Small, Sweet Way.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleet.

There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendour.

No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawnlight gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.
—Our Young Folks.

HINDU WIDOWS.

This picture shows a group of Hindu widows rescued by the British Government from the cruel rite of sutteeism, that is, from being burned to death.

One of the greatest obstacles to civilization is the degraded condition of women. It is impossible to raise the moral status of a people without raising that of its women. And here the Gospel has shown itself the best friend of the women of India, as well as of womanhood throughout the world.

All the advent of Christianity they were regarded in youth as the toys, and in age as the slaves, of their lords and masters. Married at a very early age to men of twice or thrice their years, whom they had never seen before, their union was, with few exceptions, a loveless one on their side. Should the helpless woman be left a widow, her lot was indeed sad. If she escaped being burned alive upon her husband's funeral pyre, she was condemned to a perpetual solitude and seclusion, amounting almost to living burial. The strong arm of the British Government has been stretched out for the protection of the widowed daughters of India. Sutteeism has been forever abolished, and the possibilities of home and family ties and support have been given her. But even into the jealous seclusion of Oriental homes the blessings of Christianity, with its ennobling and elevating influence, have penetrated; and the Zenana Mission has opened up new possibilities of happiness and knowledge, of mental and moral development, to the daughters of that dusky race.

HOW A GIRL SUCCEEDED.

In a simple home in Paris some fifty years ago lived Mr. Bonheur and his poor family. He was a man of talent in painting, but he was obliged to spend his time in giving drawing lessons.

His wife gave piano lessons, going from house to house all day long, and sometimes being all night. All this was to support the family; for they had four little mouths to feed their own to feed. There was August, Issidoro and Juliette, and lastly, the one I am going to tell about, Rosa.

Her mother—tired with hard work—died when Rosa was eight years old. The children were placed in the care of a good woman, who sent them to school, but Rosa was a little truant. She didn't like to be put up in a schoolroom and spent most of her time playing in the woods gathering berries and marigolds.

But her father thought if she did not go to school she must be taught something

useful, and tried to have her taught sewing; but she couldn't learn this, and became so sick at the sewing school that she had to be taken away.

Finally she was left to herself for awhile, and she hung about her father's studio copying whatever she saw him do. Then he suddenly woke up to the fact that his little girl had great talent. He began to teach her carefully in drawing.

He went to the slaughter pens of Paris and sat on a bundle of hay with her colours about her, drawing and painting, while the drovers and butchers gathered around to look at her pictures.

At home—when the family had all moved together again—on the roof of the house Rosa made a little flower-garden, and kept a sheep there for a model. Very often Rosa's brother would carry the sheep on

Her father shared the success of his daughter, he was at once made the director of the Government School of Design for girls. But this relief from poverty and trouble came too late, for he died the same year.

Orders for work now poured in upon her more than she could do; four years later, after long months of study, she painted the "Horse Fair." This was greatly admired, both in England and America. It was sold to an Englishman for eight thousand dollars, and was finally bought by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, for his famous collection.

One day after she had become famous, the Empress of France called upon her, and coming into the studio without warning, found her at work. She rose to receive the Empress, who threw her arms about Rosa's neck and kissed her. After a very short call the visitor went away, but not until after she had gone did Rosa discover that as the Empress had given the kiss she had pinned upon the artist's blouse the Cross of the Legion of Honour. This was the highest honour that the Empress could bestow.

Perhaps some of you girls want to reach and hope to reach the heights of fame as artists, but don't forget that everything worth having in this world has a high price set on it—and if you want a true fame as an artist, you must be willing to pay the price. Rosa Bonheur says:

"Art demand heart, brain, soul, body. Nothing less will win its highest favour. I wed art, it is my husband, my world, my life-dream. I know nothing else, feel nothing else, think of nothing else. I have no taste for general society, I only wish to be known through my works."

BE TRUE.

Be true to your parents. You are under obligations higher and greater than you can possibly think. You must honour these obligations with the utmost fidelity, with expression of respect and loyal obedience.

Be true to yourself. You owe duties to yourself of the highest order. We do not mean that you are to consider selfishly your own interests regardless of the rights of others. But you must make of yourself the noblest man or the noblest woman that you are capable of.

Be true to your Sunday-school and church. Here is the field in which your life work is to be cast. Do not speak with disparagement of your church or Sunday-school, of your minister, superintendent, or teacher. If your church or school is smaller, or your house of worship less elegant, than somebody else's, remember that God has us; for the smaller as well as for the larger things, for the sparrow or humming bird as well as for the eagle, for the insect as well as for the elephant, for the little brook as well as for the great river, for the child as well as for the man. Your church and school have their mission in the world. Be true to them, and help them perform the mission best.

Be true to your God. Every commandment given by him is pure and holy. To obey them is for your best welfare, in this world and in the next. Thorough loyalty to truth, to right, to all that is pure and elevating, is the sure road to a noble character and life.



HINDU WIDOWS.

At this she studied and worked with all her might.

One day she happened to paint the picture of a goat; she found so much pleasure in the work that she made up her mind to paint animals only.

She had no money to buy or hire models, so she had to take long walks in the country, working all day in the open air. She loved animals, and it pained her to see them killed, but she must learn how to paint their suffering on canvas, and so she

his back down six flights of stairs, and after letting him graze on the outside would bring him back to his garden home on the roof.

At nineteen years of age Rosa sent two pictures to the Art Exhibition. The critics spoke kindly of these, and she was encouraged to keep on painting.

At twenty-seven her splendid picture, "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal and was purchased by the English Government. Her own Government presented her with a silver case

The Happier Life.

THANK are some things in life we ought always to do.

There are some which we always should shun,
And the choice of these things is with me and with you,
Till the years of our lives have been run.

There are paths which are right and which lead up to God,

There are ways which are crooked and vain;
And the choice is with us as to which shall be trod,
Whether pleasure or life we would gain.

There are souls to be prayed for, sought after and won,

There are acts in themselves that are small,
To be practised each day would we hear the "well done"
Of the "Master" who died for us all.

There are lives, oh! so barren, no fruit doth appear

From the good resolutions oft made;
But the Lord, in his mercy, still spares for a year,
And the stern hand of justice is stayed.

May each day that we live be a day that is best

With an action of kindness and love,
For a life that is helpful to others is best,
And the happier, here and above.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	3 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	5 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together.....	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday School Banner, 52 pp., 3vo., monthly.....	0 00
Card, 8 pp., 6to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 00
5 copies and over.....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 6to., weekly, single copies.....	0 25
Less than 20 copies.....	0 24
Over 20 copies.....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	4 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 a dozen, \$2 per 100 per quarter, 60 a dozen, \$2 per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

O. W. COATES,
2 Elzour Street,
Montreal.S. F. HURST,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

THE ANGEL ON TOP.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

THE beautiful grate fire danced and sparkled in the pleasant library and illumined the golden head of Margaret, aged ten, who sat on the rug before it, busily engaged in building a palace out of blocks. Little Susie, aged six, was doing the same work. Her house was nearly finished, but spying a little angel of Parian marble lying near by, she reached out for it.

"Oh, look, Margaret!" she exclaimed in delight; "my palace is built and I'm going to put the angel on top."

Margaret looked up at the joyful exclamation, and so did Margaret's mamma, who had been engaged in writing at the library table.

But the smile quickly died out of Susie's face, for as she strove to set the angel on the top of the palace, the structure tumbled down.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she moaned, "now if that isn't mean after all my work too," and a tear shone in her dark eyes.

"Well, I'm sorry, Susie," said Margaret, with ready sympathy, "but I guess you didn't start with a good foundation. Look at my palace, see my strong blocks at the bottom—there it is, finished. Let me take the angel, Susie, I'll put it on the top of it."

And presently the sweet-faced angel crowned the palace-tower and Susie's tears vanished as she looked at it in admiration.

"That is exactly true," wrote Margaret's mamma, taking up her pen again; "there is no use trying to set the angel on top of the structure of our lives unless we have built a stone foundation. I have heard the story of a nobleman who kept a deistical chaplain and his lady a Christian one. When he was dying he said to his chaplain, 'I liked you very well when I was in health, but it is my lady's chaplain I must have when I am sick.'"

Beecher said, "Men who stand on any other foundation than the rock Christ Jesus are like birds, who build their nests in trees by the side of rivers. The bird sings in the branches, and the river sings below; but, all the while, the waters are undermining the soil about the roots, till in some unsuspected hour the tree falls with a crash into the stream, and then the nest is sunk, the home is gone, and the bird is a wanderer. But birds that hide their young in the cleft of the rocks are undisturbed, and after every winter, coming again, they find their nests awaiting them, and all their life brood in the same places, undisturbed by stream or storm."

Happy indeed and blessed are we, if we build upon the rock; we may rest assured when our work is finished the angel can be placed on top.

"Happy he whose willing ears
Catch the words of life with joy;
He who treasures what he hears,
Makes its practice his employ.

"On the rock his house he rears;
Vain the floods that round him roar;
Built on Christ, no storms he fears;
God his trust for evermore."

MARRIED TO A DRUNKARD.

A TRUE STORY.

SHE suddenly rose in the meeting and spoke as follows:—

"Married to a drunkard! Yes, I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I am talking to the girls."

We all turned and looked at her, she was a wan woman, with dark sad eyes, and white hair placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard, I reached the acme of misery," she continued. "I was young, and oh so happy! I married the man I loved and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it—knew it but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it, unless she has a drunkard in her family; then perhaps, she knows how deep the iron enters the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard, whether father, husband, brother or son. Girls, believe me when I tell you that to marry a drunkard is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know. I have gained that fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white! It turned white in a night—bleached by sorrow as Marie Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the snows of seventy rest upon my head; and upon my heart—oh I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with unutterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely little girls and a boy." Here her voice faltered, and she sat in deep silence listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days. One night I was seated beside my sick boy, the two little girls were in the bed in the next room, while beyond was another room, into which I heard my husband go, as he entered the house. That room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I know not why, but a feeling of terror took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I rose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength and throwing myself with

all my force against the door, the lock gave way and the door flew open. Oh, the sight! the terrible sight!" she wails in a voice that haunts me now; and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them, it was whiter and sadder than ever.

"Delirium tremens. You have never seen it, girls. God grant you never may. My husband stood beside his bed, his eyes glaring with insanity, and in his hand a large knife. Take them away, he screamed. The horrible things, they are crawling all over me, take them away I say, and he flourished his knife in the air. Regardless of the danger, I rushed up to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to have ceased beating. There lay my children, covered with their own life-blood, slain by their own father. For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this great sorrow. I scarcely heeded the mamma by my side—the man who had wrought me all this woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wailings filled the air. The servants heard me, and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them he drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind was so shattered that I know no one."

She ceased. Our eyes were riveted on her wan face, and some of the women present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. So much sorrow, we thought, and through no fault of her own. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to continue her story.

"Two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck, then I recovered from the shock, and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father visited upon the child, and six months ago, my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and as I, his mother, saw the sod heaped over him I said 'thank God! I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard,' and I turned into my desolate home, a childless woman, one on whom the hand of God had rested heavily.

"Girls, it is you I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine; do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him! So much the worse for you, for married to him, the greater will be your misery because of your love. You will marry him and then reform him, you say. Ah! a woman sadly over-tasks her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no match for the giant demon drink when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you too. It is to save you girls from the sorrows which wrecked my happiness that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it; and I have a message to bear to every girl—never marry a drunkard."

I can see her now as she stood amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing, and her frame quivering with emotion as she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out and we never saw her again. Her words fitly spoken were not without effect, however, and because of them there is one girl single now.—*Railway Signal for August.*

THE USE OF MONEY.

SOME boys and girls spend every cent on candy, toys, or trifles; others save every cent. Neither of these methods are to be commended. It is equally wrong to squander or to hoard. Money should be expended to advantage. That involves prudence in earning, in saving, and in spending. A prudent boy will buy nothing that he does not need. He will buy the best for his money. He will learn to "shop," as the girls do—that is, look around until he is certain that some other article will suit him better.

Perhaps the greatest check on reckless or foolish expenditure is a daybook. How many boys know what that is, or have used one? A bright boy has for three years

kept a daybook, in which he entered every cent that passed through his hands. All the money he receives from any source is entered in the credit column. All money expended is set down in the debit column. Every week the book is balanced. It requires about ten minutes each day to set down the daily expenditures, and fifteen minutes at the end of the week to balance the book. This book shows "where his money has gone." It also checks foolish expenditure. When he foots up his "debts" he will be ashamed to enter "candy" or "cigarettes" three or four times. The next day he will think of his book and refrain.

You can save money by keeping a daybook. The items surprise and instruct you. It does not make you stingy or mean. It gives you more money to spend for necessities. It inculcates business habits that may be of value. To the girls these remarks equally apply.

HOW A BOY BECAME A COMMANDER.

THERE lived in a Scotch village a little boy, Jamie by name, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him dearly, and the thought of giving him up grieved her exceedingly, but she finally consented. As the boy left home she said to him: "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down every night and morning and say your prayers; no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not."

"Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie; and soon he was on a ship bound for India.

They had a good captain; and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he knelt down to pray.

But on the return voyage, some of the sailors having run away, their places were supplied by others, one of whom proved to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, he went up to him and giving him a sound box on the ear, said in a decided tone, "None of that here, sir!"

Another seaman who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come on deck and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both then returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said: "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you, I will give him another drubbing."

The next night it came into the boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to create such a disturbance in the ship, when it could easily be avoided if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock so that nobody would observe it. But the moment the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, and dragging him out by the neck, said: "Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal!"

During the whole voyage back to London the profane sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father; and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayer. Jamie soon began to be industrious, and during his spare time he studied his books. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and when he became old enough, about taking latitude and longitude.

Several years ago the largest steamer ever built, called the *Great Eastern*, was launched on the ocean, and carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A very reliable, experienced captain was chosen for this important undertaking; and who should it be but little Jamie. When the *Great Eastern* returned to England after this successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood, and the world now knows him as Sir James Anderson.

MEN never break down as long as they keep a happy, joyous heart. It is the sad heart that tires. Whatever our load, we should always keep a songful spirit in our breast.

Ahoy! Ahoy!

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I hear a shout, I hear a call to every idle rover,
Ahoy! ahoy! each girl and boy, vacation time is over.

Come from your rural haunts and nooks, with faces round and ruddy,
You've had your plays and holidays, and now's the time for study.

Ahoy! ahoy! the echoes fly along the glen and mountain;
They mingle with the running stream, and with the plashing fountain;
And o'er the ocean, too, they go by verdant peaks and passes,
To marshal in the wandering clan of rosy lads and lassies.

From northern woods and breezy camps, from southern haunts of fairies;
From rugged coasts along the East, and from the Western prairies

The signal flies—the shout goes forth to every idle rover,
Ahoy! ahoy! each girl and boy, vacation time is over.

Make no excuse—make no delay—but with a purpose steady,
Fall into line, like soldiers true, for every duty ready.

Let go your fishing-lines and hooks, your bats and balls and rackets,
And turn your thoughts awhile to books—put on your working jackets.

Ahoy! ahoy! on ship and shore are voices loudly ringing,
And breezes to their homes once more a merry host are bringing;

With sparkling eyes and rosy lips, and full of youthful graces,
They'll enter through the school-room door, and settle in their places.

I hear a shout, I hear a call to every idle rover,
Ahoy! ahoy! each girl and boy, vacation time is over.

Come from your rural haunts and nooks, with faces round and ruddy,
You've had your plays and holidays, and now's the time for study.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XV.

FOUND AT LAST.

It was nearly a mile to the street where Mr. Mason lived, but Sandy did not pause to take breath in his rapid race. He tore along the pavement, and dashed over the crossings, as he might have done if a policeman had been in chase of him. When he reached Mr. Mason's house, he knocked at the door with an earnestness that procured an immediate attention.

"I'm come for Mr. Mason!" he gasped; "John Shafto's dyin', and he wants to see him."

"Master's not at home," said the servant; "he went out at six o'clock."

"Where's he gone to?" inquired Sandy, with a blank feeling of dismay.

"I'll go and ask," answered the servant, leaving him on the doorstep, panting for breath, and sitting down to take rest for a few minutes. It was very hard to find Mr. Mason gone out; for if he were not back quickly, perhaps John Shafto would be dead, and he would never hear him speak again. Would it not be best to return at once with the news that Mr. Mason was not at home? But then John was so fond of him, whom he had known and loved years before he had picked up Sandy in the streets. And Mr. Mason would be deeply grieved if he found John dead without any good-bye between them. It would be a sore disappointment to them both. Yet suppose neither he nor Mr. Mason could be in time, and each of them lost the sad pleasure of seeing Johnny once more! Surely it would be wrong to go back at once, and make sure of it for himself!

Sandy had not quite made up his mind, when the door was opened again by the servant; and he sprang to his feet to hear what she had to tell him.

"Master's only gone to a farewell meeting at Miss Murray's," she said.

"She's going to start for Canada to-morrow with a lot of children; and master's sending out two boys from his Refuge, so he's gone to see them for the last time. It's about twenty minutes from here, the place is."

"I know the place," interrupted Sandy; "we took a load of wood there this mornin' for Miss Murray's boys to chop up."

"That's where the master is at this moment," said the servant.

She shut the door again, leaving Sandy on the doorstep, still uncertain what to do. It was a mile farther on, a long mile; and every step would increase the distance between himself and John Shafto. He started back towards home, and ran swiftly to the end of the street, feeling that he could not go the other way. But he paused again there. How grieved John would be! And Mr. Mason, what would he say when he heard John Shafto was dead, without one word of good-bye? Would he suffer anything like the sorrow he was feeling? Suddenly Sandy set off again in the opposite direction, and did not waste another instant, or pause again, until he reached the place where he would find Mr. Mason.

It was a large building—a home for destitute children, who found their way to it from all parts of London. Every window was lighted up, and there was a great stir about it, of people passing in and out busily. To-morrow a number of orphan boys and girls, taken out of the very gutters of the city, were about to start for a new home in Canada; and many of their friends had met for the purpose of bidding them good-bye, and giving them little keepsakes for them to remember the old country by in after-life. Sandy made his way to the entrance of a large room, where they were assembled, but he could not push in at first, for the crowd in the doorway. He could hear Mr. Mason's voice speaking; and he listened impatiently. But he did not know if he might be hustled out if he interrupted his speech, and perhaps given in charge of the policeman he had seen near the outer door.

By degrees Sandy pressed into the room, eager to catch Mr. Mason's eye, and stop him in his farewell speech to the boys and girls, which was eating away the little time left to John Shafto and himself. He could see the emigrants now; boys like himself, who had known the worst of the city life, and who had starved, and shivered in rags, and slept out in the cold, and trodden the pavement barefoot, never knowing from day to day what they should eat, or where they should lay their heads. And there were girls too, whose lives had been as bad; but who were now sitting together in warm scarlet hoods and blue dresses, making so bright a spot among the dingy crowd that they drew Sandy's eyes to them. He glanced at them for a moment, thinking how pretty little Gip would look dressed so; and then he pushed still nearer to Mr. Mason.

Now he could see Miss Murray herself, with a very little girl upon her lap, the smallest and the youngest by far of the emigrants; a child in a scarlet hood and blue frock like the others. Sandy's eyes were fastened upon her; and he stood as still as if he had been turned into stone, every other object vanishing quite out of his sight. This little girl had her face towards him, a tiny face, but not pinched like Gip's; a rosy face, with bright black eyes, and pretty black hair curling under the scarlet hood. It could not be Gip! Was it possible that it could be his little Gip? He dared not breathe or move. But all at once she raised her little hands to her face, and peeped through the open fingers at the people round her; just one of Gip's pretty tricks, the very one he had taught her himself! No. It could not be any other child than Gip!

"Gip!" he shouted suddenly, at the highest pitch of his voice, till the roof rang again; "Gip! my little Gip!"

Mr. Mason stopped in his speech, and every eye was turned up to Sandy. But he did not see a single face about him, no face but little Gip's, with wide-open, searching, wondering eyes, gazing everywhere in search of him. He heard no sound, except Gip's shrill voice calling, "Here I are, I wady! Here little Gip are. Where's Dandy?"

In another second Sandy had forced his way to the front and held out his arms to

Gip, who ran into them, with a shrill scream of delight. He sat down on the floor, with her on his lap, and hid his face on the little scarlet hood, scarcely knowing whether they had not both died, and gone into that heaven of which he had only heard since he had lost her.

"Oh! Dandy, Dandy!" cried little Gip, clinging to him with all her strength.

"Dandy's come back again to Gip!"

Sandy did not notice how quiet every one was around them. There was no sound, except that of deep-drawn sobs; for many of the people who had gathered round were in tears. Mr. Mason came down from the little platform, where he had been standing, and laid his hand on Sandy's head.

"Is it your lost little Gip?" he asked.

"Ay!" answered Sandy, holding her tightly in his arms, and looking anxiously about him to see if he could make his escape from the room with her; "ay!" it's my little Gip. Nobody mustn't take her away from me again, you know. She belongs to me, and I'll take care of her now. She mustn't be took off to Canada away from me."

"No, no," said Mr. Mason, "we will not take Gip from you, my boy. If she goes, you shall go. But stand up, Sandy, and tell Miss Murray all about her."

He rose to his feet very slowly and reluctantly, not loosening for a moment his hold of Gip. All he could see was an indistinct ring of faces of people closing him in, so that he could not get away; but he spoke out in a loud, clear voice.

"Mother was always a-gottin' drunk," he said, "and one bitter night she lost little Gip in the streets; and I've been searchin' for her up and down, everywhere, ever since. If it hadn't been for Johnny Shafto, I'd have died maybe. But I want you to let me take her, and keep her; and I'll be very good to her. Gip 'ud never be happy without me; and Mrs. Shafto and Johnny 'll be very good to her. Oh! if you please, Mr. Mason, Johnny's dyin', and he sent me to ask you to come d'reckly."

"Wait one minute," said Miss Murray, as Mr. Mason was about to hurry away.

"I must tell my friends here how this little girl came under my care. She was found crying in the streets one night by a girl who had a sister in this home, and she brought her direct to me. None of us could learn from her either her name or where she lived; and we kept her with us, whilst I made every inquiry I could. I shall be sorry to go to Canada without my little girl to-morrow; but Mr. Mason will take care of them both, and perhaps they will come out with me next time."

Sandy heard very few of these words, for his terror lest John Shafto should be dead awoke again with greater force. If he were still alive, he would see little Gip after all! He was all impatient to be off, and in a few minutes he found himself, with Gip still in his arms, sitting beside Mr. Mason in a cab, the driver of which had been ordered to go as fast as he could to Mr. Shafto's house.

(To be continued.)

YOUR INFLUENCE.

THAT is a subtle something over which you cannot always have control. You may guard the words you are to speak, or you may speak words different from those you at first intended, or you may leave them unspoken. But not so with the silent influence that goes out from you, that may proceed from the expression of your countenance, from a simple look, a nod of the head, a motion of the hand, the sound even of your footsteps. Consciously or unconsciously, you are all the time speaking in this silent but powerful manner. And the speech you thus make, which we call influence, may affect others for their best welfare or for their ruin. He who steps into a saloon or indulges daily in the moderate use of drinks, who uses profane words or other impure speech, whose conduct of life is on a lower moral plane, whether he wishes to do so or not, influences others to do the things he does. That man moving in respectable society and holding membership in the church, who visits a drinking place, by his conduct invites others to do so. He says to them in unspoken words, but words which they

know how to interpret, "There is no danger in going into a drinking place." The young lady member of the Church who indulges in the fashionable vanities of the world says to her companions, in words alike unspoken, "There is no harm in these things; no hurt can come from them to the religious well-being of the soul."

These things being true, it is of the highest importance for one's own good, as well as for the good of others, that our influence be always pure and good, healthful and uplifting. And to be so it must be guarded as the best interests of our life are guarded.

BETTER TRY TO BE BIG POTATOES.

AMONG the visitors at one of the Chicago public schools was a retired farmer uncle of one of the pupils. Observing that her guest appeared much interested in the children, the teacher invited him to speak to them.

"Children," said the visitor, "how many of you ever saw a load of potatoes going to market? Only a few hands went up, for Chicago school children are not so favoured in that line as their town cousins. "Well," continued the guest, "any one who sees a load of potatoes going to market will notice that only the big ones are on top. The little ones are at the bottom. In the shaking up that the load gets in going to the market, the big potatoes crowd the little ones to the bottom. This world of ours, my little friends, may be compared to a load of potatoes going to town. The people are the potatoes. You, here in school, are preparing to be a part of this load of potatoes, and to take your chances in the shaking up which comes in getting before the public and making a success in life. In school is where you begin to be either a big or little potato. If you are learning your lessons and working hard to stand high in your class, it means that you are going to be a big potato when you leave school and go out into the world. If you are failing to get your lessons it means that you will be a little potato in the world, a potato that is not much good and one that nobody will have much use for. Study hard! Get every lesson perfectly! Then you will be bright and intelligent, and when you go into the world you will be on top, you will attract attention, and people will pay well to secure you."

"RESIST THE DEVIL."

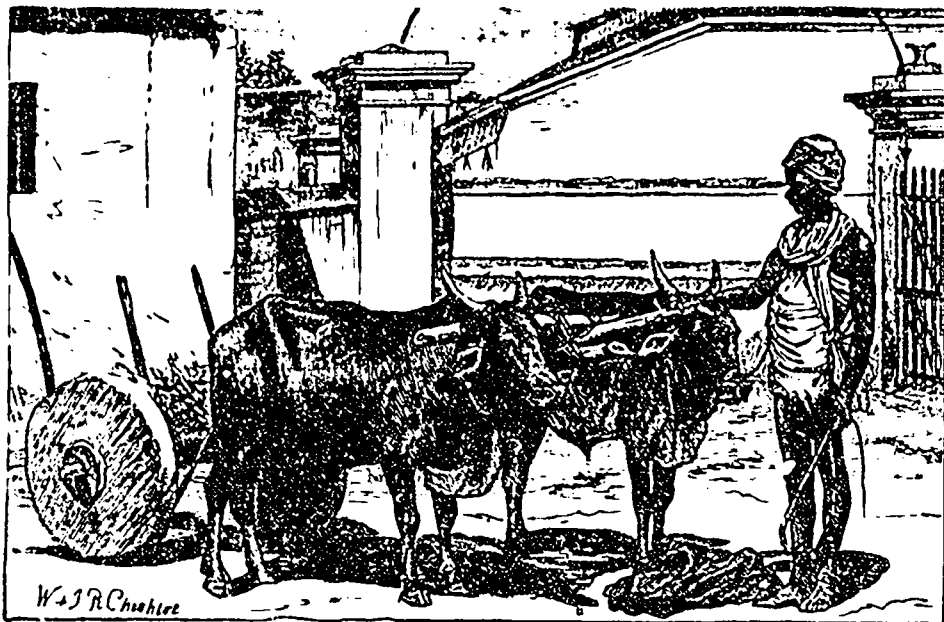
A STORY is told of a poor chimney sweeper's boy who was employed at the house of a lady of rank to clean the chimney of her chamber. Finding himself on the hearth of the lady's dressing room, and perceiving no one there, he waited a few moments to take a view of the beautiful things in the apartment. A gold watch, richly set with diamonds, particularly caught his attention, and he could not forbear taking it in his hand.

Immediately the wish arose in his mind, "Ah, if thou hadst such a one!" After a pause, he said to himself: "But if I take it I shall be a thief. And yet," continued he, "no one sees me. No one? Does not God see me, who is present everywhere? Should I then be able to say my prayers to him after I had committed this theft? Could I die in peace?" Overcome by these thoughts, a cold shivering seized him. "No," said he, laying down the watch, "I had much rather be poor and keep my good conscience, than rich and become a rogue." At these words he hastened back into the chimney.

The countess, who was in the room adjoining, having overheard his soliloquy, sent for him the next morning, and thus accosted him.

"My little friend, why did you not take the watch yesterday?" The boy fell on his knees, speechless and astonished. "I heard everything you said," continued her ladyship. "Thank God for enabling you to resist this temptation, and be watchful over yourself for the future. From this moment you shall be in my service. I will both maintain and clothe you, and I will procure you good instruction."

The boy burst into tears; he was anxious to express his gratitude, but he could not. The countess strictly kept her promise, and had the pleasure to see him grow up a pious as well as an intelligent man.



SCENE IN INDIA.

SCENE IN INDIA.

OUR picture shows you one of the two-wheel carts of India. Not a very easy one to ride in nor very handsome. But still people ride in or on them. The sleepy-looking bullocks are probably as lazy as they look to be, for the repeated blows which they receive on their sides from their driver have become so frequent that they no longer care for them. No one walks in India if he can get a couple of wheels and a bullock to draw him. I presume that most of my readers would prefer walking to riding, if the vehicle in which they were to ride resembled this one; but in India, where the weather is so warm, any means by which exertion is lessened is considered not only right and proper but very acceptable.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A. D. 30-37.] LESSON XII [Sept. 18.

REVIEW.

SCRIPTURE LESSON: The Golden Texts of the Quarter; or Acts 2, 1-4, 41-47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.—Eph. 2, 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Church is founded on Jesus Christ, and refreshed by the Holy Spirit for every good word and work.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote the Book of the Acts? Why is it called Acts? Who wrote it?

SUBJECT. THE BIRTH OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

I. Preparations.—(Lesson 1.)

How did Christ die?
How long did he remain buried?
When did he rise again?
To whom did he appear?
For how long a time?
From what place did he ascend?
What did the disciples do after he had ascended?

II. The Beginning of the Church. (Lesson 2.)

How many days did the disciples wait?
What then took place?
How many were converted at this time?

III. The Character of the Christians. (Lessons 3, 6.)

What was required in order to be a Christian?
How does repenting and believing make us better?
What is said of the Christians as to benevo-

lence? Brotherly kindness? Prayer? Joy? Courage? their daily lives?

IV. The Works of the Christians. (Lessons 3, 4, 5, 6, 10.)

What did they preach?
What good deeds did they do?
What meetings did they attend?
Give an instance of their doing good.
What did they do with their property?
What did they suffer for Christ's sake?
Which one prayed for his enemies?

V. Dangers from Within.—(Lessons 7, 10.)

What two persons pretended to be Christians and were not?
What wrong did they do?
How were they punished?
What case of partiality in the Church?
How was the dispute settled?
Did they show a Christian spirit?

VI. Dangers from Without. (Lessons 5, 6, 8, 9.)

Who were imprisoned?
What for?
Did it stop their preaching?
How were they released at one time?
Who was stoned because he preached the Gospel?
What were his last words?
What famous man was among his persecutors?

VII. Results.

How long had the Church been in existence?
Ans. Six or seven years.
Were there many converted?
In what city were the most of them?
Did their trials prevent the Church from growing?

IN CHINA.

It is said to be the custom in China to pay off all debts at the close of each year, so that every new year may be begun clear of debt. This is certainly a most excellent custom if one must be in debt. A better custom, where it is possible, is not to get into debt.

"Pay as you go" is a very good motto. Some one once suggested this to a young spendthrift, who thereupon asked, "But suppose a fellow can't pay?" "Then don't go," was the prompt and appropriate reply.

The Chinese seem to be more careful about money-matters than we are in this country. It is said that there has not been a bank failure in China for nine hundred years. During the reign of the Emperor Hi Flung an edict was issued that upon the failure of a bank the heads of the president, cashier, and directors should be struck off and piled up in a corner with the assets. The edict has never been repealed, and Chinese bank stock has continued to be above par and above reproach.

That is a very severe law. If it existed in this land and were enforced, there would be a good many large piles of heads lying around in some of our cities. But perhaps the existence of the law would save the banks and the heads of the bankers, and that would be the best for all concerned.

God's Way.

BY ARTHUR E. JOHNSON.

To us God's way seems strange;
We can but see the step before,
We stand upon the sea-girt shore;
Our eyes have narrow range.

We cannot see the end,
To God there is no dark or light,
All things are open to his sight;
No chords his arcs subtend.

For us there is a bound;
To God there is no great or small;
His power and knowledge compass all—
A mighty deep profound.

We speak of place and time;
God knows no time, nor there nor here,
The boundless realm but ensphere
One of his thoughts sublime.

We do not understand,
With storms he clears the air below,
He warms the earth with chilly snow,
And walls the sea with sand.

So in the world of grave
Comes greatest gain from direct loss;
The crown comes only by the cross,
The loser wins the race.

"The just by faith shall live,"
Thus God would save the sinful soul,
Thus God would make the wounded whole,
And endless life would give.

Help thou mine unbelief!
Although I may not understand,
Yet I may grasp thy proffered hand,
And walk in trusting faith.

HEARTBEATS.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him, "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did so. I said, "Count it carefully. What does it say?" "Your pulse says seventy-four." I then sat down in a chair, and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, "Your pulse has gone down to seventy." I then lay down on a lounge, and said, "Will you take it again?" He replied, "It is only sixty-four! What an extraordinary thing!" I then said, "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of life during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes. The result is, you rise up very sooty and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below."—*The Scientific American*.

STILL A CHRISTIAN.

It is said that at an evening party some fifty years ago, after the ladies had withdrawn, according to English custom, the conversation among the gentlemen became very dishonouring to Christ. One guest alone remained silent. Jest and witticism continued. Presently he ordered his carriage, and rising to go, apologized to the company for his early withdrawal by remarking that he was "still a Christian"

The gentleman who thus rebuked the profane levity of the company was no other than the famous Sir Robert Peel, at that time prime minister of England.

There are places and associations where a Christian cannot afford to stay. No place where the name of Jesus is spoken in irreverence or profanity should be able to hold the presence of any one professing love for Christ. No true-hearted lad or young miss would remain for a moment where their father or mother was disrespectfully spoken of. So they should withdraw themselves from every company where the name of Jesus is irreverently spoken.

The mention of Sir Robert Peel recalls an interesting feature of his home training. His father took him regularly to service at church, and from the time he was five years old he required him, in his own private room, to repeat to him as much as he could remember of the sermon the minister preached. At first he had him stand on a chair, and would say to him, "Robin, I will give you a cherry if you will tell me what the minister said." As the years grew, the lad became able to repeat almost the entire sermon. And in this way he acquired his power of retaining the arguments of an adversary in the order in which they were given, and repeating them for ans or almost in the very language in which they were stated, thereby gaining that wonderful ascendancy in parliament which made him at the same time the most honoured and the most dreaded of its members.

WE HAVE A NICE

Temperance Pledge Roll

WITH SPACES FOR 75 NAMES.

Printed on Paper, 25 Cents.

Printed on Cardboard, 35 Cents.

The following is the form of Pledge:

"We, the undersigned, do solemnly promise, by the help of God, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and profanity."

HAS YOUR SCHOOL A PLEDGE ROLL?

SOME OF OUR

NEW REWARD TICKETS

(Marcus Ward & Co.)

PER PACKAGE, 15 CENTS, POSTPAID.

Number of packet.	Number in packet.
329. The Sure Salvation. Appropriate texts on decorated cards	24
330. Life Eternal; or, Why Will ye Die? Persuasive texts on decorated cards.....	24
331. Pilgrim Precepts. Appropriate texts on picture cards.....	36
332. Little Pilgrims. Floral cards with Bible words and verses from "Pilgrim's Progress".....	36
333. Watchwords. Decorated cards with watchwords from the Bible.....	36
363. Words of Life. Illuminated with designs of Lily-of-the-Valley.....	48
369. Bible Mottoes for Little Children. With autumn leaves and berries.....	96

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HURSTIS, HALIFAX.