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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1892.

[No. 41.]

## ON THE TRACK OF CIVILIZATION.

The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was a great surprise to the Indian tribes. They know not what to make of the iron horse with breath of flame and lungs of fire, that snorted its way like a huge dragon over the prairie and through the mountain canyons. But they soon accepted the situation and readily availed themselves of the facilities it offered for rapid transit, and learned to travel with all the composure of veteran

## SELFISHNESS PUNISHED.

It was one day when everybody was tired and anxious to sit down that a large man, carrying a gripsack, boarded an eastern railroad train, and, after walking through several crowded cars, finally found the one vacant seat. Seating himself he placed his bag on the cushion at his side. Just as the train was about to start, another man entered and made the same journey in search of a seat. As he stopped inquiringly before the man the latter said:

rest, expecting every second to be ousted by the owner of the gripsack.

The train moved out from the station. In vain did the large man try to read the stranger's ticket to see what his destination was. Somerville was reached, but the stranger sat quietly in his place; and the large man grew nervous. The train stopped at Everett; and still the stranger gazed peacefully ahead, never budging. The large man began to perspire. Then came Chelsea; but the stranger still held fast

with this baggage that doesn't belong to him. Somebody put it in the seat to secure a place, and evidently got left at Boston, for he hasn't claimed it, and now this man wants to run away with it." He gave the conductor a wink, and as the official knew the stranger personally he understood the wink, and promptly replied:

"The only thing to do is to return the bag to Boston, and stow it among the unclaimed baggage."



INDIANS RIDING ON THE C. P. R.

globe-trotters. The railway is to be the great civilizer of the great North-West. It is the path-finder of Empire—the pioneer of Christian civilization. It makes straight in the wilderness a highway for the coming of the Son of man and the preaching of his gospel of grace. Instead of illimitable herds of bison we will soon have fertile farms and smiling villages and happy Christian homes all through our vast inheritance in the new Canada of the far West.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another one.

"This seat is engaged, sir. A man just stepped out, but will return in a moment. He left his baggage here as a claim to his seat."

"Well," said the second traveler, frankly, "I'm pretty tired, and if you don't object I'll just sit down here and hold his bag for him till he returns;" and, without ceremony, this he proceeded to do.

Then the large man, who was bound for Lynn, earnestly prayed within the inmost chambers of his little heart that his companion might get off at Somerville, or Everett, or Chelsea—anywhere but at Lynn or a station beyond. And the tired man thanked his stars for even a moment's

rest, and never offered to stir.

The stranger had by this time fully grasped the situation, and though thankful for his seat, he determined to punish the unaccommodating pig for his selfish deception. So when Lynn was reached the large man put forth his hand for his bag, but the stranger drew back the same with an expression of surprise, saying:

"I beg your pardon, but this is not your baggage."

"But it isn't yours," stammered the owner, blushing.

"To be sure, but I propose to see it returned to the proper person. Here, conductor, here's a man who wants to run off

"But, expostulated the large man—"Hold on there!" said the conductor, showing a police badge. "none of this! What kind of a man was it who left the bag?"

And then the stranger, the conductor, and one or two sympathizing passengers combined to confuse the large man, and he, hating to confess to his piggishness, and knowing not what to do, precipitately fled, amid the frowns and sighs of his wickedness. But the stranger with a happy, contented smile, had the bag returned to Boston, where the large man had to come next day and identify it.

The moral to this true tale is obvious.

Little by Little.

Step by step the Alpine climber  
Presses upward sure and slow,  
Till his feet are firmly planted  
In the realms of endless snow.

Blow on blow the sculptor fashions  
Roughness into symmetry,  
Till the dark rock gleams with brightness,  
In its new born majesty.

Touch by touch the picture groweth  
Into beauty, life and light,  
Till a world of revelation  
Bursts upon the raptured sight.

Stroke by stroke the clock eye ringeth,  
Welcomes to eternity,  
Adding warning unto warning,  
To the heart in thee and me.

Word by word the book is written,  
With its tale of woe or weal,  
Till the throbbing thoughts like music  
Through the trembling spirit steal.

Wave on wave the wild tide creepeth  
Further on and up the shore,  
Till the stranded boats are floating  
Free and buoyant as of yore.

Such is life in all its phases,  
Little things make up the great;  
Therefore do not, but make them  
Stepping stones to heaven's gate.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

CHRIST IN SOCIAL LIFE

BY REV. J. S. GILBERT, A.M.

The life of Christ is many-sided, and, like the diamond, flashes radiance from every point. The social aspect of Christ's life has not received the attention which it deserves.

1. His human nature. He craved sympathy and fellowship. He was no stoic. He loved flowers and children and all bright

and beautiful things. After he left the retirement of his beautiful Nazareth home he was seldom alone excepting when in communion with the Father.

2. His loving, dignified carriage. It is no irreverence to say that Christ was a perfect gentleman. Fine clothing and nice observance of the formal rules of society are not enough to make a gentleman.

3. He was always about his Father's business. He "went about doing good." In hours of social relaxation as well as in direct public teaching and healing, his life was one constant ministry of good will and kindness.

4. The religion of Jesus sanctifies the social relations of life. Man is a social being. It is not good for him to be alone. He was made for fellowship. Religion does not ignore, but ennobles and sanctifies this element in man's nature.

5. The monastic life finds no countenance in the example of Christ. He was a "man among men." Christ and not John the Baptist presents the true spirit of the New Testament.

6. In his social relations, as in all the other features of his life, Christ is the true model for us. The Christian should go into society, but should always take Christ with him.

BEING AND SEEMING.

"Do be quiet," said a young dove one day to his fellow-nestlings. "Keep your quarrel till those people have passed by. Don't you know you've got a character to keep up? Men have a way of saying 'As gentle as a dove,' and 'Birds in their little nests agree.'" And Pearlle, the speaker, gave a satirical coo, which sounded rather like a laugh.

"I don't mind what they say," said Duskie, hotly. "I don't see why Ruffio should take up so much room; I can't stir a claw, and all my feathers, which I smoothed so beautifully this morning, are turned up the wrong way." And Duskie gave Ruffio a peck, which Ruffio returned.

"Coo, coo, coo, coo!" said Pearlle, sweetly, trying to keep up the character of the family as the two girls, who had passed before, came by again. They were walking up and down learning their lessons.

"Do hear those sweet creatures," said one.

"What gentle voices they have," said Mary. "They always live at peace, I am sure."

"Of course," said Jerry, "but they seem to be fluttering in their nests, nevertheless. Look, Mary, if you stand here you can see them."

Pearlle, who had been pleased with the flattery of the second speaker, made grimaces at Duskie and Ruffio to keep quiet, but in vain; peck followed peck, and flutter followed flutter, till there was nothing to be done but to leave the nest and have it out in the air.

And so they did, and Mary and Jenny watched them with tearful eyes, for it seemed truly sad to see those pretty, soft and graceful birds fighting with ruffled feathers and angry glances. Some feathers fell even at the children's feet, and Pearlle's gentle "coo, coo," which were kept up for the credit of the family, were drowned by her brother and sister's angry uproar.

At last the parent bird came back, and administered sharp corrections to the naughty young ones.

"Duskie," said the father, "is ought to make you gentle to know it is expected of you to be 'as gentle as a dove.' And, Ruffio, you ought to be ashamed to have the character of being gentle and peaceful and not to deserve it."

"Yes, indeed!" said Pearlle, indignantly, "and if you had only seen how those saucy sparrows laughed! You were too angry to hear them, but they enjoyed your disgrace, and said something, which I did not understand, about profession and practice."

"Yes, dear, those are long words used by men, and they mean that we ought to be what we have the character of being."

"Ruffio, go outside the nest and smooth yourself, you naughty bird!" said the mother, "you look positively ugly. And, Duskie, you and your brother must not go to the pea field for a week. In fact, I shall be obliged to keep you close by me. It is not only the harm you do to yourselves by being angry, but the harm you do to others."

"Why, those sparrows will make a mock at goodness always now, and you will find they will say, 'Oh, doves put on a meek and gentle manner, but they know how to fight and quarrel as well as others.' And those two dear little girls we met were crying, and I hear one say to the other, 'How sad! it seems worse to see doves fight than other birds. They look as if they ought to live at peace—as if God meant them to teach us a lesson about the beauty of gentleness, and meekness, and innocence; and they have spoiled the picture. I shall never see doves again without a painful feeling.'"

"Did she say that?" said Duskie in a choky voice. "That's worse than all; I thought it didn't matter much just being naughty once. But if she will never forget it, it has done her harm too; and she is such a dear little girl; she often throws me peas."

AN HONORABLE SCAR.

BY M. JEANIE MALLARY.

"THEN, you are an arrant coward, sir, for no boy with a spark of bravery would stand such language as you stood this morning."

"I shall not fight, Roy, and you may attribute this refusal to cowardice, if you please. Fighting would not settle this difficulty. It is simply a misunderstanding upon Richard's part, and if he will come to me as a gentleman, I will, as a gentleman, explain matters to his satisfaction; but I will meet him on no other ground."

"Everybody thinks your course cowardly, that you are afraid to meet Richard."

"No matter for that. I shall not fight simply because of people's opinion. With me, it is a case of conscience. I do not think it right."

"By this time, the rest of the school boys came up, and a hiss ran the length of the procession, and jeers of "coward" were heard. Urged on by his companions, Richard ran up to Roger and caught his arm. But just then a stage coach dashed round the corner, at such fearful speed that the sudden turn came near upsetting it; and the horses becoming frightened, started to run. The young driver, indifferent alike to the speed of the horses and the warnings of the people, looked on with unconcern. A little girl had just run across the street, and, finding that she had dropped her penny, started back to pick it up, but her foot slipping, she was thrown right under the horses. Roger, seeing her peril, sprang forward, seized her arm, and dragged her away. He saved the child, but his own temple was grazed by a hoof, and the blood flowed freely. Not stopping to receive the thanks of the grateful parents, or the praises of the people, he stanchied the blood with his handkerchief, and was soon out of sight.

Springing behind a lamp-post to be out of danger, Richard had nevertheless witnessed the scene, and when he went speaking home, he looked as though somebody had given him the worst whipping of his life.

The honorable scar that Roger ever after wore upon his temple, settled the question of "cowardice," and was a silent reproach to all who saw his brave act.

HOLLYVILLE

BY MRS. J. MCMAHON WRIGHT.

Just a week or two ago for Christmas trees surely, yet here were Frank and Larry, and their big cousin Horace, valiantly dragging home three Christmas-trees, which they had come three miles to find. The woods were full of snow, the under-shot wheel in the Holly Mill was silent; ice clung to its buckets, and hung in long, flashing stalactites from the eaves, and the ends of the heaped-up logs. But the Christmas-trees have been neglected at the proper time this year, for the good reason that Papa Norton and Mamma Norton had been off to the city where the great lawsuit was to be decided. If it went against Papa Norton, why, then, good bye to the Holly Mill, and the big furniture factory, and to the possibility of Christmas-trees for years to come. So the holidays passed, and cousin Horace, and the Norton girls and boys waited and waited. At last as January ended, came a letter that made them all shout for joy. The suit was won! Papa's enemies could not drive him out of the field. "They only wanted to because he is a staunch temperance man," said Horace, "and makes all his workmen keep the pledge, while they work for him. So none of their earnings go for liquor, and the liquor-men don't like it."

And now mamma wrote to get three big trees, one for the Sunday-school, one for the day-school, and one for the big family of Norton; and mamma was coming home with a huge trunk full of presents. "There will be no end of good times here now," said Horace. "Hollyville is going to show what a temperance settlement can be. All the houses are to be put in order; not a drop of liquor is to come on our six miles square of territory; we are to have a church; and a Sunday-school; and a day-school and an evening school; and a working-man's club; and a lecture and concert bureau; and a Hollyville Savings Institution. Your papa told me all about it. He said if he won this suit, as he hoped, then he and Uncle Edgar would ride their temperance hobby, as people called it, and show what fine paces it has, sure enough."

"Sister Anna says there won't be a poorhouse, nor a lock-up needed round Hollyville; nor constables, nor a police court. There won't be a pauper, nor a person who can't read. Father's going to show what Christian principles can do in a business. Big wages and reasonable hours; strict temperance, and compulsory education—that's the ticket," cried Larry.

"It will be kind of like summer with us all the year round, won't it?" said Frank, holding fast by old Dobbin's mane. "The winter will be as bright and as jolly as summer, when everyone has plenty to eat, and a nice home, and lots of fire and warm clothes, and all the books and pictures, and playthings everybody wants! Won't that be gay! Jolly for us!"

"Three cheers for Hollyville, the temperance village! Hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted Larry, and he and Frank and Horace, made the old woods ring.

THE SIZE OF PLANETS.

Few of us realize how enormous the sun is, or how small a part of our solar system is represented by the earth.

Some idea may be obtained of the comparative size of the principal planets of the solar system by supposing a globe of two feet diameter, placed in the center of a level plain, to represent the sun; a grain of mustard, placed on the circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter, for Mercury; a pea on a circle of 284 feet, for Venus; another pea, on a circle of 430 feet, for the earth; a large pin's head, on a circle of 654 feet, for Mars; four minute grains of sand in circles of from 1,000 to 1,200 feet, for Vesta, Ceres, Pallas, and Juno; a moderate sized orange on a circle of nearly half a mile in diameter, for Jupiter; a small orange, on a circle of four-fifths of a mile in diameter for Saturn; a small plum of full-sized cherry, on a circle of a mile and a half in diameter, for Uranus; a good sized plum, in a circle about two miles and a half in diameter for Neptune. It is calculated that the united mass of the whole of the planets is not above a six hundredth part of the mass of the sun.

Good Cheer.

BY HAN N. BROWN.

"O DEAR! O DEAR! 'tis the fall o' the year!"  
Piped the robin, one autumn morn,  
A sitting in shadow down in the meadow,  
Where the harvesters pulled their corn.  
And he piped it over and over again,  
Till the hearts of the field-folk echoed the strain:

"O the snow and the blow! Old Winter, I know,  
May clutch as us any day;  
The stubble they're mowing, the golden-rod's going,  
And everything's old and gray;  
The last daisy faints at meeting Jack Frost,  
And the primrose's bright yellow lantern is lost."

Then up the sun a sparrow begun  
To twitter and cheep and sing;  
"Ah, sweet! O how sweet such a bright day  
to greet!  
Old Autumn's as merry as Spring;  
Red leaves in his fingers and great drifts of gold  
Under his footsteps so lusty and bold.

"Chip, chip, a-chee-chee! there are bright things to see,  
If the roses and daisies have fled!  
The sun is still smiling, all sorrow beguiling,  
And nothing is really dead;  
The flowers will come back, and nobody's undone,  
As you'll see if you'll only keep in the sun."

Then, merry and gay as a holiday  
That wakes in the summer with bees,  
A great chorus started, clear, strong, and whole-hearted—  
Grasshoppers, crickets, and chickadees:  
"All seasons are good, and have gifts to be won,  
As you'll see if you only keep in the sun."

The Story of a Hymn-Book.\*

CHAPTER I.

A LEAF FROM GILBERT GUEHLING'S DIARY.

NOVEMBER 3rd.—A month to-day my mother died. It is three weeks since I followed her to the grave. Nay, not her; my mother's bright, saintly spirit has known nothing of the darkness of the grave. Say, rather, three weeks since I followed the mortal remains of dear mother to their temporary resting-place; for even the precious dust shall be raised and clothed with glory and beauty.

Dear mother! Only fifty-four, and yet a widow thirty years. How true to her husband and to her child! It was a sad hour that October afternoon when I saw my mother's coffin laid beside the dust of my father and my good old grandfather. Now I have no one of my mother's family left, except my Uncle Clement, at The Hawthorns, my childhood's home. How unspeakably dear is the old farmhouse to me! It was there I was born; it was there my happy childhood was spent. How is it that, in looking back upon those early times, all appears brilliant, uninterrupted sunshine? Memory takes no note of winter nights or cloudy days. There must have been seasons of gloom and sorrow even in boyhood's golden age; but only the memory of what was sweet, and bright, and blessed, remains. Mine was a happy boyhood, though I lost my father ere I knew him. But, then, I had such a mother! Had, shall I say? Nay, have, for I hope my father will!

It has been hard work to go through her books and papers, and private treasures. Everything seemed so much a part of her, and brought with it so many memories. My father's letters—those I never saw before. (But I know my father now, as I never know him, or thought to know him. Locks of hair, faded ribbons, letters yellow with years, and the pale ink, almost too faint for the words written so long ago to be read now.)

"Class-tickets"—what a series of them! My mother received her first when she was only eleven years old. And she never missed one to the day of her death. They're all here—for fifty-three years!

My mother's Bible—bearing tokens of

constant use, despite all her care. How some pages seem to fall open naturally, as if often counted! And the texts from which she heard sermons all neatly marked with the preacher's name and the date. And then her Hymn-book. Next to her Bible, the most precious of all her treasures; her daily companion, the medium of her prayers and praises, her psalter and liturgy.

On these two books her eyes rested the very day she died; they were to her like the rod and the staff of the Shepherd as she passed through the valley.

The sight of all these precious—may I not say sacred—relics has brought up all my life before me. These dumb memorials seem to have found a voice. As I sit here at my desk, in my quiet room, they speak to me, and rehearse the story of the past.

Ah, dear old Hymn-book! Is not that a salt water stain on the once bright red morocco of your cover? And your pages—they have been wet, too, with ocean brine and mother's tears. And ah, here! these pages, "For Believer Fighting," is not that the stain of blood?

Old Hymn-book, if you could speak, what tales you might tell! Suppose I let you tell your story. With those letters and notes of my mother's, and the recollections that come crowding upon me as I sit at this bureau where she so often sat, it would be no very hard task to find material for a life story.

How many figures must find a place in the canvas! And how many and what varied scenes! Strange that a single and ordinary life should embrace such diversified experiences! The English village and the mighty prairie, and the streets of London and the broad Atlantic, the college hall and the California gambling-hell, the shipwreck and the battle-field—how strange that my mother's Hymn-book should have known something of all these, and more!

I will mend my pen and trim my lamp, and lay out a clean fair sheet upon my blotting-pad, and while the narrative the old book may unfold. Stay a moment, another coal on the fire, and the rattling window fastened!

There, dear old friend of my mother and her sorrowing son, now I am ready. Speak!

CHAPTER II.

THE BOOK'S STORY BEGINS.

I AM not going to begin my story according to the old-time example of autobiographers, who think it necessary to go back to the very earliest recollections, and to repeat the traditions of their elders as to the unique infancy and remarkable childhood of themselves, the autobiographers in question. I shall not take you back to the dreadful days of my "manufacture," when from so much "raw material" I was developed or evolved (is not that the correct modern word?), and become transformed, by virtue of various processes of printing, folding, pressing, and binding, from cold blank paper and dull leather into that most wonderful of human productions—a book.

But you may, perhaps, wish to know something of my personal appearance. I trust I am not vain, but I am nevertheless glad that I was strongly and respectably clothed when I was sent into the world, or I should never have entered the circles in which I have moved, or have survived the experiences through which I have passed.

Well, then, I am a Methodist Hymn-book. I think my style and title are duly registered in that Registry-Office-General of bookdom, Stationer's Hall, as "A Collection of Hymns for the use of the People called Methodists. By the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, London, Published by John Mason, City Road." My title-page bears no date, but I am able to tell you I was "published" (I think that is the word) in 1837.

In form and fashion I am not nearly so elegant as those younger members of my family with whom I sometimes come in contact in these days.

I am not thin and genteel, nor do I wear gold and costly apparel; and therein I am surely the more conformable to the strict and simple rule of old-fashioned Methodism. I am told that my young kinsfolk

of this modern age are some of them dressed in watered silk and purple velvet, to say nothing of ivory caskets and golden clasps!

I am short and thick, very much like a little stout man among the slim and tall. The edges of my leaves are gilded, but I know nothing of the vanities of red borders, or covers embossed with gold.

But after all, it is the character and not the coat that makes the man—"the rank is but the guinea stamp, a man's a man for a' that." So with the book, it is not its dress or adornments, but its self which is either beautiful and valuable, or ugly and worthless.

For all, that however, I think the "Collection of Hymns" is worthy of the most durable and handsome covering; and next to the precious Bible—from which holy book, indeed, all I possess of grace or beauty is derived—I would rather be a Wesleyan Hymn-book than aught beside. Even my excellent cousins, "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Saint's Rest," "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and the rest of them, are not so frequently and universally privileged to comfort and instruct Christian people, or to aid and express the devotion of pious souls. Yes, I would rather be a Hymn-book than any other book but a Bible. My beloved brethren of the Hymnal family, between whom and myself the utmost harmony and unity exist, share with me in privileges and opportunities that other books can hardly aspire to. We are the dearest friends of childhood, and the close companions of youth. The soldier carries us in his knapsack, the sailor keeps us in his chest. The factory girl cons our pages as we lie open upon her loom, and the miller finds us brighter than his "safety lamp" amid the murky gloom of the pit. Our melodies blend with marriage chimes, our laments and hopes mingle with dirge and knell. Vast congregations roll forth our poetry in mighty volumes of harmonious praise, or little companies of earnest souls, in rude cottages and thatched chapels, feebly and unmelodiously chant our verse. Dying fingers lovingly press our pages, and dying saints take our music with them to the very gates of heaven, until, stepping over the threshold, they exchange it for the "new song."

I sometimes feel as if good Charles Wesley's aspiration had been more than literally realized. His single tongue seemed to him all insufficient to express the overflowing emotions of his soul,—and that seraphic and melodious tongue has long since been silent in the dust,—but how many thousand tongues have sung, and continue to sing, in Charles Wesley's own words, the

"Great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!"

But to come back to my own individual reminiscences. You see how garrulous is old age; and though my years have not yet reached half a century, I am, I feel, growing old. Am I not superannuated? My younger kinsman, "Wesley's Hymns and New Supplement," are now carrying on the sweet strain of song I and my contemporaries delighted to raise. But my good owner and friend, Gilbert Guehling,—and I have known him from a baby,—has not put me away on the shelf. No, I am the daily companion of his hours of devotion; and I think he loves me for my own as well as for his mother's sake. And as I see him sitting at his desk, with his diary before him, reviewing all the way the Lord has led him, I think I can help to complete the story he is endeavouring to pen.

Nearly forty years ago I first left the shelves of the warehouse, the "book-room," to enter upon my public career. More than thirty-three years since I came to Gilbert's grandfather's house at Oakshade. Gilbert's mother was then a fair Christian maiden, and I came to Oakshade as a present for her on her twenty-first birthday. My dear mistress,—of whose life-history I have known so much, and in whose joys and sorrows I have had a constant share,—I shall never know the pressure of her gentle fingers again, nor feel the warm tear drop from her eye upon my page! They took me from her side when they smoothed her hands across her

quiet breast, and the last words she spoke were those on my 663d page (Hymn 734)

"O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured heart to appear,  
And worship at Thy feet!"

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away;  
I come to find them all again  
In that eternal day."

Gilbert will prize his mother's Hymn book for his mother's sake, but I am glad to know he will prize it for his own sake. He is no stranger to the contents of my pages. Indeed, I have been almost as much with him as with his mother. I have known him through all the periods of life, from infancy to manhood. I have been the companion of his Christian pilgrimage through its various stages of experience common to believers, whether Rejoicing, Fighting, Praying, Watching, Working, Suffering, or Seeking for full Redemption. Our histories are very much intertwined, and between my experiences and his reminiscences we may together be able to make a complete record. It shall be a joint production. What shall it be called? The Story of a Hymn book? No. let the title be a double one, as the work and interests are mutual.

(To be continued.)

THE PICTURE "DEVELOPED."

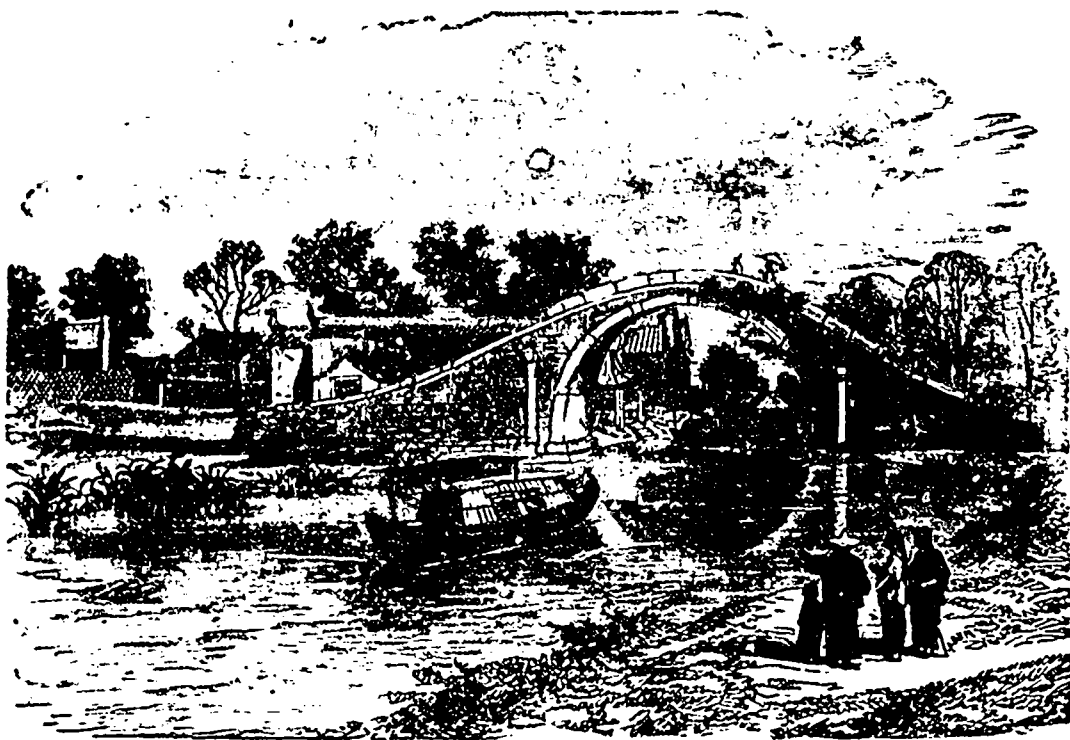
I KNOW a boy who has a camera and takes pictures. He took me into his dark-room the other day to show me how to develop a plate. He had been down to the Battery, in New York, that afternoon; it is not a battery at all now, being a little park on the tip end of Manhattan Island—and had "snapped" a picture. He did not tell me what it was going to be, and all I had to do was to wait.

First he poured clean water into a tray, and then by the dim light of a red lantern took a glass plate out of his camera. "The picture is on that," he said, as he slid it into the water tray. May be the picture was there; but what was a pane of glass coated on one side with some stuff that looked like cream. While the plate soaked, my little photographer was busy with his bottle and measure, mixing a glassful of clear liquid that he called his "developer."

"Now, watch," he warned me, as he lifted the plate from its bath, and placing it in an empty tray, pouring the developer upon its blank, creamy surface. I watched, no change yet. He was watching the tray intently, rocking the tray gently. Look! there are spots in the cream. The upper part of the plate is darkening "sky," says the operator. The shade creeps over the lower corners. "Water," he mutters. What is this? The creamy remnant in the central field is taking form. Slender lines of white transverse the dark sky. A mass of white becomes a vessel with spars and rigging, two massive stacks, four towering masts. The smoke pours from her chimneys, a torrent of foam leaps from her prow and sweeps behind her in a majestic avenue. The blank cream plate has developed into a perfect picture of an Atlantic steamship. The picture was all on the plate when we went into the dark room, but it took the developer to bring it out.

I know a young man who was remarkable for his good looks and genial manners. He was one of those fellows whom every one likes. So far as his friends could see, his life was as clear as that creamy plate of my friend, the picture man. But the young man is in Canada now, and it is said that he wakes up in the middle of the night shivering with fear that the police have caught him at last. "That can't be the same young man," you say. Ah, but it is the very same, only he has been in the "developer." Smooth as he seemed, he had been exposed to temptation in his boyhood, and got in the habit of being too quite honest. Nobody knew it. But one day he was in a "dark room," with a terrible temptation and the character which he had been forming flashed out. He stole one hundred thousand dollars, and fled. At some time or other, circumstances will bring to light the principles you now live by. Be sure that the picture of your own character comes out well.

\* This story was first told in book form from the Methodist Book Concern, Toronto.



HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, CHINA.

## HUNCHBACK BRIDGE, CHINA.

CHINA is intersected everywhere with a great number of canals, and as there are numerous highways crossing these canals, a great many bridges are required. Some of these take a peculiar hunchback form, as it is called—like the one shown in the cut—to permit large-sized vessels to pass. The canal traffic is of enormous extent, and these water-ways of the empire contribute greatly to its wealth and prosperity.

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 40.] LESSON III. [Oct. 16.

## PETER'S VISION.

Acts 10. 1-20. Memory verses, 1-4.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons.—Acts 10. 34.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

The way to more light is the faithful use of what we have.

## CIRCUMSTANCES.

The Gospel had been preached for ten years, and many thousands of converts had been gained. But the work had not extended far among the Gentiles. These were welcomed only on condition that they should become Jews. Now a new era for the Church is dawning, widening it into a Church universal, and preparing for missionary work over the world.

## PETER'S PREPARATIONS.

Peter had been led in this direction by his mission to the Samaritans, and by his residence with Simon the tanner, whose business was unclean to the Jews. Now comes another step upward.

## HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

*Cornelius*—A noble family name at Rome. *Centurion*—Captain of one hundred men. *Band*—Cohort, consisting of six centuries. He was a truly pious man, but unenlightened. *Ninth hour*—Three o'clock in the afternoon. *An angel*—In bright apparel (ver. 30), to show that he was an angel. *A memorial*—A remembrance. God had not forgotten to answer his prayers, but was waiting for the best time. *On the morrow*—They started after three o'clock, and by travelling at night, as is usual, they would reach Joppa, thirty miles away, by noon the next day. *House-top*—The most retired place. *Sixth hour*—Noon. *A great sheet knit*—Bound; tied to cords by which it was let down. *All manner*—Clean and unclean. *Never eaten anything that is common*—Unholy, such as Gentiles only could eat. *What God hath cleansed*—God had forbidden the Jews to eat that which was unclean, and only God could su-

persede that law. God would show him that the Gentiles, with whom free social intercourse had been forbidden, were to be received into the Church on an equality with the Jews. *Done thrice*—To make Peter doubly certain that the message was from God.

Find in this lesson—

What a good man does.  
That God answers prayer.  
How we can grow better.  
How we should treat our fellow-men.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who was Cornelius? "A Roman officer at Caesarea." 2. What kind of a man was he? "He was devout, prayerful, just, and benevolent." 3. How did God answer his prayer? "By a vision bidding him to send for Peter." 4. How was Peter prepared for his message? "By a vision showing that God is no respecter of persons." 5. What did this mean? "That the Gentiles were to be welcomed into the Church with the Jews."

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

How may you obtain the help of the Holy Spirit?

By prayer in the name of Jesus.  
Luke 11. 13.—If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?  
John 16. 23.—If ye shall ask anything of the Father, he will give it to you in my name.

Acts 2. 33; Philippians 1. 19.

## TWO CLEVER BY HALF.

I READ in the *Band of Mercy* for March "A Letter from a Naughty Dog," in which he speaks of his propensity for stealing eggs from the nests and eating them, and also of some of the punishments inflicted in order to cure dogs of this bad habit.

One, he says (which was not, however, tried on him), is to put a boiled egg hot into the nest just before it is likely to be robbed, taking all the other eggs out of the nest.

Well, I must tell you that a friend of mine tried this remedy on his dog, but it did not cure him, because he was too "knowing a cur" to be caught with chaff.

As Toby continued day after day to steal the farmer's eggs, in spite of scoldings, whippings, etc., his master thought he would see for once how he liked a hot egg. Accordingly, the egg was boiled and placed in the nest, all the others being removed, and his master stood hidden at a little distance to watch the result.

Away came Toby, bounding along, but sniffing at the nest. I suppose he found the hot egg not quite agreeable to the tip of his nose, so he drew back; then, nothing daunted, he took his paw, drew the egg out of the nest, rolled it about on the grass till cool, and then ate it, no doubt enjoying it all the more for being boiled, thus proving himself too clever by half.

## Song of the Seconds.

SING a song of seconds,  
Tireless little elves,  
Who, because they're busy,  
Don't have time themselves!  
They must work forever—  
Then they're never done—  
Work in rain and sorrow—  
Work in joy and sun—  
Talking to the minutes—  
This their work by day—  
Grains of good or evil  
Folks lose by the way.

Minutes build foundations,  
Feebly built or strong,  
As the seconds fetch them  
Deeds of right or wrong.  
Hours set the rafters  
Which, as years pass by,  
Make for us our lovely  
Homes beyond the sky.

So when seconds watch us  
Through the livelong day—  
Taking every action,  
Every word away—  
Let our deeds be noble,  
Let our thoughts be just;  
Let the fact of living  
Fill with simple trust  
Hearts that now are troubled,  
Saddened, and oppressed;  
Know whatever happens  
Always must be best!

When we're rid of sorrow,  
When we welcome mirth,  
When we make our moments  
Blessed upon earth,  
Then the flying seconds  
In their hands will hold  
What will make our mansions  
Rare and bright as gold!

## BENNY'S THANK-YOU BOX.

THEY were going to have a thank-offering meeting at Benny's church. He knew it because his mamma was president of the "big 'ciety," and sister Gertie attended the band. He "b'longed to bote," he said; and he had a mite-box with Luther's picture on it, and he put a cent in it whenever he found a white one in papa's pocket. Benny had one of the ten-year envelopes, but it wasn't large enough to suit him, so he begged a box from Gertie, and he was happy.

That night when papa opened the door a boy and a rattling-box danced down stairs. "Do you feel very thankful, papa?"

"What for?"  
"Cause you're home and I'm kissing you."

"Indeed I do," laughed papa.  
"Then put a penny in my thank-you box," shouted Benny.

Mamma had to put one in because she said she was thankful the spring cleaning was done. Brother Tom put in five because his new suit came home just in time for

the party. Bridget had it presented to her for an offering when she said she was glad Monday was such a fine drying day for her washing, and Gertie gave him pennies twice for two pleasant afternoons spent in gathering wild flowers. So many things to be thankful for seemed to happen that the little box grew to be heavy—it got so full it wouldn't rattle.

But one night soon after Tom and Gertie were creeping around with pale, frightened faces, and speaking in whispers; the little "thank you boy," as Benny liked to be called, was very ill with croup. The doctor came and went and came again, "but not till daylight broke could he give the comforting assurance, "He is safe now."

In the dim light Tom dropped something in the little box as he whispered, "Thank you, dear God." Somehow everybody seemed to feel as Tom did, and when Benny was propped up in bed next day, and counted his "thank you" money, there was \$2.50 in it, which papa changed into a gold piece that very day.—*Lutheran Missionary Journal*.

## NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

NEATNESS is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colours in them; and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. I went into a little girl's room once, and all her clothes were on the floor, and her playthings, too. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

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