

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"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

[No. 45.]

VOL. XV.]

A Little Brown Penny.

A little brown penny, worn and old,
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand,
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to the heathen land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought,
A little less candy just for one day,
A young life awakened for life, mayhap,
To the needs of the heathen far away.

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift wings;
It carried the message by Jesus sent,
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light
Wherever the prayer and the message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When the darkness fled like wavering mists
From the beautiful dawn of the Gospel day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came
To the little child when Christ looked down,
Or how the penny, worn and old,
In heaven will change to a golden crown?
—*Evangelical Messenger.*

AUKS.

Auks, as we might expect from the name, are very awkward, ungainly looking birds. They waddle about in a very ridiculous manner, and their wings are so short they cannot fly. But in their native element, the stormy seas, they are perfectly at home. When ranged along a cliff they look like a lot of school-children with white pinafores on. I was greatly amused at one I saw in the Zoological Gardens at London. He was such a comical looking fellow. They have such a dense covering of warm down and feathers that they can withstand the utmost cold of the arctic seas. The picture on last page shows the manner in which sailors hunt for the eggs of these strange birds.

WHY EVERY BOY SHOULD BE A CHRISTIAN.

BY R. E. BLIGHT.

BECAUSE it is manly. Every boy wants to be a man. That is a great reason why so many boys smoke, swear, take a glass of liquor, or commit sin in any way. But liquor, let me tell you, it does not show your manliness. It takes no courage to swear, it calls for the exercise of no manly principle to enter a bar-room—where everything reeks with impurity and the very atmosphere is foul—to drink, and then lighting a cigar or cigarette, strut down the street feeling you have taken the first step to manliness. Any craven can do that, without any exertion. It means that you have turned your back on what you know is right, closed your ears to the warnings you have heard, and stifled the condemning voice of conscience. On the other hand; it takes a man to be a Christian, to declare that henceforth he will live for God, forsaking the wrong, cleaving to the right. It calls forth the manliness of your nature to withstand the wiles of Satan, and to say "No," when companions invite you to partake of the sparkling glass, or join them in their carousals; but when a boy's will is brought into action, and is backed by power from God, then we see true manliness, in its highest sense.

Because it is the best way. It is the successful way. A boy that is a Christian has a better chance of rising in the world, than one who is not, because by abstinence from drink, tobacco, and other things that injure the body, his brain is clear and body healthy, so that he is in condition to settle down to hard work, and to push his way to the front, which he cannot do if sin is impairing his health, and slowly destroying his energy.

Also a Christian is honest, and scorns to do a dishonest act, or to reach the top by crushing and swindling those who may not be so fortunate as he, and so wins the respect and confidence of the people, and when he reaches the pinnacle of success, they will applaud him as a good and righteous man, who did not rise on the ruins of other lives. In fact, it is the only way to true success.

Remember, the promise is, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Many boys seek the things of

your voice joins in the grand anthem of praise "unto Him who hath loved us and given himself for us."

Because of the good you may do. Nearly every boy that reads this has an ambition to be something, and whatever profession or trade you may enter, there will be thousands of opportunities to do good, and to live practical Christianity. As a lawyer you may be able to plead the cause of the widow and orphan, or as a business man of integrity, who will not bemean himself to take advantage of the ignorance or necessity of his customer or employee; the states-

God and benevolence to mankind, will close in peace and happiness, without a regret, or a single spectre of past wrongdoing to disturb his closing years; but he will be able to await the end, feeling that he has the smile of God resting upon him, and that when the messenger shall come to call him up higher, he will be ready to go to the city of the King, where he shall receive the reward of his labours, and shall rest—a success from beginning to end.

Boys, do you not think this is worth living a Christian life for? Just think for a few minutes the benefits of being a Christian, and then choose Christ, who is the best Master, and give your life to him now, never to be taken back, but to be his unreservedly. Will you choose now?
Toronto.

"ALMOST FELL."

"MOTHER, I almost fell to-day."

"What do you mean, my son?" asked the weary, care-worn mother.

"Why, I did. I almost fell into an awful sin. I was almost dishonest," and the childish voice was lowered, and the face flushed with shame.

"Thank God, you resisted, my child. Tell me all about it."

"Well, mother, you know I sell papers at the depot every morning, and there is one very pleasant, kind gentleman, who buys a paper of me 'most every morning, and always speaks so pleasant. He always seems to have lots of money in his pocket, and takes out a handful of change. Several times he has only had nickels, no pennies, and has told me to keep the extra three cents for myself. One morning he had nothing but two quarters and two silver dollars. He handed me one of the quarters, and said, in his pleasant way, 'Got any change, my boy?' I looked, but did not have enough. So he said, 'Never mind—you remember it to-morrow.' The next day was Sunday; and Monday, to-day, you know, I was standing outside the depot, and I saw him coming. I thought to myself, he will never remember the twenty-three cents I owe him if he don't see me, and I do want it so much; I will just hide till he has gone. So I went across the street. I somehow could not hold my head up as I usually do, and I went into a blacksmith's shop, and peeped out of a crack. I saw him looking as if for some one, and then he said, 'Where is the paper boy this morning? I will have to buy a paper of the boy on the train. Poor little fellow! I hope he isn't sick—he looks delicate.'

"Oh, mother, you don't know how his kind words cut me, and how ashamed I felt. I had felt ashamed before; but after that, I felt that money was stolen—that I, your Tommy, was a thief. I rushed across the street, and he was still talking to a gentleman, but I pulled him by the sleeve, and gave him the change. He said, 'That is right. I am glad you are an honest boy.' I felt my face getting red. I felt as if he must read how wicked I had been in my thoughts, and how I meant to cheat him."

The mother's eyes filled with tears as she folded her boy in her arms and kissed him. "Thank God! I still have an honest boy to kiss, Tommy," said she. "Let it be a lesson to you, and the shame you felt at the dishonest thoughts ever stay in your memory, and keep you from falling—or even almost falling—again.

"Pray that ye enter not into temptation." Our dear Lord said these words to his disciples just before he was crucified. He knew just how weak we all are, and only by praying to him for strength can we conquer. In time of temptation, pray from your heart, 'Jesus help me, and he always will hear and answer.'



AUKS.

this world first, and intend to seek the kingdom of God later, but in most cases Satan blinds their eyes until it is too late, but "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Because Jesus wants you. He has given his life that you might gain life everlasting. He left the glories of heaven and came to earth to open a way whereby you might be saved, and now he asks you to come, forsaking your sins, and he will be with you, guiding you through the tempestuous seas, and the dangerous shoals of life, until with flying colours and loud hallelujahs you enter the calm haven of heaven amid the shouts of welcome from the redeemed, and

man, in the halls of legislation, raising his voice in protest against political corruption or party greed, or as an employee doing his work faithfully, or in everything and anything that he may undertake, doing it as "unto the Lord"; staying to help a fallen brother, or to say a cheerful word to some sorrow-stricken soul; to live a life of spotless purity in the midst of sin and temptation, which should be the aim of every one.

Then as for a time he lingers to enjoy the success and fame he has won, righteousness will sprinkle the path with flowers, honour will crown the noble brow with laurels, and the life, spent in the service of

Satan's Wants.

JOHNSON the drunkard is lying to-day,
With traces of sin on his face; [play.
He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the
Wanted—a boy for his place.

Simmons the gambler was killed in a fight,
He died without pardon or grace;
Some one must train for his burden and blight,
Wanted—A boy for his place.

The scoffer, the convict, the idler, the thief,
Are lost; and without any noise,
Make it known, that there come to my
instant relief
Some thousand or more of the boys.

Boys from the fireside, boys from the farm,
Boys from the home and the school,
Come, leave your misgivings, there can be no
harm
Where "drink and be merry" 's the rule.

Wanted for every lost servant of mine,
Some one to live without grace,
Some one to die without pardon divine,—
Will you be the boy for the place?

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine, 88 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., Svo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 60
5 copies and over.....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal.
S. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

I. H. N.

BY BERTHA GERNEAUX DAVIS.

"You aren't going to try to arrange that cupboard yourself, are you, mamma? You look tired. Close the doors, and let's forget its existence."

Mrs. Jordan smiled; the suggestion was so like Bettie.

"No, dear, it ought to be done at once. I can't bear to have such a disorderly corner about the house. I'm sure I don't know when Susan will be back, and I don't much care. She never does anything thoroughly."

"Then let me do it, mamma." Bettie spoke more cheerfully than she felt. She had mapped out a different plan for these Saturday morning hours.

"You dear child! It would be such a relief, but I don't like to put it on your shoulders."

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Bettie. "My shoulders are stronger than you think, mamma. What do you suppose all my physical culture lessons have been good for?"

So Mrs. Jordan was cajoled out of the room, and Bettie, perched on the baby's high chair, attacked the upper shelves. It was a pleasant sight to Aunt Lydia, sitting by the fireplace, under whose deft fingers a little sock was taking form and shape. Her needles never slackened, even while her eyes were fixed on the slender, girlish figure. How unselfish Bettie was growing! What was the reason? Was the little silver cross, with its three suggestive letters, in the secret?

As the work progressed, Aunt Lydia felt a slight uneasiness. Would Bettie prove faithful, she wondered, when she reached

the lowest shelf? You see, the day before Aunt Lydia had gone to this same shelf in search of some article, and had come across a box away at the further end. In the one swift glance she gave it as she raised the cover she had a glimpse of Tom's top, some battered tissue-paper flowers, tangled embroidery silks, and sundry old gloves and ribbons; while there were indications of equally interesting developments beneath. Evidently, Susan had made it a sort of dumping-ground for "odds and ends." And now Aunt Lydia wondered if this might not prove too much for Bettie's good resolutions.

"Behold!" said the unconscious Bettie at this juncture, with a flourish that imperilled her standing on the high chair. "The top shelves are in a state of precision that it would do your heart good to see." And then she descended to give Aunt Lydia a great hug, and prepare for an attack on the lower shelves. "Do you know," she went on confidentially, "I have turned over a new leaf? I detest work of this kind, but I make myself do it. It's a 'discipline for the mind,' as Miss Brownlee says about algebra. No, that isn't my motive, either," and the round face grew suddenly serious. "I made up my mind that I must improve or I should feel as if I were dishonouring that." And Bettie touched the little silver cross.

A minute later Mrs. Jordan put her head in at the door.

"Can you leave that awhile, dear, and take this letter to the post-office? It ought to go on the next mail."

"Of course I can," said Bettie, promptly; "and glad of the chance. I'll be ready in just two minutes."

Left alone in the dining-room, Aunt Lydia laid down her knitting and vanished up the stairs. She was back in her place, however, and knitting as placidly as ever, when Bettie returned with her girlish face glowing from exercise and contact with the crisp, frosty air.

"It's delicious outdoors, auntie. I was tempted not to come back till time for luncheon." And Bettie shook her fist menacingly at the unfinished work. "But, then, I'm nearly through. Only two more shelves to do, and they're easy." Evidently she was in blissful ignorance of the miscellaneous collection in that neat-looking pasteboard box.

Aunt Lydia watched her pretty niece when the last shelf was cleared and the discovery made. Bettie always sang over her work; and she was in the midst of "God, make my life a little light," when a sudden impulse led her to open that whited sepulchre. The song ceased abruptly. Another minute and the cover was replaced—the box pushed back to the end of the shelf. Bettie's voice piped up again; but it was constrained now, and not so clear as before.

"All through, dear?" said Mrs. Jordan, entering just as Bettie was closing the cupboard doors. "Yes, I see you are. How beautifully you have arranged everything! What would we ever do without our helpful Bessy, Aunt Lydia? You don't know what a relief it is, Bettie, to know that everything is in order here." And, with a kiss that brought the blood to Bettie's cheeks, her mother left the room.

Early in the afternoon Ethel Manderson called. "Put on your things, can't you, Bettie? Mamma wants you to go sleigh-riding with us."

Of course, Bettie flew to her room for her warmest wrappings; and the result was a long, blissful ride through city and country roads, to the music of jingling sleigh-bells.

It was not till evening that she thought again of the slighted box. She felt uncomfortable when she joined the group around the fireplace in the library.

"Let's have anagrams," suggested Tom, running for the box of letters. "You give me a word, Bet, and I'll give you one."

"Well," but Bettie's voice was somewhat reluctant. She was bright and quick, however, and guessed her words too easily for Tom's satisfaction.

"Say now," he protested; "you guess them too fast. I haven't made out the one you gave me yet. Here's another word for you, though. It isn't very long, but it puzzled me the other day."

Tom shook the letters vigorously in his two hands, and delivered them over to Bettie.

"That isn't hard," she announced almost immediately. "It's 'daughter.'"

"Well, now, aren't you smart?" And Tom looked disgusted. "You can wait awhile for the next one. I shan't bother with you till I guess my own."

"That suits me," said Bettie. "I'm going downstairs, anyway. There's something I want to do there."

No one but Aunt Lydia suspected what the business was, and she did not guess the cause of the sudden decision.

It was that last anagram so unconsciously given by Brother Tom. Bettie's conscience was in a sensitive state that evening, which made it an easy transition from the word in her hand to the thought of the daughter she claimed to be—the "King's Daughter;" and her resolution was taken. That detestable box should be cleared before she slept that night.

It wasn't pleasant to sit there all alone in the dining-room, assorting that heterogeneous collection, for Bettie was a sociable little body. But the coals glowed brightly in the open grate, as if they wanted to cheer her; and, as her fingers flew over the distasteful work, a warm feeling crept into her heart.

There were other compensations, too. Long-lost treasures, it seemed, had found their way to Susan's dumping-ground. "If here isn't my best paint-brush!" And Bettie's eyes shone as she drew it out by its long handle; "and, actually, my tube of yellow ochre!"

"What in the world is this?" she said, as she found a neat little tissue-paper package, and opened it wonderingly. "If it isn't Aunt Lydia's lovely pink pin-cushion! And here's a paper pinned to it." So there was; and on it were just three words, "For faithful Bettie." Well, well! What a wonderful woman Aunt Lydia was, anyway! How did she know anything about the box, when even Bettie had been ignorant of its existence? How confident she must have been that Bettie would not shirk, or she would never have placed there that dear little reward for her to find. Aunt Lydia must have been disappointed in her! The thought made Bettie's fingers fly faster than ever, till the work was finished. Somehow, she did not want to throw her strong, young arms around Aunt Lydia until her conscience was quite, quite cleared.

It was a light, quick step that came behind the big armchair a few minutes later.

"Who's a darling?" whispered Bettie, to cover her embarrassment; "and who gave her horrid niece her very prettiest and pinkest pin cushion?"

"Who's a dear little King's Daughter?" asked Aunt Lydia.

"What are you two talking about?" said Tom. "Giving conundrums? Come over here, Bet. I've got a new word for you—a regular puzzler!"—*Christian Register*.

HOW A ROCK WAS SPLIT.

A SINGULAR natural phenomenon is reported by the Boston *Transcript* as having occurred among the Berkshire hills. An observer noticed some time ago a tiny leaflet sprouting from the top of a gigantic granite boulder, not far from the place where he was staying. Curious to ascertain how it could find life in the stone, he examined it more closely and found that it came through a minute crevice, and had its root in the soil below. He was greatly interested in the strong growth, and at every subsequent visit to the neighbourhood has gone to examine its progress. He went to see it this summer, and, to his amazement, found that the huge granite boulder was burst into three great fragments. The leaflet had become a noble birch-tree with abundant foliage. The young plant had found a way for itself through the crevice in the boulder to reach the sunlight, and then there had been a contest of strength between the living plant and the adamantine granite going on silently day and night until the dead stone yielded, and as with a giant's crowbar it had been forced asunder. It is so with hearts that seem as hard as rock. The love of a woman or a child has often found a rift in the heart of

a fierce, implacable man, whom severity could never subdue, and the gentle, living force has broken him down and humanized him. It is that force—the force of a living Saviour—that gives Christianity the power it exerts in prisons, in heathen lands, and in all the habitations of cruelty and iniquity.

DISCOVERIES BY ACCIDENT.

THE *Well-Spring* tells of several valuable discoveries that have been made, and valuable inventions suggested, by the veriest accidents.

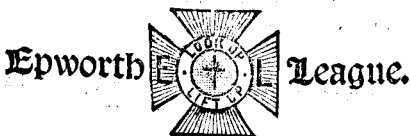
An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighbouring church-spire.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully at the smouldering ruins, he noticed that his poorer neighbours were gathering the stuff from the canisters. He tested the stuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a peculiar name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were, the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that white clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue-bag fall into one of the vats of pulp.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

November 17, 1895.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.—Exodus 20. 16.

When a person appears in court as a witness, he swears that he will "speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." In this lesson, falsehood speaking is strictly prohibited. The good Book declares that "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Revelation 21. 8.) We would suppose, that when such denunciations are uttered against falsehood speaking that every one would speak the truth, especially when it is well known that persons whose veracity is suspected never stand high in public estimation. Even when they do speak the truth persons are afraid to believe them lest they should be deceived.

Every form of falsehood should be avoided, such as misrepresentation, exaggeration, equivocation, using deceit by word or sign, telling a part of the truth, indulging in hypocritical flatteries, circulating slanderous and malicious reports, making insinuations, imputing evil designs, or saying anything which is injurious to the reputation of those respecting whom we are speaking. Such conduct is not only reprehensible when it is pursued against our bosom companions and relatives, but "against our neighbour." This term does not merely apply to those who reside near us, but to everybody who is "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh." Let our Juniors remember that we are to speak the truth in our hearts. Let them beware of "white lies" as some talk about.

Two hundred and twenty-seven Bombay opium drunkards have signed and sent a petition to England asking that the sale of opium be stopped.

Baby's Gone to Jesus.

BY LEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

[We are all full of gratitude to Mr. Morrison for the many beautiful and sweet poems he has contributed to PLEASANT HOURS. The following poem will touch many hearts—especially in homes where "Baby" is no more.—Ed.]

Baby's gone to Jesus,
Brief and few the days
Tartied she to please us
With her winsome ways;
Miss we now the smiling
And the tender grace;
All our hearts beguiling;
Miss the rosy face;

Miss the dimpled fingers;
Miss the laughing eyes,
Whose glad love-light lingers;
Yet we hush our cries,
Lest our lips should blame Him
For this bitter cross,
Lest we harshly name Him
In our pain and loss.

God is always tender
And His gifts are wise,
He, in love, did lend her
From the jewelled skies,
Just to show the treasure
Filling heaven above,
Just to teach the measure
Of His Father love;

By this gift to win us,
To be His alone;
Make the love within us
Perfect, like His own;
Help us in our dullness,
By this crucial call,
Understand the fulness
Of His grace for all.

Jesus smiled, and to Him
Baby spread her hands;
When she saw she knew Him,
Human bonds nor bands
Could not then detain her,
From His loving breast;
Nothing could restrain her,
For she loved Him best.

So, in sweet submission,
To His holy will,
Wait we the fruition
Which will follow still,
With its balm and healing,
Till our song shall swell:
Christ, in love's revealing,
Doeth all things well.

"The Elms," Toronto.

PUDDIN'

An Edinburgh Story,

BY

W. GRANT STEVENSON, A.R.S.A.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

MARY GRANT had come to the school Jo attended—a fresh, smart country girl. Her father, finding his sons leaving him one by one to find employment in Edinburgh, had been persuaded by them to leave the country and live with them, and Mary when she first entered the playground was shy among so many strangers.

Jo had just returned from dinner, and noticed two or three boys around her laughing and imitating a country expression she had used in reply to the many questions asked her, such as—"What's yer name?" "Whaur d'ye come frae?" etc., etc.

"Leave the lassie alone," said Jo, pushing the two nearest him aside. This was followed by the tallest of the boys asking him, "What's your business?" "I'll sune let ye see, if ye torment the lassie ony mair."

"Wull ye?" "Ay, wull I." "I wad like to see ye." "Come on, then"; and in a minute Jo's adversary had off his jacket, gaining a little time by looking for a place to put it or a boy to hold it. Jo did not take off his jacket, knowing the state of his undergarment, his only preparation being to put his ragged bonnet in his pocket. "A fight! a fight!" and soon a circle was formed, the greatest excitement prevailing when it became known that the combat was to be between Flannel Harrison and Puddin', the present champion. Mary could no see what was going on inside the ring, but as she heard, "Go it, Puddin'!" "Let 'um have it again!" "K... back an' gie them room!" she hoped Puddin'

was her champion, as he seemed to have the sympathy of the boys and the best of the fight, and she was not kept long in suspense. The ring soon broke up, and she saw her tormentor slink away beaten and mumbling, "I'll let ye see that yet."

"A' richt," Puddin' replied,—"as sune's ye like." Then turning to Mary, he said, "Ye needna be feared noo; there's no' yin o' thum wad touch ye." "I hope you are not hurt? I am sorry you—"

"Ta, we had to fecht some time, onyway, an' I was gled o' the chance."

It was the new boy Jo had expressed doubts about to Mr. Fraser during the sittings, and it was a matter of greater importance to Jo than the girl could understand, for the championship of the class was at stake, and Jo had retained it, his only regret being that it had been so easy to achieve.

The next day the girl offered Jo a bag of biscuits, which he refused, repeating, "It was naething. I had to fecht 'um onyway." He could not think of taking anything from a girl, and it was only when she explained that it was from her father, who had a baker's shop, that he consented to take them, thinking of the treat it would be to Maggie.

After this incident a smile always passed between them when they met, as if they each had a secret which no one else knew. These and other incidents were now recalled; and Mary, after giving the order, left, thinking how greatly Jo had improved since she last saw him, a ragged boy; and Jo felt he had been very stupid, and wished he had not had on his dirty office jacket—a sure sign she had made an impression on his warm heart, though he did not realize it.

If asked, he would have admitted that he liked her well enough, and if further pressed he might have admitted that he could not mention a girl he liked better—except Maggie, of course; but he did not analyze his feelings thus far, and only felt it was a pleasure to see her and talk with her.

When Mary saw her father at night, she said, "D'ye mind the wee laddie that fought the big one for teasing me the first day I went to school, and you gied me a bag o' biscuits to take to him?"

"I daresay I do. What about him?" "Well, he's in Inglis' coal office, and has complete charge of the business."

"Well, lassie, if he's as good at his business as he is at fechtin' he'll get on."

"He's getting on fine, an' has a horse o' his ain, an' it's awfu' fond o' him, an' he drives his mother and his sister out to the country on Saturday afternoons."

"That's a good sign. I could trust any one who is kind to his mother or to animals."

Jo had mentioned the Saturday outings to Mary, with the idea of asking her to join them; but his courage failed to go further, and though nothing would have delighted her more than to see the country again, she felt unable to express the desire, Jo being afraid to ask her directly in case she would refuse.

For several days he ransacked his brains for a natural way to bring the conversation round and introduce the subject to his mother, and when he could contain his thoughts no longer, he said, in a bashful way, blushing as he spoke, "Mother, there's a lassie I wad like to ask oot wi' us some Saturday afternoon—Grant, the baker's daughter. Mind, I'm no' sure that she wad gang, but I wad like to ask her, for she yince did me a guid turn at the schule."

"Ay, what was that?" asked his mother, smiling at his earnestness.

"Oh, you wadna understand; but it was jist this. There was a laddie in oor cless, an' I wadna sure if I could fecht him, an' he was tormentin' her, an' I wadna let him, so we had a fecht, an' if it hadna been for her I maybe wadna have been able."

"That was a guid turn, I'm sure," said his mother, smiling.

"I telt ye that. Women dinna understand what it wad be to loss bein' first cock o' the cless."

"Very weel, laddie; ask her if ye like."

Next morning, as soon as he got the orders given out, he set himself with diffidence to the serious undertaking of writing an invitation to Mary, carefully wording it to throw as much of the idea as possible on his mother. But that was only half of the difficulty; he carried the letter in his pocket, afraid to post it, till with the fortitude of desperation he said, "Ta, here goes; she can only say 'no.'"

But when he had thrust it in the letter-box, the diffidence returned. "Dash it! I shouldna hae done't. Maybe her father 'll be angry. He disna ken me, an' he'll think I'm no' feared to ask the like o' her. I hope he'll no' say anything to her, onyway; I wad rather anything than she should be blamed. I never thoct o' that, or I wadna hae writ-

ten; but it canna be helped noo."

The postman interrupted his thoughts by coming to remove the letters.

"I say," said Jo, "I've posted a letter by mistake, an'—"

"I can't help that," said the official. "It's the property of the Postmaster-General now, and must be delivered."

"Aweel, it canna be helped"; and Jo turned away in an unusually thoughtful mood, blaming himself for a selfishness which was not in his nature, and making up his mind for the impossible task of putting the subject out of his thoughts till he got a reply, which he could not expect for a very long time, at the very earliest not till the middle of next day. Still, there was no harm in looking over the letters next morning; but, as he of course expected, they were all on business, and his hopes gradually fell when neither the midday nor afternoon post brought a reply. The afternoons were generally a quiet time with him, and he had plenty of time to ponder over the great mistake he felt he had made, and he had just managed to work himself to the lowest depths of misery when Mary appeared, smiling, and his face quickly shortened its proportions.

"I got your letter this morning," she began, her look showing she was pleased with it. "and I began to write to you, but I thought it would be easier to come and—"

"Dis yer father ken?" said Jo, anxious to relieve his fears.

"Yes."

"An' what did he say? Was he angry? Did he—"

"No; he jist said, 'We'll see; tell him to ca' round wi' the van.' He jists wants to see ye; I ken fine he'll let me gang. D'ye ken, it's the first letter ever I got, an' I never thoct it wad be sae difficult to write a letter. Of course, you'll be accustomed to writing them; but I aye tore mine up, an' thoct it wad be best to come ower an' telt ye."

The truth was, she did not know how to address him. "Dear Jo," she felt, would be too "forward" on her part, and "Dear Mr. Keddie" too absurd. "Why should people write differently from what they speak?" she thought. Still, there was no getting over the difficulty, she must begin with "Dear," so a verbal answer was the only way out of it, and she felt anxious to see him again at any rate. The time was arranged when Jo would call, and the day which began so gloomily for Jo ended in the brightest sunshine.

When Saturday came, the horse and harness had the greatest care bestowed on them, Jo's attire also getting more than usual attention; while Mary, without any idea of the time, was ready long before the appointed hour, with some dainties as her share of the picnic; and it was a great treat for her, when they got out of town, to see the fields and trees which reminded her of her home in the country.

Jo was in capital spirits too, though partly on account of a shyness, and partly through Maggie and Mary being so much together, he had not as much of her company as he could have wished; still, it was pleasant to be beside her and see her bright face, the picture of health.

"She's a sensible lassie, you," said Mrs. Keddie, on their return.

"Yes," replied Jo in the most careless tone he could assume.

"And a good-lookin' lassie, too,—so different from town's lassies."

"Ay," said Jo slowly, as if he had not given the subject any previous thought, and was willing to give her the benefit of the doubt.

This was only the beginning of many outings in which Mary formed one of the company, and her kind manner soon won the affection of Maggie and her mother, and made them the best of friends.

(To be continued.)

DICK.

BY UNCLE SAM.

DICK was a thief. There was no use denying the fact, sorrowful though it was to his best friends. And the worst of all, Dick did not care for all the hard things said about him; but went on thieving whenever he had the chance. No wonder that he gained a bad name, and became noted for his wicked propensities! One after another in the family had tried time and again to cure Dick of his bad habits; but all to no purpose. Dick was hopeless and incorrigible,—a black little thief.

Often had it been predicted of him that he would come to some bad end; but Dick merely turned up his eyes and waited another opportunity to steal something, anything, for he was not at all particular, and freely appropriated any article he could carry. I knew him to take money, jewelry, spoons,—in short, whatever came in his way that was not too heavy or

too large for him to carry away and hide. His pockets never revealed any of his treasures, for Dick was a cunning scamp, and unless caught in the very act was hard to convict.

This evil habit was early formed in him, and despite faithful teaching developed to an alarming extent, until at last it was thought necessary to shut him up altogether. Dick did not like being imprisoned. The reformatory was not at all to his liking, and he did not fail to let all comers know it. For he was a saucy rascal too, and none too select in some of his remarks at times.

More than once Dick had looked solemn and promised to amend his manners; but when released would invariably relapse into his old habits. "Too bad," we would say, "Poor Dick, we will never make anything of him;" but still we would hope for the best.

But the end came, as come it must for all who do bad things, boys or men or any one else. Dick committed an unpardonable offence. He stole from the neighbours. Up to this time, he had confined his thefts to our own house. But now a storm of indignation was raised: Dick was arrested, tried, condemned to prison for life, pined away after awhile and died. Poor Dick! We buried him with sad hearts, for we all liked Dick and had hoped great things from him only to be disappointed.

Who was he? Can you guess? Dick was a crow.

Cobourg, Ont.

ANOTHER painful illustration of the evil effect of cigarette-smoking is furnished in the case of a young man of Atlanta, Georgia. Although only eighteen years of age, he is a mental wreck and has been placed in a private asylum for the insane. It is said of him, that he was a young man of unusual promise and was considered the brightest student in a well-known academy at Germantown, Pa.; that he possessed a wonderful ability as a mathematician and was in other respects a remarkable mechanical genius, but in consequence of the cigarette habit, that he has lost his reasoning faculties and his case is regarded as a hopeless one. This is one more object-lesson which should be a warning and a restraint to the multitudes of a young men any boys who are now devotees to the cigarette-smoking habit.

BIRDS AS SURGEONS.

SOME interesting observations relating to the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently brought by M. Fatio before the Physical Society of Geneva. He quotes the case of snipe, which he had often observed engaged in repairing damages. With its beak and feathers, it makes a very creditable dressing, applying plasters to the bleeding wounds, and even securing a broken limb by means of a stout ligature.

On one occasion he killed a snipe which had on its chest a large dressing composed of down taken from other parts of its body and securely fixed to the wound by the coagulated blood. Twice he had brought home snipe with interwoven feathers strapped on to the site of fracture of one or the other limb.

The most interesting example was that of a snipe, both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He recovered the animal only on the day following, and he then found that the poor bird had contrived to apply dressing and a sort of splint to both limbs. In carrying out this operation, some feathers had become entangled around the beak, and not being able to use its claws to get rid of them, it was almost dead from hunger when discovered.

In a case recorded by M. Magnin, a snipe, which was observed to fly away with a broken leg, was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position, the upper fragments reaching to the knee, and secured there by means of a strong band of feathers and moss intermingled. The observers were particularly struck by the application of a ligature of a kind of fine grass wound round the limb in a spiral form and fixed by means of a sort of gauze.—*Medical Record.*



AUK HUNTING.

They Besought Him to Touch Him.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

"They bring a blind man unto him, and brought him to touch him."—MARK 8. 22.

They bring to Jesus Christ the Lord,
The poor and sightless one;
They beg for him the healing touch,
And lo! the deed is done.
Behold the man who once was blind,
Rejoicing, go his way.
How happy they who brought him first
To Christ the Lord that day!

Ah! not in vain do any ask
For help in time of need;
For those we love, who see him not,
We too with Christ may plead.
Have you held out a loving hand
To lead the blind to him?
Have you besought his mighty power
For those whose sight is dim?

To-day, as in the olden time,
The willing Saviour stands,
And all may feel the healing touch
Of his almighty hands.
Then haste and bring them, one by one,
While Jesus passeth by;
You cannot give the blind their sight,
But you can bring them nigh.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1079.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 17.
SAUL REJECTED.

1 Sam. 15. 10-23. Memory verses, 10, 11.
GOLDEN TEXT.

To obey is better than sacrifice.—1 Sam. 15. 22.

OUTLINE.

1. The Rejected Word, v. 10-15.
2. The Rejected King, v. 16-23.

TIME.—B.C. 1079; but exact chronology is impossible.

PLACES.—Gilgal, in the Jordan valley: the military headquarters of the nation.

RULER.—Saul had been king for at least ten years. But Samuel, though never a priest, and not now a judge, was evidently the strongest governing power in the land. He was "the father of prophecy," and had the confidence of the people as the recipient of "the word of the Lord;" but his political influence was altogether unique.

HOME READINGS.

M. Saul Rejected.—1 Sam. 15. 10-23.
Th. A previous sin.—1 Sam. 13. 8-14.

- W. Result of disobedience.—1 Sam. 15. 24-31.
Th. The sentence confirmed.—1 Sam. 28. 15-20.
F. The Lord's requirement.—Micah 6. 1-8.
S. Judgment on disobedience.—Proverbs 1. 22-33.
Su. Obedience better than sacrifice.—Isa. 1. 10-20.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Rejected Word*, v. 10-15.
What was Saul bidden to do? Verse 3.
How fully did he obey? Verse 7-9.
Whose word came to Samuel?
What was the message?
How was Samuel affected thereby?
What did Samuel hear about Saul in the morning?
What was Saul's greeting to Samuel?
What question did Samuel ask?
What was the king's answer?
What is better for a sinner than making excuses? Psalm 32. 5.

2. *The Rejected King*, v. 16-23.
Whose word did Samuel give to the king?
What question did Samuel ask Saul?
What command had been given him?
What did Samuel then ask?
What did Saul say for himself?
Whom did he charge with disobedience?
What question did Samuel ask?
What is better than sacrifice? (Golden Text.)
To what did he liken rebellion?
What sentence did he pronounce on Saul?
Why was this a just sentence? See 1 Sam. 2. 30.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That sin cannot be hidden from God?
 2. That God demands whole-hearted service?
 3. That to reject God is to be rejected by him?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did God command Saul to do? To destroy the Amalekites. 2. Who were the Amalekites? A very wicked people. 3. What did Saul do? He disobeyed God. 4. How did he disobey God? In sparing the best of the spoil. 5. For what purpose did he say that it was spared? To sacrifice to the Lord. 6. What did Samuel say to him? Golden Text: "To obey is better than sacrifice." 7. What was Saul's penalty for his disobedience? God rejected him as king.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's judgment upon sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

- What is confession?
Penitently acknowledging to God our sinfulness, and our special sins, so far as we remember them.
Psalm 27. 5.

ALL ABOARD FOR JERUSALEM!

BY WAYLAND F. WALDO.

"How can you ever ride on a vulgar, commonplace, modern railway to the Holy City, the city of our dreams, the city of our love and fondest aspirations?" said a friend to me. Yet ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, whatever be their poetic sensitiveness, when it comes to making the journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem, will take this same commonplace, vulgar, puffing, snorting railway train, rather than endure the discomforts of the long and tedious journey by the carriage road that stretches between Jaffa and Jerusalem.

Not that the distance is so great. In fact, it is only a short run for a modern express train. A New York and Chicago Limited would eat up the whole distance in less than an hour, but it is rarely covered in less than two days by travellers that go by horse or carriage, so rugged are the roads and so precipitous the hills.

The railroad starts from the old town of Jaffa, the town from which Jonah started on his perilous journey so many years ago; only he went in the opposite direction, and took the sea route instead of the land journey.

Here, too, is the place where Peter re-

ceived the wonderful vision of the sheet let down from heaven as he entered into the trance on the housetop of Simon the tanner. Many other historic events in sacred and secular history occurred in this most ancient seaport, and in modern times it was stained by the blood of Napoleon's cruel wars.

Over the plain and through the valleys and up the hills the railway speeds, skirting the land of the Philistines on one side; but the Philistines of old never realized how their modern countrymen would scale the hills, and tunnel the mountains, and go tying over the plains with their nineteenth-century inventions.

Past the country where Samson lived when he tied the foxes together with firebrands, and sent them into the standing corn of his enemies, speeds the railway train; across the plain of Sharon, where grow the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley,—not roses and lilies such as we are accustomed to see, but most gorgeous and exquisite flowers, so that as we see them we can understand better our Lord's words, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." Along this old camel-track, which the railroad has now taken as its own, were carried the cedars for the building of two temples, those of Solomon and of Herod; and every foot of ground is alive with historic interest.

But now the brakeman, in his Turkish fez, and with jaunty cigarette between his teeth, cries out, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" the train slows up, and here we are at the station, with the towers and the walls of the sacred city in the distance.

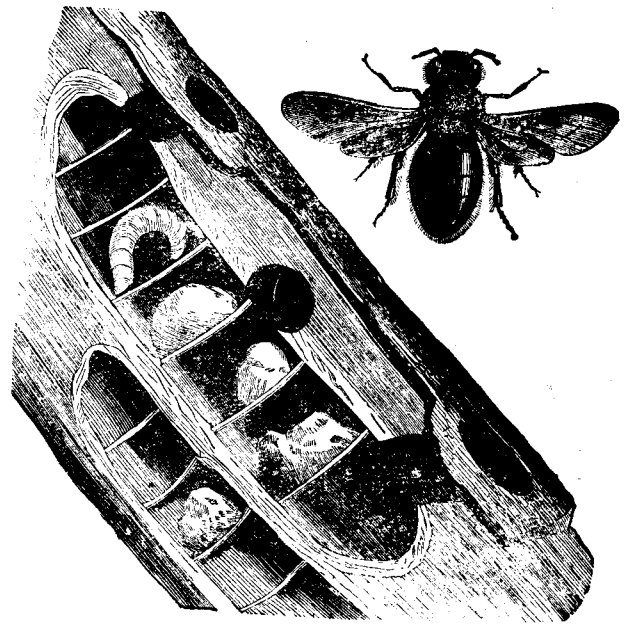
It takes more than three hours to make the journey, even by rail, though the line is only fifty-four miles in length, and we have climbed 2,500 feet since we left Jaffa. The fare is twelve shillings, or three dollars, for a single ticket first-class, or four shillings for a second-class ticket. May the railroad bring the blessings of civilization and Christianity on its wheels to poor, afflicted Jerusalem, and may it hasten to the ancient city the coming of its rightful sovereign, the Prince of peace.—*Golden Rule*.

PLAYTHINGS FOR CHILDREN.

THE origin of toys for the amusement of children is lost in the mists of the ages. Dolls and small, round balls have been found in the early Egyptian tombs. Roman children played with pop-guns and bows and arrows before the commencement of the Christian era. Virgil, in the *Aeneid*, refers to tops, and we know that the ivory dolls of the Romans were furnished with movable legs and arms, for the greater pleasure of their little owners. No doubt some of the baby mothers who were overwhelmed in the storm of ashes that buried Pompeii, clasped their dollies in their arms as they fell asleep for the last time. A study of the toys of succeeding generations would give a tolerably complete idea of the progress of the world. Articles made for the use or pleasure of elders, are copied in miniature for the amusement of the juniors.

A NEW GAME.

HERE is a game for the boys and girls, called "It." Arrange the players so that boys and girls shall sit alternately. Send some one from the room who is entirely ignorant of the game. When he returns he must find out by questions, that may be answered by "yes" or "no," what "It" is. "It" is the person on the left of each one of the party. Of course the questioner will soon find out that "It" is a person, but as that person is now young, now old, now male, now female, the interrogator will be much mystified by the contradictory answers.



CARPENTER BEE.

THE CARPENTER BEE.

THIS curious insect well deserves its name. It hollows out cells in a solid log as smoothly and accurately as the best carpenter could do. In these it lays its eggs and hatches its pupa. One of these is seen curled up in one of the cells. The openings to the air will also be seen. The instinct of the honey bee in building its waxen cells is marvellous. The most skilful mathematician could not surpass it in getting the largest amount of cell space with the smallest expenditure of material.

IN London it is no uncommon sight to see children four and five years old sent for intoxicating liquors. Many public houses have provided steps for them to climb up to the counters. A League has been formed for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors to children.

A Stirring Temperance Story.

RESCUED IN TIME.

A Canadian Tale

BY

C. WILSON.

Cloth, - - \$1.00.

What is Said of It:

- "A bold, fearless blow, and pleasantly dealt, at the drink custom."—*Montreal Star*.
"Would to God this work were in the hands of all our young people."—*Mrs. LETITIA YOUNG*.
"Such books as 'Rescued in Time' should be in the hands of every boy and girl."—*Toronto Globe*.
"A marvellous book, well written, and worthy the support of the reading public."—*Royal Templar*.
"Your book, entitled 'Rescued in Time,' is one of thrilling interest, written in the style which always captivates the young. It is, at the same time, broader, stronger, more spiritual and instructive than many books of this class."—*REV. JAS. HANSON, D.D.*
"Rescued in Time' deals some such blow at the liquor traffic as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did at slavery."—*REV. G. H. COBBLE-DICK*.
"A book for the times—suitable for the Sunday-school or the home."—*Christian Guardian*.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HENNING, Halifax, N.S.