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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

No. 41.



AN EGYPTIAN PRIESTESS.

THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

BY HELEN STIRLING.

John Brown and Jemmy Atkins were great friends. At school, at play, everywhere, they were together; and when one learned anything new it was not long before the other knew it also. Now they were watching the masons, who were building a fine store on Main Street.

"Did you know that we were builders, John?" said Jemmy, as he watched the men putting brick after brick upon the wall.

"No, we ain't; we're only boys," said John.

"Put we are; we are building a house which is to last forever," said Jemmy, earnestly.

"Pooh! now you are fooling," said John. "Nothing in the world lasts for

ever and ever. That old Morgan house is only a hundred years old, and it won't last a hundred years more."

"I can't help that," said Jemmy. "Mother told me our souls would live forever, and we were building houses for them to live in."

"How is that?" said John, soberly.

"Well, she said that we build our characters day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing. And if we build well, we shall be glad for ever and ever, and if we build bad, if we use shaky bricks, or rotten wood, or stubble, we shall be sorry for ever and ever."

"That is queer. We ought to be pretty careful, then," said John. "But your mother is such a good woman, she knows."

"I think it is jolly nice to be builders, don't you?" said Jemmy.

"Yes, if we build right. But let's see, what kind of bricks had we better use?"

"Always tell the truth, that's a big sill. Be honest, that's another," said Jemmy.

"Good!" cried John. "Mind your mother, there is another."

"Yes, and father, and teachers, too," said Jemmy. "There's a big beam of temperance in my building. Mother says that's a Gospel beam, and keeps the frame steady."

"Be courteous; there's a brick," said John.

"And don't swear; there's another."

"And don't speak against anybody, and don't say any dirty words," interrupted Jemmy.

"And we shall go on building as long as we live," mother says, "every single

day we add somewhat to the house we are building."

The gentleman who owned the new building stood close beside the boys, hidden from sight by a high wall. He listened to their talk intently, and then he stepped around beside them and said:

"Pretty good work, my boys, only build on a sure foundation."

The boys looked a little frightened, but they soon felt at ease, and listened while he said:

"Give your young hearts to God, my boys. He is the great Master-builder. He will teach you to build so that he will say, 'Well done.' Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things else shall be added unto you. Then he added, 'I wish everybody would build as wisely as you plan, dear boys. May God help you to keep them ever.'"

Say a Kind Word.

BY M. LOUIS STUART.

Once in a while say a kind word,
It might lift the shadows from eyes now
tear-blurred.
You know not the pleasure that might
be conferred,
If once in a while you'd say a kind word.

Once in a while say a kind word,
It might aid and comfort some one in
distress.
Who at last knows and feels his own
helplessness;
It might lift him out of the depths of
despair,
Up to the mountain of penitent prayer.

Once in a while say a kind word;
Some sin-laden soul to its depths might
be stirred,
And surmounting the past with earth's
scorn and chill,
Press on to new joys till grief's voices
are still.

Once in a while say a kind word,
It might be a light in a whole world of
gloom;
It might be an outlet from some dark-
ened tomb;
It might thrill some soul with endeavour
sublime,
And be a seed sown to bear fruit for all
time.

Once in a while say a kind word;
It might lift the shadows from eyes now
tear-blurred,
You know not the pleasure that might
be conferred,
If once in a while you'd say a kind word.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

MUSCLE AND MORALS.

The days pass very quickly which transform the little playful child to the sturdy lad and the sturdy lad to the manly youth. Several years had elapsed since the sad winter when Uncle Rias, after being crippled, had lost his farm, and had come to the flat acre and a quarter, near the railroad, in Windle village. No matter how swiftly the years fly by they mark their way by changes. "Those thrifty Sinnetts," as people named them, had made marked improvement in the small place they had come to call home. There were vines, bushes, and shade trees; they had never felt rich enough to paint the house, but Heman whitewashed the whole front and the fence yearly. "Lime wash is healthy," Aunt D'rexy said, excusing this extravagance. The garden had currents and gooseberries, vegetables in plenty. Frequent repairs on the tumble-down barn had nearly rebuilt it. The shop also was enlarged; for now that two sturdy workmen, who numbered twenty years each, were busy there, more room was needed.

Work now crowded on the firm under the sign of "U. Sinnet & Co." Windle village itself had improved greatly; the normal school, the library and association buildings had been the means of attracting people from many parts of the State to make a home there, several factories had been built, and increase of work had brought in a numerous working population. Simon Fletcher had never lacked contracts, and had faithfully kept Heman and Uncle Rias busy. Simon Fletcher often said Heman was one of the most accurate and enterprising young builders in the country, and he expected him to make his mark. The expectation of doing great things some day did not hinder Heman from doing to the very best of his ability the smallest piece of work which came in his way. Aunt D'rexy had often quoted a saying of Moody's: "If you can't be a light-house, be a candle, but be something," and this sound bit of philosophy had taken hold of Heman's life.

D'rexy Sinnet and Aunt Espy were so terrible set on that boy, that I used to think maybe nothing would do them but to try to make a minister or a lawyer out of him," said Mrs. Sloane one day to the minister's wife. "It is kind of satisfying to one's pride sometimes, to get a boy into a profession; it appears as if he might be more thought of. But the Sinnetts were always level-headed folks, and they saw that a boy was likely to do the work best to which he took

by nature; there's lots of good men spoiled by trying to have them cut across the grain.

"There is Henry Fitch, in the next township, he intended to be a machinist, but his mother turned up her nose at it, she said it was dirty work, made his hands coarse, and spoiled his clothes. Well, she took on so about it, that Henry, to please her, studied medicine, that he hadn't the least aptitude for, and can't make his salt by; and he's tried life insurance along with it, and been drummer for a drug store, and failed in all, only being fit for a machinist.

"Sloane says no honest work is to be scorned, and he has the right of it. There was Henry Fitch's cousin, Hiram, had the same taste, all for machinery, and his folks were level-headed enough to let him choose for himself, and now Hiram is engineer of a trans-Atlantic steamship!"

There are many people as foolish as those described by Mrs. Sloane, but many more who are sensible. The town of Windle was proud of its strong young fellows working at the trades—carpenters, smiths, tanners and plumbers, factory men and farmers. The club which Mr. Renfrow had started had become a power in the whole county; there had grown up in it young men who knew how to think and how to speak, who interested themselves in great questions, and stood shoulder to shoulder fighting in any good cause. By slow, almost imperceptible degrees, these lads had been trained in strong temperance principles, lectures and readings had been provided, discussions had been begun, and one by one, almost before they knew it, they were temperance workers. Their influence was felt in their homes, and among the business circles of Windle, and before they were voters themselves they had influenced the votes of others, so that local option had come to prevail in Windle, and the saloons had been driven out.

One night Joey Clump, Heman and Peter Forbes had been making a call in the country, and were returning home when they saw a man loitering near the "Last Chance," one instant almost going into the door, then retreating. In one of these retreats backwards he nearly stumbled upon the three lads.

"Queer name that," he said, to excuse his carelessness. "I never heard a name like that before. 'Last Chance,' sounds kind of funny, don't it? What does it mean?"

"It means," said Heman the practical, "that it's the last chance to get any whiskey, for the town has gone on Local Option, and there isn't a bar in it. Local Option is no farce in Windle there's a club of fifty fellows, all with our eyes open, and if any shady games are tried, they can count on us to find them out."

"Last chance," said Peter Forbes, "means that here is your last chance to make a fool of yourself, to waste your money, to get into a row and find yourself in the lock-up instead of a decent boarding-house when you wake up in Windle.

"Last chance! perhaps it is many a man's last chance to hold up his head and be decent. Last chance, it is this, Harvey's last chance to fleece hard-working fellows of their earnings, and fill his pockets out of other men's ruin."

"Now, see here, boys," said the stranger, seizing Heman's arm as if its burly strength could reinforce his own weakness, "let me tell you how it is. I'm going to Windle to try and get a job in the factory; my sister talked me into going there because it's a prohibition town. I've been drinking some, but I want to turn over a new leaf, I do, upon my word."

"What do you want to put on the new leaf," said Joey, "same as was on the other one? If you do, here's your last chance."

"Oh, come now," said the stranger, "I want to do the fair thing by myself, I do truly. But I've been walking since three o'clock this morning. You see I hadn't money to pay fare. I'm dead tired, after being on my feet eighteen hours with only one hour's rest. I'm beat! If you haven't been in a similar place, you can't tell how it feels. I've passed safely all the other saloons, but here I am so done out, it seemed as if one good glass of whiskey would put me on my feet and find me in strength to get into the town and hunt up a bed. I hated to break down here, at the last; and then I've just forty cents, and that won't more'n get me a bed and breakfast, and a cup of coffee to-night. If I spend that little here, why I'd have to sleep in the streets of Windle."

"Yes," said Heman, "and you'd be drunk, too, so the constable would run you in, and that would be a pretty starter for finding work at the factories.

Likely the boss wouldn't take you on, do you see?"

"I see," said the young man. "I'm in an awful hard case."

"Come along to town with us," said Joey earnestly.

"You can't tell how I feel, boys. I'm fighting with dragons inside! Seems like I'll sell myself to get just one big drink of that whiskey shining in that bottle in the window! It makes my mouth water to look at it. Seems like I'd rather drop dead in my tracks than touch it, after the way my poor sister cried, and the way I promised her. I ought to be keeping the poor, delicate creature, not taking her little earnings to pay my fines and get me clothes."

"Come along with us, and don't walk on this road again," urged Joey sympathetically.

"Oh, I can't! Seems as if my feet were just nailed to the ground here. I can't get past that bottle in the window. You go on, boys. I'll sit here on this stone and rest a bit, and maybe I'll come after you, and maybe I can't."

The three lads stood looking with curiosity and sorrow at the strange spectacle of moral conflict. The stranger's white, drawn face was contorted with agony. The boys, untried and untempted, did not know that he was really doing more heroic warfare than they had ever done in their lives, they merely thought him singularly weak, but they had grace enough to pity and not to scorn his weakness.

"If he wants to come and can't come, let's make him come," said Heman. "He can't stand one to three; we're strong, and he looks a puny kind of chap. I say, boys, I'll catch him by the shoulders, you each take a leg, and we'll carry him into town."

The stranger made a dart for liberty and whiskey, but Heman had him by the shoulders, and Joey, who always obeyed Heman, caught one of the feet turned towards the "Last Chance" for ruin. Peter, not to be behind the others, seized the man's free leg, and the boys ran a few paces along the road.

"Halt!" said Heman. "Let's get an easier grip."

"Suppose he hollers?" said Joey. "Suppose he sues us for assault?" said the prudent Peter.

"Let me go, boys! This ain't any joke," said the stranger.

"No," said Heman, "it's good earnest; we're helping you to help yourself. You're tired, we'll carry you to town. You don't want to go into that 'Last Chance' and lose yourself."

"I'll sue every one of you!" roared the man, crazed with thirst, and seizing his cue from Peter's words.

"Let me down! I'm on fire inside! I'm burnt up! I don't care for you or for myself. Let me down to go back to that 'Last Chance,' or I'll be raving crazy."

The boys halted; there was agony in these tones. Heman said:

"Peter, you let loose, Joey and I can hold him while you run into Mrs. Park's yard and fetch water from her pump. There's a pail and a cup on the platform. I made that platform myself to-day. Hurry up, Peter."

When Peter returned Heman filled a quart cup with water and offered it to the captive. He shook his head.

"I can't take it. I'll have whiskey."

"Hold him, boys!" said the masterful Heman, and with one hand bending back the captive's head, he poured over it in quick succession three quart cupsful of water.

"Now," he said, filling the cup the fourth time and presenting it, "will you drink it, or shall I pour it down your throat?"

The man began to drink.

"Drink slowly," commanded Heman, "for you have to drink the whole quart."

"I can't," protested the victim.

"You shall. I'm bossing this job," said Heman. "It's our good muscle against your bad morals, and we'll win."

The man drank, then refused, was stormed at, then drank again, and at last had finished the quart. Heman coolly poured the rest of the pailful over the man's head, which was already soaked, and bidding Joey replace cup and pail, they took up their now thoroughly-quieted burden and resumed their way. In a few moments they came to where houses multiplied and people could be seen on the streets.

"Now," said Heman, "we can't carry you like a dead pig any further. It will ruin your character in the town before you have any chance to make a better one. Straighten up there, and wipe your head. If you go back to the 'Last Chance,' you'll have about half a mile to walk. I don't believe you want to do it. Come on home with me and Joey, and we'll make you a shake-down in our shop. We'll give you supper too, meat

and pie and coffee. You shall have a good, hot breakfast in the morning and all for nothing. I'll take you to Mr. Renfrow and ask him to go with you to one of the saloons. We want to help you, honest, we do. This wasn't all fun on our part. We are not joking, we want to give you a better 'Last Chance' than you were likely to find for yourself out there.

"Oh, I don't hear any grudge," said the man. "You are acting friendly, boys. I'll go with you very willing. I was about down in that fight. I just couldn't stand up against the gleaming and twinkling of that bottle."

"I say, Heman," said Peter, "that 'Last Chance' has to go. I'm bent on ending its days. We'll bring it up in Club to-morrow, and when Common Council meets I'm going before it to make the best speech I've ever made so far. You boys go with me?"

"We will!" cried Joey, "the whole Club, and we'll clap you up till the Council won't know where their heads are."

The boys parted. Heman conducted his protegee home, made a bed of shavings and quilts in the shop, and fed him heartily.

"Now, in the morning," he said, "I'll give you soap and towel and brushes, so you can wash and clean your clothes well. We have our breakfast at six, and Aunt D'rexy can't bear folks at her table that aren't tidy. A good night's sleep to you."

Morning found the guest in his right mind. Heman's heroic treatment, the food and the sleep had driven out the demons that possessed him, and once more he was ready to do battle with his besetting sin.

Heman had been up for some time, milking the cows, cutting and carrying wood, drawing water, and between whiles had told his family in the kitchen the story of his guest.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow! Suppose you were in such straits, Heman? We must try and stand by him till he gets better command of himself," said Aunt D'rexy, slicing bacon.

"I do feel for that poor sinner," said Aunt Espy, who insisted upon setting the table.

Aunt Espy took her knitting to the front porch, and there the stranger soon appeared coming round from the shop. He had improved his appearance as best he could, and looked clean, and seemed civil. At Aunt Espy's invitation he sat down on the steps.

"Our breakfast will soon be ready. Ain't it a pretty morning?" said the old lady, beaming at him.

"Oh, well, yes, missis," when a man's discouraged, and his heart's heavy, there don't anything look very pretty."

"I reckon you feel a great deal done up. Heman says you walked seventeen hours yesterday. That was a hard day's work."

"I wouldn't mind it if I was sure of anything now I'm here."

"You're sure of your breakfast," smiled Aunt Espy, "and of help in finding work. Don't be down-hearted, my man, something is always rising up to vex us. This is a very troublesome world. The only way is to have patience. The Scriptor says to have patience and hope to the end. Maybe you don't know any Scriptor?"

"No, I don't," said the young man curtly.

"That's a terrible pity. It's very strengthening and helping. Now, if you'd had Scriptor, why yesterday when you was out on such a walk, you could have thought that the dear Lord walked up and down the length and breadth of Palestine, and got terrible weary too. When you was tempted so hard, you could have remembered that the Lord was tempted to, but never yielded. With so much to try and vex you, you could ask to have in your heart the patience of Christ. It would have helped. I tell you, and I know, I've lived a long time, and I've had my troubles. Now, there's D'rexy calling breakfast, come-right along, young man."

After breakfast Heman started with the stranger to Mr. Renfrow. Uncle Rias had him return and sleep in the shop one night more, and they would help him look up a boarding house as soon as he had work.

"You'll feel more heartsome beginning if you have some friends," said Uncle Rias. "I know how it is. I've been there myself."

"They're the kindest folks I ever met," the man, Happer, confided to Mr. Renfrow, "and the old man's lost his leg, and the women look as if they'd seen trouble. Don't see why such folks have trouble."

(To be continued.)

Storming of a Castle.

This cut represents one of the cruel scenes in the old stormy days of blood such as have been enacted a thousand times. Listen to Longfellow's description of the horrors of war, and his prayer for peace.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone
before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon
hammer,
Through the Cimbric forest rears the
Norseman's song,
And loud amid the universal clamour
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar
Song.

I hear the Florentine, who from his
palace
Wheels out his battle bell with dread-
ful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocalls
Beat the wild war drums made of ser-
pent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning
village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy
drowns;
The soldier's revels in the midst of pil-
lage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered
towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched
asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing
blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as
these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly
voices,
And Jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world
with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on
camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from
error,
There were no need for arsenals or
forts;

The warrior's name would be a name
abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
its hand against a brother, on its fore-
head
Would wear for evermore the curse of
Cain!

Down the dark future, through long
generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and
then cease;
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet
vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ
say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen
portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes
the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise

for sin so that God would lead them
safely to their former land.

22. For I was ashamed to require
a band—Ashamed because he had
told the king that Jehovah was all-
powerful, and would protect those who
were on the way to rebuild the temple.
Ezra regarded the glory of God as above
his own safety. "The hand" is the
emblem of power and blessing if for, but
of wrath if against.

23. The deeply spiritual nature of the
Jews appears in this verse. Ignorant
and sinful, they believed in God and
prayed most earnestly. God is with
those who dwell with him.

24. "Separated"—Set apart for a par-
ticular purpose. The two priests men-
tioned by name were, for some reason
unknown, more prominent than the other
ten.

25. "Which the king . . . had offered"
—Their good will for Ezra and his un-
dertaking is partly expressed by their gifts
to the sanctuary.

26, 27. There was much gold in use
in ancient times, and many articles were
made of it. The art of working in the
precious metals had attained a high
degree of excellence. Exactly what was
the nature of the "fine copper" is not
known.

mitted the returning Israelites?
What did he proclaim at his first
stopping place?

Why was he ashamed to ask the king
for protection by soldiers?

What had he said to the king?
Did God hear the prayer of these good
people?

2. The Commission, v. 24-30
Whom did Ezra set apart?
What did he intrust to their care?

Was he particular in weighing and
counting these valuable things?
Why was it appropriate that these
men should take care of them?

What exhortation did Ezra give them?
Verse 29.

3. The Journey, v. 31, 32.

Where did the people start for?
What was upon them?
Who delivered them?
Where did they safely arrive?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That if we trust in God at all we
might as well trust him thoroughly?
2. That one can never be so religious
that one can afford to be unbusinesslike?
3. That God always keeps his prom-
ises?



STORMING OF A CASTLE.

28. "Ye are holy unto the Lord"—
Three great truths the Israelites taught
about the divine Being: (1) God is one,
(2) He is a spirit, (3) He is holy; and
from this last truth they heard the com-
mand, Be ye holy. Ezra chose priests,
for he justly thought they, of all the
nation, should be holy men. Only
those would he choose for holy work.
"The Lord God of your fathers"—The
Jews turned their thoughts more to their
ancestors and their work for the nation
than we do in this land. We should be
mindful of the past.

29. "Watch ye, and keep them"—An
important trust, and hence a solemn
command. Those who hold wealth in
trust should guard it with even greater
care than if it were their own. The
"Levites" were the humbler priests who
mainly prepared the sacrifices.

31. "The hand of our God was upon
us, and he delivered us"—The hand of
mercy led to the land of safety. Ezra
was grateful and ascribed deliverance to
God, not to any human power.

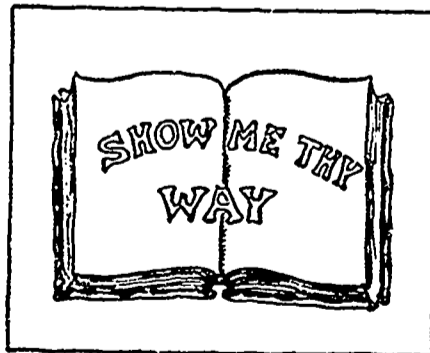
HOME READINGS.

- M. The king's decree.—Ezra 7. 6-20.
- Tu. The king's gifts.—Ezra 7. 21-25.
- W. Ezra's journey to Jerusalem.—Ezra 8. 21-32.
- Th. Ezra's prayer.—Ezra 9. 1-9.
- F. The prayer continued.—Ezra 9. 10-15.
- S. God our refuge.—Psalm 46.
- Su. Be separate.—2 Cor. 6. 11-15.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The Fast, v. 21-23
To what good man had the king com-

We will put on the board an open
Bible, in which we find what God has



said, and over or across it we write,
"Show me thy way," for it is in this
book we find God's way and will for us."

MARION'S VERSE.

Everything had gone wrong with
Marion Douglas that Monday morning.
In the first place, breakfast was late,
and she had spoken unkindly to the
cook, and had been reproved by her
mother. Then her little sister Allie had
accidentally upset her cup of coffee, and
piled it all over her new plaid merino.
She rose from the table very angry, and
rushed upstairs to change her dress.
Some word which her Sunday-school
teacher had said to her only the morn-
ing before crossed her memory.
"It is of no use," she said aloud, "for

me to try to be a Christian. I might
as well give up."

As she stood up, a few minutes later
with her hat and cloak on, ready for
school, she remembered that it was her
turn to learn and repeat four lines of a
poem from some author. She caught
up her book of extracts and opened it.
What was it that caused the tears to
flow from her eyes, and her lips to move
in a prayer?

She stood a moment, committing the
lines to memory, and then went down and
spoke pleasantly to the cook, kissed her
mother and Allie good-bye, and went
away to school. And when it was her
turn to give an extract, she rose, and,
with a bright, unclouded face, repeated
slowly:

"The little worries which we meet each
day,
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our
way,
Or, we may make them stepping-stones
to be
Of grace, O Christ, to thee."

Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, D.D., pastor of
remont Temple Baptist church, Boston,
has declined the nomination for Governor
of Massachusetts, deeming it unwise for
him as a clergyman to stand in that
position. He has, however, sent a
circular to 3,000 clergymen of the State,
asking them to meet in convention at
Worcester on the eve of the meeting of
the State prohibition convention, for
consultation.

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LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 22.

EZRA'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.
Ezra 8. 21-32. Memory verses, 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The hand of our God is upon all them
for good that seek him.—Ezra 8. 22.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Fast, v. 21-23.
 - 2. The Commission, v. 24-30.
 - 3. The Journey, v. 31, 32.
- Time.—About 458 B.C.
Place.—Crossing the wilderness from
the Euphrates to Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS

21. Then I proclaimed a fast there—
Ezra is the person who speaks. The
Jews regard him as a second Moses.
The first gave the law, and the second
restored it. It was prophesied they
should return to their land after the
seventy years captivity in Babylon, and
Ezra was, under God, the chief agent in
the restoration. Fasting was joined
with prayer in the Jewish ritual. The
purpose now was to express penitence