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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1900.

No 38

Nutting.

Jack Frost had been on a visit here,
This morning the ground was white;
From many a tree he had plucked the
leaves,
That for days had been so bright;
His fingers have opened the nutshells
brown,
And have sent the ripe nuts clattering
down.

Come, boys and girls, to the woods away!
away!

What better fun can there be,
Than to search for nuts in the rustling
leaves,
Beneath the old walnut tree,
While the air is crisp, and clear are the
skies,
And clad in her richest robes Nature lies?

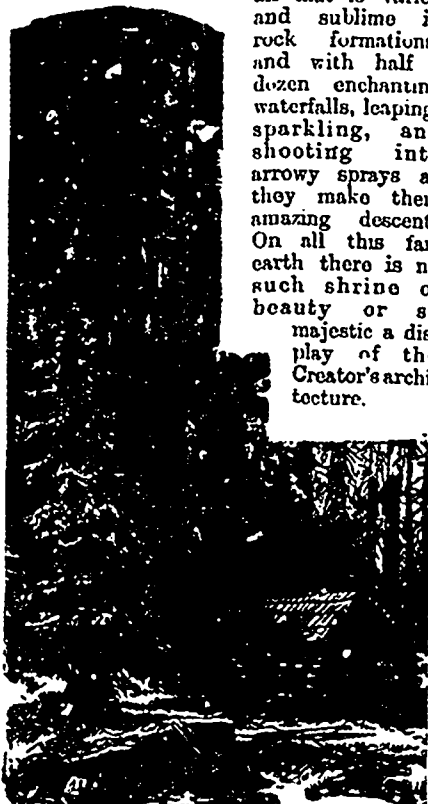
And when the cold winds of winter blow,
And the ground with snow is white,
We'll bring the hidden treasure out,
And sit in the bright firelight;
And the nuts we'll crack with jest and
song,
And brighten the winter evenings along.

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.

Why do so many Canadians go to Europe for rare sights and scenes before they have studied fairly the resources and wonders of their own continent? The traveller need not go to Switzerland for bold and rare mountain effects, for the Canadian Rockies will afford panoramas which cannot be rivalled in the Old World, from the Alps to the Himalayas. He need not sail up the Rhine for grand river scenery, for nothing can excel that of the golden-sanded Fraser, in British Columbia, as it breaks through the rocky battlements of the Cascade range. He need not coast along the shores of classic Greece to find an archipelago, with isles like crystal gems set in a silver sea. One has but to navigate that wealth of waters, Puget's Sound, or the Gulf of Georgia, to find for four hundred miles along the shores of the youngest and most distant province of our own Dominion, an inland sea studded with islands of every form and beauty—a Western Cyclades. And if he wants a sublime Apocalypse, a picture that shall live in the memory and haunt the soul like a vision of angels, or a scene of fairy-land, he has but to make a pilgrimage to the wonderful Yosemite—a valley shut in by walls of yellowish granite, rising perpendicularly from three-quarters to a mile in height, having

all that is varied and sublime in rock formations, and with half a dozen enchanting waterfalls, leaping, sparkling, and shooting into arrowy sprays as they make their amazing descent. On all this fair earth there is no such shrine of beauty or so majestic a display of the Creator's architecture.



GARIN IN REDWOOD GROVE.



TUNNEL THROUGH BIG TREE.

The Pacific coast has a fauna and a flora of its own. It is almost at the peril of one's reputation for veracity that he records some of the wonders of vegetation, especially as they relate to flowers, fruits, plants and trees. It is an old saying that a traveller must not remark more than half that he has seen if he does not wish to be disbelieved. I suppose our ladies, who take such pains to cultivate the rare and beautiful fuchsia, will open their eyes to hear that there they climb up to the house-top and have trunks as large as one's arm. On the Fraser River they grow beets, some of which weigh one hundred pounds each. But the biggest of all things, in the way of botany, are the mammoth trees of the groves of Mariposa. We felt that all the forests we had seen in this country were but underbrush, when in British Columbia we saw monarchs of the forests, the fir tree rising occasionally to the height of three hundred feet, and the cedar measuring a circumference of forty feet; but how their pride and glory were forgotten in the presence of the famous Big Trees of California! Fancy a tree which required five men twenty-five days to fell it, boring it off with pump-augers, and then taking three days to make the proud thing fall after it had been completely severed from the trunk, such was the breadth of its base. The late Bishop Kingsley computed that on the stump of that particular tree a house could be built for a newly-married couple, giving them a good sized parlour, dining-room, kitchen, two bedrooms, a pantry, two clothes presses, and then have a little room to spare. Think of the hollow trunk of another tree through which you could ride on horseback without endangering your silk hat, or another so large that you could drive a stage-coach, filled with passengers inside and outside, through its trunk. Imagine, if you can, the size of one of these fathers of the forest when it contains more than

one-half a million feet of sound inch lumber, or another which would make a thousand cords of four-foot wood, with a hundred cords of bark, which, burning at the rate of a cord a month, would last a frugal household just ninety-one years. There are several groves of these mammoth trees. There are three Mariposa groves within two miles of each other. One of these groves contains eighty six trees.

The Tuolumne grove contains ten trees. The Calaveras grove has over ninety mammoth trees, and one of the fallen trees must have been four hundred and fifty feet high, and forty feet in diameter.

The Big Tree is a "Sequoia" related in the closest manner to the redwood. Dr. Seeman called it the "Sequoia Gigantea," and it bears that name with botanists, though Prof. Lindley gave it the name "Wellingtonia Gigantea."

These

MAMMOTH TREES

grow in a deep fertile soil, and stand in the midst of other trees which would be considered giants if set down among the trees of our forests. What a new idea of the magnificence of nature one gets as he glances at one of these immense trunks, and then looks up and up to try to comprehend their height. Sublime sight! Each tree fills you with wonder as you gaze upon it. These trees measure from seventy to a hundred feet in circumference. The bark is spongy, is formed in layers, reddish brown in colour, and very thick, often measuring not less than eighteen inches. The wood is soft, elastic, straight-grained, light when dry, and of a bright cinnamon brown colour, which gives gaiety to the forest, making "sunshine in the shady place." It is very durable, very much like our red cedar. What struck us as remarkable was the size of the cones. We picked up the cones of smaller conifers; they were half as long as one's arm,

and very much thicker, but what do you suppose is the size of the cones of these gigantic trees? Not larger than a hen's egg. The leaves, too, are very small, and of a bright green colour. The seeds are very tiny, not more than a quarter of an inch long, one-sixth of an inch wide, and thin as writing-paper. An apple seed would weigh down a dozen of them. It takes 50,000 of them to weigh a pound! and yet these little tiny germs have wrapped in them such magnificent structures. What a lesson! The smallest of all seeds producing the greatest of all trees. Thus God proceeds from the least to the greatest!

The age of these trees is variously estimated according to the different methods of counting the rings—probably many of them are not less than three thousand years old. Twenty-six centuries have passed since Rome was founded, yet before Romulus was heard of these trees were growing. When Plato opened his academy in the groves of Athens; when the beautiful Esther was Queen of Persia, and Mordecai prime minister; nay, when Solomon was in all his glory, they were springing up. They were waving in proud majesty when the shepherds of the Judean hills heard the song of the angels, and the glad announcement that Christ was born in Bethlehem. They stood, the giant cedars of God, when the Christian Church was founded. What tides of human history have rolled away since they first thrust their green spires from the ground! What mighty sermons in those trees! Thirty centuries seemed to be looking down upon us from their lofty tops. As long as they remain upon the earth they will be the wonder of the world, and long generations coming after us will gaze upon them as among the marvellous works of God.

'CAUSE HE MEANT TO.

Lord Charles Beresford is the British admiral commanding the powerful fleet which guards the Mediterranean Sea for Queen Victoria. When he was a boy his teachers found him very stupid. He either couldn't or wouldn't learn, and all idea of sending him to the university had to be given up. On his thirteenth birthday his father determined to start him in life. Collier's Weekly reports the conversation. The purpose which the boy showed has carried him almost to the head of the navy.

"What is it to be, my boy the army, the navy, or the church?"

"The navy, sir."

"And why the navy, boy?"

"'Cause I'd like to be an admiral, like Nelson."

"Pshaw, like Nelson! Why Nelson?"

"'Cause I want to."

"But even if you were to join the navy, why do you think you will ever become an admiral, Charlie?"

"'Cause I mean to," was the blunt reply. He had his wish and entered the navy.



SECTION OF BIG TREE.

Put Your Conscience in It.

BY M. A. MATTLAND.

Would you feel at ease of any little as a sinner? While the moments appear away, At your work or at your play. Whatever you do or say, Put your conscience in it.

In your task a tire some one? With it will you be glad? Well begun is halfway done, Yours may be, ere set of sun, Honour, by the effort won, With your conscience in it.

Is it for renown you look? Up, my lad, and win it! Fame comes not by hook or crook, 'Tis his story-book, He who work the laurels took Put his conscience in it.

Who the heart of youth you chill, Or the warmth within it? Leisure hours with gladness fill, Be as merry as you will, Have a jolly time—be still, Put your conscience in it.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular', 'Christian Guardian', 'Metropolitan Magazine', 'The Sunday School Banner', etc., with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. Coates, S. P. Hyman, 217 St. Catherine St., Montreal, Quebec, N.S., Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 29, 1900

FAMOUS BELLS.

Spain has a bell that is its prophet It is its soothsayer, oracle and guide This bell, the famous one, has hung for centuries in an historic castle, keeping watch over the nation.

It is the most celebrated bell in Europe. Its fame rests not so much upon its notes, as upon its tone, which is pitched, soft and clear; nor upon its size, for there are other bells in Spain much larger, but upon its individuality. The Vilella has for centuries foretold any impending trouble to the Vilella. When the father of little Alphonsus died, the Vilella began tolling in the night and tolled until morning. In the ten years the Cuban war the bell struck all tones and great fires have touched the castle and sickness or insurrection threatened the throne, the Vilella has lifted up its voice in sudden loud warning.

Last winter the Vilella tolled again. It was one short, quick stroke Only a few heard it, but they ran to tell the tidings. Did it mean more disaster in Cuba? Was the war to drain the royal vaults beyond penny to debt? The Vilella would not tell, but it sent us its warning note.

Russia has a coronation bell which is the largest in the most of the world. It hangs in the Kremlin. It is the emperor's bell and it rings only in honour of him. At the coronation it pealed forth as the emperor entered the church, and its sound announced the conclusion of the ceremony to the whole of Russia. The coronation bell is rung by a bell ringer blessed by the emperor, the head of the church. The bell ringer has no other work and its duty is to toll of important events in the family of the emperor.

Of late he has been busy polishing up rings which his majesty gives to church, and, in case of the death of a Russian monarch, the Kremlin bells toll constant-

ly between the death and the time of the funeral.

Since Russia is the home of bells, it is not wonderful that it should hold the largest unbell in the world. This bell now makes up the bell of the Kremlin. It was cast two centuries ago, but was found too heavy to remove from the pit. The Russian monarchs, one after another, tried to take it out, but it cost the lives of many sacrificed in the shifting pit of sand. Finally fate intervened. A fire broke out and heated the bell in its pit. A quantity of cold water flowed in round it, and a huge piece, the size of a door, was broken out.

The most famous bells in France are those of Notre Dame. The bells of this cathedral are the largest bells of any town in the world. One of them weighs thirty-five thousand pounds. The maker who cast it would never disclose the secret of its loud, sweet tone.

THROWING AWAY THE ORANGE.

By E. P. A. "Will you look at that chap, what he is doing?" cried Edgar. He and Clive and Rob were going home from school together, and had turned down a rather narrow cross street, to take a short cut home.

"Doing? Why, he is eating an orange," answered Clive. "But look at him, Clive; he is only eating the peel!" "The three boys stopped at a little distance, and watched the lad with the orange. True enough he was clumsily tearing off the peel, and as he did so, dashing them in the dust of the street, while he munched the yellow, bitter rind.

"Let's go and see what makes him do such a crazy thing," suggested Edgar, but before they could get within him, the boy saw them, and dived down a narrow alley, evidently running away from them. "Of all queer things!" Clive exclaimed, telling of his mother's tea table every day of boy throwing away the orange and eating the rind. "I've heard of people shaking their own hands instead of their guests', taking off their shoes instead of their hats, and a good many other things, and writing letters upside down, but I never heard before of anybody throwing away the inside of an orange and eating the outside!

"I know plenty of people who do just as foolish a thing," said his father, grow-up people, who snatch at all the fun and frolic of life, which is just its outside, and throw away their chances for the useful, the good, the true, which is the inside of life, its heart." Clive listened to this little sermon, but I do not know whether he would have remembered it, except for what happened the next day.

The next day he rushed in from his walk home, and cried, "Father, what do you think? That boy who threw away his orange is poor and old, he hasn't any sense, and can't even talk!"

"Ah! I saw Clive's father, "he can't help it, poor fellow; but those persons I was telling you about yesterday know better, and they throw away the best part of their life!" "I'll not be one of that kind," said our little boy, down in his heart, and he never forgot the lesson of the orange.

THE ORDER OF THE IRON CROSS.

More than eighty-five years ago the King of Prussia, Frederic William III., found himself in great trouble. He was being driven to despair, he was trying to strengthen his country and make a great nation of the Prussian people, and he had not money enough to accomplish his plans. What should he do if it stopped there some, the country would be overrun by the enemy, and that would mean terrible distress for everybody.

Now the king knew that his people needed that they would be glad to help him. He therefore asked the women of Prussia, as many of them as wanted to help their king, to bring their jewellery of gold and silver, or iron, precisely like the gold or silver ones, as a token of the king's gratitude. These iron and bronze ornaments all bore the inscription: "I gave gold for iron, 1813." It was believed to learn that these ornaments became more highly prized than the gold and silver ones had been, for they were a proof that the women had given their jewels for a purpose. It became very unfashionable to wear jewellery, for any other than that of iron or bronze would have been a token that the wearer was not loyal to her

king and country. So the Order of the Iron Cross grew up, whose members wear no ornament except a cross of iron on the breast, and give all the surplus money to the service of their fellowmen.

MEN WHO FLY KITES.

CHINESE THINK WE CAN TALK SCARE AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.

There is one time of the year when every boy would object to becoming a subject of the Chinese empire for just one day. This time is the ninth day of the ninth month, according to the Chinese calendar. On this day a kite-flying festival is held. Then every Chinaman who has any regard for his spiritual and physical welfare and can afford a kite—and there are few, indeed, who cannot afford such an inexpensive trifle—goes to a hill and flies his kite the whole day long. This custom prevails more generally, of course, in the rural districts, for were the inhabitants of a great city to do this, the dust and noise that would be blown about would be so entangled and the very heavens would be darkened by such a collection of paper and string as never was seen. The custom was originally a religious one, and had a strangely religious dream, in which it was revealed to him that some calamity would befall his house on a certain day. Wishing to avoid this unknown but impending disaster, he took his family to a neighbouring hilltop and amused the children by flying a kite. When he returned home that night he found that his house had literally fallen to the ground, and he had lost all the things that had been left at home to keep house. That set the fashion, and since then, whenever the anniversary of that day comes around, other families, remembering the providential escape of their countryman, fly their kites from the hills in the belief that as the paper toys ascend they will carry off the evil spirits that might otherwise demolish their houses. It is very true that in the ruins should they stay at home.

THE BOY'S FAVOURITE AUTHOR.

BY B. McALL BARBOUR.

George Alfred Henty has been called "The Prince of Story Tellers." To call him "The Boy's Own Historian" would perhaps be a more appropriate title, for time has proved that he is more than a story-teller, he is a preserver and propagator of his country's traditions.

Mr. Henty began his preliminary training for his life-work when a boy attending school at Westminster. Even then the germ of his story-telling propensity seems to have evinced itself, for he was always awarded the highest marks in English composition.

From Westminster he went to Cambridge, where he was entered as a student at Caius College. It is a decided change of scenery and circumstances from Cambridge to the Crimea, but such was the change which took place in Mr. Henty's career at the age of twenty-one.

An appointment in connection with the commissariat department of the British army, took him from the scenes of students into the excitement of the Muscovite war.

Whilst engaged with his duties at the Crimea he sent home several descriptive letters of the places, people, and circumstances passing under his notice. These letters, which his countrymen were so well pleased with that he at once appointed young Henty as war correspondent to the paper in the Crimea.

Ten years later he again took to writing, and for many years he has been a correspondent of special correspondent of The Standard. While holding this post, he contributed letters and articles on the wars in Persia, Abyssinia, and on the expedition to Khiva.

He also reported the opening of the Suez Canal, and accompanied the Prince of Wales in his famous Indian tour.

Mr. Henty is a prolific writer, and a fifty stories for boys, which have been received with unbounded joy and satisfaction by all. He is the most popular writer in England, and in point of sales, over 150,000 copies of his books are sold in a year, and in America he sells from 25,000 to 50,000 during a year.

All the world is the sphere from which he draws his material, and his characters for the pleasure of the young. Almost every country in the world has been studied to do service in this way, with the result that within the series of Mr. Henty's stories for boys, we find the young we find such places dealt with as Carthage, Egypt, Jerusalem, Scotland, Spain, England, Afghanistan, Ashanti, Ireland, France, India, Gibraltar, Water-

loo, Alexandria, Venice, Mexico, Canada, Virginia and California. History is his especial forte, and that he is able to invest his dry facts with life, and make them attractive to the modern as a story-teller for boys. It is questionable if history has any better means of fixing itself in the minds of youthful readers than as it is read in the pages of G. A. Henty's works. There is about it an attraction which cannot be resisted. All this of course means for Mr. Henty a vast amount of research and study to



G. A. HENTY.

substantiate his facts and make his situations, characters, places, and points of time authentic. To the reader it means a benefit which is incalculable, as a means of reviving or imparting a general knowledge of the history and geography, the manners and customs of our own and other lands.

There is a noticeable element of "Freedom" which runs through Mr. Henty's books, and in this may be said to lie their influence. For them lads get an excellent sense of independence, and a stimulus to patriotic and manly endeavour. His pages provide the purest form of intellectual excitement which it is possible to put into the hands of lads. They are always vigorous and healthy, and a power for the strengthening of the moral as well as the intellectual life.

Ten years ago Mr. Henty edited The Union Jack, a paper specially designed for boys. During the period of his connection with that paper he gained a deep insight into the boy nature in its various moods, and consequently he is well fitted to write for boys.

Such writers as Mr. Henty are a blessing to the nation in general and to the boys of the nation in particular.

WHY HE WAS SPARED.

Henry Savage Landor has entirely recovered from the effects of the torture which he underwent while a captive in Tibet, and is said to have regained his usual number of pounds in weight. His Landor set out for Tibet active, strong, a typical, young Englishman; he returned broken in health, physically disabled, weary and old. He attempted to reach the sacred city of Lhasa from the Indian frontier. In spite of the most elaborate preparations, he never got into the city, and he was in the hands of the Tibetan authorities, who did all in their power to frustrate his plans.

He was taken captive and subjected to a series of tortures the like of which have probably never experienced by other man since the days of the Spanish Inquisition. His life was spared because, on examination, the natives found that his fingers were webbed higher than is usual, and that is highly-tougher than in Tibet.

THE MULE'S APPEAL.

During one of his many journeys which she took with her husband, the famous traveller, Lady Burton, was once appealed to by a Syrian mule which was evidently in great pain. In spite of a heavy load of baggage, the poor creature managed to hobble up to her. Then, having gained her attention, it held up the hoof that it had hardly been able to use, with a look on its face that plainly spoke not only of agony, but also of hope that she might cure it. On examining the hoof, Lady Burton found it pierced with a two-inch nail, which she extracted as soon as she could. She then scolded the drivers for their cruelty in not noticing the animal's lameness. It may be doubted, however, whether they were as grateful to her as was the mule.

The Sand Men of Cuddledowntown.
Cuddledowntown is near Cradleville,
Where the Sand Men pitch their tents;
In Drowsyland,
You understand,
In the State of Innocence:
Tis right by the source of the River of
Life,
Which the Grandma Storks watch over,
While Honey-bug bees,
'Neath Funny-big trees,
Croon Lullabys in sweet clover.

'Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddledown-
town,
For its people are all sleepers;
And never a one,
From dark till dawn,
Has ever a use for peepers.
They harness gold butterflies to sun-
beams—
Play horse with them, a-screaming,
While never a mite,
Throughout the night,
E'er dreams that he's a-dreaming.

In Cuddledowntown there are Choo-choo
cars
In all of the beautiful streets;
And round bald heads
And curly heads
Are the engineers one meets:
From Piggybacktown to Pattycakeville,
The cars run, hissing, screeching,
While wonderful toys,
For girls and boys,
Can always be had by reaching.

Oh, Cuddledowntown is a Village of
Dreams,
Where little tired legs find rest;
'Tis in God's hand—
'Tis Holy Land—
Not far from mother's breast.
And many a weary, grown-up man,
With sad soul, heavy, aching,
Could he lie down
In this sweet town,
Might keep his heart from breaking
—Collier's Weekly.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PARSON STRONG MUST GO.

The Sunday prior to the parish meeting, Mr. Strong announced that in the evening he would deliver a temperance address, and invited all to be present. The church was crowded, and many who could get no sittings stood in the aisles. The pastor then stated, in forcible language, the condition of things in Fairport. He told the number of places, public and private, where liquor could be obtained. He exposed the so-called reading-rooms, billiard and pool-rooms, showing them to be places where the night was spent in drinking and gambling. He told of the fishermen's wives, who, with babes in their arms, had gone to the tavern and pleaded that no more liquor should be sold to their husbands. He told of a mother who went down the street, one night, wringing her hands, and crying, "Where's my Arthur?" and entering the tavern she found her boy dead-drunk behind the counter. He closed his address with a pointed argument, on "Where does the money go?" and proved conclusively that a large per cent. of the people of Fairport gave it to the rumseller.

The sermon had its desired effect, in that it awakened lively discussion in all quarters. Landlord Chase and his clique foamed with rage at the exposure.

"It's the last sermon that man shall preach in this church," muttered Judge Seabury, as he walked out.

"Amen," said Mr. Felton. "The man profanes the sanctuary by his fanatical nonsense."

The parish meeting came off at last, and such a parish meeting had never been known in the annals of the church. Every member of the parish, able to be out, was present, and a look of interest on every face betokened the coming contest. There was an influx of new society members on this occasion. Fishermen who had never cared before to identify themselves with church matters, had been worked upon silly by the opposition, and roused to such a feeling of dislike toward Mr. Strong, that they were eager to improve the chance of voting against him.

Deacon Lane was chosen moderator of the meeting, and after the preliminary business had been transacted, the matter of the minister's salary was introduced. Judge Seabury immediately arose.

"There is a question prior to the one you have mentioned," he began, "which a part of this audience, at least, are anxious to discuss. Is it desirable that

Arnold Strong remain with us as our pastor?" Since his coming the church has been rent in twain by dissensions. His fanaticism has driven influential men from the pews. Mr. Strong was called here to preach the Gospel, not to go off at a tangent, and devote his best energies to the temperance cause. I, for one, am tired of the sound of the word 'Reform!' I want to hear the old Gospel, and it seems a pity that our church is denied this privilege. I am not alone in the feeling that Mr. Strong preaches a spurious doctrine, calculated to keep the church in a state of fermentation, and sure to breed ruin. I hold before you a petition with seventy-five signatures, asking the pastor to send in his resignation. This petition represents many influential members of both church and society. I would beg to move that this question be discussed freely, and a vote taken."

"The Judge has expressed my sentiments exactly," said Marcus Young, the apothecary. "When I go to church I want to hear the Gospel preached. I don't want a man who knows nothing about pharmacy to tell me how I must prepare and sell my medicines. I don't go to Mr. Strong's study and tell him how to put his sermons together, because it's none of my business. I don't want my minister to meddle in my affairs for the same reason. As Judge Seabury says, Mr. Strong's methods have driven influential men from both church and society. In my opinion it is time active measures were taken to remove so dangerous a man from our midst."

During these remarks the sexton could hardly keep his seat. His face turned red, and his diminutive figure swelled to its utmost. At last he rose, and, in a clumsy manner, said:

"I've heard it talked on the streets that the opposition contained the better half of the church and society. I wish all those who signed that petition just mentioned, would get up and show themselves. I am curious to see who the 'better half' are!"

If a bomb shell had exploded in their midst, it could not have created any more of a sensation than did this speech of Daniel Rogers, a quiet, unobtrusive man, who was never known to express an opinion. A good many smiled audibly, other looked enraged, while Reuben Palmer fairly turned pale, from the fear that he should have to rise, and so take a decided stand against the minister.

The apothecary trembled with anger, and springing to his feet, he cried:

"I never said any such thing! It's all a lie! How dare you insult me, sir?" thus acknowledging the corn by his strenuous denial.

"Keep calm, sir! Keep calm!" whispered Judge Seabury. "There's nothing gained by a show of temper." Then addressing the moderator, he said: "I hope the request of our sexton will not be formulated into a motion, as it is hardly fair to ask people to rise, under such peculiar circumstances."

"If these people have done nothing to be ashamed of, I see no reason why they should feel delicate about rising," remarked Deacon Lane.

"That's so," said the sexton, again rising to the occasion. "But I won't press the matter. I know pretty well that the petition has the signatures of a good many rummies."

The meeting was once more called to order, and the discussion went on. Good old Deacon Ray was the next speaker, and in a brief speech he eulogized the pastor's work in Fairport.

"If you go the world over," he said, "you will not find a man whose whole being is more truly consecrated to the cause of promoting Christ's kingdom in the world, than is that of our pastor. His daily life is a rebuke to most of us. If we think he doesn't preach the practical Gospel, then I'm afraid we could not sit under the preaching of the Master himself. There were plenty in his day who could not bear to hear their sins and their duties pressed home. When he tried the experiment, many were offended, and walked no more with him. It is true our church is rent in twain, but that is not a sign of ruin, by any means."

"It is not life, but death,
Where nothing stirs."

"If there are wolves in sheep's clothing, it is time the church found them out. If there are tares among the wheat, they must be rooted up, else they will choke the wheat. This sifting process is beneficial. In the end it will work the peaceable 'uits.'"

"I rise to say one thing," said Dr. Scocum. "Any man who harps on total abstinence is a fanatic. Any person who has looked into the science of medicine knows that stimulants are an essential to some constitutions, and in some diseases they are absolutely necessary to the recovery of the patient."

"Perhaps our minister has looked deeper into the subject than we know, when he advocates total abstinence so strenuously," replied the new physician, Dr. Blake. "There is, as you very well know, abundant testimony to the fact that intemperance, besides swallowing millions of dollars annually and filling the land with vice and crime, poisons the very life blood of the race. The blighting effect of alcohol in the line of hereditary transmission is becoming every day more apparent. I say, shame on the minister if he has not the good of the race at heart, and does not 'lift up his voice against this terrible curse.'"

"Wal," growled Deacon Chapman, "there ain't no use a-beatin' round the bush. The parson ain't the man we want, and he's got ter go. He's bin round a-peekin' inter folks's bizness long enuff, an' we ain't a-goin' ter stan' it. He needs a bigger place than Fairport ter air his notions in, an' I fur one shall be glad ter git rid on him."

"That's jess so—hic—go for him, Deacon. I'll—hic—hic—help yo boost the cussed—hic—totaler."

Heads began to turn in the direction from whence came these incoherent words, and there, at the back of the room, holding on to the door for a support, stood Peter MacDuff, his blood-shot eyes and trembling movements indicating but too well his condition.

Several men immediately went forward, and with the aid of the sexton the drunken man was removed from the vestry, but not without a fierce struggle. When order was again restored, Tom Kinmon had the floor, his hands shoved into the depth of his pants pockets, and his eyes glaring from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Parson Strong," he began, "hes come here ter save the boys. He has seen your boy, an' your boy, an' your boy," pointing his long forefinger in the direction of Judge Seabury, Deacon Chapman, and others, "dead drunk, an' he's a-tryin' ter help 'em. Fathers, ef he should save but one boy from the bottomless pit, shouldn't ye think he'd done a blessed work, ef it wur your boy? Ay, thet ye would! There are some folks who are a-tryin' to kick out o' town the only one who can help us ter slay the dragon. There sets the man," pointing to the Judge, "who fust started the cry, 'Parson Strong must go!'"

"Yer rich an' powerful, sir, but yer gold is cankered, ther moth an' rust they hev corrupted it. Yer devour widders' houses, snatch the bread from orphans' lips, coin money from ther prayers an' tears, an' send souls down ter perdition. As if that were not enuff, yer cry, 'Parson Strong must go!'"

"Yer teach the ignorant ter sin, yer hold the cup ter yer neebor's lips, yer help to make fathers fiends (an' we jest see one), mothers widders; sons a curse; daughters outcasts; homes a hell; and towns the cess-pool o' wickedness an' crime. Yer help to drive the assassin's knife, to light the incendiary's torch, ter destroy the sacredness o' ther marriage-bond, an' sell the souls o' men fur filthy lucre. Yet, 'Parson Strong must go!'"

"The streets are full o' mourners, ther grave opens to receive broken-hearted wives an' mothers, ther bloom an' beauty fades from the cheek o' the young, an' ther cry goes up ter heaven, 'Oh, Lord, how long?' Ther dragon laughs in fiendish triumph, ther angels cover ther eyes an' weep, ther gates o' ruin are wide open ter receive ther wrecks o' men an' women from Fairport, an' ther Beautiful Gate is shut. But 'Parson Strong must go!' Ah, in thet great day o' the Lord, mayhap your own son, sir, will rise up an' curse you fur leadin' him, step by step, down ter ruin. Yer may not know it, but even now his feet take hold on death. Satan an' his legion are arter him, an' I trow they will do ther work only too well. Go on with your cursed work if ye will. Hold high over the head of men mortgages an' deeds. I tell ye the day is a-comin' when yer laughin' will be turned to wallin'. But Parson Strong shan't go!"

For a moment after Tom Kinmon ceased speaking profound silence reigned. The eloquence of this unlettered man electrified the audience, and every one hung upon his words. The Judge sat pale as death, and those who were near him declared that he trembled not from anger, but fear. He was evidently silenced by Tom's words, as was the whole company. After a little time, Deacon Lane declared that the time for closing the discussion had arrived, and the vote would now be taken.

"One moment," said Deacon Ray. "I hold in my hands a petition signed by eighty persons, asking Mr. Strong to remain with us as our pastor. I move that the votes be taken on slips of paper, as this way is the most impartial. Let each one do his duty."

"Second the motion," shouted the sex-

ton, "though we ain't any of us ashamed ter git up an' own our signat'ures."

While the votes were being counted a breathless stillness filled the place. Men sat leaning forward, with eyes fixed upon the clerk, who was assorting the ballots. But the clerk's face, like that of the Sphinx, was unreadable. He counted and re-counted the votes, that there might be no mistake, and then cleared his throat, which was a signal that he was ready to impart the desired information.

"There were eighty votes cast," he commenced. "Sixty-five of these were for—for—" he hesitated, as though he enjoyed the power, which, for once in his life, at least, he held, "for Mr. Strong. Fifteen votes were against him."

Enthusiastic applause followed this announcement. It took but a few moments to adjust the matter of the minister's salary satisfactorily, and the meeting was dismissed.

"God bless the parson," said Tom Kinmon, as he wrung Deacon Lane's hand.

Other ears caught the words, and "God bless the parson," went from lip to lip, until the opposition were glad to alink out of sight and hearing, and brood over their signal defeat.

(To be continued.)

ROBIN ADAIR.

A touching little incident of a birthday celebration of Whittier occurred in connection with the visit of Mrs. Julia Houston West, the celebrated oratorio singer, to the Quaker poet.

After dinner Mrs. West was asked to sing, and seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad of "Robin Adair," singing it, as she can, with all the longing and heartbreak of the words and music in her voice. She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated, and listened with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished, he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'"

It was true. That was the dog's name, and he evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment, during Mrs. West's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors, and accompanied her when she went out to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and saw her depart with every evidence of reluctance and distress.—Christian Register.

SIAM AND LAOS.

The Medical Mission was the golden key used by God in opening Siam to the Gospel. Dr. House was that honoured instrument. The American Presbyterians have one of their most successful missions in Siam. The work of medical missionaries has been eminently fruitful in furnishing an open door for the direct preaching of the Gospel, and for their sake missionaries are everywhere tolerated. The king of Siam, the most progressive sovereign of Asia, next to the Mikado of Japan, favours the work of missions, and his gifts of money and land, amounting to several thousand dollars in value, for hospital and school work, speak in a practical way of his appreciation of missions. Fifty-eight years ago, Siam excluded all foreigners; now she is in treaty relations with all Christian countries. In Siam and Laos, there are now, in all, twenty-nine male and female missionaries, thirty-two native helpers, twelve churches, with a church membership of one thousand. There are twenty-three day-schools, into which seven hundred children have been gathered. There are six hundred children in the Sabbath-school.

A PROBLEM IN DRESS.

Little Edward came home from his first day at kindergarten with the disappointing statement that he was the only boy in a class with three girls.

"Why, that's too bad!" said mother.

"Only four of you to play the games?"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Edward, "there are more than four; there are lots of others."

"But how can there be?" asked mother. "There are only one boy and three girls. That makes four."

"Yes, I know," said Edward, "only one boy and three girls. But there are lots of other little people—little people with skirts but they have no bows on their hair, and I don't know what they are!"



AMONG THE BIG TREES.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 7.

JESUS DINING WITH A PHARISEE
Luke 14, 1-14. Memory verses, 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—Luke 14, 11.

OUTLINE.

1. Healing on the Sabbath, v. 1-6.
2. Humility—A Lesson for the Guests, v. 7-11.
3. Whom to Invite—A Lesson for the Host, v. 12-14.
Time.—Winter of A.D. 29-30.
Place.—A Pharisee's house; probably in the vicinity of Bethabara.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "As he went into the house"—During the journey mentioned in Luke 13, 33. "To eat bread"—To dine. The Jews were fond of Sabbath banquets, but their Sabbath food was always cold. Dancing and singing were frequently introduced, and "Sabbath luxury" became a proverbial phrase. "They watched him"—With critical eyes.
2. "There was a certain man before him"—Not one of the guests. "Dropsy" was regarded as an incurable disease.
3. "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day"—Seeing a controversy inevitable, our Lord begins it. People at that time had lost the spirit of the law, but were almost insane in their obedience to the letter of the law.
4. "They held their peace"—"Unable to condemn, unwilling to concede." "He took him"—Jesus took hold of the man who had the dropsy. "Let him go"—Dismissed him.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus dining with a Pharisee.—Luke 14, 1-14.
Tu. Sabbath healing.—Matt. 12, 1-13.
W. Pride condemned.—Matt. 23, 1-12.
Th. Care for the poor.—Isa. 58, 3-12.
F. The lowly place.—Prov. 25, 1-7.
S. There is lifting up.—Job 22, 23-30.
Su. Preferring one another.—Rom. 12, 1-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Healing on the Sabbath, v. 1-6.
Who invited Jesus to dinner?
Who were the Pharisees?
Was this a friendly invitation?
For what purpose was Jesus watched?
Who was present besides the guests?
What question did Jesus ask of the lawyers and Pharisees?
What did he mean by "lawful"?
Why did they "hold their peace"?
Did Jesus heal the dropsical man?
How did he "answer" the thought of the lawyers and Pharisees?
Are earthly possessions in these days ever held dearer than human beings?
If not, would any be kept from mission fields through lack of means?
What kind of work is lawful on the Sabbath?
Can you recall other instances of our Lord healing on the Sabbath?
2. Humility—A Lesson for the Guests, v. 7-11.
What selfish action did Jesus notice?
Do people act in that way now?
Is it the position a man fills, or the way he fills it that really exalts him?

What did Christ teach in regard to this?

Is true worth likely to be long overlooked even by men?
Is it ever overlooked by God?

What are the only things really worth striving for?

What warning and promise are given in the Golden Text?

3. Whom to Invite—A Lesson for the Host, v. 12-14.

What did Christ consider true hospitality?

Is there any merit in being kind to those who will recompense us?

Whom did Jesus want to have bidden to feasts?

Why should "the poor, the lame, the maimed, and the blind" be bidden?

Does Jesus mean that friends and neighbours are not to exchange the civilities of social life?

What promise is given to those who follow our Lord's command?

Can the world offer an equal reward?
Does this lesson relate to feasts only, or to all acts of life?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What do we learn in this lesson concerning—

1. The Sabbath day?
2. Humility?
3. The unfortunate classes?

A CHINESE STORY.

Many years ago there lived in a province of China an officer of justice who used his power in a most unjust and cruel way. No one dared to say a word against him for fear of being killed or tortured. At last a merchant named Hoang summoned up courage to go to the palace of the governor and complain of the tyrant. It was useless. For reasons of his own the governor would not listen, and, furthermore, threatened the merchant with imprisonment if he dared to say anything against the man again.

Hoang left the palace burning with indignation. At the turning of a street he suddenly came upon the cruel man, who was at that very moment dragging a poor old woman to the tribunal. Hoang, overcome with rage and indignation, killed the tyrant, and then went and gave himself up to justice. Of course he was condemned to death as a murderer.

Now, Hoang had several children, the eldest of whom was a boy of fourteen, named Fi Ken.

This boy heard what had happened, and without waiting a second, he rushed off to the emperor's palace and begged to see him. When he was admitted he threw himself at the foot of the throne, and cried:

"Let me die instead of my father. I am the eldest of six children. None of us is old enough or strong enough to work. It is better that one of us should give his life for the blood that has been shed. I offer mine, and you will not refuse it, I know. Let my father live to support our family."

The emperor thought that the boy had been told to speak in this way in hopes of getting Hoang free, and without for one moment meaning to die himself, so he sent him to one of his ministers to get the truth from him, if possible.

"Who suggested that you should offer your life for that of your father?" said the minister.

"No one but He from whom all good things flow."

"But it is an act of folly. You cannot know the value of life."

"Excuse me, I do; but I owe my life to my father, and I only do my duty in sacrificing it for him."

Several more questions were put to the boy, and at last the minister of justice was obliged to go out of the room lest Fi Ken should see how moved he was by his beautiful devotion to his father.

Fi Ken, being left alone, thought that they intended to accept his offer, and when the minister returned he threw himself at his feet and thanked him.

"No, my boy," said the minister, "it is not your condemnation that I bring; it is your father's pardon. He who can train such a noble son cannot be a bad man."

Some time after this the emperor wished to put up a monument in memory of his filial devotion, but Fi Ken prayed of him not to do so, "for," said he, "that monument would recall the condemnation of my father."—Children's Friend.

God will not help the boy who will not help himself.

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