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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1888.

[No. 22.

## JESUS AMONG THE WISE MEN.

THE apocryphal legend says that on the journey from Jerusalem the boy Jesus left the caravan and returned to the Holy City. With far greater truth and simplicity St. Luke informs us that—absorbed in all probability in the rush of new and elevating emotions—he “was carried behind in Jerusalem.” A day elapsed before the parents discovered their loss; this they would not do until they arrived at the place of evening rendezvous, and all day long they would be free from all anxiety, supposing that the boy was with some other group of friends or relatives in that long caravan. But when evening came, and their diligent inquiries led to no trace of him, they would learn the bitter fact that he was altogether missing from the band of returning pilgrims. The next day, in alarm and anguish—perhaps, too, with some sense of self-reproach that they had not been more faithful to their sacred charge—they retraced their steps to Jerusalem. The country was in a wild and unsettled state. The ethnarch Archelaus, after ten years of a cruel and disgraceful reign, had recently been deposed by the Emperor, and banished to Vienna, in Gaul. The Romans had annexed the province over which he had ruled, and the introduction of their system of taxation by Coponius, the first procurator, had kindled the revolt which, under Judas of Gamala and the Pharisee Sadoc, was kindled the whole country in a storm of sword and flame. This disturbed state of the political world would not only render their journey more difficult when once they had left the shelter of the caravan, but would also intensify their dread lest, among all the wild elements of warring nationalities which at such a



JESUS AMONG THE WISE MEN.

moment were assembled about the walls of Jerusalem, their Son should have met with harm. Truly on that day of misery and dread must the sword have pierced through the virgin mother's heart. Neither on that day, nor during the night, nor throughout a considerable part of the third day, did they discover him, till at last they found him in the place which, strangely enough, seems to have been the last where they searched for him—in the Temple, “sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions, and all that heard him were astonished at his understand-

ing and answers.” The last expression, no less than the entire context, and all that we know of the character of Jesus and the nature of the circumstances, shows that the Boy was there to inquire and learn—not, as the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy represents it, to cross-examine the doctors “each in turn”—not to expound the number of the spheres and celestial bodies, and their natures and operations—still less to “explain physics and metaphysics, hyperphysics and hypophysics” (!) All these are but the fictions of those who preferred their heretical fancies of what was fitting, to the simple truthfulness with which the Evangelist lets us see that Jesus, like other children, grew up in gradual knowledge, consistently with the natural course of human development. He was there, as St. Luke shows us, in all humility and reverence to his elders, as an eager-hearted and gifted learner, whose enthusiasm kindled their admiration, and whose bearing won their esteem and love. All tinge of arrogance and forwardness was utterly alien to his character, which, from his sweet childhood upward, was meek and lowly of heart. But though none might conjecture who was before them—and though hardly one of them lived to believe on him, and some to oppose him in years to come—which of them all would not have been charmed and astonished at a glorious and noble-hearted boy, in all the early beauty of his life, who, though he had never learned in the schools of the Rabbis, yet showed so marvellous a wisdom, and so deep a knowledge in all things Divine? Here, then, seated, but doubtless at the feet of his teachers, on the many-coloured mosaic which formed the floor, Joseph and Mary found the Divine Boy filled with that almost adoring spirit of reverence

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for the great priests and religious teachers of their day which characterised at this period the simple and pious Gahbons, they were awe-struck to find him, calm and happy, in so august a presence. They might, indeed, have known that he was wiser than his teachers, and transcendently more great; but hitherto they had only known him as the silent, sweet, obedient child, and perhaps the incessant contact of daily life had blunted the sense of his awful origin. Yet it is Mary, not Joseph, who alone ventures to address him in the language of tender reproach. "My child why dost thou treat us thus? see, thy father and I were seeking thee with aching hearts." And then follows his answer, so touching in its innocent simplicity, so unfathomable in its depth of consciousness, so infinitely memorable as furnishing us with the first recorded words of the Lord Jesus:

"Why is it that ye were seeking me? Did ye not know that I must be about my Father's business?"

"And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them." They—even they—even the old man who had protected his infancy, and the mother who knew the awful secret of his birth—understood not, that is, not in their deeper sense, the significance of those quiet words. Strange and mournful commentary on the first recorded utterances of the youthful Saviour, spoken to those who were nearest and dearest to him on earth! Strange, but mournfully prophetic of all his life:—"He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

And yet, though the consciousness of his Divine parentage was thus clearly present in his mind—though one ray from the glory of his hidden majesty had thus unmistakably flashed forth—in all dutiful simplicity and holy obedience "He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

#### WHEN YOU START, GO!

THAT is more than everybody does, though one would at first suppose otherwise. Why any one should start and not go is a mystery hard to explain, yet such is the fact in many instances.

Lest our readers imagine that we are speaking in riddles, we will say that the illustration that we have in mind is to be found in the case of those people who make several stops before they get away from a house where they have been calling.

There is Amarantha Spriggs, for instance. She is just old enough now to pass for a young lady, and to be called "Miss." She has many excellent traits, for which her friends admire her, but she has one habit which is a cause of annoyance to every one on whom she calls. That is, she starts to go, and then stops. It would probably be thought impolite for her to spring from her seat and rush out of the house as if it were on fire. No one could wish her to get out quite so speedily as that. If she would gently rise and say, "Good-by," and gracefully walk out of the parlour into the hall and through the opened door into the street, it would be all that could be expected.

But that is not her way. She says she "must go." Then she rises and remains standing for several minutes in conversation. Then she slowly moves into the hall, where she stands again and talks a little more. Then she gets the door open and finds something more to say. Then she steps out on the "stoop," as we New Yorkers call it, and has a little more to say. She is comfortably clad in outdoor costume, and does not feel the cold; but her friend is kept shivering on the steps without any protecting wraps, while Amarantha finishes her last long tedious tale.

O, Amarantha Spriggs, and all ye thoughtless ones that are like her, why can you not remember two simple rules of common politeness? 1. Say what you have to say within doors. 2. When you start, go! Do not keep your friends standing in the cold, at the risk of pneumonia, while you are saying "just one thing more."—*Classmate.*

#### A SAD MOTHER.

MRS. LEWIS was a widow. Tom was her only boy, and he was twelve years old, a manly little fellow. How his mother loved him! and how she planned and worked, hoping all the time that in the future Tom would be her comfort and stay!

But now Tom was growing bad very fast. Some bad boys had gained an influence over him, and his mother talked and reasoned with him in vain.

What did he do? O, he was learning to smoke, to break the Sabbath, to hang around street corners, and to disobey his mother!

Every one of them downward steps, you see. Poor Mrs. Lewis, how troubled she felt! One night she sat late over the fire, thinking and praying about it all. Tom was asleep up-stairs. But he had bad dreams and woke in a fright.

"Mother, mother!" he called.

But his mother did not hear. Then Tom hurried down-stairs. But his mother was not in her room. Now he was frightened in earnest. Where could she be? And suddenly the thought came, "What if I should lose my mother?"

He pushed open the door of the sitting-room and looked in. There she sat, her Bible in her lap, tears upon her white face.

"Mother! what is it?" cried Tom in real distress. "What has happened?"

"O, it is my boy!" cried the sad woman. "It is my dear boy. I am losing him, and it breaks my heart!"

Tom never forgot that night. For the first time in his life he caught a glimpse of his mother's deep love, and kneeling by her side, he promised God and his mother that he would be a good son from that hour.

And he was! That was the turning point in his young life. He saw that mother's love was better than fun, be it ever so funny, and he vowed that mother's wishes should be his law from that time.

Tom is a man now; and, boys, we wish you to know what a grand man he is! And his mother—what a happy woman she is!

#### THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

KING GEORGE the Fourth, wishing to take the Sacrament, sent for the Bishop of Winchester to administer it. The messenger having loitered by the way, a considerable time elapsed before the Bishop arrived, and some irritation had been manifested by the King. On the arrival of the prelate, his delay was complained of, and its cause explained. His Majesty immediately rang his bell, and commanded the attendance of the messenger. On his entering the room he rebuked him sharply, and dismissed him from his service. Having done this, he addressed the Bishop thus:—"Now, my lord, if you please, we will proceed." His lordship, with great mildness, but at the same time with firmness, refused to administer the Sacrament whilst irritation or anger towards a fellow-creature remained on the mind of his Majesty, who, suddenly recollecting himself, said, "My lord, you are right;" and then sent for the offending party, whose forgiveness and restoration to favour he pronounced in terms of great kindness and condescension.

#### The Maiden's Song.

BY DELLA ROGERS.

ONLY a song that a maiden sang,—  
But its melody filled the evening air,  
And touched the heart of a wanderer,  
Lone and forsaken, standing there.

It brought to his mind the bygone days,  
When a child by his mother's knee he stood,  
While she told him of the better land—  
The home prepared for the pure and good.

He had wandered far from his childhood's home;  
That mother's lips were sealed by death;  
He stood by her side as she neared the stream,  
And prayed for him with quivering breath.

He promised then in that solemn hour,  
As he sadly pressed her chilling hand,  
When at last the voyage of life was o'er,  
To meet her again in the better land.

But the wide, wide way, was the easiest road,  
The narrow path seemed hard to gain,  
The tempter said, "To-morrow will do,"  
'Twas strange that to-morrow never came.

And now that song floats out on the breeze  
From girlish lips, untouched by care,  
"When life's fitful storms are o'er,  
On the happy golden shore, meet me there."

It seemed to him 'twas his mother's voice,  
Calling her child from that other shore,  
Where she promised to wait by the river of life  
Till his ransomed spirit had drifted o'er.

As he wended his way down the village street,  
An earnest prayer that was heard on high,  
Came from the depths of a sin-sick heart  
That longed from the paths of sin to fly.

The maiden sang sweetly, joyously on,  
And the melody filled the evening air;  
The passers-by heard the glad refrain,  
That broke from lips untouched by care;

But they heard not the song that was sang above  
As the ransomed host caught up the strain,  
For none but God and the angels knew  
That a soul that night was born again.

Grafton, Ont.

#### CURIOUS FACTS.

A LOOKING-GLASS one-half the length of the body will show the whole figure.

Fraunhofer made an instrument for use in optics by which he could draw 32,900 lines in the space of an inch.

When the sea is blue in colour, it is deep; but when appearing green, it is shallow water. Only 100-thousandth part of the rays of light penetrate to a depth of 300 feet, hence the bottom of deep water is in total darkness and deepens the apparent colour of the surface.

A soap-bubble film is only about three-fourths of a millionth of an inch in thickness.

Ten of the mountains in the moon are five miles high, and eight, three to four miles. Three of the hollows, or valleys, are three to four miles deep, and many are two miles.

Schroter claimed to have seen mountains in the planet Mercury ten miles high, and in Venus, one twenty-two miles high, another nineteen, and two, eleven miles high.

When a body has fallen 189 seconds, the speed will become uniform, and acquire a velocity of 6,100 feet per second.

Sound passes through water at the rate of 4,708 feet per second. Under water, the sound of a bell can be heard at a distance of 45,000 feet.

The organ was invented by Ctesibius, a barber of Alexandria, about B.C. 100. The lyre of the Greek was the same as the modern harp, and the viol, or vielle of the middle ages, our violin. These, with the flute, are said to have been known to the Romans. The piano was invented by Zumpi, of London, England, about 1766.

**The People's Prayers.**

Up to the merciful Father  
 The prayers rise day and night,  
 Away through the mist and darkness  
 Away on the wings of light,  
 And none that was really earnest  
 Ever has lost its way,  
 And none that asked for a blessing  
 Ever was answered nay.

But why will the Father hearken?  
 If we cast away our sin  
 And knock at the gate of mercy  
 He graciously lets us in.  
 Ah, why, but because he loves us  
 With measureless, earthly love!  
 For as dear are his earth-bound children  
 As the safer ones above.

And so let none of the people  
 Ever neglect to pray,  
 For prayer can bring some sunshine  
 Into the darkest day;  
 And patience and strength and courage,  
 And power to work or to bear,  
 And peace and wonderful gladness,  
 Are the answers unto prayer.

**CHAUTAQUA NOTES.**

ADDRESS OF DR. HURLBUT.

I AM going to tell you of four classes of people for whom the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is meant. First of all, it is meant for the men and women who have finished their education, and want to have some lines of literary thought, and study still open to them. There are a good many people who have completed their education, who do not like to lose entirely their hold upon literature, who would like to have something to do and read. It is sometimes wiser to take a course in literature selected by those who have made study a business, than to read in a haphazard fashion. There are thousands who would like to read if they knew just what was a good plan of reading to follow, and the C. L. S. C. is meant to give these thousands of inquirers a knowledge of what to do and how to read.

There is the second class. There are a great many people who have had a great hunger for education, but from the dire condition of their early days they have not been permitted to enjoy its privileges. There are men in the busy walks of life—men who are husbands, and fathers, and heads of families—men in business, commerce, toil and traffic—who look back to the days of their youth and say, "Oh, that I could have had an opportunity of education!" To such as these the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle extends its open hand, and says, "Come with us up the hill of knowledge. We cannot give you a college course, we cannot give you anything that will be a substitute for a college, but we can give you something of a college outlook, and some of the opportunities of intelligence." For such as these the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is meant.

Then there is a class closely allied to this one. There are fathers and mothers with all the burdens and cares of life upon them, days of toil, and nights too, sometimes. Circumstances seem to prevent them from study and from reading. They are glad their children have the privilege of an education, that has been denied them; but they want to think the thoughts their sons and daughters think; they want to read the books they read; and while they may not gain a discipline that study will give them, they will yet gain the acquaintance with literature which reading can give. Now, for such as these the Chautauqua Circle is meant.

ADDRESS OF J. J. MACLAREN, G.C., OF CANADA.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—This demonstration I cannot take as anything personal,

but as a compliment to the country from which I come. I have to confess that I am an unworthy representative of that country in many of the ways. I have to confess before you that I was one of those who, four years ago entered the class which to-day graduated as the Class of '88, and that I, like some others, stopped at the half-way house.

I think I can say something to encourage some of those who may have more perseverance than myself to take up this course of reading. When I think of what it has accomplished, when I know of what it has accomplished in many cases in my own country, the influence it has had upon the lives of individuals and communities where, to a considerable extent, they have availed themselves of its benefits, I have felt that the charge that is very often brought against this reading course and against the whole Chautauqua system, that it is superficial, is not true.

I have witnessed many college commencements, and yet I do not think I have ever witnessed one where there seemed greater interest or greater enthusiasm than there was in this audience to-day, and after witnessing that scene I was not surprised when one of our Canadians, a distinguished graduate of two universities, told me after it was over, that really he felt more interest in the ceremony of to-day than on either of the occasions in which he had received diplomas from the great universities.

This work is being done and it is accomplishing a great deal in these two countries; and it is doing something, I think, to bind them together by engaging them in common work and in common study, and the union of the two flags—the stars and stripes that represent your civilization, the wonders that have been accomplished during the past hundred years and more, telling there gracefully by the flag that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze—this union is being accomplished by your system. And I was delighted to hear from the admirable report that was presented by the Principal of the Circle to-day that there were no less than fifty thousand engaged in its study throughout the world, not only beneath these flags, but under foreign flags—in far-off Japan and other parts of the world there are many who with you are carrying on this work, are engaged in this study.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. DURRILL.

Ladies and gentlemen,—“The prize is set before us.” In ancient Elis, on the north bank of one of the most beautiful rivers of Greece, there was a place where aspirants for worldly honours contended in the chariot race, in boxing, in wrestling and in flinging the javelin. It is supposed that the old Olympians are all dead, and that wrestling had ceased, and that the rumble of the chariot wheels would be no more heard. But under the powerful hand of Chautauqua the Olympians have come to life, and exist in the Class of '91.

The prize is set before us, friends. The chariots we drive are ourselves; the steeds that we hold in subjugation are our passions, our impulses, high of mettle, but needing a trained arm to hold them. We wrestle not with flesh and blood; we have learned a better way than the old Greek. Our wrestling is with principalities and with powers, and with spiritual wickedness in high places; our crown is not that of a mean leaf, it is not that which this world can give, but that crown that the Great Father in heaven hath reserved for them that love Him. And Chautauquans have learned that God is in the midst of us. We have learned to study both the word and works of God, and our running is not as the running of the old Greeks; we pass through another door.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP VINCENT.

There are three classes of people who are con-

cerned with the C. L. S. C.—those who join and do not know enough to stop, and go through the four years and get their diplomas. Secondly, those who drop out and never drop in again. They drop out at the end of the first year or at the end of the first six months with a yawn. And thirdly, those who join again every year.

I believe in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, of course. I believe in it chiefly because of the glory which it gives to life by making life the principal thing, and making occupation a matter of comparatively little importance. Look at that brakeman. See that brakeman who has been touched by the wand of the C. L. S. C., and has an idea of being a man, and who says to himself, "I happen to be a brakeman just now. The thing for me to do is to make a good brakeman, a true brakeman, a faithful brakeman, an intelligent brakeman. And he goes about his business in a manly way, and said to a friend one day, "You little think of the privilege which I have as a brakeman. Why, I have the finest opportunities for travel of any man in this part of the country. I meet some of the nicest people in this land. I have an autograph album now my wife gave me a hint about that and so I am collecting the autographs of the distinguished people with whom I travel. I have found out that the most highly cultivated men in the country are glad to talk with a man who is seeking information."

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle comes to a man and says, "Never mind where you are; never mind what you do—be a man!" It comes to a woman and says, "Never mind the limitations of your life, never mind your antecedents; never mind the restraints that are put upon you—be a woman—true, noble, pure and unselfish." Cultivate your intellect. Live as long as you can, and make the world better and nobler because you live in it.

The Christian idea of the Chautauqua movement sees that the Christian element enters into it as one of its essential features. It is the duty of every man to help every other man to be all that he can be, know all that he can know, and do all that he pleases to do under the limitations already indicated. And position in life has nothing to do with it. Well then, poverty, birth nor colour has nothing to do with it; race has nothing to do with it. A man is a man who has a man's motive, a man's purpose, a man's will, and who bows reverently before God that he may worship him and gain strength to help his neighbour. That is Chautauqua.

**OPIMUM WRAPPED IN ARSENIC.**

THERE are many who maintain that the injurious results of drinking are due not so much to the excessive quantity consumed as to the horrible adulteration of liquors commonly sold in saloons. It appears also to be the case that the deadly cigarette owes its destructive powers largely to the vile compound illegitimately introduced into its manufacture.

The tobacco which is in ordinary cigarettes, of a very low grade, is treated with valerian or opium, drugs that make the smoker a slave to the weed. Even the expensive brands are adulterated; the thrifty manufacturers save expense by making the "Havana flavouring" from the tonga bean.

Worse still is the composition of the wrapper of the cigarette. Very little genuine rice-straw paper issued, it is too expensive. It is imitated with linen paper made from filthy rags, and bleached with lime and arsenical preparations, whose combustion is actively injurious to the throat and lungs.

Altogether the cigarette is a deadly little weapon. It is less swift in operation than a dynamite cartridge, but more vicious and insidious. It ought to go.

## Chautauqua Hymn.

BY JAMES M. HUNTER, CANADA.

REAPERS stand we here to-day  
From the fields of human life,  
And we would the first fruits lay  
Of our joyous harvest store  
On thine altar, Lord and King,  
Oh accept our offering!

Sowing oft with toil and pain,  
Reaping oft mid vexing cares,  
Thou hast made our losses gain;  
And to-day our grateful prayers  
Rise from hearts that overflow:  
Father, we would onward go.

Home is sweeter for those years  
Earth is larger than before,  
Truth is clearer, spite our fears,  
Heaven to us means more and more:  
We look on life with clearer eyes;  
Father, make thy children wise.

Bless Chautauqua more and more -  
Bless its minds that think and plan;  
Open wider still the door  
For its ministries to man:  
Where it scatters golden seeds,  
See we noble lives and deeds.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1888.

## C. L. S. C.

As the month of October is far the best time to join the C. L. S. C., we have devoted a considerable space to explaining its character. We wished that circles could be formed in connection with each of our churches and Sunday-schools. We hope that ministers and superintendents will organize wherever possible such circles. We believe that next to the peace of God, few things will so benefit the young people of our schools as this Christian institution.

## METHODIST MISSIONS.

The following is an abstract from the report for the year ending July 1st, 1888, as read by the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, at the Board meeting, at Winnipeg: 397 domestic missions receive aid from the funds of the Missionary Society to the extent, possibly, of from thirty to forty per cent. of the annual income. The department of Indian missions shows a total of 91 missionaries or other paid agents; French missions, 12; Chinese missions, 4; and the department of the Japan missions has a staff of 35 missionaries and 6 teachers.

The financial statement shows an income for the

year of \$219,480, and an aggregate expenditure of \$195,470. An indebtedness of the previous year of \$999 22 has been cancelled. A proportion of legacies of \$6,492 has been carried to building and investment account, leaving a balance at credit of surplus of \$16,519.24. This is all the more satisfactory, as the amount for the year ending July, 1888, was \$6,283 in excess of the previous year.

Comparison of income shows an increase of \$3,700 in subscriptions and collections; \$3,400 in juvenile offerings—a very satisfactory increase; and \$12,800 in legacies. The advance upon last year's receipts amounts to \$17,605.66.

A full statistical summary of departments and finance will shortly be published. It is also understood that the annual missionary report will be ready for publication at an early date.

## WHY I JOINED THE C. L. S. C.

PRINCIPAL HURLBUT requested the members of the C. L. S. C. at a recent Round Table to write out answers to the question, "Why I joined the C. L. S. C.?" A few evenings following the answers were returned and from among them we print the following:—

I was left an orphan and penniless at the age of eleven. I struggled through poverty, sorrow and temptation until I was eighteen, when I was married. I had always longed for a mother's love and an education. My cares multiplied, and in the years that followed I became the mother of six little girls. I went through the course and graduated, but nearly every hour of my reading I took out of my nights' sleep and much needed rest. After working hard all day and putting my little ones to bed at night I sat down to read. I loved the study. I could not, I would not, give it up. God bless the C. L. S. C. and Dr. Vincent.

I joined the C. L. S. C. to keep in advance of my children, a daughter and son.

My reason for joining the C. L. S. C. was that I had a love for good books and spent much of my time alone.

I found on examination of the C. L. S. C. Course that it offered to me the only way in which I could obtain the education that I so much desired. Other duties prevented me from obtaining the education in any other way.

I joined the C. L. S. C. because my daughter wanted to join and would not without me. She read two years, then went home to heaven and left me to finish alone.

Had been out of school just one year, and finding the so-called "pleasures of society" very shallow, and desiring to keep up what I had spent so long to learn, was influenced to join the C. L. S. C. by a friend who was a member of the Class of '90.

Five years ago I came to Chautauqua for recreation, realized my ignorance while listening to the lectures, became interested in the C. L. S. C. helped to start a class, five of whom graduated in '87. I shall always thank God for Chautauqua.

I joined the C. L. S. C. because I am a very busy woman, and cannot keep up with current events with so little time and effort as by reading this course.

I was a teacher by profession, a busy housewife with Sunday-school work and a hundred other extras crowding upon me, I knew I could read that course and find rest and pleasure in it. I have



GOING TO A TEMPLE IN JAPAN.

taken the Order of the White Seal; and last year's Physiology has set me at the study of medicine, which I pursue, slowly, under the direction of my husband. My friends now seem proud of my perseverance, and give praise to the C. L. S. C.

## "HE PREPARETH A TABLE BEFORE ME."

A. L. O. E. tells the following true story in proof of the fact that God is as ready and willing to feed his children who trust in him to-day as when he sent the ravens to the prophet of old:

"The good ministers of the gospel in Scotland are wont to exercise hospitality, especially on occasions of religious meetings, when many guests may come from afar. A pious pastor, whose name I do not know, had his house very full, and he had made what provision his slender means allowed for his guests. But very stormy weather came, which prevented the visitors from leaving; the minister's house so soon as he had expected. I dare say that his company was good, but their appetites were good also, and they ate up all the food provided except some potatoes.

"The mind of the hospitable Scotchman was troubled at finding that his larder was almost empty while guests still remained to be fed. He did what all should do when distressed; he laid his care upon God. The minister went to a quiet place near a "tarn," or small lake, and there told the Lord of his need. He wished to show hospitality, but had nothing left but potatoes.

"See! what is that coming swooping down from the sky? It is a large bird, a kind of eagle. Its keen eyes had caught sight of its prey in the water. Down it sweeps on its strong pinions; it has caught a large fish, and upward it sails again with its prey. O wild bird of prey, that fish is never to be eaten by thee! The Lord has sent thee to catch it for another. The fish is heavy, and probably struggles; the eagle is forced to let it go, and it drops at the minister's feet. O, how joyfully he thanks the Lord who has spread his table!"

PRIDE, exclusiveness, self-glorification, have no place in the kingdom of God. Humility is the only passport which can obtain for us an entrance there.



THE FALL OF JERICHO.

**The Boys We Need.**

Here's to the boy who's not afraid  
To do his share of work;  
Who never is by to be dismayed,  
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet  
All lions in the way;  
Who's not discouraged by defeat,  
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do  
The very best he can;  
Who always keeps the right in view,  
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be  
The men whose hands will guide  
The future of our land; and we  
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is  
A man at heart, I say;  
Whose legend on his shield is this,  
"Right always wins the day."

**THE FALL OF JERICHO.**

NOT very far from the place where the children of Israel were in camp was the city of Jericho. The Lord told Joshua that he had given Jericho to him; and now he told him how to conquer it. The people of Jericho had shut up the gates of the city so that no one could go in or come out. They did this because they were afraid of the Israelites.

The Lord told Joshua a very simple way to take the city. He said that all the soldiers should march around the city once every day for six days. Some of the priests should go at the same time, carrying the ark with them. Seven priests were to go before the ark and blow on trumpets made with rams' horns. But on the seventh day the Lord said that they should march around Jericho seven times, and the priests were to blow on the trumpets. Then, when the people heard a long, loud blast of the trumpets, the Lord said they should all shout with a great shout, and the wall of the city would fall down, so that they could go into the city.

The people believed God, and did just as he told them to do. Every day for six days they marched silently around the city. There was no noise but the sound of the trumpets. Then on the seventh day they marched around the city seven times, and when the priests blew a loud, long blast all the people shouted in a loud voice. And right away,

at the command of the Lord, the strong walls of the city fell down.

It was the Lord who did this, but he would not have done it if the people had not obeyed him. Our part is to hear what God says and obey it. His part is to save us from all our enemies. He will do it, if we trust him.

**LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.**

PORT SIMPSON, B.C.,  
August 30th, 1888.

MY DEAR DR. WITHROW,—In my trip down the coast, and on the coast of Vancouver's Island, I saw many things which I thought would be of interest to the readers of the PLEASANT HOURS.

One place a fine young boy was sick unto death, and oh, he seemed so pleased when I told of Jesus, and he drank in the word; and before I left him he wished me to baptize him. I did so, and left him trusting in Jesus. Another case of a poor woman worn and weak and dying in consumption. She seemed too weak and too far gone to understand what I said. I gave her friends some food and cooling drink for her and left her, feeling so sad at the thought that she was the only one of thousands dying without the light. I met thousands who are longing for the bread of life; and tribe after tribe begged of us to come and teach them. What shall we do, dear young friends, when from the Missionary Board comes word, "No extension of Indian fields?" Surely the children of our Sunday-schools and the people of the Church at home don't mean to say that we have not got money to help these people.

In the little less than two months that we were away, we travelled with the little ship *Glad Tidings* over 1,800 miles, and preached over one hundred times, and still we did not reach them all. We are off again to-morrow to Queen Charlotte's Island, where we hope to put up a little church and visit several tribes.

Please say thank you to those dear friends of London South who sent us the very nice Sunday-school illustrated lessons, and also to J. W. Bowman and the friends of the Dundas St. Church, London, for remembering us in the same way. I am taking these papers and others to all the missions. And also to the dear boy at Farmer'sville who remembered our Home, and sent us two dollars, and the others who pray and work for the poor Indians.

We need five more men and women now, and I trust the Lord will send them. Pray for us!

Yours truly,

T. CROSBY

**THE KING'S MESSENGER;**

OR,

**LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.**

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

**CHAPTER XIII.**

A BACKWOODS OASIS.

"Wide was his parish, and houses few asonder,  
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thunder,  
In sickness and in mischief to visite  
The feirest in his parish, moche and lite,  
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf"

CHAUCER—*Canterbury Pilgrims.*

ONE of Lawrence's week-night appointments was some twenty miles up the shores of the lovely lakes Muskoka and Rosseau. During the summer he went in Father Hawkins' boat, and greatly enjoyed the trip. The pure air, bright sky, and swift motion of the boat, bounding over the waves before a brisk breeze, seemed to exhilarate like wine. The picturesque scenery, bold rocky shores, cool-gray lichen-covered crags, and innumerable islets of every size and shape, and of surpassing loveliness, gratified his fine taste for beauty of landscape. His welcome from the simple settlers was of the warmest character, although his accommodation was often of the scantiest.

Almost everywhere a log school-house was available for worship; for in this favoured land of ours the schoolmaster and the missionary are the twin pioneers of civilization, and the remotest hamlets have their temple of learning, which is also frequently the temple of God. The veteran hero of the conflicts of early Methodism in this land for the equal rights and privileges which it now enjoys, by giving his ripest years to the upbuilding of a comprehensive common-school system, has erected for himself a monument more lasting than brass, and has conferred upon his country a boon more precious than gold. In this remote region the strong pulsations of the vigorous personal influence of DR. RYERSON—a name never to be mentioned in Canada without loving reverence—made itself strongly felt in diffusing the elements of that intellectual and moral education which alone can make a nation wise and strong and great.

Lawrence visited the school on the first day of his visit to Owen's Corners, as the neighbourhood was called, and was warmly greeted by the teacher, an exceedingly intelligent gentleman. On the walls were maps and charts, and all the essential apparatus for conquering that glorious kingdom of knowledge, which, like the kingdom of Heaven, is entered only by becoming as a little child.\* The key of all knowledge was placed in each of those little hands. On the seats were a number of bright-eyed, bare-footed boys and girls, as quick-witted as any that will be found in our most favoured cities. Lawrence, at the invitation of the teacher, talked for a few minutes to the "village Hamlet," and, as yet, "mute, inglorious Milton's" of the school, in a way that made their eyes snap and sparkle.

"Now, boys," he said, "I want you to play with all your might when you are at it." Cunning fellow! He knew the way to a boy's heart. He

\* This expression, or one something like it, occurs somewhere in Lord Bacon's writings. We think in his *Naturalis Scientiarum*.



had their ears at once, and they thought him an exceedingly orthodox preacher.

"But," he went on, infixing the barbed truth he had so deftly winged, "when you study, I want you to study with all your might too—as if you would bore a hole through the book with your eyes, you know." With this intense figure, a lesson was burnt in, as it were, into the minds of these boys—a lesson of incomparable importance for winning the victory in the battle of life.

Mr. Norris, the teacher, insisted on making Lawrence his guest. His abode was humble, but bore evidence of refinement. Flowers without and within, snowy curtains, spirited pencil and crayon sketches on the wall, and the thousand nameless indications of female taste—felt rather than seen—made the little cottage seem to Lawrence like an oasis in the wilderness.

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," said the schoolmaster's kind, motherly wife, when Lawrence was introduced. His daughter—tall, graceful, with soft brown eyes and a wealth of clustering curls—received the stranger with a dignified courtesy that, thought Lawrence, would have become a duchess. Books, comprising the best English classics and poetry; a volume of *Cornelle* and *Dante*, in the original; music, a cabinet organ, and drawing materials, indicated the cultivated tastes of the inmates of that backwoods shanty, as it might almost be called.

"You must make this your home," said Mrs. Norris, "whenever you are at Owen's Corners," an invitation which Lawrence very gladly accepted.

"I feel as if you belonged to us," said her hospitable husband. Was it an unconscious prophecy? "My father was a Wesleyan minister in England, and I was an old Woodhouse Grove boy, so that I almost belong to the fraternity myself."

Very pleasant was the evening talk about Dr. Dixon, Dr. Bunting, Dr. Beaumont, and other great lights of the English pulpit; of Francis Budgett, that merchant prince of Methodism, in whose great establishment Mr. Norris had been a confidential clerk; and of boyish pranks and school-day adventures at Woodhouse Grove—"the original," said Mr. Norris, "it is claimed of Dickens' Dotheboys' Hall, but travestied by his exaggerations."

Pleasant was the converse with the hostess about the lovely scenery of the winding Avon and the Mendip Hills; of the courtly society of those ancient cities, Bath and Wells; of the strange, sad story of Chatterton, "the marvellous boy"; and of the forged poems, "written by the goliard priest Thomas Rowley, of Bristowe."

But more pleasant still was the time spent over the cabinet-organ with the fair Edith, and in sympathetic converse on music and the recent poetry of Tennyson and Longfellow, which lay upon the table.

This refined family, apparently buried in the woods, seemed yet content. The father was able to procure farms for his boys—an Englishman's ambition, but scarcely possible to gratify in the crowded old country; and he could raise and educate his large family cheaper in Canada than at "home," as he still called the dear old land. He was fond of gunning and fishing, and here he had it of the finest at his very door. Home is woman's kingdom, and the house-mother found ample employment therein. And Edith, assisting her father in the school, was saved from the ennui and aching vacuity that curses an idle life; and developed and strengthened both intellectual and moral character by enthusiastic zeal in teaching and in study. The visits of Lawrence were a mutual pleasure. He was always cordially welcomed; and it may be

surmised that he did not neglect to visit regularly his appointment at "The Corners."

One night, at the close of the service in the schoolhouse, a sturdy figure strode forward from the shadow, concealed by which it had been unnoticed, and grasped Lawrence warmly by both hands, as if it had laid hold on the handles of a plough.

"But I be dreadful glad to see ye," exclaimed our old friend Jim Dowler, for it was no other than he, as he vigorously shook Lawrence's hands. "I knowed it must be you from the description, though they couldn't tell your name. I'd a-walked fifty miles to hear ye."

"However did you get here?" asked Lawrence, warmly returning his greeting.

"Didn't ye know that I'd tuk up land on the Seguin. Two hunderd acres—half of it on the intervale by the river—as good land as ever ye see; an' the rest will make capital stum pastur. An' I've got a house an' wife, an' two cows an' a hoss—rid him over to see ye—it's only about a dozen miles north of this—blazed path most o' the way—an' I've got jest the cheekiest young un ye ever did see," and with each clause of the enumeration he gave Lawrence a poke in the ribs of a very emphatic character, as he fairly chuckled, like a schoolboy, with delight. "An' I owes it all to you, as I may say."

"How is that?" asked Lawrence.

"Why, I owe to you an' Methodism all I am an' all I've got. Ef you hadn't tuk hold o' me, I'd 'n' been a poor drunken sot hangin' round Slocum's tavern. An' now, bless the Lord, I'm happy as the day is long." And he looked like it, his ruddy countenance beaming with joy.

"You must come an' see me," he said, "an' give us a preach. They's some Millerites got in thar, an' they kind o' stumbles some folks as aint got the root of the matter in 'em. They don't stumble me, hows'ever, though I don't understand all 'bout the number o' the beast, an' the seven heads, an' ten horns, an' all the rest o' it. I don't b'lieve, fer my part, that the world's agoin' to everlastin' smash, jes' as things is a-gettin' fairly into gear an' good runnin' order. Its gettin' better every lay, I b'lieve," said this happy optimist philosopher. "Leastways," he devoutly added, "it's better for me, I know, than afore I know'd you, an' it may be better for every one if they likes."

Shortly after, Lawrence started to visit "Dowler's Neighbourhood," as it was called. He took a bark canoe, with which, in this land of lakes and streams, one can go almost anywhere: and, after paddling through a couple of lakes, and crossing as many portages with his light canoe—not more than thirty pounds weight—on his back, he struck the head-waters of the Seguin. Down the swift current and arrowy rapids of that river he glided, and soon came to a small clearing and log-house. Warner welcome man never had than he received from his kind host.

"Mary, here's Brother Temple, as ye've often hearn me tell on—my spiritual father, God bless 'im. Yes, sir, this is my Mary, as I tell'd ye about. Aint she jes' as handsome as a pictur, now? An' what d'ye think o' that fer a boy?" rattled on the happy man, as he snatched a chubby baby, like one of Perugino's rosy cherubs, from his cradle—a sap-trough on rockers, with a pillow in it—and tossed it as high as the rafters of the ceiling.

"We call 'im Lawrence—ye know fer who. An' who knows but the Lord 'll make a preacher of 'im yet. He's got voice enough when he cries, hasn't he, mother?" he said, addressing the blushing young matron, who laughed assent.

While the hired boy was sent to summon the neighbours far and near to preaching, "at early

candlelight," Lawrence walked over the farm with his host, and admired the growing crops in the tiny clearing.

"Are you not rather far from market here?" he asked, very naturally. "What do you do with your crops?"

"What do we do with 'em! Why, we eat 'em, of course. Got market near enough for that, I 'low. I takes the wheat down in a scow to Beattie's Mill, down the river 'bout eighteen miles, an' gets it ground, an' dickers some at the store for tea an' sugar an' boots an' stuff for clothes. Drestle smart fellows them Beatties is. They runs the hull consarn at the Sound—Parry Sound, ye know—theirselves jes' about. An' they won't 'low no liquor sold in the village, neither. Boun' to be a big place, that. Thar wuz a great camp-meetin' down thar, too, an' hunderds of Injuns—the purtiest pi-see ye ever see—a reg'lar wall o' rock all around, a'most like the mountains round about Jerusalem, ye know."

"You never heard anything of O'Neal or Evans, or any of the lumbermen, I suppose?" asked Lawrence, as they talked of old times and camp life.

"Didn't I, though?" replied Jim. "I wuz into Beattie's store when I wuz down the river with a grist last week, when who should I see thar a-buyin' a sou'-wester an' an oil-cloth pea-jacket, but Dennis O'Neal!"

"Is it meself I am, or am I drainin'?" says he.

"This is me, anyhow," says I; an' with that he shuk me fist as if he'd got hold o' the boat's tiller. An' I walked down to see his vessel—the *Betsy Jane*—loadin' at Beattie's mill for Oswego, an' he showed me his Bible, an' he tell'd me he had a Bible-class in the fo'cas'l' every Sunday."

"That's good news," said Lawrence. "I wish I could know how Evans got on."

"Small joy ther'd be in that," said Dowler, with a sigh. "Dennis, he tell'd me all about it, and a sad story it is. Soon as he got his wages at Quebec, he got on the biggest kind o' spree, an' drank and drank, as if to make up for the time he'd lost in the camp, when he couldn't get none. An' Dennis, he tried to look after him, but when he wuz drunk he wuz awful 'busive—larned to box at Oxford, ye know—don't think he larned much else, tho'—an' the crimps an' land-sharks got him into one of the low taverns on Champlain Street, and robbed him; an' then they wuz a-shippin' him as a hand on a vessel bound for Jamaica, an' he wuz so drunk that he slipped between the wharf an' the boat; an' the tide was runnin' fast, an' he got drowned afore they could get hold of him.

"Next day the river p'lice got his body on the ebb tide, and the crowner found his right name sewed inside his vest—Fitz de somethin'—a mighty aristocratic name—an' the port chaplain writ to his folks at some Park or other in Sumner, an' he wuz buried in the strangers' graveyard, at the cost o' the city—him that wuz a lord's son, an' had the chance o' sich good eddication at that old Brasenose he talked on."

Lawrence felt profoundly sad over the tragic ending of this misspent life. He could not help contrasting its utter shipwreck of all its advantages with the manly usefulness of the humbly-born and utterly-neglected Jim Dowler. The latter, he learned, in the absence of the circuit preacher at "Dowler's Appointment," sometimes read one of Wesley's sermons, with comments of his own, the rude vernacular and shrewd sense of which blended without any suggestion of incongruity in the minds of his hearers with the plain and nervous English of the learned Fellow of Oxford. Thus does Methodism, with marvellous adaptation, employ the humblest as well as the highest abilities for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

(To be continued.)

**Jacques Cartier.**

BY F. D'ARCY MOORE.

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,  
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward  
sail'd away;

In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their  
knees

For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscover'd seas,  
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier  
Filled manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the day  
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward  
sailed away;

But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went  
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;  
And manly hearts were filled with gloom and gentle hearts  
with fear

When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the  
year.

But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side,  
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride;  
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourned  
his loss—

He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross;  
And when two months were over and added to the year,  
Saint Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound and cold,  
Nor seas of pearl abounded nor mines of shining gold;  
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,  
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;  
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with  
fear.

And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon are cast  
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast  
How the winter causeway broken, is drifted out to sea,  
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthems of the  
free;

How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his  
eyes,

Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the  
wild,

Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;  
Of how, poor souls! they fancy in every living thing  
A spirit good or evil that claims their worshipping;  
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd r him to  
breathe upon,

And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel  
of St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave  
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;  
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,  
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's  
height,

And of the forest cliff that keeps of Canada the key,  
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils  
over sea.

*Little Johnny Twoboys.* By Julia Holmes Boynton.  
Pp. 57. Price, 60 cents.

Every boy has two boys buttoned up inside of his  
jacket. He has a never-ending conversation with  
them so long as he is awake. "Good" tells him one  
thing, and "Bad" just the opposite. Sometimes  
the boy minds one and sometimes the other—except  
in those stories where the boy is too good to be a  
real boy. "Johnny Twoboys" tells what a time  
Johnny had with Good and Bad. It is a capital  
book for little boys to read, and for girls too.

Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-  
School and Publishing Society.

*Bertha Gordon.* By Mary Kingston. Pages 118.  
Price 75 cents. Same publisher.

Bertha is a little girl of eight years old or so.  
She learns and teaches many good lessons, listens  
with her readers to some bright stories for little  
children, and is generally a bright and helpful play-  
fellow. She will make an excellent summer or  
winter companion for little girls and their brothers.

**THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND  
SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.**

THE aim of this organization is to promote habits  
of study in nature, art, science, and in secular and  
sacred literature. It is stated that amongst the  
sixty thousand persons pursuing this course are  
college graduates, professional men and accom-  
plished women. Studies for 1888-9 comprise  
Outline History of Greece, Preparatory Gree'  
course in English, Character of Jesus, Modern  
Church in Europe, Chemistry and Zoology. In  
type, paper and illustration, these books are models  
of art and superior workmanship. The Book  
Room we are told controls this trade. A hundred  
sets are on hand to meet the enormous and grow-  
ing demand. A complete set for the year costs six  
dollars.

The formation of the Chautauqua Literary and  
Scientific Circles all over the Provinces, and the  
course of reading which it arranges, to a large  
extent answer the question as to the books which  
our young people should read when the day's work  
is over. The influence of such a course and the  
habits formed by the Circle's methods of work  
must be of incalculable benefit to enrolled students.  
One of the mottoes expresses the purpose of the  
Circle. "We study the words and works of God." A  
thirst for knowledge thus excited will lead many  
a student to surmount serious obstacles and to seek  
the more complete culture which colleges and  
universities supply. — *Wesleyan.*

**A MOUSE THAT STOPPED A TRAIN.**

DID any one ever imagine that a mouse could  
stop a railway train? It seems to be impossible;  
nevertheless, it was done recently at the town of  
Carpi, near Modena, in Italy.

On the Italian railroads an electrical apparatus,  
upon the departure of a train from any station,  
rings six strokes upon a gong at the next station.  
The station-master at Carpi, hearing the gong ring  
three strokes where there should be six, immedi-  
ately came to the conclusion that something was  
wrong on the line, and ordered up the electric  
signal of warning.

The train, which by this time was under full  
headway, came to a dead stop. Then began a  
transfer of telegraphic messages. The passengers  
were anxious to know what was the matter. They  
waited while the message went back and forth.  
The inquiry established the fact that everything  
was right on the line, the train was ordered for-  
ward after considerable delay.

The station-master about this time thought it  
might be well to look into his gong, and there he  
found, stuck fast between the cogs of the electrical  
apparatus, a poor little mouse. The unhappy little  
animal had happened to be in the interior of the  
clock when it "struck one," and down he attempted  
to run, but was caught between the murderous  
wheels. His little body was big enough to stop  
the whole apparatus, and, consequently, the train  
as well.

THE giant evil—yea crime—of our day is in-  
temperance. . . . Two persons stand at the thresh-  
old to protect the incoming generation from  
becoming an easy prey to the devourers of health,  
happiness and heaven. The natural protectors of  
our youth are the parents and the teacher, as home  
and schools are the citadels for their defence.  
Formation, not reformation, is now the educational  
watchword which woman has proclaimed as the  
signal to be sent to all her allies in the world, and  
the two words—*Woman* and *Temperance*—each the  
symbol of the good and the true, shall be forever  
united.

**CHOOSING A BUSINESS.**

It may be that with the coming year you are to  
decide on your business or work for life, if so,  
choose one. Have a trade or business to which  
you give time, work, study. Our world is not  
meant for idlers, there is something for each one  
to do, and if some neglect their part, others must  
do more, or somebody suffers. Though not com-  
pelled now to work for a living, you may be forced  
to it before old age comes. Then you will find  
that there are more people ready to do the common  
kinds of work than there is work to do. You will  
find that such people receive very small wages and  
at times are almost starving. Rarely is it so with  
those who have a trade or some special business  
requiring more than ordinary knowledge and skill.  
Even though you never need to work for your own  
living, you can use your knowledge or trade to help  
and to teach others. There come times in the life  
of each one when such knowledge is worth almost  
everything; to have it will at once place you at  
the head of those in need, and give you power that  
you might not otherwise gain.

What trade or business shall be chosen? Not  
the one that has the greatest number following it;  
too many workers may make it almost as poor as  
no business at all. Nor should one be chosen that  
has outlived its day. Not a few trades and occu-  
pations are steadily growing less and less valuable  
because men do not need what they furnish, or can  
get it in an easier and cheaper way.

Select an honest business. Be engaged in some-  
thing of which you have no good reason to be  
ashamed. Do not refuse one that happens to be  
dirty or has hard work in it. There are profes-  
sions and trades that are worse than dirty and have  
greater difficulties than hard work. Many a man  
and woman whose hands are clean and dress neatly  
—even costly—do far meaner work and have more  
trying occupations than those whose clothes are  
begrimmed with dirt and hands hardened with toil.  
No honest trade will disgrace a man or a woman.  
A humble business will not hinder your rising.  
Driving horses on a canal did not prevent Garfield  
becoming President, not did splitting rails hinder  
Abraham Lincoln from attaining the highest place  
his countrymen could give.

Select a business for which you are fitted. We  
are not all fitted for the same kind of business,  
though some will succeed fairly well in almost any-  
thing they may undertake. There is something for  
which each is specially fitted by nature; find out  
what it is in your case. If you try that, and work  
with all your power, you will succeed in it, while  
in some other occupation you may fail, or, at least,  
meet with poor success.

Choose that to which you can give your heart, in  
which you can work with pleasure; with the heart  
in something else, failure is probable. A large  
part of the secret of the success of some people in  
humble occupations is that they enter their business  
taking their hearts along. They show no ambition  
or longing for other and nobler places, but deter-  
mine to make the most possible out of their own.

Having chosen, stick to your business; make  
the most of it that you can. If you give it your  
best work, it will give you its best pay and best  
honour. Despise your business, and it will soon  
despise you. Keep at it, unless sure that some-  
thing else will be better. Holding on and work-  
ing steadily as well as faithfully will bring the best  
reward your business can give—not only money  
and respectability, but promotion and the confidence  
of your fellow-men. — *Forward.*

WORDS are the daughters of earth; deeds are the  
sons of heaven.



**The Sounding Cry.**

Church of God, awake, arise!  
Listen to the widow's cry  
For him once so good and brave,  
Sleeping in a martyr's grave:  
Look upon her grief to-day,  
And vote to-morrow as you pray.

Church of God, awake, arise!  
Sly, what means those shrieks and cries?  
Ah! the dreadful din grows worse,  
Mingled now with blow and curse!  
What is all this noise and strife?  
'Tis the drunkard and his wife,  
Loved and petted, once was she;  
Cursed and beaten now, you see.  
Stop this evil world-wide away,  
By voting hence, as Christians pray.

Church of God, awake, arise!  
The drunkard from the gutter cries,  
Dying of hunger and thirst for drink,  
Lo, he stands on hell's dark brink!  
Can we out the fearful cost?  
Soul and body, both are lost!  
Hopeless, he might not die to-day,  
Had you voted as you pray.

Church of God, awake, arise!  
'Tis the voice of conscience cries;  
Speaking firmly from your breast,  
Telling what is right and best;  
Whispering, it will better pay,  
To vote forever as you pray.

Church of God, awake, arise!  
Turn your face to the skies.  
United stand—Right 'gainst Wrong—  
Raise the glad, triumphant song;  
Welcome in the glorious day,  
When Christians vote as Christians pray.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**

B.C. 1451] **LESSON V.** [Nov. 4

**DEFEAT AT AI.**

Josh. 7. 1-12. Memory verse, 10-12

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness. Psa. 119. 36.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Defeated Army.
2. The Despairing Cry.

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACES.—Jericho. Ai.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*The accursed thing*—There was to be no spoil or booty: everything was cursed. If a single soldier took a thing for booty, it was an accursed thing. *Victory's country*—A military reconnaissance. *In the going down*—That is, on the descent of the hills. *Heart . . . melted*—Became very greatly disheartened. *cut his clothes*—An expressive symbol . . . of common in the Orient; it was done by tearing down ward a hand's breadth of the loose outer robe. *Do t on their heads*—Another symbol of humiliation.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The hatefulness of sin?
2. The harmfulness of sin?
3. The sure punishment of sin?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What was Joshua's next military attempt? The capture of Ai. 2. What was the result? Defeat and loss of thirty-six men. 3. What was the effect upon the people? They were greatly frightened. 4. What was Joshua's first act? He gave way to grief. 5. What did God tell him was the cause? The sin of the people. 6. What ought this lesson to make each of us pray? "Incline my heart," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The consequences of sin.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

5. Why were they commanded not to eat of this fruit?  
To try them whether they would obey God or not.
6. Wherein lay the evil of eating the forbidden fruit?

In the spirit of disobedience to God, unto whom, as their Creator and Benefactor and Lord, they ought to have been in entire submission.

B.C. 1444] **LESSON VI.** [Nov. 11

**CALEB'S INHERITANCE.**

Josh. 14. 5-15. Memory verses, 10, 12

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Psa. 37. 3.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Caleb.
2. His Inheritance.

TIME.—1444 B.C.

PLACE.—Gilead.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*Divided the land*—That is, parcelled it out among the tribes as God ordered. *In mine heart*—That is, in his mind; it was a matter of intellect, not of affection. *Heart . . . melted*—That is, to be filled with abject fear. *It holily told me*—That is, was willing to entirely trust God's word, and to advance them into Canaan. *This mountain*—Hebron is the highest point of southern Palestine.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That God requires a whole-hearted service?
2. That God rewards whole-hearted service?
3. That God's word is sure of fulfilment?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. Who came to Joshua with a request for an inheritance? Caleb, one of the spies. 2. On what did he base his request? On the promise made by Moses. 3. Why did Moses promise Caleb an inheritance? Because he wholly followed God. 4. What was the nature of the work which his request involved? Difficult and dangerous. 5. What was the only help he said he needed? That the Lord would be with him. 6. What is the lesson that Caleb's example and success should teach us? "Trust in the Lord," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The service of God.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

7. Into what state did the fall bring mankind? Into a state of sin and misery. Romans v. 12. Through one man sin entered into the world, and death through sin; and so death passed unto all men, for that all sinned.

**JAPANESE WOMEN CURING TEAS.**

LIEUTENANT M—, a gallant officer in the United States naval service, gave the following facts concerning Japanese women. He had seen much of them in his cruises around China and Japan:—

"They are most patient and enduring creatures," said the lieutenant, "and are much preferred to the Japanese men by the proprietors of the European tea-houses, who engage native hands for the work of firing (curing) teas. This last is a process that requires much delicate and careful manipulation and constant attention on the part of the person thus engaged, in order to make the curing a complete success. Every foreign 'go down' (store-house) is supplied with a goodly number of small brass fire-pots and shovel-shaped pans for this purpose. A charcoal fire is first built in each pot; then each pan is filled with the tender green leaves of the tea-plant; and then the women take their places, each with a pan in her hand, which it is her business to move to and fro constantly over the fire in the pot until all the leaves are thoroughly dried in the pan she has

in charge; then she must refill her pan and commence over again. This wearing work I have seen hundreds of Japanese women do for hours at a time—many of them with big, restless babies strapped to their backs—without stopping to rest."

**THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.**

In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious peasant, by name Dobry. Without any fault of his own he had fallen into arrears with his rent, and the landlord determined to turn him out. It was winter and evening, and the next day he was to be turned out, with all his family. As they sat in their sorrow, Dobry knelt down in their midst, and they sang—

Commit thou all thy griefs  
And ways into his hands.

Just as they came to the last verse—

When thou wouldst all our need supply,  
Who then shall stay thy hand?

there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window; the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring, set with precious stones. Dobry thought he would sell the ring, but again he thought that he would take it and show it to his minister; and he, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him and related the story. The king sent for Dobry and rewarded him so that he was no more in need, and the next year built him a new house and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house-door there is an iron tablet whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the verse—

Thou everywhere hast away,  
And all things show thy might;  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unswayed light.

**NECESSARY GIRLISH QUALITIES.**

PATIENCE and gentleness are necessary qualities in every girl's life. Patience aids in extinguishing envy, overcoming anger, and crushing pride. How much good may be done and joy brought by a gentle word or look! Truly "a soft answer turneth away wrath!" Girls are not called upon to do great things, except in rare instances, but the everyday trials of life in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces afford ample scope for practising that virtue of mankind which has become proverbial. The best exercises of patience and self denial—and the better because not chosen by ourselves—are those in which we have to bear with the failings of those about us, to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks—to bear with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, or disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor.—*Exchange.*

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