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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XVII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

No. 46.

The Farmer Feeds Them All.

The king may rule o'er land and sea ;
The lord may live right royally ;
The soldier ride in pomp and pride ;
The sailor roam o'er oceans wide ;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsman fashions wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows precious leads ;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy or sell,
The teacher do his duty well ;
The men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
Beggars or kings, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth ;
He's partner with the sky and earth,
And partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses by his gain ;
And if men rise or if men fall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak ;
He has no gift or place to seek,
To no man living need he bow,
For he who walks behind the plough
Is his own man, whate'er befall,
Beggars or kings, he feeds them all.

CANADA'S CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

This is the Thanksgiving number of Pleasant Hours. If the hearts of any people in the world should be filled with thanksgiving it should be those of the people of Canada. The present writer has seen many lands, but he has seen none where the conditions of existence are more advantageous than in our beloved Canada. Seldom, if ever, have these conditions been more favourable than they are today. God has favoured our country with a bountiful harvest. The price of grain and all kinds of produce in all the markets of the world gives the Canadian farmer a splendid recompense for his toil.

During the Queen's Jubilee year the ties between the daughter and mother country have been drawn closer than ever before.

The splendid position of Canada as the very foremost of all the great colonies of the empire, comprising two-fifths of its whole extent, has been recognized in the mother country and throughout the world. The generous gifts of Canada to the famine-stricken sister dependency of India profoundly impressed the mother country with a sense of the great resources of our country. At the Jubilee no honours that could be heaped on Canada or its representatives were too great.

The discovery of the gold and wealth of Rossland, Klondika, and Wawa, and the still greater wealth of our golden harvests have attracted the attention of millions beyond the sea. We may expect a near future development of the resources and increases of the population of our beloved Canada such as it has never seen before.

God crowneth the year with his goodness; and his paths drop fatness. If we would, as a nation, express our true thanksgiving, we should obey the injunction of the wise king of Israel, "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine in-

crease; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

Then shall we realize the blessing promised in the Word of God, "That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store; that our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets."

ON THE FARM.

Most of the readers of this paper live in the country, many of them on the farm. There is no better place to live. None that will better develop a strong and sturdy manhood with vigour of body and mind. The farmer feedeth all, the king himself is served by the field. The cities are depending not only for food, but for the brain, and brawn, and muscle that run the great enterprises of the age, on the fresh blood that continually pours in from the country.

No life is more independent than that of the farmer. What would we do if there was no one to cultivate and till the soil for us that we may be supplied with food? How much in the way of variety should we have if it were not for the farmers, be they tillers of acres or of only the small garden patch. I fear that some of us would be under the necessity of turning farmers ourselves.

And yet, independent as he may be of all human aid, it seems to me that in no other occupation is a man so dependent upon the Creator, for no other leads one so near God and heaven, if he

found that the Province of Ontario, in which we live, raised more wheat and more stock to the acre, had greater value in farm buildings to the acre, and greater wealth in all the elements of prosperity than any State in the Union, with the exception of two, which raise more wheat than Ontario. Since then the extraordinary development of the wheat producing areas of the Prairie Province of Manitoba have put Canada to the very front in that respect also. Let us learn to appreciate the advantages of our own country, to be proud of it and of the world-wide British Empire, of which it forms a part.

THE SPINNERS.

You have often seen silk and velvet. How smooth and glossy they are! From what are these rich cloths made?

There is a little moth, which looks like a butterfly. It lays several hundred eggs about as large as pin-heads or mustard-seeds. These turn into silkworms, or caterpillars, which, as soon as they are hatched, begin to eat and grow.

They are great eaters; all day long feasting on the tender leaves of the mulberry tree.

After a number of days each silkworm begins to spin a fine thread, either yellow or white, and from it weaves the case, or cocoon, as it is called, in which the worm shuts itself up for a long sleep.

It spins the thread from two outlets near its mouth. Of course, the little

"HANK'S" WHEEL.

BY GRACE WILLIS.

Down on the boat dock, shaded by the awning roof, sat Rufus Howard and "Hank" Kinney, on the edge of the Howards' pretty green-and-white row-boat. Rufus was whittling a boat out of a block of wood, and shabby little Hank, the pastry-cook's son, sat beside him, watching the chips as they fell.

"You know, pa and I sent home for our wheels," remarked Rufus. "Well, they're coming on the seven o'clock boat."

Hank looked up in pleased attention. "Mine's got a silver name-plate with my name on," continued Rufus.

Hank had no idea what a "name-plate" was, but it sounded quite grand.

"And I've got a cyclometer. I rode forty-eight miles in just a few days before we came away. I've got a chain and lock for it, and a bell and a lamp."

Hank's face beamed as he listened.

"It rides just slick, Hank. I can ride clear to the end of the boulevard at home without ever taking hold of the handlebars. I tell you, it's a dandy wheel."

Hank's timid little face worked thoughtfully.

"Say, Rufus," he ventured, with suppressed delight, "d'you s'pose you'd lemme try your wheel?"

"Well, I should say not!" shouted Rufus, with a look that crushed Hank. "Do you think I want my wheel punched?"

"I think we shall have to disturb you little folks," said Papa Howard kindly, as if he had not just overheard Rufus' impolite speech. "I want to take mam ma out rowing."

So the two boys got up, and the green-and-white boat was pushed out into the water.

That evening Rufus and Mr. Howard took a little spin on the smooth drive, just to see whether the wheels were as good as ever. Hank watched them off in wistful admiration. The road followed the lake, and about half a mile from the hotel, on a fallen log, sat the pastry-cook, smoking a pipe.

"That's little Henry's papa you know, Rufus," said Mr. Howard. "He doesn't stay long

in one place, but goes from one hotel to another. Sometimes he gets drunk, and shows a very ugly temper. Henry's mother is dead, and he has to go around with his father, and look out for himself most of the time. His father doesn't seem to pay any attention to him. I guess he doesn't have a very happy time. He doesn't have any spending money,—does he, Rufus?"

"Well, I should say not," replied Rufus. "He never has any, and he thinks a penny is a lot. Somebody gave him a fishing-line the other day, and he couldn't even buy a sinker for it. So I gave him mine."

"That's right, my son. Do all you can for the poor little lad to help him have a good time."

Then Papa Howard said nothing, and Rufus was busy thinking for the next mile.

The next morning, as Mr. Howard stepped out on the porch of his cottage, with hammer and tacks to fix a torn screen door, he saw down on the road just what he had expected to see. Hank was on the bicycle, in a somewhat awkward position, to be sure, and hanging



AN ONTARIO FARM HOMESTEAD.

who is engaged in it will only let it lead him. The "green things growing" ever point upward. Day after day is the farmer taught his dependence upon God.

He prepares his soil, sows his seed, and while God is watering it with his rain, and ripening it with sunshine, the husbandman must wait in hope for the harvest; and the plenteousness of his harvest depends in a measure upon the amount of labour and care he has bestowed upon the soil and the tender young things.

Many allusions are made in the Sacred Scriptures to the husbandman and his labour. Our Saviour was fond of drawing lessons from the sower, the corn, the wheat, the harvest, and the reapers, and what are the lessons he teaches us? Let us search his word and find out, if we do not know already. Will you?

The engravings in this number illustrate life on a Canadian farm, and nowhere in the world, we think, can finer farms and farm buildings, horses and cattle, be seen than in our own land. We had occasion some time ago to compare the farming capabilities of Canada with those of the United States. We

spinners must writhe and twist themselves around very much to shut themselves up in their prisons of gold and silver; but God has taught them how to do it.

When the caterpillar has thoroughly wrapped itself in the cocoon, it goes into a half-sleeping state for about two weeks, or perhaps longer; then it bursts the cocoon, and comes out a gay moth, and flies away to live a short but joyous life.

But most of the worms are killed before they become moths.

Why are they killed? The cocoons are placed in a heated oven or over steam long enough to deprive the poor worms of life, otherwise the moth would pierce the cocoon, and, instead of one long and regular thread, would leave nothing but a mass of silk wadding.

After the worm is dead, the thread is wound upon a reel, to be woven into rich, costly fabrics—silks, satins, velvets, and ribbons.

You would cry out to see a caterpillar on your silk dress or your velvet cloak; but, if it could speak, it might say, "It's mine, it's mine: I made it; it is part of myself; it was stolen from me."

on for dear life,—but such a pleased, happy expression as there was on the little round face! Rufus held with one hand the back of the saddle, and with the other guided the wheel. He was very patient, and wheeled Hank back and forth a good many times, until he could run alone. It went on that way for four or five days. Rufus loaned his wheel quite often, but Hank never asked to borrow it, only accepted the favour very thankfully when Rufus offered him the wheel.

Unbeknown to the boys, a gentleman at the hotel watched them a good deal, as he sat day after day on the piazza, trying to regain strength after a long illness, and one day he came down to the road, leaning on his cane, just as Hank was starting off for a ride. Rufus had come down to watch him off.

"Look here, boy," called the gentleman to Henry, "that isn't your wheel,—is it?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you can ride pretty well, can't you? Do you wish you had a wheel?"

"You bet!" answered Hank, with startling energy.

"Well, I've a boy at home who has been riding for two or three years, and I wrote his mamma that I thought Ralph had outgrown his bicycle, and that she had better send it to me, and get him a bigger one. It's up at the hotel. It's a pretty good wheel yet, and if you care to come up and try it, you can have it. I guess it's just about your size."

And Hank followed on up to the hotel in a daze, his eyes shining like two stars. His happiness was complete, and it was largely because Rufus loaned him his wheel and taught him to ride—
S. S. Times

with a devout heart asks the continuance of blessings from his heavenly Father. The hymn concludes with a noble resolution to make the Lord his portion forever. An example worthy of emulation.

OUR DUTY.

The Almighty once complained respecting the conduct of his people, and made use of this touching expression, "My people do not consider." Such a complaint might still be made respecting ourselves, and we might be sent to the beasts of the field to learn a lesson of grateful acknowledgment. We would be glad if every one who reads these lines would learn this verse:

"Birds of the air exalt thy fame,
And shall I silent be?
No, Lord, thy goodness I'll proclaim,
And give my heart to thee."

GRATITUDE INCREASES HAPPINESS.

When Peter Jones, the Indian, was converted, he shouted aloud the praises of God, because he was happy. When Jerry McAulay found peace with God he was in prison, and he made such a loud noise that the prison-keepers threatened to report him to the Governor of the Tombs, but he said God had converted him, and he would praise him. Think, dear friends, of the grand country in which you live. Think of your temporal mercies, and above all your spiritual blessings, including the gift of Jesus, the Saviour, and then we feel sure that you, too, will exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

got to the pond before lunch time. Don't wait."

"All right. Good-bye," and Jack slammed the street door as he ran off.

Fred took up the tack-lifter slowly, and went down on his knees again; and as he worked with his fingers, his mind worked busily, too. Yes, it was a shame to ask him to do that work. If he could just lift the tacks around the door where the water-pipes were, it wouldn't be so much; that wouldn't take so long. But to go over the entire floor, so that the matting could be changed around, that was unreasonable. No! It wasn't unreasonable; for if the matting was changed around, it would last six months longer, and instead of buying a new one in a little while, mother could get the muff she had been wanting so long. That's what she had said at the breakfast-table. And, besides, he had offered to do the work himself; he hadn't been asked. Wasn't his birthday last week, and wasn't he thirteen years old, just as old as his father had been when he began to work in a store to earn his own living? That would be tough, to have to get out of bed mornings at half-past five, and go off down town to sweep offices and make fires. No; lifting tacks wasn't so bad, and the floor wasn't so cold; and did any one ever have a better mother than his mother was?

By the time the plumbers appeared with their bag of tools the matting was rolled up into five compact rolls, and the floor was ready to be swept.

"Now, then, mother, I'm off skating, if you don't mind. My work's done," called

Who Can Answer?

BY GRACE A. CANNON.

The question's not a new one, dear,
But one that ev'ry day
Comes to some girls and boys I know
While at their work or play.

My Nanny comes to me at morn,
And with beseeching look,
Asks me if I can tell her where
She'll find her slate or book.

And Teddy comes to me and says,
Sometimes with downcast eye,
"Mamma, dear, won't you please to come
And help me find my tie?"

And Alice, too, comes with a frown,
When going out to play:
"Oh dear, mamma, what did I do
With my hat yesterday?"

No hat is found out in the hall;
The book's not in its case;
No tie is found upstairs to be
In its accustomed place.

Now me the reason tell, my dear,
And quickly if you can,
Why all these things may not be found
By Alice, Ted, or Nan?

The question's not a new one, dear,
But one that ev'ry day
Comes to some boys and girls I know
While at their work or play.

—Harper's Round Table.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 13, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 21, 1897.

Thanksgiving.—Psalm 65. Hymnal,
35S. Church Hymn-Book, 91.

OBLIGATION.

One great object of worship is thanksgiving. Those who render thanks to God feel themselves under obligation to the Giver of all good. What have we that we have not received, except sin? Favours conferred demand grateful acknowledgment. Nobody esteems an ungrateful man. No man is more hated than he who has the reputation of being ungrateful. We could wish that every Epworth Leaguer would commit the Psalm of the text to memory. The whole book of Psalms is very largely a book of praise. The composition is proof of the state of the heart of him who composed it.

THE HYMN.

To commit hymns to memory is good exercise. Its author was a man renowned for piety. He wrote a charming book on the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." It is still worthy of prayerful study. The hymn is full of hallowed breathings. Dr. Doddridge, the author, reviews his obligations, and

WORKING FOR LOVE.

"Fred! I say, Fred, where are you? Why, here you are!" exclaimed Jack Tower to his cousin Fred Waters, as he put his head through the half-opened door of the dining-room. "Taking tacks out of that matting? Well, I never! I thought you were to be ready to start at nine prompt. It's a glorious morning; thermometer only ten above; the ice hasn't a flaw, and the skating's superb."

"I don't believe that I can go, Jack. Pipes froze up last night, and the plumbers are to be here at eleven."

"I don't see what they have to do with you. Why doesn't your mother get old Pete to do that kind of work? He's always wanting a job."

"Pete's laid up with the rheumatism this week."

"Let one of the servants do it, then."

"This is their busy day, mother says, and they've got too much to do."

"Well, if I were you, I'd just skip. Somebody will find time to do it."

"Yes," answered Fred, "somebody would, I suppose, but if I don't take this matting up, mother will. It's got to be done, and it's too hard for her hands. These tacks were put in for keeps. My hands are stronger than hers."

"Well, I can't waste time talking," said Jack. "If you like skinning your fingers better than skating, all right for you; but you're a goose, all the same."

Fred hesitated. Should he go with Jack? Could any boy honestly say that he liked to dig rusty double-pointed nails out of half-worn matting? and the floor was cold, too, and his fingers were not only getting rough and scratched, but were stiff in the bargain. It was only for a moment. If it was hard work for him, what would it be for his mother?

"No, Jack, I can't go. Perhaps I'll

Fred upstairs to his mother. "I'll help put that matting down after lunch, if you want me to."

"You're a darling, Fred. I don't know what I'd do without my helper. It was too bad to take so much of your morning."

"Never mind that, mother. What's the use of having a boy, if he can't help a little now and then?"

When Fred reached the pond Jack was about starting for home.

"So you are here at last, are you? I don't know but you're soon enough, too. The wind's been blowing a perfect gale. I've got to go home to thaw out; and you've got a nice little sum in your pocket, too, I suppose."

"What do you mean?" asked Fred.

"Why, of course aunt paid you for your morning's work, didn't she?"

"Jack Tower," said Fred, his face reddening even under his rosy cheeks and ears. "I wasn't working for money, I did it for—"

Just then a gust of wind nearly swept the two boys off their feet, and the last word of Fred's sentence flew so far away that no one could catch it. What was it—"pleasure," "duty," or "love"?—
Sunday-school Times.

MARY'S PRAYER.

Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and make them twinkle happy. Bless my two ears, and help them hear my mother call me. Bless my two lips, and make them speak kind and true. Bless my two hands, and make them good and not touch what they mustn't. Bless my feet, and make them go where they ought to. Bless my heart, and make it love God, mother, father, George, and everybody. Please let ugly sin never get hold of me—never!

CAUGHT IN SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

A CANADIAN STORY.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

"Say, Charlie! What does that mean?" cried Stan Clarkson, throwing down his pick, seizing his torch, and darting off into the darkness.

Charlie Franklyn paused in his vigorous shovelling, and looking anxiously after Stan, while the boys on either side of him, overhearing the latter's exclamation, stopped work also, and gazed inquiringly into his face.

"What is it, Charlie?" asked Con Tupper. "What's become of Stan?"

"He's gone to the mouth of the cave, I guess, but I don't know what for," answered Charlie.

The next moment Stan came rushing back, his face pallid with fright, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his hand trembling so that the torch almost fell from his grasp.

"Boys," he gasped, as he sprang into the circle of light cast by half a dozen torches and lanterns, "the tide's in, and we're caught in the cave!"

At the utterance of these words a chorus of exclamations of alarm rose from the boys, and dropping their tools they gathered about Stan Clarkson, peeping him with excited questions, to which his only reply was: "Quick! take the lights and hurry for your lives."

Snatching up the lights, but leaving their picks and shovels, the whole party scurried toward the mouth of the cave.

Almost before they knew it their feet were splashing in the water, and their hearts stood still with fright as the peril of their position broke upon them. The smaller boys shrank back in terror, and some of them began to whimper. But Frank Atherton, the oldest and biggest



THE BELVOIR FARM, DELAWARE, ONTARIO.

of the party, handing his torch to Con Tupper, spoke out bravely: "Don't begin to blubber yet. Give me plenty of light, and I'll see if we can't get through."

Then, throwing off his coat and boots, Frank dashed into the water. Before him the darkness was intense, and at each step the water deepened, until at last he had to swim. Yet fearlessly he pressed forward, hoping every stroke to see beyond him the patch of light that would mean escape. Suddenly his head struck something hard. He put up his hand. It was the roof of the cave! The mouth then was already full, and all chance of escape cut off. There was no alternative but to turn back and await the worst. He and his companions were as helpless as rats in a trap.

There was not a braver boy in the country than Frank Atherton. But who could blame him for feeling limp and nerveless as he made his way back to the little group, tremblingly awaiting his return? They knew his answer before he spoke, and as he despondently dragged himself out of the water, the poor little fellows, who had been trying hard to control their sobs broke out afresh.

"Come now, boys; stop that," said Frank, in a commanding but not unkindly tone; "crying won't help matters. There's nothing for us but to wait here until the tide goes out again. Let us go back to the end of the cave."

Thereupon they all made their way to the farthest recess of the long tunnel, dug out by the persistent waves, and putting down their lights, gathered close about Frank for comfort and direction.

Their situation was one of sufficient danger to appal the stoutest heart, and a few words of explanation are necessary in order to make it clear. The party consisted of a dozen boys, ranging in age from ten to fourteen years, all of them pupils at Chebucto Academy. Among the many legends of the sea current in Chebucto was one to the effect that a certain cave, which penetrated deep into the side of Sambo Head, and bore the name of Smuggler's Cave, although no smuggler had been known to make use of it for generations past, was one of the hiding-places where Captain Kidd had bestowed a portion of his ill-gotten gain. This legend every boy at the Academy devoutly believed, and it was a frequent subject of discussion among them, although no attempt had ever been made on their part to test its accuracy until Frank Atherton, one of those boys who always take the lead among their fellows, a handsome, athletic, daring lad, not quite fifteen years of age, having heard the story until he believed every word of it, became possessed with the determination to see if there was anything in it.

Any enterprise that Frank Atherton headed was sure of plenty of volunteers, and he had no difficulty in organizing an exploring party quite as large as he desired. Choosing a Saturday when the tide would be at its ebb about noon, these youthful searchers after buried treasure provided themselves with picks, shovels, crowbars, lanterns, and torches, and set off in two boats for the scene of their operation.

The day proved as favourable as could be desired, the harbour had hardly a ripple upon its surface, the sun shone from a cloudless sky, the air was warm without being oppressive. In high spirits the party rowed away to Smuggler's Cave.

When they landed the tide was just running out, and they had but a little while to wait before the entrance to the cave was clear. Fastening their boats securely at the foot of the cliff, they lit their torches, shouldered their tools, and marched out of the glare and warmth of the sunlight into the shadow and chill of the dripping cave. Far into its depths they made their way, singing and shouting noisily to show how bold they felt, until they reached the extreme end, where they put down their tools and awaited their leader's instructions.

Now, a certain old "salt," who hung about Market Square, having apparently no other occupation than to shift his quid, hitch up his breeches, and retail fishy yarns for the benefit of whoever would listen to him, had, as a very great favour, and in consideration of one dollar down, and a thousand more payable in event of justifiable success, given to Frank a decidedly dirty piece of paper upon which were scrawled certain crooked lines that purported to be a plan of the interior of the cave, and to indicate the precise spot where Captain Kidd had made his deposit of bullion and jewels.

The boys gathered eagerly about Frank as with knitted brow he studied Ben Sculpin's mystic scrawl. Evidently he found it no easy task to identify its indication. But at length his face lightened. He thought he had caught the

clue all right, and soon under his directions the whole party was toiling away vigorously in a corner of the cave that certainly looked a fitting hiding-place for pirate treasure.

So heartily did they work, inspired by hopes as splendid as they were vague, that they took no thought of time until their stomachs hinted that refreshments would be in order, when they knocked



FAR INTO THE DEPTHS THEY MADE THEIR WAY.

off for half an hour, ate their lunch, had a little rest, and then recommenced with undiminished ardour. After another hour or so, however, signs of weariness began to show themselves, one of the first to tire being Stan Clarkson, who was a lazy kind of a chap at any time, and it was while resting on his pick that his quick ear caught the sound of waves breaking softly upon the sand, which caused him to rush toward the mouth of the cave with the result already described.

When the boys realized that they were prisoners until the tide should fall again and set them free, their first thought naturally was, did the tide fill the whole cave, or did it leave sufficient space at the far end for them to wait in safety their deliverance? By common consent they referred this question to Frank Atherton, and his prompt answer, given in a cheerful, confident tone, was:

"We'll be all right, boys. Don't get scared. We'll have to stay here a little longer than we expected to; that's all."

His companions tried bravely to imitate his composure, although their spirits were sinking fast, and under his direction they sought around the walls for ledges and other projections which would enable them to get as far out of reach of the water as possible. In doing this some of the lights were extinguished through being dropped or overturned, which mishap heightened their growing terror until they were on the verge of a panic. But Frank diverted their thoughts for the moment by scolding the clumsy ones vigorously and bidding the others be more careful; and soon all save he

over the sand wave after wave, waxing higher inch by inch. The soft ripples seemed to be chasing one another in innocent merriment; for although the wind blew briskly outside, none of its violence was felt within, and the tide advanced simply by its inherent force. For some time the boys were silent, the slow yet irresistible progress of the water exercised a sort of fascination over them

akin to that exerted by a serpent over a bird. They did not know but that each glistening wavelet brought death a little nearer, and they had no thought for anything else. Presently, his young nerves unable to stand the strain any longer, little Regie Barton burst into piteous sobs, and dropped his torch which vanished with an expiring hiss into the water at his feet. This set off others of the smaller boys, and soon the cave was filled with sounds of weeping and lamentation.

Braced against the extreme back of the cave, and holding fast the brightest of the torches, Frank Atherton alone of the twelve, fully retained self-control. As the organizer of the party he felt responsible for the safety of its members, and, being naturally of a cool, courageous temperament, his spirit sustained him in the face of a growing dread that their case was hopeless.

"Come come, boys" said he, firmly, but soothingly, "don't be cry-babies. There's more water in the cave now than we want, and it's no use adding your tears to it. Keep a good grip on your lights, and don't lose your foothold, and you'll get out of here all right enough." Higher, steadily, smoothly, piteously higher rose the tide. It played about Frank's feet, washed gleefully over them, crept past his ankles up toward his knees, and the higher it climbed the deeper sank his brave young heart. For the hundredth time he peered eagerly around in the hope of discovering some ledge, some cranny that would enable him to climb above the water's reach. But the search was vain. Such slight advan-



AND STILL THE TIDE ROSE.

had secured some sort of a foothold which raised them above the level of the cave's floor. There, in anxious uncertainty, they awaited the coming of the tide.

As gently and playfully as though incapable of harm the dark water stole up

tages as there were had already been given over to the other boys, and, after all, they might only serve to postpone a few moments longer the death that seemed inevitable. To add to the terrors of the situation the oil in the lights began to give out. One after another

they grow dim, flickered for a moment, and then expired, until at length only the torch held by Frank, which happily was one of extra size that had been well filled at the outset, remained burning.

By this time most of the boys had become too terrified to shed tears; chilled to the marrow, and almost paralysed with fear, they clung like limpets to the slippery rock, the pallid faces looking inexpressibly piteous in the deepening gloom.

"Let us say our prayers," whispered Regie Barton; and his companions, by a common impulse, began with chattering lips to repeat the prayer most familiar to them. In the very midst of this there came a sharp cry of fright, followed by a thrilling splash. Poor little Regie, in making a slight movement, had lost his foothold and fallen into the water.

Thrusting his torch into the hand of the nearest boy, with the command, "Here, take care of this; I'll get Regie," Frank plunged after the youngster, who in his chilled condition was almost helpless, and dragged him back to his place.

"Hold on tight now, Regie," said he. Then seeing that the boy was really too weak to keep himself upright, he took his stand beside him, although the water was deeper there than in his former position.

And still the tide rose. The air, confined within narrowing limits, and drawn upon by twelve persons and a flaming torch, became foul and oppressive, producing a stupefying effect upon the boys. The water lapped about Frank's waist. It encircled his heart. It climbed upon his shoulders. A few inches more, and the stern struggle would be over. Oh! what a dreadful way it was to die pent up in that dark, dripping cave, where their bodies might perhaps remain undiscovered, hidden away to be food for the crabs and lobsters that now were crawling hungrily about their feet! No loving lips to give the last kiss, no gentle hands to tenderly close the glazing eyes, but instead, the merciless, deadly embrace of the sea, and the cruel, greedy maw of its hideous progeny!

The sobs had ceased. There was silence save for the soft lapping of the waves against the walls almy with seaweeds. The tide need rise but a few inches more, and its work would be complete. It already touched Frank Atherton's chin. With a fortitude truly heroic he awaited his fate.

But what was this? Had the water really ceased to rise? or was it only his imagination playing him false? Trembling betwixt the extreme of hope and fear, Frank stood for some minutes hardly breathing in his agonizing uncertainty. Then a cry of joy burst from his lips.

"Hurrah, boys!" he shouted, waving his torch triumphantly. "The tide's going down again. Keep your places, and we'll all be saved."

There was first a feeble effort at a united cheer in response, and then, their tongues being loosened by the good news, the boys began to hail one another cheerfully, and to hazard guesses as to how long it would be before they would be released from their prison.

Oh, how cruelly slow the tide was in ebbing out again! Surely it took twice as long to fall as it did to rise; at least, so it seemed to the exhausted boys, who could barely keep themselves from slipping into its cold depths. But at length, and not a moment too soon, it retreated sufficiently to permit them to move about freely on the floor of the cave, and an hour later they splashed their way to the entrance.

To their amazement they found that it was as dark as pitch outside as well as inside the cave. They had entered it at midday. It was now not far from midnight. Not a sign of their boats could they find. The high water had torn them from their moorings, and carried them away. Fortunately Frank knew pretty well the lay of the land, and stumbling slowly along the shore, they eventually reached the cottage of a fisherman, who, in response to their appeal, took them in at once, made a big fire for them, and did his best for their comfort.

The next morning he carried them in his big boat back to Chebucto, where they found their mysterious disappearance the sensation of the town, and parties being organized to go in search of them. Their remarkable story aroused intense interest. Frank Atherton found himself the hero of the day, and in their abounding joy at the safe return of their sons, the parents of his companions freely forgave him for having organized the expedition which had so narrow an escape from perishing in Smuggler's Cave.—Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

A Thanksgiving Lesson.

BY J. D. COWLES.

Out through the cold of a city street
There hastened a child, alone,
All scantily clothed was the little form;
A garret she called her home.

She shivered, as blew the winter wind,
With hunger her face was drawn,
Beneath the folds of her thin, worn
shawl
She carried a locket—to pawn.

The locket had hung o'er her mother's
heart,
Since the time her father had died;
But now it must go—they could not
starve,
And she held it close as she sighed.

The bargain was made; meagre food was
bought,
And back to the garret she sped;
And I? I had watched her and followed
her home;
I was restless and willingly led.

I, with one disappointment, which fretted
me till
I had said,—it was Thanksgiving
night—
I had nothing for which I could render
Him thanks,
Then the child attracted my sight.

She sped up the stairways, she opened
her store
For the dear mother-face to approve,

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 21.

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOUR.

Eph 6 10-20 Memory verses, 13-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the
power of his might.—Eph. 6. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Christian's Armour, v. 10-12.
2. The Christian's Armour, v. 13-18.
3. The Christian's Duty, v. 19, 20.

Time and Place.—The Epistle to the Ephesians is the first in order of those written from Rome (not far from A.D. 62).

HOME READINGS.

- M. The Christian armour.—Eph. 6. 10-20.
- Tu. The warfare.—Rom. 7. 12-25.
- W. Our weapons.—2 Cor. 10. 1-6.
- Th. "It is written."—Matt. 4. 1-11.
- F. The enemy vanquished.—Rev. 20. 1-10.
- S. The arm of salvation.—Isa. 59. 12-21.
- Su. Our refuge.—Psalm 46.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Christian's Armour, v. 10-12.
Wherein are we bidden to be strong?
Golden Text.
What is it to be strong in the Lord?
What are we exhorted to put on?
What is this armour called in Rom. 13. 12?

A LITTLE FIDGET.

"That little Jimmy Brown is a perfect little fidget," said one lady to the other. "He is not really a bad boy, but he gives just as much trouble as if he was." Margie Lawton was Jimmy's dear friend, and she was sitting right in the room with the ladies, and could not help hearing this speech. She was much disturbed by it. When she had slipped away, to herself she thought and thought about it, and wondered what she ought to do. Should she tell Jimmy's mother? Should she tell her mother? What would be best? Presently she ran down to the garden fence and called:

"Jimmy! Jimmy!"
"What?" answered Jimmy from somewhere near the top of one of his father's apple-trees.
"Come over here. I've got something to tell you."

Jimmy scrambled down from the tree at fearful risk of his neck and followed Margie to a bench in a far-off corner of the garden.

"Jimmy," said Margie, "you are the nicest boy in the world, except our own Harry and the baby."

Jimmy nodded; it was a taken-for-granted fact.
"But you've got a fault," Margie went on.

"What is it?" asked Jimmy.
"You are a fidget. You are not really bad, but you give people a great deal of trouble."

Jimmy had been told this very often in a great variety of ways, but when he looked at Margie's solemn face it seemed

about him who had charge of the entertainment. When it was all over she was calling on his mother, and Jimmy came into the room. The lady smiled at the sight of him and shook hands very cordially.

"This is the boy," she said, "who all during my concert, and all during the practicings, behaved himself like a nice little gentleman."

"That was a great encouragement for you," Margie said when Jimmy told her; "so now you must keep on curing your fault till it's perfectly well."

Jimmy promised to try.
Having told you of one of his faults it is only fair to tell you of one of his virtues. One of Jimmy's virtues is that if he promises to do a thing he means to do it.

Thanksgiving Day.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Dear Lord, true Lord, there is no day
That should not a "Thanksgiving"
hold,

For mercies more than I can say,
Increasing as the years grow old,
There's not a moment of each day
That is not laden with thy love,
Nor 'e'en a second which is short
Of bounty from the hand above.

Do we forget? Dear patient King,
Whose subjects err from thy com-
mands,

Have patience yet a longer while,
And stoop to reach the eager hands
Held up to clasp thine own, when men—
Grown timid—seek at last a guide,
As they go stumbling on their way,
From the right path, so oft aside.

Seed-time and harvest come again,
And yet again upon the earth,
Oh, Lord, who dieu that we might live,
Let heart of man give glorious birth
To thoughts of prayer, and praise, and
love.

For thee, who, come the storm or
shine,
Doth ne'er forget the wants of those
Whom thy dear blood made ever thine.

Gather the harvest of our prayers—
The harvest of our gratitude—
For life, and all that makes it sweet,
For health and strength, for air and
food,

And let the incense of this day—
Set thus apart for joy and praise—
Burn in our loving hearts through all
The year's gift-crowned days.



AN ONTARIO FARM VIEW.

And then by the bedside she dropped,
while they said:
"We thank thee, O God, for thy love."

And I? Ah, I learned a lesson that
night,
Which time can never remove;
And I too, as I knelt by that old broken
door,
Said, "I thank thee, O God, for thy
love."

INTERESTED IN THE BICYCLE.

Every one who visits Central Park, New York, knows how tame the squirrels are. A gentleman was riding a bicycle through the Park; all at once he felt something run up the outside of his leg and jump into his coat-pocket. He put his hand in the pocket, and immediately the something jumped out and ran under his coat. Out popped a little gray nose, and then the head of a squirrel. The squirrel was not at all distressed by his novel ride. He settled down comfortably and went splashing around the Park under the rider's coat. The squirrels sit in the road, and watch the wheels coming in innocent amazement, and the wheelmen have to turn aside to avoid them. "One morning," says a writer in The Outlook, "I was walking along a mountain trail, and a squirrel came out of the bushes just in front of me, and looked at me with a most inquisitive expression. I was evidently as much of a curiosity to him as he was to me. He kept just in front of me for quite a distance, and then perched on top of a boulder and watched me pass, seeming to say, 'I guess you are harmless. I can trust you to play in my yard.'"

Who is our enemy?
What is his character? 1 Peter 5. 8.
What is said of our foes in verse 12?
Can we alone successfully contend
against them?

Who will help us, and how? 1 Cor. 10. 13.

2. The Christian's Armour, v. 13-18.
What is our duty during the evil day?
What shall be our duty at the end?
What shall we have gift about us?
How is this stated in 2 Cor. 6. 7?
What is our breastplate?
How is it mentioned in Isa. 59. 17?
What should we wear on our feet?
How is this illustrated by Isa. 52. 7?
What is our shield? And its use?
What should be on our head?
What is our sword?
What is the first duty named?
What does this show? Our need of divine help.

How should we pray?
From whom should we pray?
What other duty is named?
Against what must a soldier watch?
How should we watch?
What is Christ's command? Matt. 24. 42.

What is Paul's exhortation and its reason? 1 Thess. 5. 5, 6.

3. The Christian's Duty, v. 19, 20.
For what special grace does God ask prayers?

What does he mean by the phrase "an ambassador in bonds"?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That there is an evil spirit?
2. That we need protection against his wiles?
3. That we can have power to withstand him?

much more serious to him than it ever had before. His own face grew very red, and he hung his head.

"I don't care," he said; "I can't help it."

"Oh, yes, you do! Oh, yes, you can! You have to help your faults. I fidget some, too. But mother says I must remember that people have got nerves."

"Pshaw!" said Jimmy. "I can't remember them."

"You must. You must try. I'll tell you, Jimmy," Margie lowered her voice. "I guess you'd better say it with your prayers."

"How?" asked Jimmy.

"Why, don't you know, in the 'help me' part. I put my faults in there, and it makes them a lot easier. And then, of course, you can say them separately any other time of the day you like. It's much the best way."

"I know it," said Jimmy. For hadn't his mother told him all about those things ever since he was little, and didn't he go to Sunday-school besides?

"All right, then," said Margie. "I hope you'll soon be cured."

That night, Jimmy, to his mother's surprise, added something new to his prayers.

"Oh, Lord," prayed Jimmy, "help me not to be a fidget and give as much trouble as if I was bad. And please help me to remember everybody's nerves."

Soon after this there was to be a children's entertainment, in which Jimmy was to have a part. It took a great many practicings to get ready for it, and those practicings were times of great danger for Jimmy. Margie watched him with much anxiety. It was one of the two ladies whom she had heard talking

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