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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

No. 45

One of the Best Hymns.

BY CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am! thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

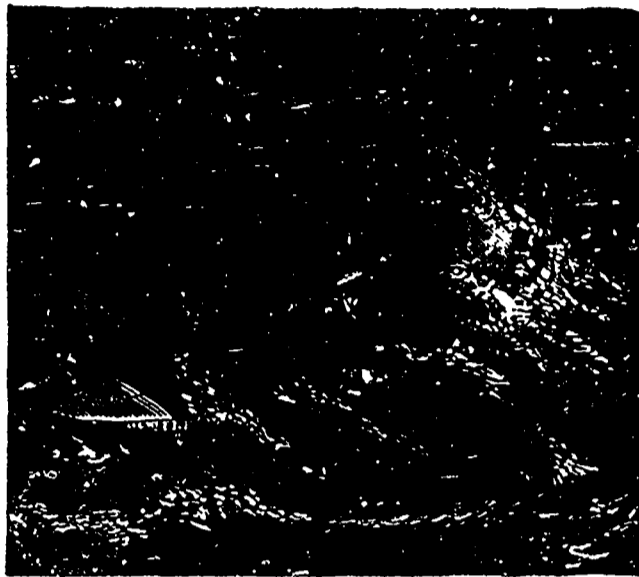
Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God I come.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

If you will observe the boat in this picture, you will see that a covering has been placed over either end. These are the air-chambers, which are so closely sealed that it is impossible for the water to find entrance into them. They are so large that they will keep the boat from sinking, not only when it is filled with passengers, but also with water; indeed, while the air-chambers remain uninjured, the life-boat will float under almost all circumstances. In the midst of storms that wreck the stoutest vessels the life-boat moves securely. For this reason it is used as a type of Christ, through whom the sinner escapes impending judgment, and through whom he passes on through life, secure from all the temptations and perils that beset his path.

SUCCESS AND SOUND BODIES.

When will men learn, and, learning, act on the knowledge, that health, bodily and mental, is one of the most vital elements of worldly success? In mercantile callings competition is now so intense, and business is transacted on so colossal a scale, that the drain on a man's vitality is greater and more exhausting than ever before in the world's history. In the learned professions, too, the efforts required, especially for leadership, are such as to make great constitutional strength and extraordinary power of endurance absolutely indispensable. The demand on the vitality of a successful clergyman, lawyer, doctor, statesman or engineer is continuous and exhausting. Talents alone, however fine, will not insure success. The axe may be sharp and may be driven home with herculean force; but not less careful is the power of dealing reiterated and cumulative blows. The mind may be keen as Saladin's cimeter; it may be carefully cultured, and full of knowledge and resources; but to achieve great and lasting results, it must be capable of long stretches of sustained energy, of intense and protracted labour, so as to be fresh, elastic and alert after many hours, and even days and nights of effort, whether at the desk, in the court-room, in the senate, or



THE LIFE-BOAT.

in the chamber of disease. It is true there have been men who in spite of ill-health have done great and heroic things. Wolfe capturing Quebec in spite of painful rheumatism; the gouty Torstenson in a litter leading armies and astonishing Europe by the rapidity of his movements; Richelieu, with one foot in the grave, signing death warrants and baffling conspirators; Robert Hall preaching immortal discourses while tortured by an excruciating spinal disease; all these are illustrious examples of mind triumphing over bodily weakness. But even these heroic men would have achieved still greater things if not hindered by wretched health.

On the other hand, see Swift dying in moody mania, "like a poisoned rat in a hole," after nine years of brain disease; see the great Isaac Newton, with intellect temporarily shattered by excessive study, or rather study without exercise; Alexander Nicoll, Hebrew professor at Oxford—who was said to be able to walk to the wall of China without an interpreter—dying of intense study at the same age; Scott, excited to such a pitch of activity that "he could not leave off thinking;" Southey, struck down from the height of fame into mere imbecility.

It is true that it is a working constitution which the business or professional man needs, not that of an athlete—the capacity of prolonged effort without

harm, nor the physique of the gymnast or the stroke oar, or the brawn of the gladiator. It is true, also, that physical vigour is needed more in some professions than in others. But in all it is indispensable to leadership, and he who lacks it must not think to command.

OUR CHINA MISSION.

BY REV. O. L. KILBORN, M. D.

SLAVERY.

There are no boys or men slaves in China, but in our province alone there are thousands and tens of thousands of girls and women slaves. There seems to be no public conscience against slave-owning, as there undoubtedly is against such a practice as infanticide. Girls are bought and sold every day in Chentu for from three to fifteen or twenty dollars each, and almost every family that can afford it has from one to five or six slave girls. Slavery in China is just as cruel and abusive as in any other country. Slaves are beaten and maltreated—may be beaten to death, even, without question. Parents take to themselves power of life and death over their own children, and we have seen how they exercise it in the case of their daughters, much more so they claim such power over their purchased property, the slaves.

Occasionally a case of slave murder of peculiar cruelty comes to light, and punishment may be inflicted; but such exceptions only emphasize the rule.

A slave girl, so weakened and emaciated by disease that she could not work, was cruelly beaten by her inhuman mistress, and then turned upon the street. She crawled to the W. M. S. hospital, at that time in Dr. Rotta Kilborn's charge. The poor girl was taken in and tenderly cared for, until, in a few weeks' time, death came to her release.

Another similar case was witnessed at the W. M. S. hospital. A slave girl about twelve years of age in some way excited the displeasure of her mistress, who, in a fit of passion, thrust a red-hot poker into the sole of the girl's foot. She was brought for treatment. But in spite of all that medical skill and careful nursing could do, this, together with other cruelties, was sufficient to cause the death of the child.

Chinese coffins are often very lightly covered with earth, or even laid upon the surface. People passing a pauper's burial ground on the outskirts of Chentu heard cries, apparently proceeding from one of these. The coffin was opened, and the slave girl, who had been buried alive, revived, and was conscious long enough to give an account of the horrible manner in which she had been tortured by the concubine of a high official. Hot needles had been thrust into her body, and other similar atrocities practised. A few hours later the girl succumbed to her injuries, and was reburied. The story spread, not through newspapers, for of these they have none, but through the tea-shops. Even Chinese public opinion could not stand this. People of every class were righteously indignant, and ultimately the woman thus accused was arrested, and was, I believe, punished in some way, whether by more than a fine was not known. Her rank and wealth probably saved her from anything more severe.

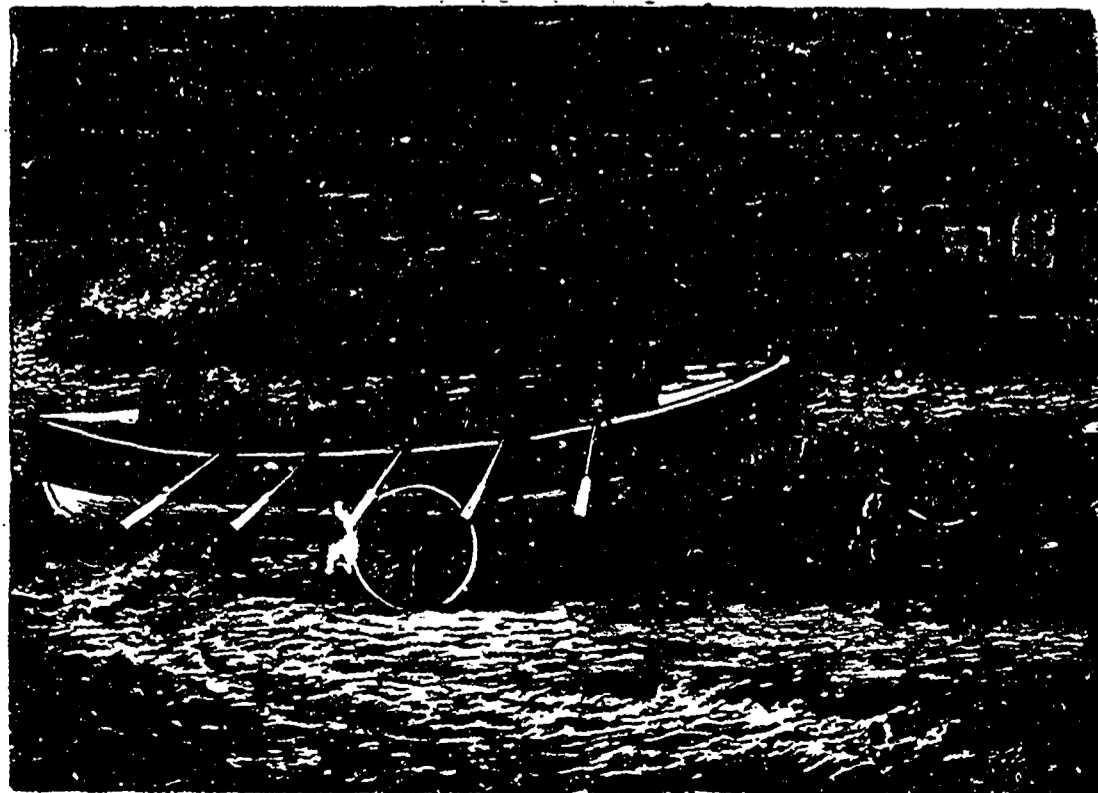
Another indication of the degraded position of woman in China is the all but universal custom of

FOOT-BINDING.

The feet of boys and men are never bound, only those of girls and women. There is one redeeming feature about slavery in China, and that is that slave girls do not have their feet bound. It would not be good policy on the part of their masters to bind the slaves' feet, because these girls must do a great deal of hard work, such as girls with bound feet cannot possibly do. But, with the one exception of the slave class, every Chinese girl and woman has her feet bound! That is, she is a cripple, from about five years of age, all through life. There are some parts of China, chiefly in the coast provinces, where a small percentage of the women do not bind their feet, possibly five or even ten per cent. But in West China the custom is practically universal. Women of every class bind their feet, even farmers' wives, who often help to do hard work in the field. I have seen women with little bound feet, hoeing corn on the mountain side; and on the other hand women amongst the official classes whose feet were bound so small that they could scarcely walk alone. These usually lean upon one or two slaves when they walk. Chinese women usually sit or kneel before the washtub, they cannot stand long enough to do a washing.

THE ORIGIN OF FOOT-BINDING

is involved in obscurity. The Chinese give several accounts, including the one which claims that men first bound their wives' feet to keep them from "gadding



LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.

"about!" But the story which is most generally accepted is to the effect that the favourite wife of an ancient emperor had club feet. In order to hide the deformity, she bound her feet with bands of silk bandages. The emperor admired the little bound feet, court ladies emulated her example, and so beginning with the highest in the land, the custom spread until it became national.

THE PROCESS

is a very simple one. When the child is about five years of age, the mother or the father, or both, if of ordinary cotton and winds them tightly round each foot. The four smaller toes are turned under, only the great toe being allowed to remain straight. The instep is pressed long, and the heel formed, until, in course of time, they actually meet, forming a great cleft nearly an inch deep, which runs transversely across the sole of the deformed foot. The bound foot varies from three to five inches in length. Silk bandages cover the cotton ones, and a diminutive silk or satin shoe covers all. Except once or twice, when the child is of perfect cleanliness, the bandages are not removed, but are worn night and day, as long as the child or woman lives.

Of course, it causes pain, agonizing pain for weeks and months to the average victim, years of pain to multitudes, and some suffer all their lives. And we must remember that there are away over a hundred million women and girls in China with club feet. The question naturally arises, "Why should such a painful and injurious practice be perpetuated?" I have often asked the Chinese the same question. The two reasons given, about equally important: "First, it is the fashion! Everybody does it." "If we did not bind our daughter's feet, people would laugh at her, they might think it was a disgrace." And, secondly, "If our daughter's feet were not bound, we could not make a good match for her." In China betrothals and marriages are arranged, not by the parties concerned, but by the parents of bride and groom, and the size of the young woman's poor little bound feet is always taken into consideration.

Ignorance, infanticide, slavery and foot-binding are a few of the characteristics of their degraded condition. Let us pity them, and pray and work for the downtrodden women of China.—Methodist Greetings.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including The Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others.

THE ABOVE PRICES PORTAGE. WILLIAM BRIDGES, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. Coates, S. F. Higgins, 215 St. Catherine St., Montreal. Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

MARY CHILTON AND PLYMOUTH ROCK.

BY FRISCELLA LEONARD. We all are familiar with the landing of the Pilgrims, pictured by tradition the "Arrowhead" here rising draped in ice, and the Pilgrim band kneeling on her deck, sails gracefully into the wide harbour, and anchors near the shore. A boat sped off toward the fort on Plymouth Rock, and, as it touches the historic boulder, pretty, youthful Mary Chilton, the Puritan maiden who, next to Friscella, is famous in the story of the ship's company, steps on the wide granite, and trips thence to the

beach, the first of the Pilgrims to set foot upon the continent. It is a pretty scene, even with the cold background of a wintry sea and a December sky, and so the popular imagination has held fast to it.

As a matter of plain, prosaic fact, however, it will have to be given up. To begin with—novel as it may seem to some of our young folk—it was not at Plymouth that the "Mayflower" first anchored, or her Pilgrim crew first set foot on the shore. The "Mayflower" sought anchorage, after her ocean voyage, off the coast of the present Cape Cod, Governor Bradford, Miles Standish, Carver, Brewster, and a dozen others, taking the little "shallop," with its rudder pole, that had been provided for the purpose, started at once to explore the coast. They feared Indians, and wanted to find a place which could be easily defended, and where there were springs of water and a safe and large harbour. They sailed along the coast and landed here and there, keeping always one hand on their weapons in case of a sudden outbreak of the dreaded Indian war-

Sometimes forcing their way through tangled woods and thickets, whose bare branches whipped their faces in the keen air, sometimes wading knee deep in the surf or across half-frozen brooks, they finally made their way to the present headland. Embarking again in the shallop (which, manned by Master Coppin, the pilot, and several sturdy sailors of the "Mayflower's" crew, kept close to the shore), they landed on the east coast, they tried to round Manomet, but as it began to rain and snow, with a rising wind and sea, and the rudder broke, and the mast crashed in three places, they gave up the idea of going very near beyond drowned then and there. Luckily, however, they were able to steer a little with the oars, and the flood tide bore them in successfully past the point where the Master Coppin and we are told, found accident that he did not know the coast at all, and threw up his hands, crying, "The Lord be merciful to us, for I never saw this place before." At this, in fact, he wanted to run the shallop ashore, and have a couple of breakers, but one of the seamen, with more presence of mind, "bade those that rowed, if they were men, about wither, or else they were all cast away." The Pilgrims promptly followed his advice, and so, as the winter twilight passed into darkness, they found themselves a little later under the lee of Clark's Island in Plymouth harbour. It was raining fast, and blowing hard, and as their watch all night. "In the morning," says Governor Bradford in his history, "they find the place to be a small island secure from Indians. And this being the day, and blowing hard, they dry their stuff, fix their pieces, rest themselves, return God thanks for their many deliverances, and here the next day keep their Christian Sabbath." At this point, the "Mayflower" and her crew, now bears the inscription, "On the Sabbath day we rested," and is said to be the spot where the first prayer was offered to God in this new land. On Monday the Pilgrims set their sails in their craft, and, in pursuance of their exploration, rowed in to the shore where Plymouth Rock stands, and landed on it, but as to who was the first to step out of the boat, all chronicles are silent. From this harbour, having found it suitable in every way, the little band sailed back to Provincetown to bring in the ship.

"Meanwhile, while was Mary Chilton? History is not silent on this point, but her speech, alas! is of prose and not of poetry. The Pilgrim Mothers, having seen the Pilgrim Fathers off, rose to the occasion. They had been several months on the water, and it is not to be supposed that the "Mayflower" had any laundry facilities. There was, therefore, a mighty wash accumulated, and these pioneer women took the opportunity of the day, and they took it on shore in the ship's other boat, and one and all of them set to work with a will. Monday, therefore, the thirteenth of November, 1620, was the first New England wash-day, and the women were busy for public tradition's—came ashore with the wash, and not with the landing party.

We need not, however, suppose that afterwards, when all the clothes were clean and dry, they were washed again, this time in Plymouth harbour, that Mary Chilton did not probably land after all in traditional style on Forefathers' Rock. There is no reason why she should not have done so. She was, even then, as we are told by historians, the men of the band landed first, and made sure that no Indians were about, and that it was safe for the rest to come ashore. It is not much to suppose that she, a stalwart, and sensible, too, when one

comes to think of it, than letting a young girl go off in the first boat, with the probability that savage foes might be lurking about. As a matter of fact she came ashore in the second boat load, or the sixth, Mary Chilton landed, sooner or later, on the Rock, for we hear of her again in the little colony as a "rouching girl" and she was the wife of John Winslow, the governor's brother. Afterwards, her husband removed to Boston, and there, in the quiet inclosure of King's Chapel graveyard, so close to, yet so remote from, the crying of the bells of the town, she st. poned first or last on Plymouth Rock, it is none the less a charming figure in the "Mayflower" story.

WILL'S GAME.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Tommy Elkins walked slowly up the lone toward the main road. Ten minutes more from the crying of the bells of the town, she st. poned first or last on Plymouth Rock, it is none the less a charming figure in the "Mayflower" story.

"Hello, Tommy; what you doing there?" I hunted that field all over this morning, and didn't find a ripe berry. Too early yet." His search might you'd been here, grumbled Tommy, standing abandoned. "I hunted that field all over this morning, and didn't find a ripe berry. Too early yet."

"Oh, you're the bustiest fellow I ever saw, with not a handfull of work to do," snapped Tommy. "Now, I have to get up at five, and get my clothes on. But this is the game," dropping upon the grass opposite Will, who was already seated. "You know that funny little house down on the back creek that nobody's lived in for a long time? Well, I was down to the creek to-day, sailing my toy boat, and what do you think? Why, a lot of ducks came out from behind that house, and swam right toward the boat. Maybe they thought the sail was another duck, for it's 'bout as big as one; or maybe they were just curious and wanted to see what the thing was. Anyhow, they just followed and sailed right along in front till they were almost to the bend in the creek. Then I heard father calling for me to go after the cows, and I had to get my boat, and that scared 'em for a while, after the chores were done, I went back and spied round the house, and I saw the funniest little old woman come out, and I heard her call, 'Ducky, ducky,' and then pretty soon a big yellow-billed covey came to catch 'em. I was up on top of the boat and it was getting sort of dark, but I should think it was 'bout as big as you and me."

"Was he?" said Will, carelessly, without betraying as much interest as Tommy had anticipated. "But what is your game?" "Why, don't you see, stupid?" indignantly. "You're getting sharp enough. Of course you like the boat and sail, but just like I did before, and if the wind isn't strong I'll fix a string on to pull it by. When we get the ducks round the bend, out of sight, I'll cast out and let 'em into the building for a week or two; then we'll hang round and hear

the old woman calling, 'Duckies, duckies dear! Oh, where's my ducks? dear!' Then he rose suddenly, and took the bank and yelling himself hoarse. Will, my not that be fun?" And in anticipation of the fun Tommy rolled upon the grass and kicked his heels into the air. "What you looking so glum for, Will Brown?" he demanded. "Don't you like it?"

"Was wondering how the old woman would answer," Will answered, sulkily. "Huh!" And Tommy began to kick the grass pettishly.

"Look here, Tommy," said Will, suddenly, "how'd you like to join my game? I've been thinking about it a good while." Tommy's face brightened instantly. "What is it?" he asked. "I thought maybe you were going to keep it all to yourself."

Will laughed. "I wasn't sure you'd like it. But here it is: Father once knew a woman who married a missionary and went with him to India. They lived there thirty years, and when she died her money came back. But she had no folks and no money, and when father heard about it he got a house for her. I went down with him, and she told us stories better than any book you've read. She had her own garden, and most all the time the past week, helping. She's going to grow things to sell. These eggs are hers, and I am going to try to sell some to mother and some to the store in the village. When you ought to hear her, Tommy," his face glowing; "her stories are just fine—all about strange people and animals, and—and all sorts of things."

"And would she sell 'em to anybody—?" Tommy demanded. "And any time?"

"Oh, yes, she says she likes to talk about her life there; and she likes company. But if you don't want to work, I'll help her plant and make corks and look after the chickens and ducks."

"Ducks," repeated Tommy, suspiciously. "Yes, she's the woman you saw in the funny little house on the back creek, and I was the boy who went along in the bank after the ducks. But never mind, Tommy, as his companion's face suddenly reddened, "wouldn't you like to join? Her stories are better than any book you ever saw."

A FORTUNE IN MANNE.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy named Tom who would not be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambition, it is worth at least a hundred thousand dollars. The boy was the relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things, he had been taught to be friendly and to link of other persons before himself. Therefore he soon acquired a cheery, helpful, and affable manner, that won for him an entrance into the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. His attractive address and quiet confidence, and his calm and steady manner on every hand. A score of small courtesies every day unconsciously called attention to his value. That is why the shrewd man of the world ventured the foregoing opinion.

Foreign Lands.

By R. L. STEVENSON. Up into the cherry tree Who should climb but little me? I held the trunk with both my hands And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie, Adorned with flowers before my eye, And many pleasant places more That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass And be the sky's blue looking-glass; The dusty road grew up as friend With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree, Further and further I could see, Where a crowd of cool-up river slips Into the sea among the ships, To where the roads on either hand Lead onward into fairyland, Where all the children dine at five, And all the playthings come alive,

Heaven.

A True Incident.

The lesson hour was nearly past
When I asked of my scholars seven,
Now, tell me, each one, please, in turn,
What sort of place is heaven?"

"O meadows, flowers and lovely grass!"
Cried poor little North Street Kitty,
While Dorothy, fresh from the country
lanes,
Was sure 'twas a "great big city."

Bessy, it seemed, had never thought
Of the home beyond the river;
She simply took each perfect gift,
And trusted the loving Giver.

Then up spoke Edith, tall and fair—
Her voice was clear and ringing,
And led in the Easter anthem choir—
"In heaven they're always singing!"

To Eather, clad in richest furs,
'Twas a place for "outdoor playing;"
But Bridget drew her thin shawl close,
For "warmth and food" she was
praying.

The desk bell rang. But one child left,
My sober, thoughtful Florry.
"Why, heaven just seems to be a place—
A place where you're never sorry!"

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XXI.

BY ST. GEORGE KNIGHTS.

There came a day when Doctor Slocum admitted that he had done all he could for the young man, and asked for a consultation. Three physicians from Salem came to Fairport. They shook their heads gravely, as they made a diagnosis of the case. The substance of their conference was that dissipation had weakened the young man's constitution, and his life hung upon a thread. Another night would be the crisis point in the disease.

Mrs. Seabury had taken Olive and gone to her friends at the beginning of Ralph's sickness. The stepmother had no love for the sick boy. Hers was a shallow nature. She seldom looked beyond her own selfish interests. So it happened that the vigil around Ralph's bedside was kept by the nurse, the doctor, Mr. Felton, and the Judge.

For eight weeks the fever had raged, and that pale, wasted figure yonder would hardly have been recognized as the handsome Ralph Seabury. The hours passed slowly. The moments seemed like ages to the unhappy father and uncle, as they realized that another hour would seal the boy's fate. The hands of the clock pointed to the hour of midnight, and still the young man lay in a death-like stupor. At last he moved slightly and opened his eyes.

"Where am I? What's the matter?" he inquired, in a feeble voice.

"You have been very sick, and now you must go to sleep," said the nurse, bending over him. Ralph seemed satisfied with this explanation and fell into a natural slumber.

"The crisis is past, and your son will live," said Doctor Slocum.

Mr. Felton's face worked convulsively, and he left the room to hide his emotion. The Judge bowed in acquiescence, while something suggestive of a tear glittered in his cold, gray eyes.

The news of Ralph Seabury's convalescence spread through the village, and many comments were passed upon the fact by the gossips of Fairport. "Should think his son's disgrace would humble the Judge," said one.

"It wa'n't no more typhoid fever than measles is typhoid fever. 'Twas a clear case of delirium tremens," said another.

"Guess the Judge will advocate temperance reform now," chuckled a third.

In some respects Judge Seabury was a changed man. He had passed through a bitter experience and had been confronted by wholesome truths. He realized that his method of training his son had been a failure, and that he was in part to blame for the disgrace which had attached to the name of Seabury. But the man was not yet humbled. He had taken a certain stand before the community, and he was too proud to say, "I was mistaken." He resolved to remove all liquors from his table, so that his son should not meet temptation there, but as to clearing out his wine cellar, he could not, and he would not. His daily glass or two had become indispensable to his comfort. Mr. Felton reasoned in much the same way.

To the world the Judge carried himself with the same arrogance which made him so unpopular to many. Few dared approach him on the subject of Ralph's recent illness. Mr. Strong felt it his duty to visit the old man, and see if he would not now lend his influence in aiding temperance work in Fairport. As he had called nearly every day to inquire after the sick boy, he felt that, at least, he was entitled to courteous treatment. But he was bitterly disappointed. The Judge met him with a haughty, repellent air, and refused flatly to take any different stand on the temperance question.

"I have chosen my course, Mr. Strong, and desire no interference on your part. I do not dictate what my neighbours must believe, and I wish no one to dictate to me."

With a sad heart, the minister took his departure.

"And must Ralph Seabury be sacrificed?" he cried.

Meeting the young man as he was walking out for the first time since his illness, he invited him into the parsonage to rest. The invitation was accepted, and the two fell into pleasant conversation. The subject of Ralph's terrible sickness was not broached until the young man, of his own accord, turned to Mr. Strong, and said frankly:

"You must know the cause of my recent illness. Now, Mr. Strong, what can I do to overcome my appetite for liquor?"

"My dear fellow," replied the minister, grasping Ralph's hand, "I thank God that you have asked me this question. Take the total abstinence pledge, and determine, with God's help, to keep it, and I am confident that you will have strength given you to resist the tempter. There is no other safe ground for you or for any one. Will you do this? Or, do not decide now, but think the matter over, and come next Wednesday evening to the meeting of the St. George League and there decide. We are expecting to receive some new members that night, and you may be interested to see what the pledge has done for some of the worst men in Fairport."

Ralph thanked the minister for his words, and promised to attend the meeting. Mr. Strong prayed as he had never prayed before that this young man might be rescued from the dragon's clutches; still his faith was not strong enough to believe that Ralph Seabury would really attend the meeting.

But sure enough, the young man was there at the time appointed, sitting in the rear of the hall. It was "pledge night," and a speaker from Salem had been secured to address the League on the subject of "Intemperance and its Remedy." The gentleman was a ready speaker, full of eloquence, pathos and argument. He spoke from the depths of a bitter experience, and his words had a powerful effect upon his audience. Mr. Strong followed with a few stirring, gospel words, and then those who desired to become St. George Knights were invited to step forward and sign the pledge-roll.

A silence, eloquent with meaning, followed. Then there was a stir, and a man walked slowly to the front. Could it be? Yes, Tyler Matthews wrote his name with a firm hand. Then turning to the audience, he said:

"I've done visiting the Maypole. When I found out my boy was being led inter bad habits at the tavern, I made up my mind ter turn over a new leaf, an' I hope you'll all help me ter keep the pledge."

Enthusiastic applause greeted Matthews' speech. His example and words encouraged weaker ones, and Tom Barton and Thomas Riley came to the front and wrote their names. These men then went to the rear of the hall, and, surrounding Carl Schmidt, began to hold earnest conversation.

"Come on, Carl, and put your name down. It'll make a man of you, and you'll feel ever so much better. What you hangin' back fur? 'Fraid ter be one of the parson's string? I tell you it's a boss thing for a man ter be in sech good company as Parson Strong's. He's the man what's the friend ter coves like us."

At last, half ashamed of his cowardice, and emboldened by the words of his cronies, Carl came forward and added his signature to the list. Again the hall rang with applause.

"Velly goot," said the pleased German, "I not git von clap before."

"Are there any more who desire to join our ranks?" said Mr. Strong, when the laughter had subsided.

A firm step was heard walking to the front, and a manly form appeared by the minister's side. It was Ralph Seabury!

"I wish to sign the total abstinence pledge, and to become a St. George

Knight," said the young man, determination looking from his eyes. "Pray for me that I may be helped to overcome the dragon's power."

Ralph Seabury's name was added to the list, the accustomed hand-shakings and congratulations followed, and the meeting closed.

"Young Seabury is saved," said Mr. Strong to his wife. "He will make a noble Christian yet. The hand of God is in all this," he added reverently.

(To be continued.)

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 18.

THE TEN LEPERS CLEANSED.

Luke 17. 11-19. Memory verses, 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye thankful.—Col. 3. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cry of Need, v. 11-13.
 2. The Miracle of Healing, v. 14.
 3. The Gratitude, v. 15. 19.
- Time.—Early in A.D. 30.
Place.—On the border line between Samaria and Galilee.

LESSON HELPS.

11. "As he went"—"This is the first distinct note of time in Luke's narrative since chap. 9. 51. It appears to coincide with the journey of which we read in Matt. 19. 1, Mark 10. 1, and is the commencement of the last progress through the regions in which our Lord had already carried on his ministry."—Ellicott.

12. "A certain village"—Unknown. "I never met him"—"As is the custom in the East, this dismal society hovered near the village which they might not enter." (Num. 5. 4; Matt. 8. 1, 2.) "Lepers"—"Fearful beyond words was their malady. "From the skin it slowly ate its way through the tissues to the bones and joints, and even to the marrow, rotting the whole body piecemeal. The lungs, the organs of speech and hearing, and the eyes were attacked in turn, till at last consumption or dropsy brought welcome death."—Gekkie. (1) Leprosy typifies the more fearful disease of sin. "Afar off"—"The space which a leper was bound to keep between him and every other person is estimated by some at four cubits (six feet), by others at one hundred cubits (one hundred and fifty feet)."—C. let.

13. "And they"—"As they were companions in suffering, they were also companions in prayer."—Clarke. "Lifted up their voices"—"That they might be heard at a distance. "Jesus, Master"—"Using appropriately here the term peculiar to Luke, which signifies rulership, authority."—Bliss. "Neither his honour, nor his name, nor his power is unknown to them." "Have mercy"—"In what manner needed no explanation."—"The plea was obviously equivalent to "Heal us of our dreadful malady."—Bliss.

14. "When he saw them"—His sympathies were aroused by their forlorn condition. "He said"—"Shouted out, for there must be many places between him and them by the requirements of the law. "Go show yourselves"—"When a leper was cured, before he could be restored to society he was required to show himself to the priest, to make an offering, and to be officially pronounced clean. (See Lev. 14; Matt. 8. 4.) But as he did not directly tell them that they were going to be healed, or that they were healed, this command was a remarkable test of their faith. "As they went"—"Their faith was equal to the test, and God's salvation equal to their faith."

15. "One of them"—A Samaritan. (Verse 16.) He was on his way to his priests at Gerizim, while the nine had probably started for Jerusalem. "Turned back"—"The words imply that the work of healing was not accomplished till the company of lepers was at least nearly out of sight."—Plumptre. He delayed for a moment his cleansing, because the priests were ever at the temple, but if Jesus should go out of sight he might never see him again. "Glorified God"—"Gave public praise."—Clarke. (2) We should likewise give praise for sin forgiven.

17. "And Jesus answering"—"Not to any words that had been uttered, but to the language of the circumstances and the occasion."—Kendrick. "Were there not"—"There is a tone of mingled surprise, grief, indignation, in the question thus asked."—Plumptre.

18. "There are not found," etc.—"It is as if all these benefits were falling into a deep, silent grave."—Langa. "The best of us are far too like the nine lepers. We are more ready to pray than to praise, and more disposed to ask God for what we have not than to thank him for what we have."—Nevin. (3) How base a sin is ingratitude!

19. "Go thy way"—"To the priest, for without his certificate he could not again be restored to the society of his friends or the public worship of God."—Barnes. "Whole"—"The nine had had sufficient faith for the restoration of the health of their body; his had gone further, and had given a new and purer life to his soul."—Plumptre.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The ten lepers cleansed.—Luke 17. 11-19.
- Tu. Cleansing the leper.—Lev. 14. 1-9.
- W. Naaman healed.—2 Kings 5. 8-14.
- Th. Cured by a touch.—Matt. 8. 1-4.
- F. Prayer for mercy.—Psa. 85.
- S. Afar off.—Luke 18. 9-14.
- Su. Thanksgiving.—Psa. 80.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Cry of Need, v. 11-13.
Where was Christ journeying?
Whom did he meet on the way?
Why did they stand "afar off"?
Of what is leprosy a type?
Is its cure within the power of man?
What favour did they beseech of Christ?
Did they recognize the power of Jesus?
2. The Miracle of Healing, v. 14.
Did Christ respond to their cry?
Are his ears ever closed to a cry of distress?
If they had not believed in Jesus could they have been cleansed?
What did Christ command them to do?
What law did he recognize in this?
What was the result of their obedience?
What is always necessary in order to receive Christ's blessings?
3. The Gratitude, v. 15-19.
How did the lepers receive God's gift?
How many served him?
Do the average people of to-day rejoice in God, or are they simply glad to receive his good gifts?
Who was the one exception among the lepers?
What does God expect in return for his blessings? Golden Text.
How will true gratitude evince itself?

"Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?" One thankful one out of nine! If the rest had really been thankful they would have said so

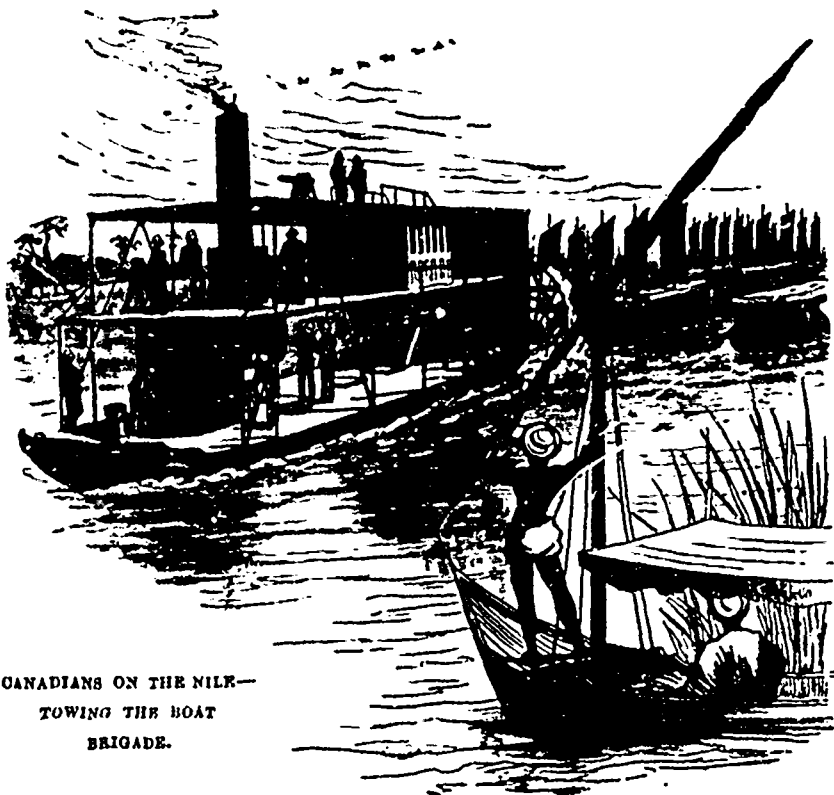


They were only glad for themselves, in a selfish way. They forgot about the One who had done this great thing for them.

The leprosy of sin makes us stand afar off from Jesus. But "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us



our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." By faith the ten were cleansed of their foul disease; but they did not experience that inward cleansing which was the reward of him who returned to Jesus and rejoiced for his renewed body. "Where are the nine?" we might ask of many who once professed conversion but seldom praise their Healer. And in just proportion we might point out the one who continues to follow Jesus, and say, "Be ye thankful."



CANADIANS ON THE NILE—
TOWING THE BOAT
BRIGADE.

GOOD BOOKS FOR BOYS.*

What we specially like about Major Henty's books is the robust and manly tone of British patriotism with which they are inspired. The series recounts some of the most striking events in English history, from the days of Beric, the Briton, in the old Roman days, down to the recent "Dash for Khartoum." The romantic story of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," the stirring tale of the bold British sailors and their conflict with the Spaniards in the time of Drake, the founding of the British Empire in India under Clive, and a score of other stirring events in the history of the British Empire, are treated with great vigour and great fidelity to historic accuracy.

Comparatively few boys will sit down and read a prosy history; but give them a stirring story in which the dry bones of history are clothed with living, throbbing flesh and blood, and they will read it with avidity, and acquire a large amount of useful information. They will acquire, also, a taste for historic reading and study that will lead them to investigate in wider fields for themselves. We know one boy who in reading Major Henty's books keeps the open atlas beside him and refers to encyclopaedias and larger histories, and puts his father through a regular catechism on the subjects treated by these books. Our chief difficulty is that the books are of such absorbing interest that the boy is apt to be beguiled to give them time that should be spent in school studies or exercise, and even the "stern parent" finds himself dipping into these books with the avidity of a boy.

"The Dash for Khartoum" is especially interesting. A gallant story it is: how a few thousand British redcoats and bluejackets put down a strong rebellion, went nearly 2,000 miles up the Nile, brought order out of chaos, and started Egypt on a course of prosperity such as it had probably never known before. This may seem an extravagant assertion in view of the ancient civilizations whose very ruins are stupendous. But that old civilization was one of oppression and wrong, when the poor peasants were crushed beneath burdens akin to those of the Israelites in bondage.

In our journey up the Nile we met many British officers and others who had taken part in this dash for Khartoum, and often we sat upon the steamer's deck in the glowing day's decline and listened to stories of hairbreadth escape and deeds of daring that made the nerves thrill. "There the memory of Gordon," said one military officer, "is revered almost like that of the prophet himself. They regarded him as almost superhuman." At Tel-El-Kebir, we saw the pathetic burying-ground in the midst of the desert, where sleep the remains of the gallant British soldiers who were slain in the terrible battle at that place. In the English church at Cairo the walls are fairly covered with memorials of British soldiers and sailors who have

*"The Dash for Khartoum: a Tale of the Nile Expedition." By G. A. Henty, author of "Held Fast for England," "The Lion of the North," etc. Blackie & Son, London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$1.50.

given their lives for the regeneration of this old land of the Nile.

"The Dash for Khartoum" is especially interesting to us in Canada from the fact that 900 Canadian voyageurs took part in the exploit, in conveying the troops and stores up that wonderful river and surmounting its cataracts. We give illustrations of Canadians on the Nile, not very artistic, but showing the facts of the case. The pictures in the Henty book are of high artistic merit. There are ten beautiful engravings and four plans and maps of important places. The tales of Lord Charles Beresford and Captain Burnaby, recounted here, have never been surpassed in the annals of British daring.

The unhappy necessity for conquering the fanatical Madhists and Arabs was one that was forced upon the British Government, and it seems to be one of the cases in which the sword has to be the true peacemaker.

The incident of the murder of Gordon and the fall of Khartoum is one of tragic interest and makes a stirring episode in this story. Sir Charles Beresford ran the gauntlet of the hostile batteries, and, with his steamer, rescued Sir Charles Wilson's party, and began the sad retreat from the abandoned Soudan.

We follow the adventures of a couple of English lads in these stirring times. They get into a good deal of trouble, partly through their own fault. Major Henty gives the sound advice, "When in trouble you should always go freely to your best friends and natural advisers, and lay the case fully before them. It may be that, if the trouble has arisen from your own fault, you will have to bear their temporary displeasure, but this is a small thing in comparison with the permanent injury that may arise from acting on your own impulse. In most cases cowardice lies at the bottom of concealment, and cowardice is of all vices the most contemptible; while the fear of the displeasure of a parent has ruined many a boy's life. Therefore, when you are in serious trouble, always go to your best friend, your father, and lay the case frankly and honestly before him; for you may be sure that present displeasure and even punishment are but small things in comparison with the trouble that may arise from trying to get out of the difficulty in other ways."

However, all's well that ends well, and our young readers will want to find that out for themselves.

CHIVALRY ON CRUTCHES.

BY EVERETT H. SCOTT.

We two in a railway car seat—The Boy and I. In five minutes we had scraped acquaintance. He shared my illustrated papers; I shared his gumdrops—moderately. I knew that he was freckled, snub-nosed, and sturdy. He knew—all that a pair of keen gray eyes could tell after a prolonged survey. Whatever he learned seemed to persuade him to confidence; and the sight of a certain famous group of school buildings loosed his tongue. My interruptions were few, and, for the sake of the story, they appear not at all.

"There, sir. Watch close. It's just around the curve. N-n-now! Did you see? The one with the red roof and a cupola—la, I mean.

"Yes, sir, that's the best place for boys there ever was. We all call it The Jolly Jane. But that's not the real name, of course. The Jane-Wheeler-Memorial - Cottage - erected - by-loving-sisters-and - presented-to-The-Blandford-School-for-Boys. You ought to hear us fellows sing that when we're all together. We make it the last verse of 'The Three Salty Fishermen.' It goes great to that tune. Every new fellow has to sing it three times through, backward, inside of a minute, or else he has to do a wooden soldier.

"Boys hate to do wooden soldiers, you know, so this year every new fellow had the Jolly Jane verse by heart, except Sid Stevens. Bum Willetts held the watch and gave Sid a good two minutes. And Softy Barrows coached him up. But Sid just couldn't keep his tongue untwisted. Well—there was the wooden soldier to do. The boys felt—why, they felt like sancho. For, you see, Sid was lame, had to get around on two crutches. And of course he couldn't do a wooden soldier. But there was the cottage rule. And we couldn't tell Sid he was out of the play, could we? Oh, we were in a pickle.

"Well, sir, Sid didn't wait a minute. He just held out those two crutches and said: 'Here, boys, these are my wooden soldiers. Let them do the trick.' Wasn't it clever of him? The boys shouldered the sticks and had their walk-around and sang the Jolly Jane verse until the professor had to come up and look into things a bit.

"Sid was a Jolly Janette worth having. If there was anything in the way of a good time, Sid was in the middle of it.

"Good times? That boy without any legs worth mentioning got us into all kinds of games and hunts, peanuts and such, you know. But the best of all was the sheet and pillow-case party. Did you ever go to one? Then you know what fun it is.

"We couldn't talk anything else for a week beforehand. One night after supper we were all roosting on the piazza rail talking about the way we'd pick out the different fellows. Bobs Hilburne spoke up—he never thought a minute how it would sound—and said, 'We'll know you, Sid, by your crutches.' Wasn't that—ghostly? Bobs didn't think, that was it. He's a thoroughbred, Bobs is. And if he'd have thought— Anyway, he said it.

"For a minute things were pretty quiet, you'd better believe.

Then Sid laughed, with just a bit of a choke at the same time, and hopped up with 'Don't you care, fellows; I'll have my share of the fun guessing the rest of you.'

"Wasn't that fine of him? You know how sort of awkward a fellow feels at a party. Well, it was just the same that Friday night, only worse. The sheets would keep coming unpinched, and would get under a fellow's feet the best he could do. And you can't ask for a pin without giving yourself away. At least, we couldn't. You try it some time. Say, 'Please give me a pin,' in a little squeaky voice. Oh, you'll be known for sure.

"When we finally waddled into the parlour there was a sheeter with the crutches down on the floor beside the chair. Ben Moulton—wish you could know the dear old blunderhead—forgot all about keeping his mouth shut. It

was a regular up-and-down war-whoop. 'Hello, Sid!' And then he caught his foot in the sheet. Over he went, clear into the next room.

"And there was another sheeter and another pair of crutches. You ought to have seen Ben! Head half out of the pillow-case, sheet all down around his knees, he was a sight. But he didn't think of how he looked. He eyed one, then he eyed the other. 'My crack—' And he stopped right there. For in the door stood another Sid, crutches and all.

"You know what a racket twenty boys having a good time can make. We made it that night. And all we did, as sure as I'm sitting here, was to find out who was the real Sid. To be sure, we didn't find out that until the pillow-cases came off. And then the one I thought was Sid was Bobs, and Bobs was Dofy Green, and Dofy Green was Sid.

"What next? Why, we sang 'The Salty Sailors' through three times; and the first time we made Dofy sing the Jolly Jane verse, and the next time, Bobs, and the next time, Sid. And we ate ice cream. And—that was all."

There was a spot of red under each freckled cheek and a dancing light in the gray eyes, quite enough to make me ready for the eager question, "Wasn't that grand of Bobs?"

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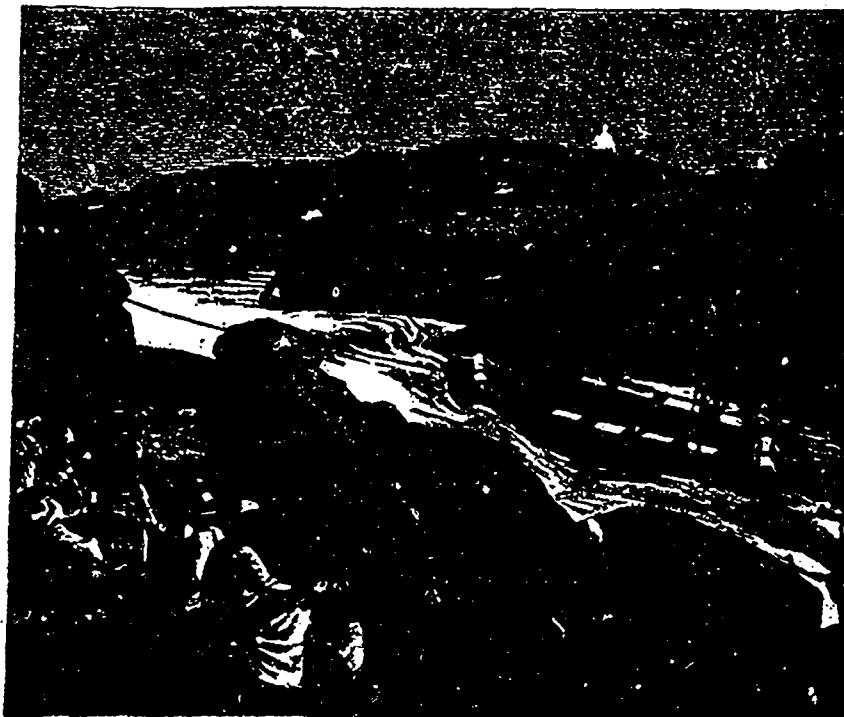
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