

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 18, 1884.

No. 21.



JEWISH LADY AT TRTUAN.—(See next page.)

"BOYS A NUISANCE."

BY ANNIE M. STREATER.

SO, boys are a nuisance, are they?
I'd really like to know
Just what you'd do without us
If we'd all start up and go!
Who'd match your wousted for you?
Who'd journey up and down
With notes for confidential friends
Who live all over town?

Who'd travel to the grocery store
A dozen times an hour?
Who'd run to post your letters
When we chance to have a shower?
I'm really sure, we pay our way
With interest sometimes, too;
And if we are brimful of play,
And like our fun, don't you?

Well, sister Flo, you take it back!
You like us "in our place!"
That's fair enough, I'm very sure.
What have you there, some lace?
You want it matched, I tho'ts as much,
But my place is here, you see,
I'm really pretty well assured
The hammock's wanting me.

"Please!" well, I s'pose I'd better go;
But, Flo Brown, you look here,
If you're caught calling names again,
'Twill pay you pretty dear.
My! here I am, half up the street,
I knew 'twould be just so,
For though I make a little fuss,
I can't say "No" to Flo.

A JEWISH LADY OF TETUAN.

THE Jews ever since the days of the Exodus, when they "borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver and jewels of gold" have been very fond of jewellery and precious stones. They are to-day, in all parts of the civilized world, the principal dealers in these costly luxuries. One reason for this, apart from their natural instincts, is that civil rights have in many lands been so denied them that it was unsafe for them to hold real estate in the way of lands or houses, lest it should be confiscated. Their money and jewels were so portable that they could easily be concealed or carried from land to land when some outburst of Christian hate drove them forth again into exile. They have always been fond of decking out their wives and daughters with trinkets, not always in the best taste in the world. The picture shows a woman of Tetuan, a city and seaport of Morocco, in the province of Fez, in Northern Africa. She is so bedizened with jewellery that the effect of her natural beauty—her regular features and lustrous dark eyes—is to a great extent destroyed. Notice the ropes of pearls about her neck, the tiara of precious stones on her head, and the huge ornaments on each side of her face. I should think she would be embarrassed by all this finery. The faculty which the Jews have always had of accumulating wealth, often by "spoiling the Gentiles" and by the practice of extortionate usury, has had much to do with the cruel and unchristian hate and persecution with which they have been treated. The following beautiful verses of Longfellow, upon the Jewish Cemetery at Newport, Rhode Island, describe the ruthless sufferings which this hapless race have often undergone:—

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in
their graves,
Close by the street of this fair seaport
town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their
sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south
wind's breath,
While underneath such leafy tents they keep
The long mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and
brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-
place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown
down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's
base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
Alvares and River interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God! for He created Death!"
The mourners said, "and death is rest and
peace;"
Then added, in the certainty of faith,
"And giveth Life that never more shall
cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remem-
brance green.

How came they here? What burst of Chris-
tian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagar of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes
obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mire and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened
bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with marah of their
tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street
to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by
Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world
where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and
vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

A THRILLING SCENE.

A LONDON paper of recent date describes a thrilling scene of peril and rescue that contains the elements of a most striking illustration of the greater danger and the more wonderful salvation of the sinner. The driver of a waggonette party at Parranporth, near Truro, while wandering on the beach found his retreat cut off by the tide. He essayed to climb the cliffs, but when half way up he found progress impossible and descent certainly fatal. The ledge on which he was supported would only give space for one foot, and the ground to which he clung above was loose and crumbling. For some hours he endured this suspense, when the visitors descried him from above. The news spread and the crowd congregated, but none dared

venture along the slight ledge by which alone the man could be approached. To have thrown a rope would have been useless, for the effort to catch it would certainly have caused the poor fellow to fall.

A coast-guardsmen named Regan volunteered to be let down a hundred feet over the face of the cliff, and while he descended the excitement was quickened tenfold. The man below could only hold out a little longer, and the least disturbance of the earth around him would inevitably cause his destruction. In breathless eagerness the spectators saw the one man near the other. By a sudden effort the coast-guardsmen clasped the man he had endeavoured to save with a sudden and strong grip, and they swung off the ledge together. Even then the danger was not at an end; but a descent was safely effected to a ledge below, whence access to the summit was gradually gained. The spectators were too overcome to cheer, but they did what was better—collected a good round sum for the coast-guardsmen.

CONVERSION OF A CHILD.

I WAS at this time pastor of a large church in Boston. Special interest arose among our people, and I was holding a few extra meetings, and giving some addresses to the children and young people. I was greatly pleased to see Lucy at several of the meetings, coming of her own accord. One Monday morning, a week or so after this, as I was going down to the dining-room, she intercepted me at my study door. I was surprised to see her down so early, for she was not usually the first to come down to breakfast. She came towards me with a strange eagerness. I saw by her face and the tears standing in her eyes that something unusual had happened to move her. I said, "What is it, dear?"

She made no reply at once in words, but with a bound she flung her arms around my neck and began to cry and sob, not as if in sorrow, but with gladness, hugging and caressing me all the time.

Presently she said, "Papa, I have have got something to tell you." I at once turned and drew her with me into the study. And catching her in my arms she sat on my knees in the same chair where a few months before she so unwillingly sat to receive my rebuke and instruction in righteousness.

"Now tell me all about it, dear," I said to her.

"Well, papa, you know how naughty I was when you talked to me here a long time ago. I did not forget it. I have been very sorry and ashamed about it, and have often since prayed to God to make me a better child. Well, you know the little meetings you had with the children? I went to some of them and resolved that I would give my heart to Jesus, but I did not. Yesterday your sermon in church made me see what a great sinner I was, and I went to bed very unhappy last night, thinking of my sins and wondering if God would forgive me. I don't know how it was, but I think God must have awakened me. It was in the night and quite dark, when I awoke. I thought of my sins, and then thought of all you had taught me about Jesus. Then I got

out of bed and knelt beside it, and gave my heart to him, and oh, I am so happy! and I have been awake ever since, waiting for the morning to come so that I could tell you."—*Dr. G. F. Pentecost.*

CHILD INFLUENCE.

WHILE sitting in the parlour of Rev. Dr. Levy, in West Philadelphia, yesterday, a gentleman with a sad expression came in and said to his pastor:

"Mother died this morning at six o'clock."

He then told us of the triumphant death of his wife's mother.

After he had gone, Dr. Levy gave us the following interesting facts:

He said: "When I was at this church holding meetings a number of years ago a little girl was converted. She became an earnest Christian and persuaded her mother to attend the meetings. She gave her no rest until she, too, learned to love the precious Saviour. This was the lady who died this morning."

"When the little girl, who had been the means of the conversion of her mother, had grown to be a young lady, the gentleman whom we have just seen wished to make her his wife, but he was then an infidel."

"On one occasion he wished her to attend a ball with him, but she said, I am going to a prayer-meeting and will pray for you."

"This troubled him very much. He took no pleasure in the dance. The prayers offered in that prayer-meeting were answered."

After they were married this gentleman became an officer in Dr. Levy's church.

And thus you see they have been a happy Christian family as a result of this little girl's giving her heart to the Lord.—*Good Words.*

A DEADLY SERPENT.

SOME time ago a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up, having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As he held it, the snake (unobserved by him) coiled itself around his arm, and, at length, it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased the danger grew, and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then do? It turned around and stung him, and he died. So it is with the appetite of strong drink. We can control it at first, but in a little while it controls us. We can hold its influence in our grasp for awhile, so that it shall be powerless, but afterward "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Philadelphia Methodist.*

Is it not one of the finest gifts of the true poet that he can pierce through those coatings with which later experience has incrustured our better nature, and reawaken the child's heart that still slumbers within us?

THE PLOUGHMAN.

LEARN the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drop on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of the earth, the hero of the plough!

First in the field, before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done;
Lone after lone along the breaking sod
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod.

Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves.

Up the steep hillside, where the labouring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way.

At every turn the loosened chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And the wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labour brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen,
This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lessons hunger taught to men;
These are the lives that Heaven-commanded toil
Shows on his deed—the character of the Soil.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A NOBLE BOY.

SOME time after the beginning of the present century there was a living in a busy country town in the north a pious couple who had an only son. For this son they daily prayed to God; and what they asked in their prayers was that God would enable them to lay in his young heart among the first lessons he should learn, the love of all things honest and good. "It is our duty," the father said, "to ground our boy well in truth and uprightness." "Yes," the mother answered; "it is like laying down one of the precious stones under the walls of the New Jerusalem." The boy took kindly to their lessons. He opened his heart to their pious teaching, and learned to love the things they praised, and to desire to have them in his heart. So the foundations of an upright life were laid in the boy's heart, and among these, very especially, a regard for uprightness and truth. In the course of years the boy's school-days were ended, and also his apprenticeship to a business life in the country town; and as there was no prospect for him there, he came up to England, to one of the great seaports, and by-and-bye he got a good position in a merchant's office. He was greatly pleased with his new office, and wrote to his father and mother that providence had been very kind to him, and had opened up to him an excellent place. But he was not long in this excellent place before he was put to the test in a very painful way, with respect to the lessons he had received about truth. It was part of the business of that office to have ships coming and going. It was the rule when a ship came into the port that the captain sent word to the office that he had arrived and was now waiting instructions where to discharge

the cargo; and it was the duty of the manager in the office to send back instructions to the captain where and when this was to be done. A few months after this little lad from the north came to the office a ship laden with coal came in and the usual message from the captain came, but somehow or other no word was sent back to him. The captain waited a week, and still no word came back. Now that was very hard on the captain. Until his ship got free of its cargo it had to lie idle in the dock, and all who belonged to the ship were kept idle too. So, at the end of a week, or it may be some days more than a week, the captain sent word to the office that his ship had been kept so long waiting for instructions where to discharge its cargo that it had missed a good offer of a new cargo, and the office would have to pay him for his loss. This payment is called "demurrage."

When the manager of the office got this message from the captain, he was very angry. He thought he had sent instructions where to discharge the cargo, or he made himself believe he had sent them. At any rate he sent for the little lad from the north and said to him, "Didn't I send you down to Capt. Smith with instructions to discharge his coals?" The little lad said, "No, sir; I do not remember being sent down." "Oh, but I did," answered the manager; "you have forgotten." And there, for a time, so far as the office was concerned, the matter was allowed to rest. But the captain did not intend to let it rest there. He applied for his demurrage; and when that was refused, and his word that he had received no instructions was disbelieved, he took the master of the office to law; and by-and-bye his complaint came before the judges in the court of law. The day before the trial the manager came to the little lad from the north, and said to him, "Mind, I sent you to the dock with those instructions to discharge the coal." "But, I assure you, I cannot remember your doing so," said the lad. "Oh, yes, but I did; you have forgotten." It was a great trouble to the lad. He had never been sent to the dock. He could not say he had been sent, and he foresaw that he would have to say before the judge what would certainly offend the manager, and lead to the loss of his excellent place. On the morning of the trial he went to the court. The manager came up to him and said, "Now, our case depends on you. Remember, I sent you to the dock with the instructions to discharge the coal." The poor lad tried once more to assure the manager that he was mistaken, but he would not listen. "It is all right," he said hastily. "I sent you on such a day, and you have got to bear witness that I did—and see you say it clearly!" In a little while he was called into the witness-box, and almost the first question put to him was whether he remembered the day when Capt. Smith's ship came in. And then this: "You remember during that day being sent by the manager of the office to the dock with a letter for the captain?" "No, sir." "Don't you remember taking instructions to Capt. Smith to discharge his coals?" "No, sir." "Were you not sent by the manager of your office to the coal ship on that day?" "I was not, sir." "Nor next day?" "No." "Nor any other day?" "No."

The gentleman who put the question was a barrister. He had been engaged by the manager to win the case for them; but when he heard the little lad's replies he saw that the manager was in the wrong, and he turned to the judge and said: "My lord, I give up this case. My instructions were that this witness would prove that a message to discharge had been sent to Capt. Smith, and it is plain no such proof is to be got from him." So the case ended in the captain's favour, and against the office in which the little lad had found so excellent a place. He went to his lodgings with a sorrowful heart, and wrote to his father and mother that he was sure to be dismissed. Then he packed his trunk to be ready to go home next day, and in the morning, expecting nothing but his dismissal, he went early to the office. The first to come in after him was the master. He stopped for a moment at the little lad's desk, and said: "We lost our case yesterday." "Yes, sir," answered the lad, "and I am very sorry I had to say what I did."

By-and-bye the manager came in, and after a little time he was sent for to the master's room. It was a long time before he came out; then the little lad was sent for. "I am going to be dismissed," he thought to himself. But he was not dismissed. The master said to him, naming him, "I was sorry yesterday, but not with you. You did right to speak the truth, and, to mark my approval of what you did, I am going to put you in charge of all the workings and sales of our Glenfardle mine." Then he sent for the manager and told him what he had said, and added, "And the young man will make his reports direct to me." In six months after the manager left the office, and young though he was, the little lad was appointed to his place, and before as many years as had passed he was admitted as junior partner in the firm, and he is now at the head of the entire business—the managing partner.—*Sunday Magazine.*

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

HERE is a family of little sea birds which fly far away from land and over the wide ocean, called "Stormy Petrels," or Mother Carey's Chickens. They love the sea best when it is in its roughest and stormiest moods, and no matter how high the billows may roll their heads or the waves be lashed into foam, these birds fly over the water and plunge between the hollows of the waves to seek their food. The reason of their delight is that the greater the disturbance of water the better chance of finding food, for it is by this very roughness that the small fish and whatever substances they may crave are brought to the surface, and then the birds easily satisfy their hunger. They look as if actually walking upon the water, for their feet are so constructed that, with the help of their long, pointed wings, they skim over its face; hence the name, "Sea Runners." "Petrel" is from the Italian word, *Petrello*, which signifies "little Peter," and they are thus called because when eagerly searching the water for food, they sometimes almost sink as they walk or run upon the waves, as did the disciple Peter when walking on the water to reach the Lord as he appeared to him.

By the sailors, "Mother Carey's Chickens" are looked upon with dread and superstition, as they consider their visits an omen of evil.

The plumage is dark, nearly a sooty black, with a slight mixture of white. It varies in the different species, of which there are four.

These little birds are found on the seas of all parts of the world, and their strength of wing is wonderful, and far out upon the ocean the little creatures may be seen. Their flight is similar to that of the Swallows. They are scarcely larger than a Lark, and are the smallest of the web-footed birds.—*M. E. Whittemore.*

DON'T BE MEAN, BOYS.

SOMETIMES I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down alone he is then compelled to be honest with himself. Not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look comes back to him; not a penny dropped into the hand of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; no strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself—how he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed, when the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbour. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how careless and dreary must his own path appear. Why, even one isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of an average man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, anyhow, why should anyone add a pound of wickedness or sadness to the general public? Don't be mean, boys. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.—*Burdette.*

A SOLDIER'S DARING.

A WONDERFUL deed on horseback is related of an Austrian hussar. During a general review of the cavalry not far from 30,000 men were in a line. A little girl not more than four years old, standing in the front row of spectators, rushed out into the open field just as one squadron came sweeping around from the main body for the purpose of saluting the Empress whose carriage was near. Down came the flying horses, charging directly on the child. The mother was paralyzed with fear, and the Empress uttered a cry of horror. Suddenly a stalwart hussar, without slackening speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over by the side of the horse's neck, seized and lifted the child, and placed her in the saddle. Ten thousand voices applauded, and the Emperor took from his own breast the richly-enamelled cross of the Order of Maria Theresa and hung it upon the breast of the gallant soldier.

AUTUMN.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.

STILL stand the trees in the soft hazy light,
 Bathing their branches in the ambient air;
 The hush of beauty breatheth everywhere;
 In crimson robes the forests all are dight.
 Autumn flings forth his banner in the field,
 Blazoned with heraldry of gules and gold;
 In dyes of blood his garments all are rolled,
 The gory stains of war are on his shield.
 Like some frail, fading girl, her death near,
 On whose fair cheek blooms bright the hectic rose,
 So burns the wan cheek of the dying year,
 With beauty brighter than the summer knows;
 And, like a martyr, 'mid ensanguined fires,
 Enwrapped in robes of flame he now expires.
 Like gallant courtiers, the forest trees
 Flaunt in their crimson robes with bordered gold;
 And like a king in royal purple's fold,
 The oak flings largess to the beggar breeze.
 For ever burning, ever unconsumed,
 Like the strange portent of the prophet's bush,
 The autumn flames amid a sacred hush;
 The forest glory never brighter bloomed.
 Upon the hulled and drowsy atmosphere
 Falls faint and low the far-off muffled strale
 Of woodman's axe, the school-boy's ringing cheer,
 The watch-dog's bay, and crash of falling oak;
 And gleam the apples through the orchard trees,
 Like golden fruit of the Hesperides.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	25 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	1 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	2 00
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly	3 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 00
Under 6 copies, 56c.; over 6 copies	0 00
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly, 30 pp. 8vo.	0 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 36c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 30 copies	0 25
Over 30 copies	0 25
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 30 copies	0 25
Over 30 copies	0 25
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	0 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 30 copies	0 15
30 copies and upwards	0 15

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,
 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.
 O. W. Coates, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal.
 S. F. Huot, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 18, 1884.

CANADIAN BOOKS IN ENGLAND.

IT is very gratifying to a colonial author to find his books meeting a kind reception in England. Of the English edition of "The King's Messenger; or, Lawrence Temple's Probation, a Story of Canadian Life," the *Sword and Trowel*, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Magazine, says: "Told with great power: the language is as beautiful as it is forcible. . . . We should like to scatter this tale on every hand."

Of the same book, the *Bible Christian Magazine* says: "We have seldom read a work of this kind with more interest, or one that we could recommend with greater confidence."

Of "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs, a Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome," the *Daily Chronicle*,—a leading London paper, says: "The

subject is skilfully handled, and the lesson it conveys is noble and encouraging."

As we derive no personal advantage from the sale of these books, we feel at liberty to say that they are both suitable for Sunday-school libraries. For sale by the Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price 75cts. each.

OLD BOOKS FOR POOR SCHOOLS.

JOHN COATES, Esq., librarian of the Methodist Sunday-school at Prescott, writes as follows: "Dear Sir,—I have shipped today per G. T. R. to your address one case of old books given by our Sunday-school. I suppose it is no sacrifice to give old books that we don't want, but they may be useful notwithstanding. I am sorry we could not take time to repair some of them, as they are loose and need mending to keep the leaves together. I have no doubt but we could spare some more about New Year, when we will probably be getting more new ones, or we could gather some from our friends who are willing to donate them, (as I have seen suggested somewhere), if we would take the trouble to do so, and if they are much needed."

We have about a score of urgent applications for grants of just such books for poor schools. Our friends can confer a great benefit by shipping them to the undersigned. We have sent out over ten thousand volumes to poor schools, and can make good use of many more than we receive. Address boxes to Rev. W. H. Withrow, Methodist Book-Room, Toronto.

CANADIANS IN EGYPT.

LORD WOLSELEY, who had experience of the strength and skill of Canadian boatmen, has asked for 600 of them to accompany his expedition up the Nile for the relief of General Gordon. The Canadian contingent sailed from Montreal for Alexandria on Sept. 14th. The Governor-General addressed them before they sailed. He spoke of the dangers of the Nile, but remarked that he did not think they were any more dangerous than our Canadian rapids. In reference to Gordon, he remarked that he was a man of sterling worth, whose name was a household word wherever the British flag waves, and he felt proud to see that Canada was so fully represented in such an expedition as this. He stated that Gen. Wolseley, who had previously been among our boatmen when on the Red River expedition, knew what excellent qualities our men were possessed of, and it was partly through this that they had so earnestly been asked to accompany the expedition, and it was something of which they should be proud. He paid special tribute to the Indians, and spoke at some length upon their natural qualities which fitted them so much for the present undertaking.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of \$4 from the children of "Mamie's" Sunday-school class, at Acadia Mines, N. S., for the support of "Mamie's" cot at the Children's Hospital, Toronto.



THE ABYSSINIANS.

THE ABYSSINIANS.

ENGLAND has just made a treaty with King John of Abyssinia, whereby he engages to send an army of 40,000 against the false prophet who is besieging General Gordon at Khartoum. They can stand the climate as European troops cannot, and can live for a week on a little bag of flour which they carry slung over their shoulder. They mix the flour with water, press it on the outside of a heated stone and cook in hot ashes. The make good stalwart soldiers.

We present an engraving of some Abyssinians, this singular people, who, in the features of their country, their physical appearance, and the religion they profess, stand out so distinctively from other natives of Africa.

The Abyssinians, in features and form, are a handsome people. They are between five and six feet in height. Erect and slender, they are not devoid of muscular strength, nor of that symmetrical roundness which so much contributes to the beauty of the human frame.

The costume of the Abyssinian is exceedingly simple. Men of all ranks, from the king to the beggar, wear a shama, or loose dress of white cotton, which, in graceful folds, is thrown over the shoulders so as to leave the hands and arms free to carry spear and buckler. The softness of the web, and the depth of the red border round the bottom of this convenient garb, indicate the social position of the wearer, and this is so minutely defined, that any one who should pre-

sume to ape his betters would, in all probability, obtain a lesson or two on dress from the imperial giraffe-holder. Beneath the shama the aristocrat dons his silken, damask, or velvet kamees; but this is a privilege only granted to a few magnates, and those whom the king delights to honour.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS—SPECIAL OFFER.

IN order to secure the introduction of these Sunday-school papers into every school of the united Church, the following very liberal offer is made:

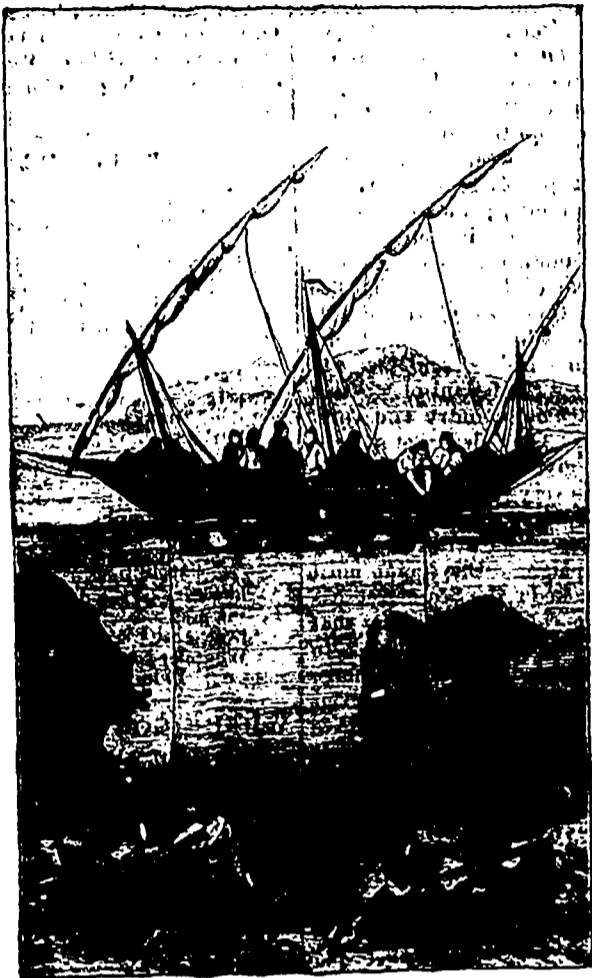
All schools not now taking these papers and ordering them for 1885, will receive the numbers from the time of ordering to the end of the year FREE.

This will enable all our schools to receive the four special missionary numbers of PLEASANT HOURS and Home and School—which should be read by every scholar—free. As these papers are the cheapest in the world—only 22 cents a year in quantities of 20—this offer involves a loss which can only be made good by a large increase of circulation.

The other papers to which this offer also applies are—

Sunday-School Banner, for teachers, 60cts. a year; Sunbeam, for primary classes, 12cts. a year in quantities of 20; Scholars' Quarterly, 8cts. a year; Berean Leaves, 5cts. a year. Specimens free on application.

Address—William Briggs, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.



PEARLS.

ABOUT PEARLS.

SOME people are very fond of eating oysters, others would quite as soon have a little bit of the door-mat; but everybody would like to open an oyster and find a lovely round shining pearl. Pearls are found in Great Britain, in large rapid rivers like the Tay, in the shell that is called the pearl-mussel, as well as in the oyster that is eaten. It used to be thought that the pearl was a disease of the oyster, but it is pleasant to find that this is not the case. The valuable pearls are quite round, and are found inside the oyster itself. These pearls have been proved to be one of the oyster's eggs, which, instead of being thrown into the sea with the other eggs, stays behind. It is fed by the mother oyster, very much against her will, for another year. After this, alternate coverings of the "nacre," or inside lining of the shell and of a fine membrane or skin, are put over it, until it becomes a fine white round pearl.

The less valuable pearls are produced by a grain of sand or something of that sort, getting in between what is called the mantle of the oyster and the shell, and making it angry. The oyster then covers this grain of sand as it does the egg, until it too becomes a pearl. Sometimes, an enemy of the oyster bores a hole in the shell outside, so that he may suck it up through the hole, and eat it without pepper or salt.

"Not so fast," says the oyster. And immediately fills up the hole with his useful membrane and nacre, and lo, and behold! another pearl is made.

But although these pearls are very nice to have they are very difficult to get. The oyster does not come to the shore when the pearls are ready, and

say, "There are my pearls, come and take them." They have to be brought up from the bottom of the sea or river by divers, and this is very hard and dangerous work.

In foreign countries, such as the East and West Indies, where the best pearls are found, men gain their living at this work. In Ceylon, where the pearl fishery belongs to the English, they go out in boats, each boat holding twenty men, with a chief boatman or pilot. Ten men row, and the other ten are divers. These ten men go down five at a time, so as to let the other five rest. I dare say you have often been in the sea, but you may not know how hard it is to get under water, especially in a hot country, and when the water is deep. The Indians use a large stone to help them to sink quicker. These stones are of a red granite, shaped like a pyramid, round at the top and bottom, with a hole at the smaller end to put a rope through. The Hindoos can use their toes nearly as well as we can our fingers, so the diver takes hold of this rope with the toes of his right foot, and of a bag of network with his left. He takes another rope with his right hand, and keeps his nostrils shut with the left, and then plunges down to the bank where the oysters grow. Here he has to make haste, and put shells into the bag as fast as he can pick them up. For he cannot stay long under water, seldom longer than one minute in seven fathoms of water. When the poor fellows come up, water, sometimes even blood, pours out of their mouths, ears, and noses. Some of them stuff their ears and nostrils to, prevent the water getting in, and rub their bodies with oil. They are paid differently, according as they have agreed, before starting. Sometimes they are paid in money, but they like best to be paid

in oysters. That is, they have a certain number of oysters given them, and they take their chance of these containing pearls. Very often the divers steal the best pearls. If an oyster is left alone for a little while, it will sometimes open its shell, perhaps to see what sort of new world it has been brought up into. Then perhaps you may see a large pearl lying quietly by the side of its mother oyster, and the diver quickly slips a bit of soft wood or grass in between the edges of the shell, so that he can easily open it for himself when no one will see that he takes a pearl out.

Pearl fishing is carried on in many other places. In Persia there is a large fishery at Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf. The pearls from here are not much valued in Europe, but they are very much thought of in the East, as they are fancied to keep their colour better than the Ceylon pearls, and not to tarnish in wearing. Pearls are found in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and used to be found in different parts of America, but now the only places where they are found for sale are the Gulfs of Panama and California.

The greatest enemy of the diver is the tinterero or ground shark. A superintendent of a fishery, a native of Mexico, who was a most expert diver, had an adventure with a shark which might have ended fatally. All divers are armed with a stick about nine inches long, pointed at each end. When a shark attacks a diver, he thrusts this into its open mouth, so that its jaws shut upon the points of the stick, while the diver swims away, leaving the shark to digest the stick as best he can.

The place where this man, Don Pablo Ochon, was diving, was a large sunken rock, called the Black Rock, supposed to have a great many pearl-oysters growing round it. No one knew whether this was true or not, as it was very difficult to find out exactly where this rock was. Don Pablo, however, managed to discover it, and swam round it. He examined it carefully all round, but he did not find any oysters. He thought of going up again, but first he looked through the water, as all divers must do, in case there is a shark waiting for them. If they see no shark, they may rise without fear. When Don Pablo looked up, he saw the waving fins and awful jaws of a tinterero. He saw the hideous glaring eyes, and the dreadful double row of teeth, for the monster kept on opening and shutting his mouth, as if eager to devour the man who had dared to come into his domains. His stick was of no use with so large a shark as this. If he had tried to use it, man and stick would have been swallowed up together, as a boy would eat up an almond and raisin. He tried to avoid the shark, by swimming round to another part of the rock, but on looking up, there was the dreadful creature still over his head, more hungry for the delay. So long as he stayed at the bottom he was all right, but he could not stay in eleven fathoms of water any longer. Something must be done. An idea struck him. He swam quickly to another part of the rock, where he had seen a smooth patch of sand. His affectionate friend the shark followed him, watching over him with unceasing care. Don Pablo

began at once to poke the sand about with his stick, the sand rose in great confusion, and soon made the beautiful clear water as thick as a London fog. Soon he could not see the shark, and the shark could not see him. He now swam sideways, as far away from the shark as he could, and reached the top of the water safely.

Providentially, he rose close to one of the boats which always accompany the divers, and he was at once taken into it, completely tired out. The men guessed he had met with a shark or been in danger of some kind, so, while some helped him in, others jumped into the water and splashed about, to frighten the enemy, whatever it was, away.

LIVE WITH GOD.

BEGIN the day with God :
Kneel down to him in prayer ;
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And seek His love to share.

Open the book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be ;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God :
Thy spirit heav'nward raise ;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God,
Thy sins to Him confess,
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead His righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives His servant sleep ;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.

THE MISSIONARY PENNY.

A MISSIONARY of the American Board of Foreign Missions, the Rev. Walter W. Bagster, died in South-west Africa in 1882. His mother in early life taught him his obligations to the Lord Jesus Christ. He said that the following incident was among the earliest recollections of his childhood :

My mother one evening gave me two pennies, suggesting that it would be well to give one of them to the Lord. To this I readily assented, but kept them both for a little while to play with. Unfortunately, I lost one, and hunted the room over, but could not find it. With tearful eyes I told my mother, who quietly remarked—

"Well, Walter, which penny is lost, yours or the Missionary penny?"

I thought the matter over a moment, and told her I thought it must be the Missionary penny, for I had mine left.

In a few moments mother said that it was time for me to go to bed; but she wanted me to think over this matter about the pennies, and let her know in the morning which penny was lost.

I thought it over, and before I went to sleep decided that it was my penny that was lost, and the Missionary penny left, which I would put into the contribution box, several of which were fastened up in our house. Early in the morning I bounded out of bed and told my mother my decision. She smiled, and said—

"That's right, Walter. It was your penny that was lost, but after you went to bed I found it under the lounge; here it is."—*Episcopal Methodist.*

THE OLD MILL.

LIVE and die; live and die,
And all the weary weary years go by,
And the quaint old mill stands still.
The sun-mixed shade, like a spotted snake,
Lies half hidden in the bosky brake,
And half across the rill.

The Summer comes and the Winter comes,
And the flower blooms and the striped bee hums.

And the old mill stands in the sun;
The lichen hangs from the walls aloof,
And the rusty nails from the ragged roof
Drop daily, one by one.

The long grass grows in the shady pool,
Where the cattle used to come to cool,
And the rotting wheel stands still;
The gray owl winks in the granary loft,
And the sly rat slinks with a pit-pat soft,
From the hopper of the quaint old mill.

The mill-wheel creaked and the mill-wheel
clacked,
And the groaning grooves once creaked and
cracked.

And the children came and played;
The lazy team in the days of yore,
Munched their fodder at the old mill door,
Or drowsed in its grateful shade.

But the good wife died, and the miller died,
And the children all went far and wide
From the play-ground by the dam;
Their marble ring is grass o'ergrown
As the mossy foot of the old grave-stone,
Where the old folks sleep so calm.

But the miller's son, in the city thick,
Dreams that he hears the old mill click,
And sees the wheel go round;
And the miller's daughter, through her half-
shut eyes,
Sees the miller in his dusty guise,
And the place where the corn was ground.
—Will Wallace Harney.

TEACHING SONGS TO THE CHILDREN.

SUPPOSE we are to sing a
hymn and tune which are en-
tirely new to the whole school.

At the very outset, we want
hymn and tune before the eyes of all
the children. Let each child who can
read have a printed copy of what is to
be sung. It is an error to suppose
that the note-books are thrown away
on children. In many of our public
and private schools music is taught by
note and the introduction of cabinet
organs, melodeons, and pianos into
many thousands of families, is rapidly
making our young people acquainted
with the reading of music. The last
ten years have made a wonderful
change in this respect.

Let the tunes be played on the in-
strument, the player being as skilful
a person as can be had. Then let the
leader of the music sing a verse, ask-
ing the children to attend to it, that
some of them may follow him at the
next verse. It is not at all likely that
many of them will do so, but in every
school there are some children who
take the lead in singing, and who sing
better and learn sooner than the
others. These will probably catch the
tune at once, even though not quite
perfectly. On repeating it, they are
able to join with the leader; and as
the verse is sung a few times in suc-
cession, each repetition of it adds to
the numbers of those who join in sing-
ing it. Soon you will have nearly all
of them singing it.

By singing the whole hymn through,
without stopping for hints and im-
provements, a very unsatisfactory
result is obtained. Stop at the end of
the first two lines, if it seems advisable,
and tell the children whether they
sang right or wrong. If they did it
incorrectly, pleasantly show them
where the error was, and help them to

avoid repeating it. See that they
understand the words; and do not
give them any words to sing, which
will not bear explanation.

The singing of a new hymn or tune
for too long a time, is wearisome.
Break it occasionally, and rest the
children by suddenly starting them on
one of the oldest and most familiar
verses they know. Then take them
back to the new one, and mark the
effect. If they have been sitting for a
while, let them stand, for variety;
and show them how much greater and
better is the volume of sound pro-
duced when they are standing, than
when they sit.

In the case of infant-school children,
or ignorant ones who cannot read, the
teaching must be oral. Where there
is no instrument, the music may be
entirely vocal.

It is a great waste of time to spend
several Sundays in learning and prac-
tising new hymns and tunes which
are to be used only at an anniversary
and thrown aside. Sometimes hymns
are thus drilled into the children, so
that they are bored to such an extent
that they never want to see or hear
tell of those hymns again. To prac-
tise only so that, at the anniversary,
the audience will get a high idea of
the children's musical ability, is not a
good way to praise God.

HALTON HOLDS THE FORT.

MAJORITY 200.

[We are proud of the stand which our own
ministers have taken in this conflict. The Revs.
D. S. Brethour, B. B. Keefer, A. M. Phillips,
Dr. Lucas, C. Morrow, and others have been
foremost in the good fight, and on the voting
day an all-day prayer-meeting was held at the
Methodist Church in Milton. Thank God for
such a victory.—En.]

IT is with heartfelt gratitude and
reverence that the people of
Canada read the record of
Halton's glorious victory. Not
in the history of the Scott Act before
had there been a contest round which
centred so much interest. It was
brought on by the liquor party, because
they looked upon Halton as a weak
point in the line of temperance fortifi-
cations; because they believed that a
victory for whiskey there, where the
Act had been tried, would dampen the
ardour of our workers elsewhere; and
because they believed that their dis-
loyal and dishonorable efforts to defy
and resist the law had weakened the
appreciation of the Scott Act, that
they knew had been strong in Halton.
But they make a grand mistake. The
plucky little county that had carried
the Scott Act against tremendous odds
and enforced it in face of tremendous
difficulties, was not to be driven to
abolish a good law simply because a
few whiskey-sellers were determined
to ignore or defy it. All that could
be said against the working of the
Scott Act in Halton was that these
unpatriotic and selfish law-breakers
had tried to evade it, and then deman-
ded its repeal because they claimed to
have succeeded. Even this claim was
utterly out of harmony with the facts
of the case. The Scott Act in Halton
has been a grand success, and the men
of that county have declared their
abiding faith in it by increasing the
majority in its favour to one hundred
and fifty per cent.

It is true we held and we hold that
the whole contest was an illegal affair;
that even had the antis triumphed,

the Scott Act would not have been
lawfully repealed, and our courts
would have declared the Scott Act
still in force, but that question is not
likely to be raised now. We have met
our opponents on their own ground, at
their own time, on their own challenge,
with their own weapons, and they
have been completely routed. We do
not write exultantly; we write thank-
fully. We rejoice in our success,
because it is another step in advance,
and brings us one day nearer the fast
approaching time when the deadly
liquor traffic will be outlawed and
banished from our land, and law will
no more protect the fearful plague that
now devastates our country and ruins
our homes. The glad news from
Halton will give new inspiration to
our workers everywhere. Other con-
tests are rapidly approaching, and
Halton has given us a rallying note
for the campaign. One point must
not be overlooked: the Scott Act has
never been repealed. No place that
enjoyed its benefits ever went back to
license. Halton will now be let alone.
There can be no uncertainty about
the reading of the law in regard to
this matter; after a repeal petition
has been rejected it cannot be again
voted upon for at least three years.
We congratulate the earnest workers in
Halton. We congratulate the brave
men and noble women of Halton.
We congratulate the friends of progress
everywhere, for this is their victory as
well as ours. We "thank God and
take courage."—Canada Citizen.

THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

WITH its limits as now finally
settled, Ontario extends
over ten degrees of latitude
and twenty degrees of
longitude. Its breadth, from Point
Pelee on Lake Erie to Fort Albany on
James' Bay, is more than 700 miles,
and its length, from Point Fortune on
the Ottawa River to Rat Portage on
the Winnipeg, is more than 1,000
miles. It is larger than the States of
Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan
by 10,000 square miles; larger than
Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin by
11,000 miles; larger than the six
New England States, with New York,
Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware,
and Maryland, by 25,000 miles, and
larger than Great Britain and Ireland
by 78,000 miles. It is only 4,000
square miles less than the French
Republic, and only 8,000 miles less
than the German Empire. It is a
country large enough to be the seat of
a great nation, and its situation on
the great lakes is such as any state or
empire of the world might envy.

But Ontario has something more to
boast of than a broad expanse. It has
a fertile soil, an invigorating climate,
vast forests of merchantable timber,
treasures of mineral wealth, water-
power of limitless capacity; and, better
than all these, it is peopled by a hardy
and energetic race of men, growing
up under the ennobling and inspiring
influence of free institutions, free
schools, free speech, and a free press.
It has extensive areas which grow a
better sample and a larger average
yield of the staple cereals than any
other portion of the continent; and
it has more extensive areas not yet
brought under cultivation which may
be converted into grazing lands of
unsurpassed richness, suitable for the

production of the best qualities of
butter and cheese, beef and mutton.
Ontario is a veritable land of promise.
It contains within itself all the
elements which go to build up national
greatness.

BE IN TIME.

BE in time for every call,
If you can be first of all,
Be in time.

If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust to you,
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start,
Set out with a willing heart,
Be in time.

In the morning up and on
First to work and soonest done,
This is how the good's attained,
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great,
Never yet were found too late,
Be in time.

Life with all is but a school,
We must work by plan and rule,
Ever steady, earnest, true,
Whatever you may do,
Be in time.

WHERE GOES YOUR MONEY!

THE following figures are astound-
ing! Read carefully, and then
ask yourself to which sum you
contribute most:

We spend annually for saving 700,
000,000 blood-bought heathen souls
the sum of not more than \$2,500,000,
while the total contributions of all the
Churches in America for all causes do
not exceed \$77,000,000. For intoxi-
cating drinks, on the other hand, we
spend \$900,000,000 every year. For
tobacco, \$80,000,000! For ladies'
foreign dress goods about \$125,000,
000! New York alone spends for
theatre-going and other amusements
three times as much as our whole
country gives to foreign missions. The
kid gloves it imports alone costs ten
times as much. The ladies of America
actually spend more for artificial
flowers each year than do all the
Churches for the spread of the gospel!
How does this seem to the conscience?
For Christ, \$77,000,000; for vanity,
liquor and tobacco, \$1,105,000,000.—
The Vanguard.

HOW TO BECOME AN IDIOT.

THE New York Herald in a recent
article on the tobacco curse says
that if we would encourage
idiocy in the United States, all we
have to do is continue the present
consumption of tobacco. It adds:
"What sight more common than half
a dozen boys, lads and young men
smoking cigarettes on the platform of
a bob-tail car? And what more trying
to one's nerves than the filthy odors
they puff into the car over the other
passengers? Ten years of this almost
universal habit have left their mark in
the sunken eyes, the pallid face, the
weak and the flabby muscles of these
so-called men. That many of them
find no real enjoyment in the practice
is shown by their habits of spitting.
Aside from the vulgarity and nastiness
of this muscular exercise is the detri-
ment it does the general system. No
man—certainly no growing boy—can
expectorate constantly without injuring
himself. Bootblacks, messenger boys,
school children, clerks, smoke and spit,
as together in a great and multitudinous
army they move along toward idiocy
and imbecility. What a cheerful
prospect it is, to be sure!"

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMB.

SUGGESTED BY SIR NORL PATON'S PICTURE.

THE Christ has been seeking the lost
Where the mountains are wild and
bare,
And the night dew falls, and the cold
Is filling the evening air;
Oh, many a weary mile
Has the Master walked to-day!
And he looks all tired and worn
By the perils of the way.

But He has the lamb that He sought
Safely upon His breast;
As He walks through the valley now,
One of the two has rest;
And forgetting the thorns that tore,
And the jagged rocks all round,
The wanderer does but know
How good it is to be found.

So it clings to the Shepherd's breast,
And nestles there, and is glad
The trouble is over and gone;
But why is the Shepherd so sad?
He holds with His wonderful hands,
So tender, the lamb in its place,
And lovingly folds it there;
But trouble is filling His face.

Ah! the Master is pitiful ever,
He grieves for the sufferer still,
For its sorrow, and pain, and loss,
As it wandered o'er rock and hill;
And He mourns for the other lambs
Who are still away on the wold,
Wandering further yet,
From the safe warm home in the fold.

Oh, Shepherd, seeking Thy sheep,
Surely Thy voice they heed!
Are they not coming to Thee,
Weary and full of need?
From forest, and mountain, and moor,
They are seeking the Shepherd's side;
Shall not they all be found,
And thy heart be satisfied?

—Christian World.

PERCY'S PERIL.

YOU don't dare to take a sail
in that tub," said Jim, one
of three boys standing be-
side a mill-pond. "Yes,
I dare," returned Percy; "but a tub
isn't made to sail in—ain't a boat."
"No, you don't dare set your foot in
the tub," said Ned. "What a cow-
ard!" cried Ned and Jim together.
"You don't dare! Mother's baby
knows he don't dare!" Percy could
not bear that. It is a pity he did not
say to those rough boys, "I will not
be 'dared' into doing wrong;" but
rather than be laughed at, he clam-
bered into the tub at the water's edge.
He did not try to get out when Jim
and Ned pushed the tub from shore.
He meant to show how daring he was.
The tub turned partly around, rocked
for a moment, then the current drew
it further out and down toward the
mill-dam. Even Jim and Ned were
scared when they saw what they had
done. One wrong step led to another.
The boys who had called Percy a
coward were too cowardly to give an
alarm. Afraid of being blamed they
ran away as fast as they could. They
told each other never, as long as they
lived, to tell how little Percy was
drowned. Percy had the courage to
sit still, else the tub would have tipped
over at once. He cried for help, but
the noise of the falls was ten times
louder than the child's voice. He was
nearing the mill-dam. Swifter and
swifter the water bore him toward it.
How he wished he had dared to do
right. O, if he could only but say
good-bye to his mother!

The miller looked out of his window.
He saw the tub and the child in it,
sailing fast to his death. An instant
more, and there was no miller in the
mill to pick up the bag that was spill-
ing its grain on the floor. Down the

bank and into his boat leaped the man.
He struck the oars into the water,
rowing fast and strong. Would he be
able to save the boy? Loud shouts
were heard now. Others had dis-
covered the danger. Half the village
was running toward the river. Some
shouted to cheer the only man who
could possibly do any good—"Hurrah,
you'll have him yet! Now for it!
Good! Hurrah! Hurrah!" But it
appeared more likely that boat and all
would be hurled over the falls than
that the boy would be saved. Sudden-
ly a glad shout arose. The tub did
indeed go over the dam, but it was
empty. Almost at the edge the boy
had been snatched from it into the
boat, and the oars were bending again
with their hard labour. It was all
that the man could do to get the boat
outside that fatal sweep of the waters.
Everybody said it was a narrow escape.
Little Percy's face, when they gave
him to his weeping mother, was nearly
as white as the foam at the foot of the
falls. He had learned a lesson he
would never forget. What was it?
—Boston Watchman.

PRAYING FOR PAPA.

FEW nights ago a well-known
citizen of this town, says the
Detroit Post and Tribune, who
has been walking for some
time in the downward path, came out
of his home and started down town for
a night of carousal with some old com-
panions he had promised to meet. His
young wife had besought him with
imploping eyes to spend the evening
with her, and had reminded him of the
time when evenings passed in her com-
pany were all too short. His little
daughter had clung about his knees
and coaxed, in her pretty, wilful way,
for "papa" to tell her some bed-time
stories, but habit was stronger than
love for wife and child, and he eluded
their tender questioning by the special
sophistries the father of evil advances
at such times from his credit fund, and
went his way. But when he was
some distance from his home he found
that in changing his coat he had for-
gotten to remove his wallet, and he
could not go out on a drunken bout
without money, even though he knew
that his family needed it, that his wife
was economizing each day more and
more in order to make up his deficits,
and he hurried back and crept softly
past the window of the little home, in
order that he might steal in and obtain
it without running the gauntlet of
either questions or caresses. But
something stayed his feet; there was
a fire in the grate within—for the
night was chill—and it lit up the
little parlour and brought out in start-
ling effects the pictures on the wall.
But these were as nothing to the pic-
tures on the hearth. There, in the
soft glow of the firelight, knelt his
little child at her mother's feet, its
small hands clasped in prayer, its fair
head bowed; and its rosy lips uttered
each word with childish distinctness;
the father listened spellbound to the
spot:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet petition! The man himself,
who stood there with bearded lips shut
tightly together, had said that prayer
once at his mother's knee. Where

was that mother now! The sunset
gates had long ago unbarred to let her
pass through. But the child had not
finished; he heard her "God bless
mamma, papa, and my own self"—
there was a pause, and she lifted her
troubled blue eyes to her mother's
face.

"God bless papa," prompted the
mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little
one.

"And—please send him home
sober"—he could not hear the mother
as she said this, but the child followed
in a clear, inspired tone:

"God—bless papa—and please send
him—home—sober. Amen." Mother
and child sprang to their feet in alarm
when the door opened so suddenly,
but they were not afraid when they
saw who it was returned so soon; but
that night, when little Mamie was
being tucked up in bed after such a
romp with papa, she said in the
sleepiest and most contented of voices,

"Mamma, God answers most as
quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"

DO IT NOW.

THIS is for you, boys and girls.
It is a bad habit—the habit
of putting off. If you have
something that you are to do, do it
now; then it will be done. That is
one advantage. If you put it off, very
likely you will forget it, and not
do it at all. Or else—what for you
is almost as bad—you will not forget,
but keep thinking of it and dreading
it, and so, as it were, be doing it all
the time. "The valiant never taste
death but once;" never but once do
the alert and active have their work
to do.

I once read of a boy that drooped so
in health that his mother thought she
must have the doctor to see him.
The doctor could find nothing the
matter with the boy. But there the
fact was, he was pining away, losing
his appetite, creeping about languid,
and his mother was distressed. The
doctor was nonplussed.

"What does your son do? Has he
work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of
water every day from the spring.
But that he dreads all day long and
does not bring it until just before
dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing
in the morning," was the doctor's pre-
scription.

The mother tried it, and the boy
got well. Putting it off made his job
prey on the boy's mind. "Doing it
now," relieved him.

Boys and girls, do it now!—W. C.
Wilkinson, D.D.

LORD LORNE'S BOOK.

THE *London Times* has an ex-
ceedingly favourable notice of
Lord Lorne's new book, "Can-
adian Pictures with Pen and Pencil."
The distinguished author remarks that
if Englishmen were as familiar with
colonial life as with their home life
there would be fewer people in the old
land with no occupation save grumb-
ling at their fate. He claims that the
realities of life in Canada exceed the
rational anticipations of most new
comers. He praises the climate, and
speaks in glowing terms of the hospi-
tality of the Christmas season in
Canada, and the abundant possibilities

of thorough, life-giving enjoyment
during the winter months. He argues
that nobody will hunger here if he
works, says a farm labourer is treated
like one of his master's family, and
dines like an English squire, while
English girls have only to show them-
selves to be obliged to choose between
offers of employment and offers of
marriage. He claims that religious
communities in Canada compete with
admirable zeal, but without unchrist-
ian disputes, in providing for the
spiritual wants of new settlements, and
speaks with especial praise of the work
of the churches in the North-West.
The whole book, in fact, is a generous
tribute to the social excellences of Can-
adians, and an intelligent assertion of
the opportunities Canada affords for
the acquisition of wealth, content, and
enjoyment. For sale at the Methodist
Book Room. Price \$2.75.

A SQUARE DRINK.

COME, Tom, have a pint—I the money
will stand."
"No, I shan't drink the price of a square
yard of land."
"Drink what?" "Why, the price (look,
this fact is a shaker)
Of a square yard of land, sixty pounds to
an acre—
Four thousand eight hundred and forty
yards clear;
About sixpence a yard, or a pint of strong
beer!
Nay, some land in this country to buy you'd
contrive,
Not at sixty pounds ten, but at thirty
pounds five.
Four square yards for sixpence! Then,
don't be a fool,
And drink a small garden at one single
pull.
Six feet every day, neither greater nor less,
To sow radishes in, or some mustard and
cress.
Stop one pint a day, you'd have bought in
one year
Seven hundred square yards for a few
drinks of beer!
Do the sum for yourself, and you'll find it
quite true
That the temperance pledge is the best
thing for you.
Then don't be a fool; join the teetotal
band,
And don't drink any more square yards of
land."

—British Workman.

A WORD TO BOYS.

YOU are made to be kind, boys,
generous, magnanimous. If
there is a boy in school who
has a club-foot, don't let him
know you ever saw it. If there is a
poor boy with ragged clothes, don't
talk about rags in his hearing. If
there is a lame boy, assign him some
part in the game that doesn't require
running. If there is a hungry one,
give him part of your dinner. If there
is a dull one, help him to get his lesson.
If there is a bright one, be not envious
of him; for if one boy is proud of his
talents, and another is envious of them,
there are two great wrongs, and no
more talent than before. If a larger
or stronger boy has injured you, and
is sorry for it, forgive him. All the
school will show by their countenances
how much better it is than to have a
great fuss.—Horace Mann.

AGNOSTICISM steals away the hope;
leaves the desire to increase into
immeasurable thirst; opens the eye
and declares there is nothing that can
be seen, yet you must forever be
looking; there is nothing for you to
feel, yet you must forever be racked
with feeling.—Rev. J. R. Danforth.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

A MONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all;
Not for its guardied oaks olden
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pink, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seems to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the wind that blows,
We roved there the beautiful summers
The summers of long ago.
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn days
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in sweet embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in the saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures,
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

—Alice Cary.

SMILES.

EXPERIENCE is an excellent school-master, but he does charge such dreadful wages!

Too much study is said to affect the mind; and we know a number of cases it would affect it very favourably too.

"DON'T be afraid," said a snob to a German labourer; "sit down and make yourself my equal." "I would have to blow my brains out," was the reply of the Teuton.

SPORTING Hibernian, after attentively surveying tourist's bicycle—"Arrah, now, an' sure that little wheel will never kape up wuth the big wan, at all, at all!"

"Now, girls," said a Sunday-school teacher, "can you tell me what 'circular' means?" "Yeth'm!" lisped a little seven-year-old; with a fur-lined cloak!

MOTHER (to a five-year-old, who has sat very still for five minutes): "What are you thinking of, Georgia?" Georgia: "Oh! 'bout old times, I do."

A WEE one in this place who was being trotted on her grandmother's knee, suddenly discovering the wrinkles on the good dame's face, exclaimed: "Oh! grandma! I see a lot o' little tucks on oo face!"

PROFESSOR to a class in surgery: "The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright Student: "Limp too."

THE little brother came quietly into the parlour where Mr. Featherly was making an evening call, and after looking eagerly around remarked to his sister: "Aunt Jane is mistaken." "What is it?" his sister asked pleasantly, patting the dear little fellow on his head, while Featherly gazed at the two in rapt admiration. "I don't see any cap," he replied, "but Aunt Jane just said that you wore in the parlour setting your cap for Mr. Featherly."

"DID not the sons of Jacob commit a heinous sin when they sold their brother Joseph?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of the son of an Austin merchant. "Yes, sir." "What sin did they commit?" "They sold him too cheap."

WHEN Hattie was five years old, her sister married a farmer who owned a large sugar orchard. Soon after, a generous package of maple sugar was sent home, and the little girl exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, I'm so glad we've married into such a nice family!"

A MAIDEN lady to her little nephew: "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes and then observed: "Well, aunty, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young."

DR BUSHNELL said once to a young pastor: "In your studying, work when you work, and rest when you rest. Take hold sharp, and let go sharp." And Dr. Turnbull applies to this subject the adage, that "men who fastest asleep when they are asleep widest awake when they are awake."

PERSONS sometimes get answers they don't expect, even from children. One of them was questioning a Sunday-school class about the man who fell among thieves on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho. Bringing the story to a point, he asked: "Now, why did the priest and the Levite pass by on the other side?" A scholar held out his hand. "Well, my boy, why did the priest pass by on the other side?" "I know," said the lad. "Because the man was already robbed."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1012] LESSON IV. [Oct. 26.

THE TEMPLE BUILT.

1 Kings 6. 1-14. Commit to memory vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Mine house shall be called an house of prayer. Isa. 56. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. A House for the Lord, v. 1-10.
2. The Lord in his House, v. 11-14.

TIME.—B. C. 1012.
PLACE.—Mount Moriah.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Mouth Zif*—About the time of our May. *The house of the Lord*—A building which should represent God's presence among his people. *The house*—The building itself, apart from its courts. *Three-score cubits*—About ninety feet, the cubit being about a foot and a half. *The length*—The measurement, inside and outside. *Windows*—These were for the rooms in the second story of the house. *Chambers*—These were rooms for the priests around the temple. *Oracle*—The holy of holies. *Nethermost*—The lowest of the three stories. These rooms were made to rest upon walls separate from those of the temple itself. *Stone made ready*—Hewed and prepared to fit in their places. *The door*—The door to the priests' chambers, which was on the northern side of the building, and from which winding stairs led up to the rooms. *Five cubits high*—Each of the three stories was seven and a half feet high. *Keep all my commandments*—This Solomon with all his wisdom failed to do. *My word with thee*—The promise of long life and continued prosperity. *Built the house*—It stood on Mount Moriah, and was surrounded by an open court paved with marble, around which were colonnaded walls.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That God dwells with his people?
2. That obedience to him secures his presence?
3. That the Lord is a covenant-keeping God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. In what year did Solomon begin the building of the temple? In the fourth year of his reign. 2. Of what was the temple built? Of stone. 3. What was peculiar in the building of the temple? No tool of iron was heard. 4. With what was the temple covered? With beams and boards of cedar. 5. What did God say he would do if Solomon walked in his ways? He would dwell with his people Israel.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The worship of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

110. What do you understand by the Lord's sitting at the right hand of God? His having all authority given to Him in heaven and earth. Psalm cx. 1; Ephesians i. 20, 21.

[Acts x. 42, xvii. 31.]
111. What is the meaning of the word Christ?

It is the Greek form of the Hebrew Messiah, and means anointed with oil; that is to say, consecrated or set apart and qualified.

[Psalm ii. 2; Daniel ix. 25, 26; John i. 41, iv. 25.]

112. How was the Redeemer consecrated? The Holy Ghost, who was signified by the anointing oil, descended upon Him.

[Mathew iii. 16; Acts x. 38.]

B.C. 1005.] LESSON V. [Nov. 2.

THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.

1 Kings 8. 22-36. Commit to memory vs. 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, the heaven, and heaven of heavens, cannot contain thee. 1 Kings 8. 27.

OUTLINE.

1. God's Promise, v. 22-26.
2. God's Presence, v. 27-29.
3. God's Pardon, v. 30-36.

TIME.—B. C. 1005.

PLACE.—The Temple on Mount Moriah.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Be ore the altar*—On a brazen platform built for the purpose. *Spread forth his hands*—In prayer to God. *No God like thee*—For there is no other God save the Lord. *Hasst fulfilled it*—The promise of a son on his throne and of a house for the Lord. *Be verifie*—The word of promise that David's throne should endure. *Heavens, cannot contain thee*—Because God is a spirit, everywhere, yet unseen. *How much less this house*—God dwelt in the temple by showing his glory there, and accepting his people's worship. *Eyes may be open toward this house*—That God will hold in regard those who pray with his house and his name in their thoughts, because such would be believers in God, and seekers after him. *Oath be laid upon him*—When a man charged with a crime took an oath that he had not committed it. *To bring his way upon his head*—By punishing sin. *In this house*—Rather, toward this house, when people are in captivity, as David prayed. *Heaven is shut up*—The failure of rain as the result of sin among the people.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. That men should remember God's past mercies?
 2. That confession of sin must come before pardon?
 3. That God will judge between right and wrong?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long had the temple been in building? Seven years. 2. Where did Solomon stand when the temple was dedicated? Before the altar of the Lord. 3. Who were in attendance at the dedication? All the congregation of Israel. 4. What did Solomon ask of God? To hearken unto Israel's supplications. 5. In continuation of his prayer what further did Solomon say? "And when thou hearest, forgive."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omnipresence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

113. To what offices was our Lord consecrated?

To be a Prophet, a Priest, and a King. Acts iii. 22; Hebrews v. 6; Psalm ii. 6. [John xviii. 37; 1 Corinthians xv. 25.]

114. How is Christ a Prophet? In revealing to us, by His Word and Spirit, all truth concerning Divine things and our salvation. John i. 18; John vi. 68; John xvi. 13, 14; John xvii. 14.

115. How is Christ a Priest?

On earth He offered Himself as a sacrifice for our sins; and in heaven He presents Himself to God for us, makes continual intercession on our behalf, and sends down upon us His blessing. Hebrews ii. 17; Hebrews ix. 14; Hebrews vii. 25. [Hebrews ix. 24; Ephesians i. 3.]

THE MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM.

A short and practical method of acquiring complete fluency of speech in either

GERMAN, FRENCH, OR SPANISH,

BY

DR. RICHARD S. ROSENTHAL.

Each Language complete in 16 parts, price \$5; or 35c. each part, postage free.

The student does not need to leave his home. The lessons of each language are prepared in pamphlet form by the Professor.

From *The Congregationalist*, Boston, Mass.: "This is a most remarkable method, which will, in fact, revolutionize the whole way of teaching and studying foreign languages. It is practical linguistry, as distinct from scientific and merely theoretical philology."

AUTHORIZED COPYRIGHT EDITION.

LIFE OF

'CHINESE' GORDON, R. E., C. B.,

With a portrait on the title page.

By CHARLES H. ALLEN, F. R. G. S.,
Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-
Slavery Society.

PRICE 5 CENTS,
POST FREE.

Over 300,000 copies of this life of "Chinese" Gordon, by Mr. Allen, were sold in England in a very short time.

PRIZE ESSAY ON MISSIONS.

The Heathen World; Its need of the Gospel, and the Church's obligation to supply it. By the Rev. George Patterson, D. D. 12mo, cloth, 293 pp. Price 70 cents. "It covers the ground fully, is exceedingly interesting and well written, and leaves the impression that the Committee did not err when it awarded the prize."—*Spectator*, Hamilton.

The Macedonian Cry; a Voice from the Lands of Brahma and Buddha, Africa and Isles of the Sea; and, A Plea for Missions. By Rev. John Latheru. Price, 12mo, cloth, 280 pp., 70 cents.

"We regard this publication as an important addition to the Missionary Literature of the times, and much superior to some higher priced issues which have come under our notice during the past few years."— *Wesleyan*.

Aggressive Christianity. Practical sermons by Mrs. Booth. With an introduction by Daniel Steele, D. D. Pp. 174, cloth, 60 cents; paper, 35 cents.

Godliness. A series of addresses. By Mrs. Booth. Cloth, 60cts. Paper, 35cts.

Our Business Boys.

What Eighty-three Business Men say. By Rev. F. E. Clarke. 12mo, cloth. 60cts.

Self-made Men.

By Rev. Wm. Anderson, D. D. 12mo, cloth. Pp. 305. \$1.20.

Model Women.

By Wm Anderson. 12mo, cloth. \$1.75.

True Manliness.

From the writings of Thomas Hughes. Selected by E. E. Brown. With an introduction by James Russell Lowell. 12mo, cloth. Pp. 300. \$1.

Don't.

A Manual of Mistakes and Improprieties more or less prevalent in conduct and speech. 17cts.

Any Book in this List sent post-free at price stated.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King St. East,

TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
Montreal, Qua. Halifax, N. S.