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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

[No. 36.]

Golden-Rod.

BY CLARA DOTY HATES.

An idle breeze strayed up and down
The rusty fields and meadows brown,
Sighing a grievous sigh: "Ah, me!
Where can the summer blossoms be?"
When suddenly a glorious face
Shone on him from a weedy space,
And with an airy, plummy nod,
"Good afternoon!" said Golden Rod.

The breeze received her courtesy,
And then came hurrying home to me,
And eagerly this story told:
"I've seen a lady dressed in gold,
So shining, that the very light
That touched her is double bright;
She nodded, too, a royal nod."
"Why, that," I said, "is Golden Rod!"

"Come out and see her where she stands,
Gold on her head and in her hands,"
He cried; and I without delay
Went after where he led the way;
And there she stood, all light, all grace,
Illuminating that weedy place,
And to us both, with airy nod,
"Good afternoon!" said Golden Rod.

NATIVES OF HAWAII.

WHEN Lady Brassey, the noted traveller, reached the Sandwich Islands, she and her party visited the volcano of Kilauea, where they spent Christmas Day. The crater is a lake of fire a mile across, boiling like Acheron. "Dashing against the cliffs with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red fiery lava tossed their spray high in the air." Returning over the lava bed, she continues: "Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself." Soon after a river of lava overflowed the ground on which they had just walked. The natives of Hawaii seem almost amphibious. On a narrow board mere boys will ride upon the wildest surf or rapids; and, for the amusement of the tourists, two natives leaped from a cliff, a hundred feet high, into the sea at its base, as shown in the picture.

EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.*

Rev. Dr. Withrow, editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, has just returned from an extended tour of Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land, which he made in company with a half dozen congenial friends. The experiences of the trip, the sights he saw, the distinguished personages he met and the impressions he formed are thus described by Dr. Withrow:

"I left about the middle of February," he began. "There was in the party Judge Carman, of Cornwall, brother of Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of our church, and Mrs. Carman, his accomplished wife; Rev. S. G. Rorke, of the Bay of Quinte Conference, Rev. F. A. Read, of the Montreal Conference, and we were joined by Rev. M. B. Satterfield, of Chicago. We went direct to London, spending an hour on the way at Liverpool. We were a few days in London, three hours in Paris, after which we went on to Lyons, Avignon,

Arles, Marseilles, Nice, where we saw the famous battle of the flowers on the last day of the carnival; Genoa, Pisa, visiting the leaning towers, or the leaning miracles as they have been called; Rome, Naples and across the Apennines in a snowstorm to Brindisi.

LAND OF THE PHAROHS.

"From Brindisi we went to Cairo, where

the force of the firman, but the British Government was firm and finally carried its point. I have heard that people who were under the French influence, and who derived benefit from the French administration—certain bankers and the commercial class—were restive under British protection, but the great body of the people, as far as I could judge from the testimony of missionaries and intelligent natives, felt

about the whole force of the empire was behind them. A few English officers at Assouan in the native regiments give a steadiness and, to foreigners at least, a feeling of confidence.

UP THE NILE.

"We enjoyed exceedingly our 800 miles sail up the Nile to the first cataract in Nubia and our visit to the Temple of Phike above the first cataract, the most beautiful temple in all Egypt. We spent three days exploring the stupendous ruins of Karnak and Luxor and Thebes. The ruins are wonderfully impressive and extended over miles of ground, the temple at Karnak alone being 1,200 feet in length. The temples of Denderah, Edfu, Esneh and many others are of surprising extent and for the most part in admirable preservation. The whole country swarms with life. The great need is more economical irrigation, which the British commissioners are securing by means of dams and dikes for retaining the water of the Nile at its flood. At present almost all the irrigation is procured by manual labour by the employment of shadoofs, an arrangement somewhat like the Canadian wheel sweep, whereby the water is lifted over sometimes four or five barriers. It is most clumsy, but labour is cheap and it does not seem to count for much.

IN THE HOLY LAND.

"We spent a month in Palestine, most of the time on horseback, sometimes in the saddle twelve hours a day. There were scarcely any roads, the horse tracks being very rugged and sometimes we had only the dry bed of the torrent. The railway to Jerusalem is almost completed as far as Ramleh, almost thirteen miles from Jaffa. A good deal of the road from Ramleh and Jerusalem is also completed. There is an excellent carriage road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and one is being constructed from Jerusalem to Jericho. It was not, however, completed, and we had to ride, protected by an Arab escort. We saw thousands of Russian, Greek, Cypriote and Abyssinian pilgrims to sacred places, trudging in the hot sun with their sheepskin fur-lined coats. The Moslem population of Hebron and Nablous were very fanatical and followed us with curses and spitting. The Syrian Christians, on the contrary, received us with the greatest kindness, thronging the roofs of their houses and bidding us welcome. Our entrance was more like a royal progress than anything else. We were kept busy returning their salutations. The country around Jerusalem is one of the utmost sterility. The plains of Sharon and Esdralon were, however, of remarkable fertility. In the latter I saw a field of magnificent wheat of about 18,000 acres, which, with out any fences, looked very fine.

JERUSALEM AS IT IS TO-DAY.

"Jerusalem is in many respects a disappointment and a disillusion. The city within the walls is very squalid and dirty. Without the walls there is a good deal of growth and a number of buildings are springing up, largely from the liberality of wealthy Hebrews, conspicuous among whom were Baron Hirsch, the late Sir Joseph Montefiore and Baron Rothschild. Dr. Merrill, the American consul at Jerusalem, states that the entire number of Jews in Palestine is under 50,000, and it is very slowly increasing. We saw a num-



HIGH LEAP AT HILO.

we spent ten days. We saw the Khedive. He is a bright-looking young fellow and seems very popular. While we were in Egypt the British Government achieved a great diplomatic triumph over the sublime Porte by insisting that the firman confirming the Khedive in his vice-royalty should be in the broad and liberal terms of that which confirmed his father before him. The Turkish Government proposed to limit

that British administration is the greatest blessing that Egypt has ever had. Egypt has been enabled to pay interest on its public debt, and the public works have been carried out without the corvée or enforced labour which was such a terror to the fallen and without the use of the lash, which their former taskmasters employed without mercy. There were less than 3,000 British troops in the country, and

*In the *Methodist Magazine* for July a full illustrated account of this journey is begun. Special rates to schools.

ber of agricultural colonies, which seemed to be doing fairly well, although the soil was very stony. We were in Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and I saw some very fine functions at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but we were struck with the fact that the presence of some 500 armed Turkish soldiers seemed to be necessary to preserve the peace between the rival Christian sects—Greek, Latin, Syrian, Coptic and Abyssinian. A very remarkable feature is the provision made for the entertainment of pilgrims. On the roof of the Abyssinian convent were about 80 small houses where the pilgrims lodged and cooked their food at fires in the open air, very much as you might expect to see at a market in Central Africa. Our party was joined to the patriarchs of the Greek and Armenian Churches, and also to the Bishop of the Syrian Church, who are very able and courteous gentlemen.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"At Bethlehem, too, at the Church of the Nativity, Turkish guards seemed to be necessary to preserve the peace. Only a few years ago one of the rival sects burned the rich tapestry which covered the naked walls of the grotto, but now they have a covering of wire which defies such treatment. We had admirable weather most of the time, except when riding over the shoulder of Mount Hermon at an altitude of about a mile above the sea, where we were overtaken by a cold rain accompanied by hail and sleet. We were wet to the skin and chilled to the marrow, and we were compelled to take refuge for the night in the house of a Greek priest, our tents and baggage being soaked with the rain, but we were none the worse for our adventure. With our party of six persons we had 23 horses and beasts of burden, 11 servants, including dragoons, cook, waiters and muleteers, and five tents. All our baggage, tents, iron bedsteads, bedding, dishes, and even the charcoal for the cooking and forage for the horses, had to be carried in packs on horses or mules over very rough roads. We came upon an encampment of the Samaritan sect on the summit of Gerizim. This is the smallest sect in the world, and probably the oldest, numbering only 250 persons. It is a handsome though somewhat effeminate race, slowly dying out, as they marry only among themselves. We enjoyed very much our visit to Damascus and Basleek—Damascus with its great bazaars, Basleek with its stupendous ruins—also our ride over the snowy range of Mount Lebanon to the beautiful port of Beyrout, where we met several of the accomplished missionaries of the American Board of Missions, men who are doing a noble work both in Lebanon and in their splendid college at Beyrout to induce higher education among well-to-do classes.

THE HOMEWARD TRIP.

"At Smyrna I called upon Rev. Mr. McLaughlin, who went from Toronto a few years ago as missionary to Persia, where he has now charge of an important mission with an admirable school in the City of Smyrna. At Constantinople we visited the famous Roberts College, beautifully situated on a height above the Bosphorus and commanding a magnificent view, resembling that of the Hudson at West Point. Principal Washburn with his able assistants is doing a grand work in the higher education of the promising youths of Bulgaria, Servia, Roumelia and the great populations of Eastern Europe. Some of our party returned through Greece, while I returned through Turkey, stopping at Philippopolis, Belgrade, Buda Pesth, Vienna, Munich, Aueburg, Nuremberg, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Potsdam, Brunswick, Hanover and other places. I made a very interesting visit to Kaiserwerth on the Rhine to the mother house of the famous deaconess institutions whose noble work I was witness to at Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus, Beyrout and Constantinople."—Toronto Globe.

There will be three things which will surprise us when we get to heaven, one, to find many there that we did not expect to find there; another, to find some not there whom we had expected, a third, and perhaps the greatest wonder, will be to find ourselves there.—Boyer.

The Water Lily.

By R. M. I. HENRY.

Water lily, robed in white,
Dainty, saintly child of light,
Rocking on the river's breast;
To the heavens holding up
Triumphantly your golden chalice cup,
To receive love's sweet bequest;

Teach me how to grow as sweet,
With the mire about my feet,
How to take from wind and tide
Just the very things to be
Molded into purity,
Leaving everything beside.

Darker than the river's flow,
All about me swells the woe
Of the sin and of the blame;
Even on the morning's breath
Comes the bitter taint of death;
Even childhood knows of sin.

But I'd be a child of light,
Always keep my garments white—
Water lily, just like you.
From the same sweet spring divine
That doth fill that cup of thine
I would drink, to keep me true.

Water lily, always white,
Dainty, saintly child of light,
Rocking on the river's breast;
Just like you I hold my cup
To the blessed heavens up,
That I, too, know love's bequest.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. E. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

Boys, do not borrow money nor buy things that you cannot pay for. If you do it will make you a slave and expose you to great temptation. Business men borrow money and trust persons who buy goods of them; but all careful business men get security when they can, and only trust those that they believe will pay them, while money is coming in all the time from what they sell for cash and by the payment of the debts which are owed to them. When men fail it is often because they have loaned money or sold goods on promise to pay to the wrong persons. Often they fail because they have run in debt themselves and are not able to pay. But boys are not in business, and if they run in debt how are they going to get the money to pay their debts? Many a boy who has borrowed money or bought something on credit has been tempted to lie, to make up all kinds of stories to appease his creditors. Others have borrowed from one to pay another, and then from a third to pay the second, and from a fourth to pay the third, and so on until every body shuns them. When it is found that they do not tell the truth or pay their debts they are despised.

Others have been tempted to steal or to run away. Don't run in debt. Deny yourself and save until you can buy what you think you must have. Remember how easy it is to do with-out a great many things. One boy found he had spent thirteen dollars for soda-water in the summer, and he was then in debt eleven dollars. He said to himself, "What a fool I was to tie myself up in knots like this for a lot of froth." Did you ever read Benjamin Franklin's story, "I paid too dear for the whistle?" and have you ever seen the proverb, "A fool and his money are soon parted?" The one who runs in debt is a greater fool than the one who merely spends his money. Don't run in debt. Remember what the Bible says: "The borrower is servant unto the lender."

LEON'S TEMPERANCE SERMON.

"I SAY, boys, let's go down to Delabar's and get some cider!" said Billy Graves to his schoolmates at the recess. "He has got some that is prime. I tasted it this morning."

"All right! I go in for that," said Tony Brown, who, to tell the truth, "went in" for anything that anyone proposed.

The other boys nodded assent to Billy's proposal—all but one, who made a decided protest.

"Oh, come boys! Let's pitch quoits. What do you want of Delabar's cider?"

It was Leon Noble, the minister's son, who said that, and he was so frank and good-natured all the boys liked him.

"Of course, why not pitch quoits?" echoed Tony.

"Oh, you just keep still, will you?" cried Billy, angrily.

"The parson's son is afraid he'll get drunk on new cider, maybe. I'm not such a baby. All you fellows who are in favour of going to Delabar's raise your hands."

Tony's hand went up involuntarily; but he quickly dropped it when he saw his was the only one raised.

"Will you let me tell you a little story?" asked Leon, without heeding Billy's angry looks.

"The other night after school, I went over to Pine Hollow to carry some jelly and things to a sick woman that mother had hunted up, and when I was coming home by Delabar's still I saw a man lying on the ground. I was hurrying along when I heard a little piping voice, and, if you will believe it, there was a child not an inch taller than our Grace. She was pulling his coat sleeve and saying over and over, "Do come home; papa; do please come home with Mamma."

"And what do you think the fellow did?" "He just swore at the little creature—such terrible oaths I never heard before—and then he staggered to his feet and knocked her down with his fist. I thought at first he had killed her."

"He should have been horse-whipped," interrupted Bob Grant, "and I'd have done it if I had been there."

"I'd have knocked him down," added Tony, at which they all laughed; for everybody knew Tony would not dare to fight his own shadow.

"What did you do, Leon?" asked Nat Tylet.

"Before I had time to collect my wits," said Leon, "Delabar came out and caught up the little girl in his arms; and you just ought to have heard the rating he gave the man. He told him to take himself off his premises and not to show his beastly face there again."

"And do you know, it just sobered the fellow completely! Queer, wasn't it?"

"What did he say?" asked Billy Graves.

"I wish all you boys had heard him," said Leon. "He drew himself up and pointed his finger at Delabar, and said, 'How dare you talk to me, you whited republicre? 'Twas you who made me a brute. 'Twas you who knocked down my baby, and robbed me of my money, and my manhood, and everything I cared for. You tempted me with your cider until I was mad for something stronger, and you urged me on until you have got all my money; and now you curse me. And it is the truth; as God hears me!'"

"I should not like to be in Delabar's

shoes," said Bert Sweet. "What did he say to that?"

"Not a word. He dropped the child as if she burned him, and went into the house in a hurry. And the child took hold of her father's hand and they went off together."

The boys were silent for at least a minute as Leon stopped talking. Billy Graves was the first to speak.

"If cider does that I don't want any more of that kind of drink, and I won't touch no more of it neither; see if I do," he said hotly.

"You're a first-class temperance lecturer, Leon," said Nat, "and if you only had some pledges we all would sign them; wouldn't we, boys?"

"Oh I would you?" asked Leon, excitedly. "Why that is what we've been talking about, mother and I, for over so long. She wanted I should try to have you all sign the pledge and have a society, and she has the pledges all ready; but you see, I thought you'd all laugh and make fun of it, so I've been putting it off; but mother will be glad enough if you only will."

"I don't see why she should care so much," said Bert Sweet: "but I like it first-rate."

"Oh! you don't know my mother," said Leon. "She and father are planning all the time to help somebody. And they told me to ask you all to meet at the parsonage once a week, and mother will make pop-corn balls and lemonade, and we'll have no end of fun. Will you all come to-morrow night?"

The boys were very ready to promise, and that was the beginning of a temperance work which was felt throughout the town, and the end is not yet.—Christian Advocate.

AN EXAMPLE WORTH COPYING.

A SPEAKER at a temperance meeting lately related the following incident which occurred at one of the stations of the Underground Railway in London:

Two gentlemen, an Englishman and one who seemed a native of India, were pacing the platform together; as they approached the refreshment bar, the Englishman, thinking to beguile the time of waiting for the train, said to his companion:

"Will you have a drink?"

The foreigner returned him the answer we trust you all would have made:

"Thank you, I never take strong liquors."

His friend then offered him a cigar, but was told, "I never smoke."

The Englishman gazed at him with astonishment; whatever did he find to occupy his time if he neither drank nor smoked? "Why, whatever do you do?" he asked, a little impatiently, perhaps.

The quiet reply proved that his companion, though a stranger to England, understood the highest wisdom of all, and had learned the secret of joy and blessedness—"I try to serve my God, and help the people around me."

Is not this an example worth copying? Boys and girls, if you shape your lives after this fashion, yours will be the gladness unknown by those who live for self, and forget their neighbours and their brethren.

GO HOME, BOYS.

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right off, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, smoke tobacco and to do many other things they ought not to do.

Do your business, and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I owned the town I would give the boys a good, spacious play-ground. It should have plenty of green grass and trees and fountains and broad paths to run and jump and play-mitale games. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended I would tell them to go home.—Sunday-school Scholar.

September First.

"My little man, what means this brow with dark clouds overspread? Has a great sorrow laid its weight upon your youthful head? Do the moist eyes and tear-stained cheeks denote a parent's loss? For on the sunniest paths of life the shadows fall across."

"Oh no!" this little man exclaimed, quite thankfully, I thought. And his face my questioned words a trace of sunshine brought; "Under cot my mother works and sings the live-long day; My dainty father toils within the forge across the way."

"Perhaps," I said, "a sister dear your love once twined around, Now in the silent churchyard lies beneath a new-made mould? For sorely that dejected face would lead to the belief My little man prostrated is by the profoundest grief!"

"No, no!" he quickly answer made, and brushed a tear away; "This afternoon my sister Jane indulges in croquet, While her bright eyes and rosy cheeks can scarcely prophesy The time is near at hand when she must in the churchyard lie!"

"Ah, then," quoth I, "some minor grief disturbs and frets your soul; On some bright prize you've set your heart, and failed to reach the goal. Take courage, little man, and learn what says the old refrain— That if at first you don't succeed, why try and try again!"

"It is not that, it is not that!" he cried with choking voice; "If that the only trouble was, I'd very soon rejoice; But, oh, the grief that weighs me down and brings the pearly tear Will tarry with and pester me almost a dreary year!"

My puzzled brain could not conceive what meant this strange remark, And to my little friend I said, "don't leave me in the dark; Pay pour your sorrow in my ear, my poor, heart-broken boy— Perhaps I'll find for you the path that leads to perfect joy."

He drew me to his side and said, this sad-eyed little man, "When you get home, your calendar please in my memory scan, And there you'll find, in fighting Joy old Trouble mostly wins— Today vacation has an end—on Monday school begins!"

had burned low, and the ashes were strown about the hearth— all the room looked as if some sudden calamity had fallen upon the house. The only light came through the door into the shop, which he had left open, through which could be seen the child's coffin lying on the counter, and the rusty plumes hanging heavy and dark against the wall. Mr. Shafto was groaning heavy heart-breaking groans, which made Sandy shrink and shiver with a feeling of dread.

"Is there anythink very bad the matter?" he ventured to ask, after standing silent for a little while.

"Is that you, Sandy?" asked Mr. Shafto, in a very broken voice.

"Ay, it's me!" he answered; "can I do anythink?"

"Johnny's wanting you," said Mr. Shafto; "he's been asking all the afternoon how long it would be before you came home."

Sandy scarcely heard the last words, for he was already mounting the winding staircase with a swift though quiet footstep. The low room where he and John slept was lighter than the kitchen below, though dim enough with only the light of one candle. But he could see John's face, white and shifting, with a brightness in the eyes such as he had never seen there before, and a look which seemed all at once as if it must break Sandy's heart.

"Oh, Johnny!" he cried, "little Gip's lost; and now you're goin' to die and leave me!"

He fell down on his knees at the foot of the bed, and buried his face in the clothes. Was it not too dreadful to be true? The love he had felt for little Gip had been transferred to John Shafto. After losing her, his heart, which had been hungry for something to love, had turned to him, and clung to him as it had done to her. Very gradually he had been comforted for her loss, though he had never ceased to think of her; and now he was going away too! He did not see how he himself could continue to live in a world where there was neither little Gip or John Shafto.

"Sandy!" said a very feeble, very low voice; "Sandy!"

"I can't let you go!" cried Sandy, "don't you die, Johnny. Don't you go away and leave me. What am I to do if you die, and I can't see you again, never! Oh, Johnny! don't you die, and leave me."

"Sandy," said John's failing voice again, "I must die; and you'll have mother, you know. She's promised me to be like your own mother, and I want you to promise you'll be like me to her. You must take my place. Oh, Sandy! I shall die happier if you promise always to love mother, and be like a son to her."

"I can't be like you," answered Sandy; "I'm not good, like you. I don't know hardly anythink yet about God, and Jesus, and heaven. If it hadn't been for you, I shouldn't have known anythink about it; and I'm feared I shall forget it all if you die, and go away."

He could not bear the thought that he should forget God; yet it seemed in this hour of darkness that if John Shafto died he must fall back into the old ignorance and wickedness, and know nothing more than the sin and misery of this world. Who was to teach him as John had done? Who would there be to tell him so plainly and so surely that the Lord Jesus Christ, who was seeking him, was ready at every moment to take care of him? He could not see Christ, nor hear him; and if John were gone, how could he feel certain that it was all true?

"Sandy," said John Shafto, "you love me?"

"Ay!" sobbed Sandy. "You believe what I tell you?" he said again.

"Ay," he answered.

"By-and-bye," continued the faint, low voice, "you'll feel like that towards Jesus Christ. It's just the same thing. You'll love me and believe me after I'm gone, when you can't see me or hear me; and you must love and believe in him exactly the same, though you can't see or hear him. He lov' you more than I do, a hundred times, a thousand times more. I don't think it's a different kind of love, only it's a thousand times more and better. He's done everything I've asked him for you, save one."

"What's that?" asked Sandy, lifting up

his head to look with dimmed eyes into John's face.

"I did so want you to find Gip before I died," he whispered; "poor little Gip! I'd like to see her. And you'd have been so happy, it wouldn't have been half the trouble to you for me to die. If she's in heaven, I shall see her there, and perhaps Jesus himself will show me which one of the little children she is. I shall tell her all about you, Sandy. But if she's not dead, I did so want to see her just for once."

"I've almost forgot what she's like," said Sandy, with some bitterness in his tone; "I ought to have found her afore this, if I are to know her again."

"Perhaps she's in heaven!" murmured John, and then his voice was silent, and his languid eyes closed. A shiver of dread ran through Sandy; but John had only fallen asleep through weakness for a few minutes, and Mrs. Shafto, whom he had not noticed before, leaned forward and held up her hand, to warn him not to make any noise. He did not stir, and scarcely dared to breathe, but knelt still, watching John with intent, eager eyes, as if he could not bear to look away, and lose sight for one moment of that dear face, which was so soon to be hidden from him.

"Sandy!" said John, waking and speaking again suddenly, as if he had not been sleeping at all, "do you see my mother?"

"Ay!" he answered, glancing towards her for a moment.

"You'll be a good son to her?" he said. Sandy could not speak again, but he covered his face once more with his hard brown hands. John Shafto turned to his mother with a tender smile.

"I'll promise for him," he said; "he'll be a good son to you, and some day you'll wear blue ribbons for him, and be very happy again. Look at him, mother. Why! isn't it something like what Jesus said upon the cross to John: 'Behold thy mother?' And to his mother, 'Behold thy son!' It is something like that. And from that hour that disciple took her to his own home." Sandy's site to be a good son to you, mother.

"I'll take him in your place," said Mrs. Shafto; "but oh, Johnny, Johnny! if the Lord had only spared you to me!"

They were silent again for a minute or two; and John Shafto, with his feeble fingers, drew his mother's hand across his lips, and kissed it tenderly.

"I'm not going just yet," he said soothingly; "we shall still have a little while together. Mother, I wish I could see Mr. Mason again; but, if I do, it must be soon. It will be too late to-morrow."

"I'll run and fetch him," cried Sandy; "he were askin' after you only this mornin', and he'll be glad to come. Only don't you go while I'm away."

He stopped for one moment to kiss John Shafto, with a sharp pang of fear lest he should never see him alive again. Then he ran downstairs, and rushed away through the dark street, at a swifter pace than he had ever run before, crying to himself over and over again, half aloud, "Johnny'll be dead afore I can get back again."

(To be continued.)

RUNNING FROM TEMPTATION.

HE was such a little fellow that when he wanted to see the basket of fine, ripe pears which mamma had left on the table, he had to bring his little stool and climb upon it to reach high enough.

"O my! how very nice they did look! What a delicious smell! They must taste very good; how could he help taking one? Surely it would not be missed, the basket was so full, and nobody was by to see if he did it; so what was to hinder?"

For a moment, Teddy almost put his hand upon the nicest one in the lot. But I am glad to say the little hand was drawn away, and the bright-eyed little man said firmly,

"No, I won't! Mamma bid me not to touch them, and I won't do it! I promised her I wouldn't; and if I do, it would be telling a story. No, Mister Pear, you must stay right there in the basket, and I'll run away for fear I might do it if I look too long."

Down hopped Teddy and off he went. Mamma smiled to find him busy with his red horse-lines when she came back and found the fruit undisturbed.

I think Teddy was a brave little boy, even if he did run away from temptation. It is braver to run than to stay sometimes, and Teddy was a better boy for having gained that small victory over his appetite.

HE GAVE TEN CENTS ON EVERY DOLLAR.

ALL of you have heard of Colgate's soap, many of you use it. Here is a story about its manufacturer, William Colgate.

Many years ago a lad of sixteen years left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle, which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along, he met an old neighbour, the captain of a canal boat, and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?" "I don't know," he answered, "father is too poor to keep me any longer, and says I must make a living for myself."

"There's no trouble about that," said the captain, "Be sure you start right and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you once more, and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt down upon the tow-path (the path along which the horses which drew the canal-boat walked), the dear old man prayed earnestly for William, and then gave this advice: "Someone will be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as well as anybody else, I hope it may. Be a good man, give your heart to Christ, give the Lord all that belongs to him of every dollar you earn, make an honest soap; go a full pound, and I am certain you will yet be a prosperous and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's last words, and the last words of the canal boat captain. He was then led to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and united with the Church. He remembered his promise to the old captain, and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth; so he said, "If the Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And so he did, and ten cents of every dollar were sacred to the Lord.

Having regular employment, he soon became a partner; and after a few years his partner died, and William became sole owner of the business.

He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain; he made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered, his business grew; his family was blessed, his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, and prospered more than ever. Then he gave three tenths, then four tenths, and a five-tenths.

He educated his family, settled his plans for life, and gave all his money to the Lord. He prospered more than ever.

HOW TO FIND YOUR WAY.

A young friend asks, "How can I find my way in the woods if I have no compass and am entirely unacquainted with the region?" In reply it may be said that there are three quite sure ways of knowing the points of the compass, which every one should learn. First, three-fourths of the moss on trees grows on the north side; second, the heaviest boughs on spruce trees are always on the south side; third, the topmost twig of every uninjured hemlock tips to the east. By signs like these the Indians know their way in forests through which they have never passed, and if any one will remember these he need never get lost in the woods.

LOST IN LONDON

By the author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XIV.

PASSING AWAY.

BUT all this time, while John Shafto was drawing nearer and nearer to the grave, and what lay beyond it, Sandy had never realized the fact. He had often seen people as ill, who lay on comfortless beds in crowded rooms, with faces quite as worn and pale, but without the pleasant smile that always shone in John Shafto's eyes whenever he looked at him. More than this, though John sometimes spoke of dying, it was always as of something so familiar to him, and so little dreaded by him, that it never seemed as if he meant the same gloomy thing as death was when it came into the dark homes Sandy had known, and carried away one after another to nothing else but the pauper coffin and the forgotten grave.

The truth broke upon Sandy at last, with the shock of great surprise and bitter sorrow. He had bid Johnny good-bye in the morning, and gone away whistling merrily to his work, attending no trouble during the day; but when he reached home again in the evening, he found Mr. Shafto weeping bitterly, with his face hidden upon his hands, and his head resting on the little table, round which they had been used to sit together. The fire



JAPANESE MODE OF DINING.

JAPANESE MODE OF DINING.

DINNER was served in Japanese style. Our host wore Japanese costume, and the room in which we dined was open on three sides, and looked out on the gardens. When you enter a Japanese house you are expected to take off your shoes. This is not alone a mark of courtesy, but of cleanliness. The floors are spotless and covered with a fine matting, which would crack under the grinding edges of your European shoes. We took off our shoes and seated ourselves on the floor, and partook of our food from small tables a few inches high. The tables were of lacquer, and the dishes were mainly of lacquer. There is no plan, no form, in a Japanese dinner, simply to dine with comfort. - *A Traveller in Japan.*

north west of Jerusalem, on the Mediterranean, south of Mount Carmel.

Find in this lesson -
 What it is to be a Christian;
 Three helps to becoming a Christian.
 One duty of a Christian.
 The joy of being a Christian.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Where was Philip next sent? "To convert an Ethiopian to Christ." 2. What was the inquirer a first step? "To go to the house of God to worship." 3. What was the next step? "Reading the Bible." 4. What was the third step? "Seeking help of older Christians." 5. What did he then do? "He believed in Jesus Christ." 6. What followed when he believed? "He was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is declared of his helping us in prayer?

Rom. 8. 26. And in like manner the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity, for we know not how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Ephesians 6. 18; Jude 20.

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

A COAL cart was delivering an order in Clinton Place the other day, says one of the New York daily papers, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily-loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal; and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow with a fierce look in his eye, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow.

"I pity the horse, but I don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied that I could do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down, along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl eight years old approached and said:

"Please, mister"

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole, and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way; but meeting only with pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it; but I'm out of sorts to day. There goes the whip; and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a score of hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot without an effort.

Early Autumn.

BY DART FAIRTHORNE.

THE country lanes are bright with bloom,
 And gentle airs come stealing through,
 Laden with native wild perfume
 Of balm and mint and honey-dew,
 And o'er the Summer's radiant flush
 Lies early Autumn's dreamy hush.

In wayside nooks the asters gleam,
 And frost flowers dance above the sod,
 While, lapsing by, the silent stream
 Reflects the hue of golden rod,
 That flower that lights a dusky day
 With something of the sun-god's ray.

The grape-vine clammers o'er the hedge
 In golden festoons; sumachs burn
 Like torches on the distant ledge,
 Or light the lane at every turn,
 And ivy riots everywhere
 In blood-red banners on the air.

A purple mist of fragrant mint
 Borders the fences, drifting out
 Of fustering corners, and its tint,
 As half of cheer and half of doubt,
 Is like the dear delightful haze
 Which robes the hills these autumn days.

And strange, wild growths are newly met;
 Odd things but little prized of yore,
 Like some old jewels well reset,
 Take on a worth unseen before,
 As dock, in spring, a graceless weed,
 Is brilliant in its autumn seed.

The cricket and the katydid
 Pipe low their sad, prophetic tune,
 Though airs, pulse warm, the leaves amid,
 As played around the heart of June;
 So minor strains break on the heart,
 Foretelling age as years depart.

The sweet old story of the year
 Is spinning onward to its close,
 Yet sounds as welcome on the ear
 As in the time of op'ning rose.
 May life for all as sweetly wane
 As come the autumn-time again!

THE HOMELESS SINGER.

ON a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside. Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said, "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!"

"Come in, my little one," said he; "you shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. He was given some supper; and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sung, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but

sent him to bed. When he was asleep they came in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant face that they determined to keep him if he were willing. In the morning they found he was only too glad to remain. They sent him to school, and afterward he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, from which he learned the way of life. He became a great preacher and reformer, Martin Luther. Little did Conrad and Ursula think of what they were doing when they cared for this "least of these my brethren."

STORY OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

AT the funeral of John B. Gough, Hillside, near Worcester, there stood the head of the coffin a chair, over the back of which hung a little handkerchief. That handkerchief had a story, which was related by Mr. Gough in an address at Cooper Institute, New York, in May, 1877, as follows:

"I have in my house a small handkerchief, not worth three cents to you, but you could not buy it from me. A woman brought it and said to my wife, 'I am poor; I would give him a thousand pounds if I had it, but I brought this. I married with the fairest and brightest prospects before me, but my husband took to drinking and everything went. The piano-forte my mother gave me and everything was sold until, at last, I found myself in a miserable room. My husband lay drunk, and my head was lying on my knees was restless. I sung, 'The light of other days has faded and wet my handkerchief with my tears.' My husband," said she to my wife, "years. He spoke a few words and gave me the grasp of the hand, and now, for six years my husband has been to me all that a band can be to a wife, and we are getting our household goods together again. I have brought your husband the very handkerchief I wet through that night with my tears, and I want him, when he is speaking to remember that he has wiped away my tears from me, I trust in God, for these are the trophies that make me glad."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 37.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 11.

PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN.

Acts 8. 26-40. Memory verses, 35-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.—John 3. 36.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God will lead, step by step, to the light, each earnest seeker after Christ.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

Philip, having preached in Samaria, was sent upon another mission, by which the Gospel would be carried to the distant heathen. As Simon Magus was an example of false conversion, so now we have an example of true conversion.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Go toward the south—i. e., from Samaria. *Unto the way* By going south he would strike the road which ran south west from Jerusalem to Egypt through Gaza. *Which is desert* i. e., the part of the road to which he was to go. *Ethiopia*—All the African lands south of Egypt, especially Nubia, Senaar, Kordofan, and part of Abyssinia. The people were black and large. The land was wealthy. *Candace*—Candace was the general name of the queens of Ethiopia, as Saitah was of the sovereigns of Egypt, and Casar of the Roman emperors. *Jerusalem for to worship*—He was a native Ethiopian, who had been converted to Judaism, and hence made a visit to Jerusalem. *Read Esaias i. e., Isaias.* He probably was reading aloud *The place of the Scripture*—Isa. 53. Perhaps suggested by the discussions he must have heard at Jerusalem about the Messiah. *Philip . . . preached unto him Jesus*—He showed how this prophecy of the Messiah was fulfilled in Jesus. *The Spirit . . . caught away Philip*—Either miraculously bore him, or led him by a sudden impulse to go away. *Acotus*—Ashdod, twenty miles north-east of Gaza. *Preached in all the cities*—On the road along the coast, as Ekron, Rama, Joppa, Lydda. *To Casarea*—The capital of the Syrian province, seventy miles

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