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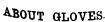
[No. 44.

Vol. XV.]

#### THE DEAD SONG STER.

ALL over the world, children are fond of pet animals. There pet animals. There are not many children who are cruel to them. If they continue to be cruel to defenceless creatures, they are not likely to turn out well. A person who inflicts need less rain on a dog or a less pain on a dog or a cat or a bird, will be distrusted. Many of the best of people have been very fond of domestic animals. They been very fond of do-mestic animals. They respond warmly to hu-man affection. The dog shows pleasure when he is caressed, the cat purrs its delight, and the bird chirrups its

The engraving in this number of PLEASANT HOURS presents a scene that all readers will and actions a second to the second ant Hours presents a scene that all readers will understand. It is German. Poor little Gretchen's pet canary was found dead in the morning. What a commotion its death caused in the house. The grief of the children was great. At length, recompanied by her brother, she went to see old Hans, the famous bird-stuffer. He could not bring the dead bird to life again, he could not restore its power of sweet song, but he could by his art preserve its beauty of form Her his art preserve its beauty of form. Her brother carries the dead bird, while she carries the empty cage. He has to tell the piti the nas to tell the pillful story of their loss, while she cannot restrain her tears. Hans, surrounded by the instruments and the triumphs of his art, listens with kindly listens with kindly interest to the sorrowful tale, and will do the best he can for little Jacob and Gretchen.



THERE are some very curious circum-

es attending the glove, independent of its relation to manufacturing industry. It has in various countries and at different periods been the pledge of the latter than the control of the co pledge of friendship, of love and of safety, the symbol of hatred and defiance, of degradation and honour, the token of loyalty, the translation and honour, the states have alty, the tenure by which estates have been, and are, held, and a customary offering on

on occasions both of sorrow and of joy. The first law relating to this subject is dated in the year 720, when Charlemagne granted a right of hunting to the abbot and monks of Sithin for the purpose of procuring skins for making gloves and girdles. The first commercial notice of the glove-trade is dated about the year the glove-trade is dated about the year 2, and two years afterward armorial



Edward IV. At what prices gloves were

radward IV. At what prices gloves were valued in that reign does not appear.

The ceremonial use of the glove in matters of investiture and tenure is illustrated in many ways. We may take as an instance the investment in the family of Dymocke, of the manor of Scrivesley, under the condition of the head of the under the condition of the head of the family acting as champion at the coronation of the English sovereign at Westminster, in which the glove plays a conmission which the coronaction the coronaction the coronaction the coronaction the coronaction that the coronac

minster, in which the glove plays a conspicuous part in the ceremony.

The glove has been deemed an emblem of firm possession. Thus the former kings of France used at their coronation to residue from the analysisher a pair of alones. ceive from the archbishop a pair of gloves, previously biessed, as an emblem of secure

Both honour and degradation have been typified by the glove, according to the circumstances attending the particular occurrence. Challenge and defiance have been in various ages and countries conveyed by the glove. The presentation of gloves at weddings and funerals is another curious item in the catalogue. The presentation of gloves as a gift, with or without money inserted in them, is another curious custom which has passed through many gradations of society. James 11., when at Woodstock, received a pair of gloves as a gift from the university. A lady, a suitor in chancery, whose cause had been favourably decided by Sir Thomas More, presented him with a pair of gloves containing a sum Both honour and degradation have been him with a pair of gloves containing a sum of mency. His remark was, "I accept

the gloves—it would be against all good manners to refuse a lady's New Year's gift
—but the lining you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere."

#### THE MILKMAIDS OF DORT.

GIRLS often declare that boys have all the fun. Well, they certainly do seem to get the larger share of it the larger share of it in a good many ways. Then, when they grow up, they are very apt, too, to carry off all the honours, the literary fame, the miliary glory, the professional success, while the girls are left at home to do worstedwork. work.

Now and then, how-ever, the girls come to the front in art, in litthe front in art, in literature, in science and even war. You all know how Joan of Arc led the armies of France to victory, and how Moll Pitcher stood at the breech of her convent pouring concannon, pouring con-fusion into the British

ranks.
Not so great as these women of mar-tial fame were the "Milkmaids of Dort," "Milkmaids of Dort," but still they have their place in history. If any of you ever go to Holland, the land of wooden dykes and windmills, it is quite possible that you may find yourselves some day in the ancient town of Dort, or Dordrecht. It is a grand old city. Here among these antiquated buildings, with their queer ings, with their queer gables and great iron cranes, many an inter-esting his orical event

esting his orical event has taken place. In the centre of the great market-place of Dort stands a fountain, and if you will look close you will see upon the tall pyramid a relieve representing a relievo representing a cow, and underneath, in sitting posture, a milkmaid. They are

there to commemorate the following historical fact:

When the provinces of the United Nethwhen the provinces of the United Netherlands were struggling for their liberty, two heautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to the town with milk, observed not far from their path several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretended not to have seen anything, pursued their hedges. The patriotic maidens pretended not to have seen anything, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city, insisted upon an admission to the burgomaster, who had not yet left his bed. They were admitted, and related what they had discovered. The news spread about. Not a moment was lost. The council were assembled; measures were immediately taken; the aluices were

opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. Thus the inhabitants were saved from an awful doom.

The magistrates in a body honoured the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism which saved the town. They afterwards indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from the inundation, and the most distinguished young citizens vied with each other who should be honoured with the hands of the milkmaids. Then, as the years went by, the fountain was erected, and the story commemorated in stone.

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# Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

#### THE SCHOOL DAYS OF GREAT MEN.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

ISAAC NEWTON, the world-famous natural philosopher, was the son of a farmer, and was born at Woolsthorpe, England, in the year 1642. He was a puny, sickly, delicate little child. Soon after his birth it was not thought he would live many hours, and his nurse—who went for some medicine-was surprised to find him alive when she returned. she returned. His father had died before little Isaac was born. Not a great while after, his mother married again, and Isaac was taken by his maternal grandmother to be brought up by her.

During his early school-days he was not a particularly attentive scholar, though not from any lack of intelligence. You will smile when you learn how he was "spurred up" to attend to his education. It happened that one day a mean, bad boy, who stood next to him in the class, kicked him in the stoughth. in the stomach. Most boys would have kicked back. Isaac didn't. He thought of a sweeter revenge, or punishment, than-personal violence. He put his mind to his books, and determined to get ahead of this boy, which he did in a very short time, and finally became the first scholar in the class.

When he was twelve years of age he was sent to the public school at Grantham, where he was remembered as a "sober, silent, thinking lad," who loved to be much by himself. From his very earliest childhood he had been fond of using tools, and loved to construct all sorts of curious pieces of mechanism. Some men were building a windmill in his neighbourhood. He a windmill in his neighbourhood. He watched them to see how it was put together, and then set to work to build a little one on the same plan. After he got tired of seeing it put in motion by the action of the wind, he so changed it that it could be run by animal power. He contrived it so that a mouse would run over a tread-wheel, and thus keep the machine going.

going.
His water-clock was a still more wonderful piece of work. It was about four feet high, and looked somewhat like a common house dock. The index of the dial plate

was turned by a piece of wood, which was made to rise or fall by the action of drop-ping water. This clock was used for many years by an old resident of the village.

Isaac Newton was the inventor of a sort of velocipede, or, as he called it, a "mechanical carriage." This vehicle had four wheels, and was put in motion by a handle worked by the person who sat in it. It could only be used on the smooth surface of the floor. Doubtless it could be used on such sidewa ks as we have at the present left. ent day, though it would look rather awk-ward beside the well-made, natty threewheeled velocipedes in use by our modern

boys and girls.

It may surprise you to learn that the grave philosopher Newton was the inventor of the improved kite. After experiment ing on the proper shaped to be used, and the best method of tying the string, he one day astonished his companions by introducing the new plaything to the school-ground. After this he made paper-lanterns, ducing the new plaything to the schoolground. After this he made paper-lanterns,
which he used on dark, winter mornings,
when going to school. Then he conceived
the idea of tying a lantern to the tail of a
kite, and putting the kite up by night.
Many country people thought the light
was a falling meteor, or a comet, descending from infinite space.

Besides this genius for mechanism, Newton was a good draughtsman, and adorned

ton was a good draughtsman, and adorned his room with many little pictures, drawn and framed by himself. He wrote some poetry, too; but the less we say about that the better.

At the age of fifteen he was taken from school and put on the farm where he born, it being the intention of his mother to make him a farmer. You know what care—what thrift and industry—are required to cultivate the soil; and how a man must take a real interest in his work or in any work, for that matter—if he would be successful. Newton was a born mechanical genius, but as an agriculturist—a cultivator—he would never have made a success. On the farm he spent most of the time studying scientific books, or working at his inventions. As for the oats, the beans, and the barley, they looked after themselves.

On Saturday night he would have to go to town to sell his produce. Sometimes Newton would send his man; and even if he went himself the man would have to attend to the business, for Newton's mind was so much occupied with astronomical or other studies, that he had no more idea of the urices he ought to got for his read. the prices he ought to get for his produce than the man in the moon. Sometimes he would leave the waggon before he got to town, and, sitting down by the roadside, under the shade of a big tree, he would pore over a book, or study out some new invention. Once his uncle—a clergyman -caught him in this position, so wrapped up in his thoughts that he did not notice the presence of his reverend relative.

ewton was studying a mathematical dem. The uncle saw at once that a problem. boy like Newton would never make a farmer, and advised his mother to send him back to school. She did so; and after a time, Newton entered Trinity College, where he was a close student, and

lege, where he was a close student, and had time and opportunity to study scientific works to his heart's content. He mastered Descartes' Geometry by himself, without any preliminary study.

One notable thing about Newton was his modesty. He was the man who said, in speaking of his studies, that he was only "a child gathering pebbles on the seashore." He made use of every little fact that came in his way.

that came in his way.

An old writer has expressed the thought that they who would

"To greatness rise,
... ought not small beginnings to despise,
Nor strive to runne before they learn to creepe.

By many single cares together brought
The band is filled; by handfulls we may

gaine
A sheafe; with many sheaves a barne is fraught;
Thus oft by little we do muche obtaine.

## WILL'S LOST UMBRELLA.

"O MOTHER, I've done a dreadful thing!" said Elsie, coming to her mother with tears in her eyes.
"What have you done, Elsie?"

"I've lost Will's silk umbrella."

"Why, Elsie, how came you to do it?"
"I took it down town with me this morning—it sprinkled a little, you know—and I must have left it somewhere, for when I was coming home I missed it."

"And did you go back?"

"Yes; I went to every store I had been in, but I couldn't find it."

"Did Will say you might take it?"
"No; he never would let me, because always said I would lose it. I wanted he always said I would lose it. to carry it just once, it was so nice. But, O dear, I wish I hadn't."

"I am very sorry," said mother gravely.
"It is the first nice one Will has ever had, and I don't know when he will have an-

"No," said Elsie, in great distress, do anything to give him another if I could. But I can't, and he'll be terribly

angry with me."
"I am afraid he will," said mother. really pitying the little girl for her dread of her brother's anger. "But I guess you deserve it, dear, for taking the umbrella without leave, so you must only bear it as well as you can. We will make a few more inquiries before we tell Will." The inquiries were made, but the umbrella had fallen into dishonest hands, and was nevermore heard of.

"You had better tell Will at once, Elsie," said mother.

"I wish you would tell him, mother."

And mother was quite willing to make the trouble as light as she could for Elsie, and began watching an opportunity for approaching Will on his best side.

"I don't think it was anything to make great fuss over," said Will the same evening, flinging down a book he had been

"What do you mean, dear?"
"This story about the boy who lost a great prize because of another boy having burned up some papers without knowing that they were the notes of his essay. It was a dreadful disappointment to him, of course; but when it was once done, and no help for it, what could he do but get over

"But if you try to put yourself in his place, you will see that it must here required a great deal of Christian for earance to forgive at once the boy who had done the mischief."

"Ho! a boy who amounted to anything would never think of making a fuss over what couldn't be helped."

what couldn't be helped."

"And a really manly, true-hearted boy would take pleasure in trying to prevent his friend from suffering too keenly over the fact of having unintentionally injured him," said mother, more seriously.

"Of course," agreed Will.

"I am glad you think so, for I am going to give you a chance of showing how a boy of that kind, a real boy, not in a storybook, can bear a little injury unintentionally done him."

"What do you mean now mather?"

ally done him."

"What do you mean now, mother?"

"Poor little Elsie is feeling very bad because of something which she knows will vex you, and I wish, my dear boy, that you would strive to show a spirit of brotherly kindness in the matter."

"What has she done?" asked Will.

"She has lost your silk umbrella."

A quick colour flew to Will's cheek.

A quick colour flew to Will's cheek

know it is a very annoying thing," on his mother. "Elsie thinks you "I know it is a very annoying thing," went on his mother. "Elsie thinks you will be very hard on her about it, and she has a great dread of your anger. Don't you think, dear, it would be a grand thing for you to surprise her by speaking kindly about it, by forgiving her fully and freely?"

freely?"
"What business had she to take it?" said Will, evidently trying to overcome a desire to speak excitedly.

"She did wrong to take it without your knowledge, and she knows it."

Just then Elsie's voice was heard in the All, and Will arose from the piazza steps, on which he had been sitting, walked quickly around the house and out of sight. quickly around the house and out or sight. He felt angry, as Elsie had said he would. He had a great liking for the small luxuries which were scarce in the family. The umbrella had been given by an aunt who had visited them, and he had taken great pride in the stylishness of its oxidized silven handle and its sleaders. ver handle and its slender proportions when encased in its silken cover. It had been a small joke with his sisters that he only took it out when sure it was not go-

ing to rain. It was gone, and he knew it would be a great relief to his vexation to pour out his anger upon Elsie, who had no business to touch his highly-prized property. He could in fancy see exactly how she would shrink before him, and how the tears would come to her blue eyes—just as she deserved, he declared to himself. And then came a thought of the boy in the book who had won the victory over a sense of injury very like this which was possessing him. This was putting him in his place, sure enough. He walked for an hour under the trees in the old orchard. Better thoughts are at his desired to himself. Better thoughts came to him through the gathering shadows of the twilight. a short-lived satisfaction would be in the bitter words which would rankle like thorns in his little sister's heart! What a lasting sweetness in lifting her burden of the fear of his severe fault-finding! "I'll the fear of his severe fault-finding! "I'll wait till some day I want it, and then I'll ask where it is, and when she tries to tell me, I'll kiss her and laugh," he said, as at length he turned toward the house. "But, no, I won't. She'll keep on fretting over it till she knows that I know. Elsie!" he called at the step. sie!" he called at the step. "What is it, Will?"

Mother raised her head in anxious

attention.

"Bring me my umbrella, please."

"O Will," came in a faltering little voice, as she walked slowly toward him.

He did not wait for her to go on, but threw his arms around her with a laugh. "Yes, you'd have a hard time bringing it, wouldn't you? I know all about it, you naughty little thing. If that's what you've been wearing such a doleful face about these few days, you'd better set your mind at rest.'

"O Will, aren't you mad with me?"
"Not a bit."
"You dear, dear brother! I thought

you'd never forgive me. It was, as he knew it would be, a long time before he had another silk umbrella. But it will be far longer before he will forget the satisfaction growing out of the result of the hard-fought battle with himself a satisfaction to be tracted with avery self, a satisfaction to be tasted with every remembrance of his victory.—New York



## JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

November 10, 1895.

Honesty Required.—Exodus 20. 15.

HONESTY REQUIRED.—Exodus 20. 10.

"Deal justly"—that is, deal honestly is a command of high authority. It is a lamentable fact that many people are dishonest in dealing, they will use many words in buying and selling, and also disparage the article and beat down the tradesman in his price. This is not right. Live and let live should be the principle of business. The command contained in our lesson refers to dishonesty. If a man steals he is guilty of robbery, he is principle of business. The command tained in our lesson refers to dishonesty. If a man steals he is guilty of robbery, he is taking that which belongs to another. Young people and children are often trained to become criminals by stealing in the first instance things of little value, then they proceed to take those of greater value, and thus advance until they become adepts in crime. All persons should avoid every kind of theft. Young people especially should learn the habit of dealing justly in all things. Never run into debt in purchasing any article of clothing. Pay as you go, and in general you will thus purchase at a cheaper rate, and keep a quiet conscience. Business men who charge exorbitant rates of interest, or try to control markets by stratagem, or take advantage of the necessities of others would do well to remember the Eighth Commandment. Always remember that "Honesty is the best policy." Never buy what you do not need. Keep out of debt, or you will be miserable, and be sure never to do anything which is not ways remember that "Honesty is the best policy." Never buy what you do not need. Keep out of debt, or you will be miserable, and be sure never to do anything which is not strictly honest, and ever remember that "an honest man is the noblest work of God."

THE white men in South Africa talk unblushingly of the day when the natives will all be killed off by rum and they can have the land. Men, women, children and babies can be seen lying along the road: idea drunk

#### How It Turned Out.

"I'm going now to run away," Said little Sammie Greer, one day, Then I can do just what I choose; I'll never have to black my shoes, Or wash my face or comb my hair.
Ill find the place, I know, somewhere, And never have again to fill The old chip-basket, so I will.

"Good-bye, mamma," he said, "Goodbye !

He thought his mother then would cry
She only said, "You going, dear?" And didn't shed one single tear. "There, now," said Sammie Greer, "I know She does not care if I do go;
But Bridget does, she'll have to fill
The old chip-basket, so she will."

But Bridget only said, "Well, boy, You off for sure? I wish you joy." And Sammie's little sister Kate, Who swung upon the garden gate, Said anxiously, as he passed through, "To-night, whatever will you do When you can't get no 'lasses spread At supper-time on top of bread?"

One day from home, and Sammie Greer's Weak little heart was full of tears; He thought about "Red Riding Hood," The wolf that met her in the wood, The bean-stalk boy who kept so mum When he heard the giant's "Fee fo fum." Of the dark night and the policeman, And then poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick through the alley-way he sped, And crawled in through the old wood-shed. The big chip-basket he did fill, He blackened his shoes up with a will; He washed his face and combed his hair? He went up to his mother's chair, And kissed her twice; and then he said, "I'd like some 'lasses top of bread."

# PUDDIN'

An Edinburgh Story,

 $\mathbf{BY}$ 

W. GRANT STEVENSON, A.R.S.A.

## CHAPTER III. - (Continued.)

WHEN several weeks had passed and the bank-book showed over a pound to his credit, Jo made up his mind to ask Mr. Inglis to keep it for him, feeling that it would be perfectly safe in his keeping, while any one getting possession of it could draw the whole amount, possession of it could draw the whole amount, presenting the book at the bank being equivalent to a cheque, and with this idea he took it home with him at night, and next morning presented himself at the coal office to get the day's orders and ask Mr. Inglis to take above. presented minisch av mis coal once to get the day's orders and ask Mr. Inglis to take charge of the book, when, to his astonishment, he discovered it was not in his pocket.

"What's wrang, Jo?" interrogated the old "Ay," replied Jo very gravely. "I was "Ay," replied Jo very gravely. "I was gaun to ask ye to tak' charge o' my bankgaun to ask ye to tak' charge o' my bankbook, but I've lost it. I'm sure I put it in book, but I've lost it. I'm sure I put it in my pocket last nicht: it canna have come oot my pocket last nicht: it canna have come oot itsel', for my jacket was buttoned, it's sae itsel', for my jacket was buttoned, it's sae cauld; an' if it's at home, my mother 'll keep it a' it's at home, my mother 'll keep

it a richt. I'll see when I gang hame."

"Oh, it'll be a' richt, nae fear. An' I'll be glad to keep it for ye, my man; an' I'm prood glad to keep it for ye, my man; an' I'm prood to the light of the l o think ye're layin' past siller. Hoo much

have ye saved?"
"Wan pound seevin an sixpence," said Jo, with a feeling that he would astonish the coal agent.

Well done you!"

"D'ye ken what it's for?" ye ken what it's for the nae doot No, man, I dinna; but I've nae doot Ye've got some queer notion in that heid o'

"I'm getherin' up to buy Tam—the horse, ye ken.

The coal agent smiled, and said, "I kent it And coal agent smiled, and said, if kell if we do be some grand notion. Weel, I'll tell ye hat I'll dae, if ye like. When you hev the the o't gethered up, I'll advance the ither an' ye can jist gie me the savin's till it's party. An' I'll tell ye what, ye can hae the an' ye can jist gie me the savin's till it's an' ye can jist gie me the savin's till it's up. An' I'll tell ye what, ye can hae the that stall in my stalle, an' that'll aye save thing. butting. But what's the price o' the butting. But what's the price o' the but there's a least there's a least

but there's plenty o' time to see afore I hev as anch siller. But I'm obleeged to ye for yer offer, an' I wad jist like, if I buy a horse, to hae Tam, he kens me sae weel."

When Jo got home at night he was alarmed and the to and that his mother knew nothing of the book, and as it was one of the nights the bank open from seven to nine o'clock, she dy not be to the seven to nine o'clock, she dy not say one drawing the money.

As the bank would not be open for nearly

an hour, Jo tried to do justice to the dinner his mother had ready for him, but he was too excited to have much of an appetite, and excited to have much of an appetite, and arrived at the door about a quarter of an hour before the bank was open. The time dragged with mingled hopes and fears, and when the door was opened, Jo was thankful he was the only visited.

only visitor.

"I've lost my book," be began excitedly,
"an' cam' in case onybody micht"—

"What's your name?" the clerk inquired.

"Joseph Keddie."

"Ven wou'll be prescribed to be a second.

"Joseph Keddie."
"Yes, you'll be astonished to know we've got it, and sorry to know some of it has been got it, and sorry to know some been more, only drawn, though it might have been more, only drawn, though it might have been more, only five shillings. A man came here this morning and drew that amount, and about the middle of the day he presented himself tipsy, for more. Fortunately I asked him if his name was Joseph Keddie, and he said, 'No, it's William,' so we sent him away and kept the book. Here it is. I suppose that's yours?"

"Yes," said Jo, examining it, and observing nothing wrong, for he did not understand the entry on the debit side,—"yes, that's it." And he was turning to leave with it, when the clerk said, "Stop a bit, though; is that your signature?"

"Yes," said Jo excitedly.

"Well, you'll have to sign your name on A man came here this morning

"Yes," said Jo excitedly.
"Well, you'll have to sign your name on
this paper to satisfy me that it is yours. Take
your time, my man," he added, observing
Jo's trembling hand,—"take your time, and I'll be back in a minute"; and he thoughtfully left the lad till he had finished the diffi-

cult operation.

"Yes, that'll do. Now you'll be more careful of it in the future. Do you know who took the money?"

"Yes, it's a richt," said Jo as calmly as he

could, and it was not till he got to the stable

that he burst into tears.

"Tam, my man," he said, as soon as he could control himself, "it'll be anither week langer than it micht hae been afore I can buy ye; bur fter a' it micht'a been waur, an' Mr. Ingl s is gaun to pay half, so it'll be suner than we expeckit. But I'm mair vexed than the siller's worth, to think my faither could 'a dune't. I'll no' tell my mother, though; she wad be awfu' vexed to ken. An' I'll no' let on to Inglis either, for he disna ken my faither drinks, an' i wadna like 'um to ken"; and, locking the stable, he walked about until he felt equal to the task of meeting his mother, and entered with an apparent brightness he

was far from feeling.

"I've got it, mother," he said, holding up the book. "It was taken to the bank—isn't it a good job?" and it was not till her husband staggered home that the truth dawned

on her.

"Jo," she said painfully, "whaur has yer faither got the siller to pit him in that state?
Dinna tell me he took yer book."

"Never mind," said Jo, trying to comfort her; "it wasna much."

Next morning, when he presented the book, "Attalle looking at its contents, said, "Ah,

Mr. Inglis, looking at its contents, said, "Ah, ye've been takin oot a'ready? That's no sae

wantin', and he's no' workin' the noo."

"That was very guid o' ye, Jo, an' I think
the mair o' ye for't, for I'm sure it's a lot to

He would have thought more of Jo had he known the true state of affairs, which Jo was ashamed to tell, though he had some difficulty in preparing an answer which would not be

## CHAPTER IV.

Jo was now sixteen years old and the proud possessor of Tam, and when summer came, he did not forget his promise to take it, his mother, and Maggie to the country on Saturdays of tarranges. day afternoons. These were glorious times, and looked forward to by all concerned with great enthusiasm, for Jo averred that Tam knew Saturday, "an" whinnies like onything when I'm polishing um up for the road."

Jo had long ago gained the entire confidence of Mr. Inglis, and was now his principal and trusted man. He had to go to the bank on trusted man baturdays and pay the wages, and having, at his meeting advice attended a night school his master's advice, attended a night school to improve his arithmetic, he was intrusted to a considerable extent with the books, the old man looking in occasionally to see how affairs

were getting on.

"I'm no sae strong as I've been, Jo," he said, "an"it's time I took it easy noo, an' Mrs. Inglis is kind o' complainin' too, so we're gaun to tak' a drive in a cab in the forenoon, an' you can manage as weel's mysel'."

Jo was naturally proud of his important position and of the confidence reposed in him, though it grieved him to have to intrust his horse to other hands, and he selected the man he could best trust to be

"Noo, ye're to be good to Tam," he said. kind to it. "A' richt; nae fear o' me. I oeuldna hae the heart to hurt'um, efter the way I've seen you an' him gaun en." And be threw the

short stick he had for a whip into the canal, saying, "here, that'll no hurt ye noo."

Jo's mind was set at rest on that point, but the cart was never allowed to pass door till he had gone out and patted the horse, and in time it stopped of its own accord, and would not move until it had been caressed and would not move until it had been caressed—a ceremony which attracted the loungers about the place, and drew their smiles and admiration, and made Tam a hero in the neighbourhood, and on Saturday afternoons there was generally a group of children watching to see the "horse that kent Saturday."

On these occasions, as soon as it was relieved turday. from the cart, it trotted away to the office door, and waited impatiently while the men door, and waited impatiently while the men received their wages, when Jo would lock the door and walk away a little, as if unconscious that he was being followed, but only far enough to show the admiring group Tam's cleverness and love for him; then he would turn for the fondling he was as impatient to turn for the fondling he was as impatient to give as the horse was to receive, and the boys would disperse to spread the news and fill the less fortunate with curiosity, which had a whole week to look forward to before it could be gratified.

Jo had to leave the keys at Mr. Inglis house, and he was always followed by a few boys who envied his position, and their outspoken remarks were a reward to him, remem-

bering when he was in their position.

"Eh, I wish I was him, d'you no'?"

"Ay, div I. I'm gaun to hae a horse when

I grow up."

So am I; an' I'll teach mine to follow me

"Ay, but I ken what I'll dae wi' mine. I'll teach it to walk on its hint legs an' fire a pistol, an' -an' a lot o' things."

"Ay, but I'm gaun to ca' mine Black Bess, an' ride away to York—an' London—an'—an'

place."
Tam always got a piece of bread at Mr. Inglis' house; and another treat for the boys was to see Jo come out as if he had forgot it, and Tam smell and rub his nose at the pocket which contained it, or neatly lifting it out with his lips when it was purposely left

sticking out.
Instead of the cart, Jo had now the use of a van; and little time was spent over dinner. A little teapot and provisions were packed away, and the triumphant quartette started, Tam being always looked on as one of themselves. Never was mother prouder of her boy; she felt the position he had gained was due to his perseverance and love of her. Maggie was proud of him; no one she knew had a brother who owned a horse to go out with, and her earliest recollections were centred in Indeed, it would be hard to say which was proudest of the other, for nothing could exceed his joy and pride as be sat in front of

D'ye ken, mother," he said, "I ken an the van. awfu' odds on ye since we've been gaun to the country; ye're looking twenty years

Haud yer tongue, laddie," she replied,

with a pleased smile.

"Ay, but ye are, though," Jo persisted, and he was right; but there was more than the country air to account for her improvement. Whether her husband was working or idle made little difference to her as far as receiving money was concerned, for she seemed to take it for granted that Jo would support them, and he had taken care that she worked less than she formerly had done. It was not often that Jo had an opportunity of being alone with his father, and the occasions on which he was solven were former or a solven was solven. he was sober were fewer, and Jo would not ne was soper were rewer, and so would not hurt his mother's feelings by humbling his father before her, but he had once or twice found an opportunity to talk to him, in a quiet reproachful way, of the misery he kept himself and others in by his conduct. It's jist thus, ye like drink better than ye div my mother or Maggie. An' jist think hoo happy ye wad mak' us a' if ye kept straight; ye micht do't for my mother's sake." Jo's voice micht do t for my mother a sake. Jos voice began to tremble at the mention of his mother, and as he thought he saw his father's eyes

and as ne thought he saw his father's eyes moisten, he wisely left him to his reflections.

Ever since the five shillings had been taken, though Jo had never alluded to it, he felt that his father was humble beside him, and had a deference which both Jo and his mother tried to dispel, endeavouring to make him think more of himself by trying to engage him in conversation, and referring affairs to him as if he were master of the house; but it was a difficult task, and very little could be got out of him. No doubt in his soher reflections he had often regretted taking the money, and could not but feel that the meanness of the act had humiliated him before his family and to himself in a way he could never get over, and the fact that Jo had never used a word of reproach to him only added to his humiliation. He seldom got employ ment now, for it was well known he would only work for a week, and that as soon as he got his wages he went straight to the public-

One day when Jo-who had now the entire management of the business intrusted to him was bending over the books, he was conscious of some one at the open door by the shadow cast on the desk, and before he had snarrow cast on the desk, and before he mad looked up he heard in a voice he was sure he knew, "Will you please send a—"
"Hullo, Mary!" he broke in, smiling, and with a look which implied that the visitor

would be surprised to find him in such a high

position. "Well, Jo, I never expected to see you here." There was embarrassment on both sides for a little, till they struck on the subject of school-day reminiscences, when Jo was her champion.

(To be continued.)

## HAVING SOME FUN.

"Now, boys, I will tell you how we can we some fun," said Charlie to his comhave some fun, panions, who had assembled one bright moonlight evening for sledding, snow-ball-

ing and fun generally.
"What is it !" asked several at once.

replied Charlie. "You shall see," Who's got a saw?"

'I have. So have I," replied the boys. "Get them; and you and Fred and Nathan each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let us be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use saws,

axes and shove s could be in the play.

But Charlie was a favourite with all, and they fully believed in his promises, and

were soon back again for the fun.

"Now," said he, "Widow Bradley has gone to sit up with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that unless she could get some one to saw it to-night she would have nothing to make a fire with in the mornnothing to make a fire with in the morning. Now, boys, it will be just as easy for us to saw, split and pile up her wood as to make a snow-man on her door-step, and the surprise of the first will be better than that of the last. What say you, boys?"

One or two of the boys objected, and

could not see the fun, but the majority went in for it with the inward satisfaction and joy that always results from welldoing.

It did not take long for seven smart and healthy boys to split and pile up that load of wood, and shovel a good path from the door-step to the woodpile. They felt great pleasure and satisfaction over their fun, and then all went to a neighboring carpenter's shop, where shavings could be had for carrying away, and each brought an armful; then they went home with light and joyful hearts.

The next morning, when the poor, weary widow returned from watching at the sickbed, and saw what had been done, she was astonished, and tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks. She wondered who had done the kindly deed; and, when afterward told, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" would have richly repaid them could they have heard it.

## "BE MIGHTY SURE."

"BE mighty sure with your proofs, Bob," said a hard-looking old man to another, who had assured him there was no hell. "Be mighty sure of your proofs, Bob; for there are a great many of us who

are depending on ye."

'Yes, I believe," said one man, "that everybody will be saved; but I'd give that yoke of oxen if I knew it was so.

"I believe every word of it," said a grasping miser, to one who had been prohesying smooth things to the people; but I will give you a thousand dollars if you will prove it sure, and no mistake.'

Men are right glad to pay their money; but they want to be sure they get what they pay for. And if at last they should find that there was some mistake, and that perdition was no dream and no joke; if they should find that, after all their assaults on creeds and catechisms, there was one thing they had not touche Word of God, which liveth and abideth orever; that Werd which declares: "The wages of sin is death, and the soul that sinneth, it shall die;" men will mourn at last that they depended upon falsehoods and uncertainties. Is it not better to make the matter sure to-day, by turning to the Lord, and seeking and finding salvation through him !

#### The Bishop's Visit.

BY MRS. EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

Tril you about it ! Of course I win I thought 'twould be dreadful to have him come,

For maining said I must be quict and still, And she put away my whistle and drum

And made me unharness the parlour chairs. And packed my cannon and all the rest Of my noisest playthings off upstairs, On account of this very distinguished guest.

Then every room was turned upside down, And all the carpets hung out to blow; For when the Bishop is coming to town The house must be in order, you know

out in the kitchen I made my lair, And started a game of hide and seek;
But Bridget refused to have me there,
For the Bishop was coming—to stay a

And she must make cookies and cakes and

pies, And fill every closet and platter and pan, Till I thought this Rishop so great and wise, Must be an awfully hungry in a

Well! at last he came; and I do declare,

Dear grandpapa, he looked just like you,
With his gentle voice and
his silvery hair,
And eyes with a sinile
a-shining through.

And whenever he read or talked or prayed,
understood every
single word; And I wasn't the leastest bit afraid, Though I never core spoke or stirred;

Till, all of a sudden, he laughed right out laughed right out
To see me at quietly
listening so;
and began to tell us
stories about
Some queer little fel
lows in Mexico.

And all about Egypt and Spain - and then He woo't disturbed by a little noise, But said that the greatest

and best of men nee were relicking, healthy boys.

And he thinks it is no matter at all
If a little boy runs and jumps and climbs;
And manna should be willing to let me crawl

Through the bantster-rails in the hall some- 2 Saul Chosen, v. 20-27. times.

And Bridget, sir, made a great mistake, In stirring up such a bother, you see, For the Bishop - he didn't care for cake, And really liked to play games with me.

But though he's so honoured in word and

(Stoop down, for this is a secret now)— e couldn't spell Boston! That's a fact! But whispered to me to tell him how.

#### LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER. STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1095.] LESSON VI. (Nov. 10.

SAPL CHOSKY KING.

1 Sam. 10. 17-27. Memory verses, 24, 25. GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.— Praim 97. 1

ORTHURE.

God Rejected, v. 17-19.
 Saul Choson, v. 20-27.

TIME.-B.C. 1095.

Pusces. Mizpoli, in the tribe of Benjam a, a "hely place," which shared with Gilgal and Bethel the reverence of the people.

RULLIC .- The "period of the judges" was now drawing to its close. Down to this date

the social order of the nation had been prethe accus order of the nation had been preserved primarily by the priesthood and hereditery "elders," chiefs of claus. Now and then a "man of God" appeared to call idolatrous backshelers to the true worship. And now and then a strong willed here liberated some portion of the Holy Land from cruel invaders, whom tood had used as instru-ments of punishment. But there was yet "no king in Israel," and "every man did that which was right in his own oyes."

#### HOME READINGS.

M. Saul chosen king. -1 Sam. 10, 17 27.
Tu. The people's desire. -1 Sam. 8, 1-9.
W. Saul indicated -1 Sam. 9, 15 22.
Th. Anointing of Saul. -1 Sam. 10, 1-9.
F. Samuel's exhortation. 1 Sam. 12, 6-15.
S. Laws for the king. - Dent. 17, 11-20.
Su. Christian loyalty. -1, Poter 2, 11-17.

QUEST.ONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. God Rejected, v. 17-19.

What assembly did Samuel call?
What assembly did Samuel call?
Whose message did he give to Israel?
What had the Lord done for them?
He what they treated him?
When had they treated him?
What were they commanded to do?
What King now rules the earth? (Golden Fort.)

Text.)

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

What tribe of Israel was chosen?

erees 1-6.

Out of this tribe what family was chosen? What person was selected at last? How had Saul been before pointed out?

What inquiry was made of the Lord? Why? What answer was given? What was Saul's personal appearance? What said Samuel to the people? What was their answer? What record did Samuel make?

Who went home with Saul?
How did the sons of Beliai treat him?
Of what would gifts have been a proof?
Kings 4. 21.
What did Saul do?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That government is ordained of God?
2. That evil rulers are God s servants?
3. That we should honour those in authority?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was the first king of Israel. Saul, the son of Kish. 2. By whom was he appointed king? By the Lord. 3. By whom was he anointed? By the peoplet Samuel.

4. Where was his appointment male known? At an assembly of the people. 5. What was his appearance? He was the tallest among the people. 6. What did the people say when they saw him? "God save the king."

7. Repeat the Golden Text: "The Lord reigneth," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. - The kingdom of

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

God, in the name of Christ, for things agreeable to his will. Padin 62. 8.

What must always accompany prayer? Confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of God's mercies.

#### A LETTER FROM CHINA.

About two months ago we placed some provisions in our cart and started off on a missionary tour, during which we rode over 700 miles. It was a long cart-ride. The mules that draw our carts are harnessed, not side by side, but one in front of the other, and they are guided by the voice and the snap of the whip, instead of reins.

I am going to tell you about the girls' school and the boys' school hero in Pekin. There are nearly fifty girls and about thirty boys, and of course they are all Sunday-school scholars. We are studying the Sunday-school lessons. These are translated into Chinese, and the pupils have their lesson leaves just as you have. We have lesson leaves just as you have. We have our hymn book, with many of the hymns you have to sing, and if you could step into our Sunday-school in the chapel here, and

come to see that their own religion must be false.

She said, "You don't really mean to say

She said, "You don't really mean to say you are a Christian ?"
Yes, that was what he was. She ran away to the little box, the one private thing that belonged to her, in which she kept her treasures, and, bringing out a Bible, she said, "I, too, have been reading this book, and have come to the conclusion that it contains the true religion. A farthat it contains the true religion. A few days after that both husband and wife pro-fessed their faith together and were pub-licly baptized in the name of Christ.

#### Sowing.

"Angre of the Spring-time," said she,
"Show me where to sow my grain.
Shall I plant it round my door-step,
Or afar there on the plain?"

"At thy feet!" the angel answered, "Sow at once the nearest field! First, thy dooryard, then beyond it, Let new fields new furrows yield.

"Fill the nearest spot with gladness, Fill thy home with goodness aweet; Wider fields shall ask thy sowing, It thou first sow at thy feet!

"Thus for thee shall widening harvests Wave their manifolding grain, Till the sixtyfold, the bundred, Gild the dooryard and the plain!"

#### THE TRUTHFUL BOY.

SAYS Robert Burdette. 'How people do trust a truthful boy! We never worry about him when he is out of our sight. We never say, 'I wonder where he is; I wish never say, 'I wonder where he is; I wish I know what he is doing; I wonder whom he is with; I wonder why he doesn't come home.' Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it, and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him solemntwo or three times. When he says, 'Yes, I will,' or 'No, I won't,' just once, that settles it."

### THINK OF IT!!!

A New Story from the Author of "Matthew Mellowdew," "Nestleton Magna," "Simon Holmes, Carpenter," etc.

# The Red, Red Wine.

A TEMPERANCE STORY

BY

## J. Jackson Wray.

would find it hard to realize that you were in the biggest city of Lig China.

Every morning we have prayers in our chapel, where we all gather, and the girls take turns in playing the organ. Within a year, during their odd moments, they have learned to play many familiar tunes. Many of the pupils are able to repeat from memory the four gospels.

These things gladden us all, but we must remember that here in China are hundreds and thousands, and tens and hundreds of With Fine Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and six Full-page Illustrations.

Cloth, - - - \$1.00.

We have just issued in a handsome Canadian edition this fine temperance story of the late J. Jackson Wrny. The Joyful News

the late J. Jackson Wray. The Joyful Newsthus refers to it:

"This, as its name implies, is a temperance story, and is told in the lamented author's most graphic style. We have never read anything so powerful since "Danesbury House," and this book in stern and pathetic carnestness even excels that widely known book. It is worthy a place in every Sunday-school and village library; and, as the latest utterance of one whose withings are so deservedly popular, it is sure of a welcome. It should give decision to come whose views about Local Option are hazy." are hazy.

He began with so much fear and hesitation

## POWER OF THE BIBLE.

could hear from 125 to 200 voices singing

the familiar tunes that you sing, though the words would seem strange, I think you would find it hard to realize that you were

and thousands, and tens and hundreds of thousands that know not God.

thousands that know not God.

This afternoon, May 7, while standing upon the roof of a house we are building, I saw a woman with a little one in her arms enter the temple to worship false gods, and for three days the sound of funeral music has reached me in my study from the home of a dead heathen. China

from the home of a dead heathen. China needs light. Give your prayers, your pen-nies, and, if God calls, yourselves.

In India when a man becomes a Christian, he often meets great opposition from his family. But we have lately heard of one case in which it was not so.

There was a young Hindu who was de-termined, at whatever cost, to profess his faith; so he went home to tell his wife. CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is prayer?

What is prayer?

What is it?" He said he had been reading the book of the Christians, and had

## WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Bookand Publishing House, Toronto.

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The control of the participant of the control of th