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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

V. L. XIX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 7, 1899.

No. 40.

How the Leaves Came Down.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I'll tell you how the leaves came down
Said the great Tree to his children:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and
Brown,

Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day,
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frollicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their
Prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bed-clothes heaped upon her
arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and
warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and
smiled,
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he
said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed."

MISS CHATTY'S HALLOWEEN.

BY MARY E. Q. BRUSH.

Miss Tempy looked up at the calendar
hanging above her little cheery writing-
desk.

"O hum, almost the last of October!"
she said, and then suddenly paused with
an apprehensive glance toward her sis-
ter, Miss Chatty, who sat by the window
engaged at her annual task of making
over Mrs. Deacon Rogers' winter bonnet.

The two Misses Martin were sisters,
but did not resemble one another in the
slightest degree, for Miss Temperance,
the elder, aged fifty, was thin and dark,
black-eyed and solemn-looking; Miss
Charity was barely forty years old and
had rosy cheeks, merry blue eyes, and
was, moreover, as plump as a partridge.

Miss Chatty's eyes (everybody called
the Misses Martin Chatty and Tempy)
had a roguish twinkle in them, as, look-
ing up from the rusty black velvet, she
said:

"Aha, Tempy! I know of what you
are thinking. To-morrow—yes, let me
see—to-morrow night will be Halloween.
And there are those Thurston children!"

"Well, yes," with a sigh, "I must
confess you've read my thoughts. Those
Thurston children, indeed! You know
how they acted last year. Somehow
they seem to regard us as their especial
victims. Don't you remember their
pranks? The boards I had piled up
for a new sidewalk were lugged away
down to the end of our street, they hung
our millinery sign over the office door
of the horse doctor; they lifted our gate
from its hinges and carried it up on top
of the band stand in the park; they put
a red flannel jacket on little Dude and
tied a ribbon to his tail, and the dear
dog was nearly wild trying to scramble
and chew his way out!"

"I remember they placed a long row
of cabbages on our front porch and
scared us, for when we peeped out of the
window we thought some tramps were
lying there sleeping; those cabbages did
look just like round shaggy heads." And
Miss Chatty laughed.

"Laugh if you want to, but I can't,"
Miss Tempy rejoined, grimly. "I think
it's too serious a thing being at the mercy
of half a dozen youngsters. They'll
treat us worse this year—you'll see now!
Do you know"—here Miss Tempy's
black eyes snapped angrily—"do you
know they are plotting mischief this
very minute? I saw the whole five
going out for a consultation behind our
own barn. Five? I should say six,
for that three-year-old Capple is able to
keep up the family reputation for mis-
chief, I'll warrant."

A thoughtful expression came over
Miss Chatty's face.

"True, I laugh, sister, at the funny
things they do, but at the same time I
feel sorry for the children. They're
motherless, you know, Tempy, and their
father is so absorbed in his business.
His housekeeper, old Mrs. Grindstone,
knows no more about the care of chil-
dren than—than our old Tabby cat—and
not as much, for I must say, that old
Tab is a dear, good, faithful mother to
her little kits. But really, Tempy, I
can't help being interested in the Thur-
stons; they're such bright, pretty chil-
dren. I do want to help them. Did my
best to coax them to come to my Sun-
day-school class, but they sort of shy

twenty minutes after their arrival at the
milliners' cottage, they sat as solemn as
a row of young owls, blinking away with
round inquiring eyes. But presently Miss
Chatty, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed,
started one merry game after another;
and it wasn't long before the house re-
sounded with pattering feet and gay
laughter and the passers-by might have
heard even Miss Tempy singing shrilly.

"Oh, say, do you know the Muffin man?"

Old games and new ones; Halloween
games, of course—apples floating in tubs
and chestnuts popping from their shin-
ing brown coats by the red coals.

Last, but not least, they had the jolliest
kind of blindman's buff. Going into
the sitting-room the children found a
network of cords stretched from wall to
wall, and on these ropes were parcels of
all kinds, red toy balloons, jumping
jacks, and little Japanese parasols and
fans, and on these ropes were parcels of
all kinds, red toy balloons, jumping
jacks, and little Japanese parasols and
fans, to say nothing of oranges and bags
of candy, all dangling beside dollies
dressed so gaily from remnants of bright
silk ribbons from the milliners' "piece-
bag."

Each child was blindfolded in turn and
furnished with a wand, and while Miss
Chatty sat down to the old yellow-keyed
piano and rattled off a sprightly jig, he
or she circled round and round, striving
to strike or loosen some of the gifts
overhead.

Such a happy evening as it was, and
how astonished everybody was, to be
sure, when the tall, old-fashioned
clock struck ten.



THE
HALLOWEEN PARTY.

off. I suppose they're a little afraid of
us. You know you have scolded 'em a
good deal, Tempy."

"'Spose I have, but not a quarter to
what they've deserved," was the grim
rejoinder.

Miss Chatty tucked a black ostrich
feather on Mrs. Deacon Rogers' bonnet
and held it aloft on her chubby fist to
study the effect. Suddenly she pushed
her work aside and sprang up, eagerly
exclaiming:

"Oh, Tempy, Tempy, you dear old
girl! I've thought of a charming plan.
It'll be such a joke, too. We'll win the
Thurstons by a master stroke! Let us
play a Halloween trick on them!"

"Chatty," severely, "are you crazy?"
Miss Chatty danced about, shaking off
little snippings of velvet and ends of
thread from her ruffled apron.

"What," she said, gaily, "do you think
that one original idea would make me
insane? No, ma'am! Let me tell you
my plan. We'll give a real nice Hal-
loween party for the benefit of the
Thurston children!"

"Humph! they won't come!"
"Won't, eh? Just let me drop a hint
about the delicious cocoanut cake you
make and the games we'll play after
supper. Of course they'll come!"

Miss Chatty was right. Of course the
Thurstons came. There was Bess, the
eldest, a bright-eyed hoyden, with her
mane of wondrous yellow hair; sturdy
Walter in his new sailor suit; Tom, his
face a network of grins and freckles and
odd grimaces; then Leona and Marie, as
merry as little grigs, and Capple, the
youngest, with wide, wondering eyes
peeping from under his fringe of flaxen
bangs. Evidently Mrs. Grindstone had
given some attention toward drilling
them for the occasion, as, for the first

"Nicest Halloween I ever had!" ex-
claimed Walter as he and Bess with
much importance marshalled the rest of
the Thurstons homeward. "It was lots
more fun than scooting around as we did
last year, playing tricks that we got
scolded and punished for the next day."

"Yes, indeed," said Bess, enthusiastically.
"I think Miss Tempy and Miss
Chatty are just lovely. I'm going there
again Saturday, and they're going to
teach me how to make the dearest little
apron for Marie! And say, Walter,
Miss Chatty told me of a real nice pres-
ent I could make for you Christmas."

"Did, oh?" complacently. "She isn't
one bit like Mrs. Grindstone, is she?
Miss Chatty seems to think boys are
worth something, and—well, I say,
Bess," lowering his voice confidentially,

"I say, if she asks us again to join her
Sabbath-school class, let's do it. I
think she'll be the kind of a teacher a
fellow'd like."

ALWAYS STRIKE YOUR HOUR.

In one of Sophia May's delightful
story-books this odd piece of advice is
given to a young girl who sees a hard
trial ahead: "Always strike your hour."
When she looked up in surprise her

friend said something like this. "Watch
that clock on the shelf, and you will
see that when it comes time it always
strikes the hour. It doesn't lag and
delay a few minutes over, but precisely
at the moment the long hand points to
twelve it strikes the proper hour. If
it didn't, the whole household would be
in trouble, for each one of us depends
on the striking of the clock to mark off
the hours for us. When the time comes
for you to meet a hard thing, do so
bravely; don't complain or delay, for
that would only make your trouble
other people's as well." The boy who
puts off filling the wood-box until he
has finished his kite, and so delays his
mother's baking, is refusing to strike
his hour. So is the girl who puts off
doing thorough work in her school until
it is nearly time for examinations. Ever
so many of us are trying to get out of
"striking an hour" as long as we can.
We shall save ourselves and others much
if it is sounded the moment it becomes
due.—Happy Hours.

HELPING THE WEAK.

BY DR. JAMES.

An English traveller who was con-
siderably interested in birds happened to
be passing the autumn in the Isle of
Crete, in the Mediterranean, and he often
noticed a sound like the twittering of
small birds at times when the sand-
cranes were passing overhead on their
way southward. As the only fowl in
sight were the cranes, this aroused his
curiosity, and he men-
tioned the matter to a friend
who was a native of the
island, suggesting that pos-
sibly the noise was caused
by the whirring of the
feathers of these great birds.
His friend, however, said
no; the noise, he declared,
was made by song-birds that
were riding on the backs of
the cranes, and he further
asserted that the saucy little
fellows had come all the
way from the coast of
Europe with their good-
natured companions, who
lent, if not a helping hand,
a helping back, which was
much more serviceable. A
few days later the English-
man got pretty conclusive
proof of the truth of this
statement. He was cruising
about in a boat about fifteen
miles from shore, when an-
other flock of cranes passed
overhead, and he heard the
same twittering notes. He
therefore discharged his gun
to see what would come of
it, and forthwith he saw
three small birds rise up

from the flock in fright. After a short
time they disappeared again among the
cranes. The Indians of the region south
of Hudson's Bay tell a similar tale of a
song-finch which travels across that
great body of water and lies very com-
fortably on the back of a Canada goose.
It seems that God has thus put into the
instinct of geese and cranes to give a
helping back to bear the burdens of
weaker fowl. Those who name the
name of Jesus Christ ought certainly to
have hearts as tender as these birds.
We show forth the spirit of Christ when
we bare our back to carry the burdens of
God's weaker singers. No music will
be so sweet as the thanksgiving of such
hearts whom we have gladdened by our
help.—Dr. Banks.

Miss Leitch tells of how the native
Christians of Ceylon contribute to the
Lord's work. Each morning when a
Christian measures out the rice for the
family for the day, so many handfuls
for her husband, for each child, for her-
self, she takes one handful or so more
and puts it into a box marked, "The
Lord's Box." From time to time the
church treasurer visits all the Christian
homes, collects the rice from these boxes,
sells it, and sends the money to the
native missionary society.

Lost—the Summer.

By R. M. ALDEN.

Where has the summer gone? She was just here a minute ago, with roses and daisies...

Has any one seen her about? She must have gone off in the night! And she took the best flowers...

Have you noticed her steps in the grass? The garden looks red where she went. By the side of the hedge...

Don't you fear she is sorry she went? It seems but a minute since May! I'm scarcely half through...

Do you think she will ever come back? I will watch every day at the gate. For the robins and clover...

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. O. W. COOPER, S. F. HERRON, 117½ Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO OCTOBER 7, 1899

HELPING TO PULL

A TALK WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND.

By MARION TWACK.

This sketch shows how our English friends harness the young Methodists to the twentieth century wagon.—Ed.

Teacher, Nellie Fraser says she's going to be a Twentieth-Century, and me and Gerlie Robinson want to be Twentieth-Centuries, too; but we don't know what it means...

"I don't see how it is that you were not at school last Sunday, Bessie? The minister gave us an address, and told us all about the Twentieth Century Fund."

"I couldn't come, teacher," because Aunt Sarah is ill with an eternal complaint, a father and mother went to see her...

"I didn't say quite that, Bessie," I answered laughing. "but we will have a talk about it in our class to-morrow, and I will try to tell you what he did say."

"When we gathered round the table in our class-room the following evening, 'Twentieth Century Fund' was written on every face, and we very soon plunged into our great subject."

"I see, girls," I began. "we have nearly come to the end of another century, and God has been very good to our"

Methodist Church during the last hundred years, and it has been a great help to us, and so we want to show our love to God for bringing our offerings to him, as his people did when the tabernacle was set up...

"Now, then, the boys and girls in our Sunday-schools, in the towns and in the Junior Society classes, are like those young horses. The Twentieth Century Fund is a very big load for our church to pull; and though we are not very clever...

"But, teacher, whatever will they do with a million guineas? It makes me feel like I think about going to the stars. I should think they would be frightened to have all that money."

"They have lots of things to do with the money, Bessie. If they are to send some to the foreign missions, and use some to build new chapels and mission halls and schools and training colleges. And there is another thing they are going to do, and that is, specially to tell you about that to-night. You know ways to think about Christmas, don't you? We never get tired of that wonderful, beautiful story of the little child who was born in a manger...

"Well, some of these guineas are to do something like that. There are lots of little children belonging to our Methodist Church who are so poor and friendless that they have no bed to sleep in, and scarcely any food to eat or clothes to wear. Some of them have no father or mother to care for them, there is no one to love them and care for them, and we don't help them they must be sent to the workhouse. The Lord Jesus knew that when we read the story of his coming we should feel dreadfully sorry that we could do nothing for him, and so he left us a message to show us that we could. You know what it is. Yes, Kitty, you say it for us."

"Inasmuch as you have done it into one of those things, my brethren, you have done it unto me," said Kitty, whose face was flushed and her eyes very bright. "That's right, dear. Isn't it good of him to let us do something for him after all, just as really as if we could have given up our bed for him that last Christmas night? Out of the million guineas, fifty thousand pounds are given to Dr. Stephenson so that he may be able to take all the little homeless Methodist children out of the workhouses and bring them into his big Children's Home, where he can teach them how to earn their own living by-and-by, and we hope we shall never have to let any of our children go to the workhouse any more. We shall have to let some of them go to the workhouse, and he will be making room for a little child whom Jesus has sent in his place."

"Teacher," said a soft little voice by

my side, "I'm going on that Twentieth Century, and I'll bring you my twopennyes. I want you to be sure because I shall spend it for certain if I keep it myself." And I knew that twopenny-halfpennies were hardly earned in Kitty's home...

"Wait a minute, Bessie. I am so glad you are ready to help, dear; but before we begin to collect from other people, I want you to think what we can do out of your own selves. We should not have wanted to go to the rich people in Bethlehem when the Lord Jesus came, and ask them if they had a room that we could spare for him, that would not have been half so nice as giving up our own little bed for him. And I am quite sure if we make our love set our wits to work, we shall think of ways in which we can do rather some things together, without asking any one else for it."

"I know a boy who is a young apprentice, and only has sixpence a week of his very own money. I think that that is quite a fortune, but wait till I have told you what he does with it. Twopenny goes every Sunday into the collection plate, and one penny is spent on the paper that he writes his letter with, and the sixpence is gone. Every week now for two years twopenny-halfpenny of the remainder is to be put aside for the Christmas fund, and he will have just one happy penny left. Am sure he will feel richer with that halfpenny than he would if he were to keep all the sixpence for himself. If we only have a room that we can spare for him, sometimes, for Jesus Christ's sake, set it aside to help this great work. Instead of spending it on sweets or ribbon or lace? I am going to ask for a collecting box which we can call together some names put every one of your names down in it; and if you will bring me what you can and every week I will enter it in the book, and keep the money in a box at home for you to take care of for me. You know love makes people so clever, that it is wonderful how many ways they think of in which to show the love if their hearts are full of it, and how easy it is to do it. I wonder if we could make our stockings and gloves wear longer during the next two years, if we always mended them very carefully as you are doing with your mittens. Then perhaps mother could spare us sixpence for our Fund sometimes, that she would have to put towards new ones for us, if we had not taken such pains with the old ones."

"You remember when the people brought the offerings for the tabernacle, they did not only bring gold and silver and brass, and precious stones and skins and spices, but they brought their own wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun. Is there anything like that that we could do?"

"Why, yes," said Winnie, getting quite excited; "mother has promised lots of times that if I would help her to knit the boys' stockings she would pay me for it. I made a pair for Tom once, and I could be bothered to do any more. I'll set on some stitches to-morrow, you see if I don't!"

"That's splendid, Winnie! I am sure we are every one of us going to do all we possibly can to help it. And when we have really done our very best, if some of us have not been able to get quite as much as a guinea, I know there are friends who will give us out as we help with the last shilling or two. But you see, Mr. Gill and Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Curtis have all to give their own guineas, so it doesn't seem quite fair to go and ask for help from other people. I will have done what we can. Now it is time to go home, but I must not forget to tell you that there has been a great Historic Roll prepared, and all of us, big and little, will give our names to the Fund, may write our names on the Roll."

"Shall we have to write on the paper itself, teacher?" Bessie asked. "Yes, Bessie, you may write all you will want to sign the book itself." "My word!" said Bessie, "I shall have to look out when I do my copies now, or they will never know what my name was when we wrote it. I wish it wasn't Elizabeth—'s is such a horrid letter to make!"

"When has the money to be paid in, teacher?" "Not later than January, 1901. And if we bring twopenny-halfpenny every week this year and next, it will make a whole guinea by the time we have to pay it in. Now, let us ask God to help us

to get our guineas, and to do all for love of him."

"As we were going home afterwards Gerlie Robinson remarked: 'I don't believe I want any more awards for my school. I had so many; last week that they gave me the toothache and couldn't come to Sunday-school. I guess I've done with them for a bit.' 'Good-night, teacher,'" said Bessie when we came to her turning. "I'm going to give that guinea if I never know the taste of a chocolate again. And I'm dotting fond of chocolates," she nodded to herself, as she ran down the road.

Bessie saw our section of the Roll last night, and was profoundly impressed with its fair proportions. "Doesn't it look nice, teacher?" she breathlessly exclaimed. "We ought to be proud of that."

A Faithful Dog.

These lines are lovingly dedicated to every boy who has ever owned and loved a worthy dog. For dogs are dogs, and men are men, and dogs for men lay down their lives, and men accept this sacrifice, and count it only duty done.

My noble Prince before me lies; For his sake of his life I'll tell; For he has lived both long and well; Has lived a life both good and wise.

A puppy dog, three months or more, He was to me a friendly gift; And yet we did not care to lift; His little form within our door.

We did not know the loyal heart, The loving spirit hid within; That stony coat, that wrinkled skin; Nor how he yet would take our part.

And so he came into our place, Into our hearts he made his way; Nor could we ever say him nay; Such was his gentleness and grace.

And so he stayed, and so he grew, And happy dog, a willing friend; And always said, I'm here to send For anything that I can do.

His willing service won our love, His cheerfulness our esteem; His cheerful service oft did seem As prompted by the Good above.

"What was he like, this dog of mine, In colour and in size?" you say, "What was he like in every way? And was his breeding very fine?"

His pedigree was short enough, Although his blood was good and clean; And in his lineage nothing mean, For on both sides was splendid strain.

Three parts were collie, from the hills Where Scotland's shepherds keep their flocks, 'Mid wilds, and woods, and rugged rocks, And pastures fresh, and sparkling rills.

Where Scottish shepherds train canine To look, and think, and act like human; To serve like men, and love like woman, And keep the flock, and herd the kin.

Hence came my Prince's gentle dam, A full-bred, well-trained collie maid, Was purchased, and ten guineas paid, And brought out here by Farmer Lamb.

From hills and fields upon the farm, She brought the cows, and too; them out back, In this service was no lack Of time or care, nor any harm.

She watched the gap, she kept the gate, She drove the wood-chuck from the woods, And guarded home and barn and goods, Content to serve and watch and wait.

There came across the fields one day, "We pity the boy or girl who has not at some time or other enjoyed the companionship of an intelligent and loving dog. They have missed a very important part of their education. The moral influence of a generous-hearted dog is one of the most wholesome any boy or girl can have. We hope the boys will all try to read Dr. Brown's story of 'Rab and his friends.' We do not suppose the writer of these verses would dogmatize on the future of the dog world, nor upon intended. Mrs. Browning shared sentiments similar to those expressed in the closing verses for her dog, Flush, because, she says, 'he loveth much.'"

A stranger dog, half mastiff was,
And large, and strong, with massive
jaws.
And stayed, because he loved to stay.

The night came on, and still he stayed,
His look was kind, of gentle mien,
For well brought up was he, I ween,
He stayed and wooed the collie maid.

Hence came my Prince of noble birth,
So strong and brave, so kind and true,
As good a dog as ever grew
Of mastiff and of collie worth.

Of average weight, and medium size,
Of colour black, with brown beneath,
With strong set jaws, and well set teeth;
Well formed head, and hazel eyes.

A handsome dog withal was he,
With glossy fur, and honest face,
And general bearing full of grace,
And proud as any dog could be.

With other dogs he'd never play,
Their company he never sought,
And always looked as though he thought
They all are made of coarser clay.

On human sports himself employed,
Played hide-and-seek with girls and
boys,
And balls, lacrosse, and other toys
That people used, he most enjoyed,

Stood by the cradle, drew the sled,
And taught my little girl to walk,
And seemed to understand her talk
When others knew not what she said.

"Tum, P'ince," she'd say, and he would
come,
And wait till she would gain her feet,
And lead her out into the street,
And wait and bring her safely home.

My children's friend, and guard, and pet,
Delighted best when doing most,
He seemed to make his only boast,
"I've served them all, and serve them
yet."

And while he was my children's guard,
He served with me in field and wood;
He watched, and always understood,
My movements for a walk abroad.

Was fond of sport, and danced with glee
To see me reach and take my gun;
He loved the hunt, and loved the fun
Of wandering through the woods with
me.

One day we roamed with jaunty air,
With flattering thought of larger game,
Of something that might bring us fame,
As silver fox, or wolf, or bear.

And Prince and I, that autumn day,
That autumn day at early morn,
Set out with pomp, and pride, and scorn,
For something big, some bold affray.

But pomp and pride of dogs and men
Must always have its fall, you know;
And so we had not far to go
To learn that lesson once again.

It was a thick-set hemlock bush;
The leaves and twigs around were dry;
And suddenly we heard a cry,
A scream, and then a solemn hush.

That death-like hush made dense the air,
I looked at Prince, he looked at me;
His look was pitiful to see,
A look of dread, of blank despair.

He saw the wild-cat in the tree,
With fiery eyes that searched us through;
And Prince and I both sadly knew
Our danger was of large degree.

Prince crept behind, he could not bear
The searching of those fiery eyes;
And I confess, not otherwise
Was I, that hour, while standing there.

To flee was vain; my gun was true;
Could I not fell him with one shot,
And bag our game upon the spot;
This seemed at once the wisest view.

With look intense, Prince watched my
move,
His courage rose; he knew my skill;
He knew I always fired to kill;
And once again would surely prove.

I fired, he fell; but rose aglow;
His look was fierce, his eyes aflame;
My aim had missed! I lost my game;
And worse than all, I faced my foe.

I fired again; my rifle snapped;
The brute still crouched, and creeping
near,
My Prince behind me crouched with fear,
No help! no hope! O God, we're trapped.

At bay I stood, all fired with hate,
Hoping to strike a fatal blow.

And yet I wish the brute would go,
And leave us to another fate.

The crisis came, he screamed and sprang
To seize my throat; he knew how well
To take his prey, this beast of hell,
And yet I escaped his deadly fang.

For, as he sprang, my faithful Prince,
Crouched for his prey, and met his face,
And clasped him in that dread embrace,
Willing to die in my defence.

That scene no human tongue can tell,
That horrid look, those dreadful teeth;
Prince sprang into those jaws of death,
He plunged into that "mouth of hell."

I drew my pocket-knife with will,
Jumped to the fray to do my part,
And pushed the blade into his heart,
The awful brute I joyed to kill.

That awful conflict, fierce and fell;
The gnashing teeth, the tearing claws;
The growls, the screams, the groans, the
pause
Of dread suspense, the silent knell.

I looked at Prince, and still he held
In vice-like grip his prostrate foe,
Nor would consent to let him go,
Till thrice assured the brute was killed.

And then he swooned, and lay as dead,
My royal Prince, his task was done;
His battle fought, his victory won;
I raised him up and held his head.

Poor Prince, I looked and felt him o'er,
One eye was gone, a broken limb,
His head was open to the brim,
His body covered all with gore.

And I, too, shared a bloody fate,
My pants were gone, my limbs were torn,
My coat was rags, a sight forlorn
Was I, indeed, in such a state.

And yet I thought not of my strife,
But of my brave, devoted mate,
Whose love and courage changed my
fate,
And gave me a new lease of life.

For dogs are dogs, and men are men,
And dogs for men lay down their lives,
I hailed with joy his sacrifice,
But thought it more than duty done.

I bandaged Prince as best I could,
And bound my limbs in tattered rags,
So much, so large, they looked like bags,
And then we started from the wood.

I helped poor Prince upon the way,
And dragged the lynx along the road,
He was indeed a heavy load,
A heavy load for me that day.

A passing waggon came in view,
I hailed, and hired it on the way,
And made a bed for Prince to lay,
And laid the lynx beside him too.

At every mile he'd raise his head,
Look at the lynx, as though to say,
Though I have suffered much this day,
I'm satisfied: that brute is dead.

We reached our home, my wife came out;
Of course her first thought was of me;
"I'm not much hurt," I said, "but see,
Poor Prince is sadly put about."

The doctor came and set his limb,
And dressed his wounds, and then
dressed mine;
He bore it all without a whine,
I suffered less and thought of him.

For many days he shared my room,
He on his rug, I on my bed;
Of every dish I ate he fed,
And was content with me at home.

Five years have passed, and still he lives,
A one-eyed dog, and stiff, and lame;
I look at him, and call his name,
And, oh, the look of pride he gives.

A look of honest pride that says,
"I've lived and suffered good and true,
I've lived and loved the best I knew,
And served my master faithful days,

Companion still where'er I rove,
A fellow-feeling makes us kind;
His scars, and his one eye, remind
Me ever of his loyal love.

One of the home, he makes his claim
Of right, and rank, and proper place;
And never thinks it is by grace
He lives, and wears a royal name.

Thus love, and right, and dignity,
These triple virtues intertwined,
In dogs, and men, we sometimes find,
And always honour where we see.

At meals he lies before the grate,
And waits for prayers, and bows his
head,

And yet I wished the brute would go,
And worship in a proper state.

Then after meals he brings his dish,
And waits with it in proper mood,
Till he is served with proper food,
And only "draws the line" at fish.

His mat is set upon the floor,
A lynx-skin rug, both soft and warm,
He never feels the midnight storm,
And sleeps close by my chamber door.

To church with me, it is his rule,
And waits inside the sanctuary door,
He knows my step upon the floor,
And greets me in the vestibule.

Now ten years old he is and more,
And soon must "gather up his feet,"
Surrender to the winding sheet,
And have it said, "His days are o'er."

A grave, a coffin, and a stone,
To tell how true and brave he was,
But will eternity his cause
Expound, his grief and love atone?

All dogs are dogs, and men are men,
And men have souls, and dogs have none,
And dogs have loved, and nobly done,
And no reward on earth, what then?

And why should dogs not live again?
I may be weak, I may be wrong,
But love is sweet, and love is strong,
And love is life with dogs and men.

A lingering hope to me is given,
That when God calls the sons of light,
And plants them where there is no night,
My dog shall be with me in heaven.
Campbellford.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY
Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COMMON THINGS OF LIFE.

Heman was one of the boys who are very fond of their friends, very loyal and faithful to them, yet having foes as well as friends, and with hostilities as deeply rooted as his friendships. Boys that liked Heman liked him very devotedly; boys that did not like him regularly quarrelled with him on principle, and he met them in the quarrel half way. Aunt D'rexy had often said with regret that "Heman doesn't know how to get on real well with boys!" "S'pose you don't love 'em all, you needn't fight 'em," she would say to the lad, in mild reproof. This call to Peter Forbes about the boards was the first real effort Heman had ever made to settle a misunderstanding with a comrade. When he called from the roof, Peter had it on the tip of his tongue to shout back, "No, I don't want your old boards, nor your carpentry either!" Heman looked and sounded so thoroughly honest and cheery, and Peter did really want the boards greatly; his dog was his treasure and he had longed to have a nice little house for him, with his name painted on the front. Moved by these considerations he shouted, "All right," and went off with his arms filled with new boards. When Heman went home to supper he took some waste scraps of moulding, to give the dog-house a finished appearance. Two evenings of hammering, sawing, discussing, made Heman and Peter very good friends. The doghouse was finished. "It only needs paint to make it perfect!" cried Peter. "I'm no end obliged to you, Heman; you've been real kind."

"They'll lend you a pot of paint and a brush at the paint shop, and let you paint it yourself for a dime," said Heman. "Or you can whitewash it. Get a lump of lime and pour boiling water on it, and cover it up till it slacks. You can get enough lime for a cent, and colouring enough for two cents."

"How did you come to know so many things like that?"

"Because I've always been working. Aunt D'rexy had me whitewash the fences and smoke-house and so on, at our farm, from the summer I was ten, and I helped her fix the stuff always. I always worked with her and Uncle 'Rias."

"Well, my work out of school has always been at the store, weighing and measuring; but I'm going to add to that as I go on. I'm going into politics; a store gives you a good place to start that. I talked to Mr. Renfrew about it, and he told me what magazines and papers I ought to get to study up questions in, and see how much is to be

said on both sides of most any question. I'm going to learn to take large views of things," added Peter, quoting the master.

"Going to read and study evenings?" asked Heman.

"Yes, uncle gives me my evenings, if I don't waste them on the streets; he's kind of cross, but he's honourable. I'd have to read the things I need at the club, for we don't have them at our home, only one New York paper. What do you do evenings?"

"I'm so sleepy I usually go to bed at nine, but before that I often read to the folks. Master Renfrew has helped me to some nice books," replied Heman, "and I mean to get more."

At this time Heman had begun reading that very marvellous book, "Robinson Crusoe." The "Fables" and the "Tales of the Covenanters" had reconciled even Uncle 'Rias to reading matter.

Mr. Sloane came one day to ask Uncle 'Rias and Heman to rebuild the smoke-house and fences, and repair various small damages of the fire; the big stables and barn had been rebuilt by other workmen long before.

"Don't know how you and the boy get on in work, Uncle 'Rias," said Mr. Sloane, "probably you're not up to your old mark; but you'll do your best, and likely it'll do for these things."

"I reckon," said Uncle 'Rias. "I've been working on good jobs all summer."

"Yes, yes, I know it, but you had Simon Fletcher over you, and two or three grown men working with you."

Uncle 'Rias felt hurt, but endured it courageously; the work for Fletcher was at stay for two or three weeks, in all parts that Uncle 'Rias and Heman could do, so he cheerfully took the not very courteous offer of work from Mr. Sloane. That obtuse individual went on. "It's a mighty good thing, 'Rias, that you're able to work some just now. By the time you get where you can't do anything, maybe the boy'll be where he can maintain the family of you. I do hate to see a man of your standing, who has been as industrious as you have, come to be brought down to live on the town."

Then Heman's wrath rose, as Uncle 'Rias flushed purple. They both knew that Mr. Sloane had intended no insult, but they were terribly hurt. Heman spoke up roundly:

"My people will never come on the town, Mr. Sloane. We don't mean to stay in this house forever, either, it does for now, but we mean to have back the farm. We are laying up money for it, and when the money is in hand we look for you to sell us back the place. You said once, when I saved your horses, you'd do any favour I asked you. All the favour I expect to ask is that you'll let me have the farm when I can pay for it, and that you'll not sell it meanwhile."

"Whew-w-w! You've taken a big contract with yourself, boy!"

"Not so big but what we'll fill it. We are all working together for it," said Heman sturdily. "We'll do our part fairly."

Mrs. Sloane had come with her husband to visit Aunt D'rexy while the men talked business. Now she entered into the business herself.

"Heman, I like your grit. I am sure you'll get back that farm. The Lord helps those that turn in to help themselves the way you do; it is a true word of Scripture that the righteous are never forsaken. Husband, you promise the lad what he wants, that you won't sell the Sinner Farm over his head, but when he's able to take it, he can have it at a fair bargain. That's only right. Yes, Heman, he will promise that, and I'll see that we both stand to it."

Now Mistress Sloane's word was family law.

Mr. Sloane laughed. "All right, Mandy. Yes, of course I'll not stand in the way of their getting back their farm. I'd enjoy seeing them do it, so long as I don't lose by it. Say, Heman, what for a start have you made at it, so far?"

Heman shook his head. "That's what we don't tell, and I don't know as we could if we wanted to. Aunt D'rexy keeps hold of the money. We earn it, and she earns some too."

"I should say she did!" cried Mrs. Sloane. "If it isn't earning to make one dollar to the work of two, I don't know what is coming, for my part. Yet men, mostly, don't count that any earning at all."

(To be continued.)

It is well to keep a correct list and postoffice address of all of your officers and teachers in a small book, which you always carry with you. You will need it often.

Autumn.

BY HARVEY M. BARR.

Now autumn comes,
With muffled drums,
And women's feet as fast as snobs
Whoe glad and red
Are quickly spread
O'er nature a green entranced head.

The birds fast fly
From threaten'g sky,
Where clouds on clouds are piling high,
On joyous wing
They soar and sing,
From autumn gloom to fairer spring.

From window bright
The warm freight
Streams out upon the chilly night,
And stars look down
Where meadows brown
Lie wrapped in sombre, solemn gown.

With plaintive woe
The winds echo
From drooping hill to vale below;
And rabbits peep
From burrowed steep,
Secure where tangled wildwoods creep.

Still, undismayed,
O'er field and glade,
The robin trills his serenade,
While children about
Rings shrilly out
Where nuts lie thickly strewn about.

O'er vast expanse
All nature chants
In melancholy resonance;
And gloom in full
Processional
Hangs heavily o'er summer's fall.

'Tis autumn now,
Whose scarlet brow
Reflects on every tree and bough;
The leaves are down
With muffled drum
To sing sweet summer's requiem.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 15.

ESTHER PLEADING FOR HER PEOPLE.

Esth. 8. 3-8, 15-17. Memory verses, 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.—Psalm 37. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. Frustrating Evil, v. 3-8.
2. Rejoicing in God, v. 15-17.
- Time.—Perhaps between 485 and 425 B.C.
- Place.—Susa.

LESSON HELPS.

Ahasuerus is another name for Artaxerxes, who ruled Persia. Haman was his prime minister. Esther was his queen, and her beauty and charm of manner had won the heart of the king. She was related to Mordecai, and indebted to him, as is seen in Esth. 2. 7. She had pleaded with the king, and secured the overthrow of Haman and the pardon of her own people, who had been condemned through his plots. The king's seal, which had been at first given to Haman, was now given to Mordecai. Time brings strange events to pass. The final triumph of right and of the righteous man is assured. God works in and through time.

3. "Besought him with tears"—No wonder, for she was a Jewess. Piety and patriotism combined to make her weep. Her tears were eloquent words. "The mischief of Haman"—To slaughter wholesale the Jews in the kingdom.

4. "The golden scepter"—A symbol of authority, and when held out to another a symbol of mercy. See chap. 2. 11.

5. "Reverse the letters"—Which Haman sent out in the royal name because of the royal authority given by the signet ring.

6. "How can I endure to see the evil"—She and Mordecai were now safe, but the decree was still in force against the Jews. Sympathy with her race would make them suffer if it persisted.

8. "May no man reverse"—Irreversible laws, so called, are not wise. Neither are they practical. If they stand on the statute book they can be modified and thus made of no effect, as in this case. "The Jews could now by law defend themselves, and so their safety was assured."



HAMAN AND AHAUWERUS.

15. "In royal apparel"—Dress, as a sign of office, was more important than at the present day. "A great crown of gold"—A large turban for the head, ornamented with gold and precious stones. "Purple"—A royal colour. The purple dye was very expensive. "The city of Shushan rejoiced"—That Haman, too proud to be popular, was fallen in royal favour; that Mordecai was honoured, for he was worthy.

16. "Light"—The word is here figurative and expressive. "A feast and a good day"—So the Jews throughout the world have even now, at the anniversary of their deliverance. "Many . . . became Jews"—Because of fear, which had no ground to rest upon. Converts through fear are no credit to the true faith. Such converts are hypocrites. God changes the heart. Only a heart change has value in his sight, and only it should have value in ours.

HOME READINGS.

M. Esther pleading for her people.—Esth. 8. 1-8.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Frustrating Evil, v. 3-8.
 - Who was Esther?
 - How was she related to Mordecai?
 - What had she risked to plead for the lives of her people?
 - Was the king favourably disposed towards her?
 - What did she beseech the king with tears to do?
 - What sign did the king show that he was pleased with Esther?
 - What, in verse 5, did Esther ask of the king?
 - What reason did she give in verse 6?
 - To what two persons did the king speak?
 - What did he say in verse 7?
 - What strange order does he give in verse 8?
 - What does that mean?
2. Rejoicing in God, v. 15-17.
 - How was Mordecai dressed when he left the king?
 - Of what was that a sign?



AHAUWERUS AND QUEEN ESTHER.

Tu. Esther pleading for her people.—Esth. 8. 3-17.

W. Deliverance commemorated.—Esth. 9. 20-23.

Th. Joy in deliverance.—Psalm 31. 14-24.

F. Promise of help.—Zeph. 3. 14-20.

S. Safety of God's people.—Psalm 91.

Su. Trust, and fear not.—Psalm 37. 1-17.

Were the people of the city pleased or displeased by Mordecai's advancement?

What happened to the Jews?

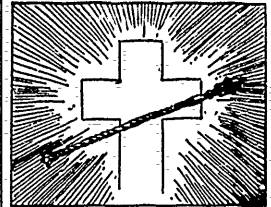
How were the people of the land affected?

Is our Golden Text as true to-day as it was in Mordecai's time?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That whatever we have to do we should do thoroughly.



2. That God never sleeps?
3. That one should never keep a bad promise?

The more you do God's work within yourselves the more he will give you the opportunity of doing external work for him.—Neale.

A large pall, or even a tub full of lemonade placed at the door as the scholars go out some Sunday, would be a pleasant surprise.

Your most deadly sin is the one you love the most.

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