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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1895.

[No. 11.]

Foresplendours.

BY MARY L. W. TOWLER.

In the deep stillness of the early morning,
When darkness flees and shadows pass
away.

My soul awakes into the perfect dawning,
In the foresplendours which around me
play.

Refreshed and strengthened by a night of
resting.

My spirit poises for a nobler flight,
Like as a bird now fledged from out her nesting
Mounts ever skyward in the quick'ning
light.

So the new year, awakened from the sleeping
Of the old year, now passed beyond our
sight,

Will in the morning of its precious reaping
Bring in the sheaves it gathered in the
night.

The glad new year forecasts the life immortal,
Where thou, O Father, bid'st the shadows
flee!

When passing it behind the shining portal,
We shall awake and find ourselves with
thee.

COREA.

All the grown-up people are talking and reading about Corea, and we think the young folk should know something about it, too. Corea is a large country at the eastern end of China, and on the map it looks like a part of China, but it is really a separate country with its own king, and a very queer country it is. Till lately very little was known of it, but the war between China and Japan has been all about Corea; so that we hear a great deal about it now. The people are very lazy and down-hearted. Their country is in a bad way, and they are nearly all very poor. Besides this, they are dirty as a rule, and they are heathen.

The chief city of Corea is Seoul. It has walls all around it, and gates which let people in and out. These gates are open only from sunrise to sunset, so that people who want to get in have to be very careful to be on time, or they will have to stay outside the city all night! The picture on this page is of one of these gates—the south gate, and the big house on top is where the gate-keepers live. One writer about Corea says that after the sun sets every good man retires to his house, and only a leopard now and then crawls over the wall and wanders about the city in the dark. What a nice place to live in!

The little children are very quaint and pretty. When New Year comes they are all dressed up in brand new frocks, but though, of course, they think them very pretty, I wonder what our friends would say if we dressed our little ones in green frocks, and over them bright red jackets with yellow sleeves! Their faces are covered with white chalk, and their hair is oiled and parted in the middle, plastered down and tied into one or two short pig-tails. What funny little things they must be!

When any of their friends die, the Coreans, instead of wearing black, dress themselves in white.

Altogether, Corea is a very strange country, and has peculiar people in it. There are some good men and women who are working as missionaries amongst the people, and teaching them all sorts of ways of improving themselves, and the Coreans, though lazy, are far from stupid, so that they pick things up quite quickly and easily.

A JAPANESE MEAL.

Here is what a missionary in Japan says about the food of the people.

The principal article of Japanese food is rice, also for breakfast, rice for dinner, and rice for supper. Indeed, the names for the three meals in Japan are 'morning rice,' 'midday rice,' and 'evening rice.' Workmen and poor people have often nothing but rice, though they try to have at least vegetables with it. If, in addition they can get a little fish, they think they have made a splendid meal. The Japanese never used beef or mutton (at least they have never done so hitherto, though now they are beginning to use it a little), and they seldom eat fowl. The Buddhist religion, which prevails in Japan, forbids the taking of animal life, even for food; and the Japanese have obeyed it so far as

this strong composition out of cups like ours, which to them seem almost as large as bowls. Instead of doing this, they sip the tea by itself out of tiny and often very beautiful little cups, and thus enjoy to the full its excellent flavour.

You eat your food with a spoon, or knife or fork, but the Japanese have none. They do not, however, eat with their fingers, as the ancient Jews did, and as many nations still do. They eat with chopsticks. These are simply a pair of sticks, a little longer than ordinary school pencils, though not quite so thick. They are held in the right hand, between the thumb and fore and middle fingers, and are used so cleverly that not only solid pieces of fish and vegetable, but even particles of rice are taken up between them. When the rice is hot this is a little difficult, but when

on a painting which he hoped would win the prize. The woman decided that the best revenge she could have would be to spoil his picture. And how do you think she went to work? She did not touch the painting, but every day she mixed a small white powder in a cup of coffee and carried it to the artist to drink. That was all, but now listen to the rest of the story. The artist worked on, becoming every day more enthusiastic over his work. The painting grew under his skillful fingers, and at last it was finished. He took it to the gallery and it was hung in place. He walked about and examined the other paintings. He could not help laughing at them, they were such daubs. The colouring in every one was wretched he thought. He was so sure that his own picture far excelled any of the others that he hung a curtain before it, and would not take it away until the last moment—just before the judges came to give their decision.

At last he drew aside the curtain which covered his treasure, and to his delight everybody in the room crowded around it. But they spoke no word of praise or commendation, and to his amazement every body burst out laughing. Such a droll sight they said. He could not understand them; what did they mean? At last his friends pointed out to him that his picture was entirely blue. The grass was a deep blue, the trees were a lighter shade; what he meant to be flesh colour was pale blue. Everyone in the room laughed and made fun. He could not believe that there was anything wrong, but his friends assured him that what they had said was true. His eyes had been poisoned by the white powder so that all the time he was working on the picture he had seen the colours in a distorted light. He stopped taking the coffee for a few days, his sight was restored, and then he could see that his friends were right, and what he had been working on for so many hours was nothing but a crazy looking daub.

The story may not be true, but I often see boys and girls who make me think of it. I see boys and girls who are continually looking at things with poisoned eyes. They see faults and sins in everybody else, but they see none in themselves. They notice a great deal of selfishness in another girl and are blind to the meanness in their own character. They think another boy is a coward and fail to see that they are not brave themselves. They think other people are disagreeable and unkind, when, if their eyes were not poisoned, they would see that those faults existed in themselves. Perhaps, like the artist, they will be surprised some day to find that they have been terribly mistaken, and other people will receive the approval which they had been so sure of winning.



SOUTH GATE OF SEOUL, COREA.

not to eat flesh or fowl. To be consistent they should have given up fish too, but I suppose the Buddhist priests thought this would be asking rather too much from the people, especially as their rivers, lakes, and seas swarm with most excellent fish. It is not, however, very cheap, and it is not always that poor people can afford to buy it.

I dare say, however, you will think that when they have neither vegetables nor fish, they have at least milk to their rice, but this is not so. Hitherto they had no cows and had never used milk. But they are great tea drinkers. They drink tea not only at every meal, but all through the day. They use what is called green tea, and they drink this tea out of delightful little cups without handles. They do not mix sugar and milk with it, as we do. They think it a very coarse and barbarous practice to take strong-tasted articles like milk and sugar, and mix them up with delicately flavoured tea, and then drink

it is cold there is no difficulty at all. It is considered polite always to offer a guest a pair of fresh chopsticks, and to assure him that his chopsticks have not been used, it is usual to place before him a pair made of split wood, still joined together at one end. As the two chopsticks have never been completely separated they cannot of course have been used."

A STRANGE STORY.

MANY years ago I read a very strange story that I have never forgotten. An artist had in some way offended a woman, and she was so angry that she determined to be revenged. She thought about it a long time, and at last hit upon a plan to injure the artist. There was to be a great exhibition of paintings at a famous art gallery, and a prize was offered for the best picture. The artist was hard at work

A LITTLE MISSIONARY SERMON.

Who would have believed that such a mite of a boy as Fritz could understand about missions? He was only a baby, so mamma was surprised one day after the girls went to their mission band meeting, to hear her little boy giving a sermon to old Whiskers, the family cat. "Whiskers, 'tain't bein' a missionary boy drust to put money in a junk botel. It's thinkin' 'bout o' people 'at doesn't know 'ere is a happy land. It's bein' sorry for 'em and losin' 'e mans and ladies 'at tells 'em 'bout it. It's puttin' 'em yight netel to papa and mamma when you say year p'ayers. My Bettie says some fotst sink j'e on'y puttin' pennies in 'e botel. When I see a mission band boy, I'll know better."

"Follow Me."

BY JULIA A. GOODWIN.

When the voices of the world are loudly calling
Mid the tumult of life's sea.

Like the dew of eve upon thy tired heart
falling
Comes a whisper, all thy restlessness en-
thralling.

"Follow Me."

Doth the pathway open rough and wild be-
fore thee?

Feeble though thy footsteps be,
Shouldst thou falter, he stands ready to re-
store thee,
And his gentle tones in watchful love implore
thee.

"Follow Me."

When thy soul the night of death is swiftly
nearing,

And life's fitful day gleams flee,
Lo! His form amid the doubt and gloom ap-
pearing,
And his loving voice thy fainting spirit cheer-
ing.

"Follow Me."

Brighter far than all earth's fairest dreams of
splendour,

Heaven's portals thou shalt see;
Dearer far than all the gifts the world could
render
Is the love that welcomes thee in tone so
tender.

"Follow Me."

"Did you carry her all the way?"
"No, not all the way. In the level
places she walked leaning on me; in rough
parts I carried her."

Several months after I went with Ko-
Khien to preach in his native village. As
we walked along the road on which he had
often travelled with his aged mother, I
asked him about the meaning of his name.
He told me that his mother called him
Khien, meaning fretful, because as a baby
he cried so much; when he began to walk
about, the neighbours called him Ko-tsu,
because he was a plump, pretty child. By-
and-by the two names were joined to form
Ko-Khien, meaning pretty, fretful!

He had carried his two children to
church—not on his back—but in baskets
tied to each end of a bamboo pole which

associated. The little lady is his constant
companion, and perhaps the only one whom
the venerable Mrs. Gladstone in her touch-
ing solicitude for her husband's health and
peace of mind will allow to remain by his
side. And if there is anything more
charming than the spectacle of the Grand
Old Man's association with his pretty little
grandchild, it is to be found in the con-
templation of the happy relations, entirely
unclouded by even any passing difference,
that have existed for close upon threescore
years between Mr Gladstone and his uni-
versally popular wife.—*New York Times.*

CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

CHINA abounds in great walls. Her
mural defences are most extensive—

three hundred feet—a frowning mass of
masonry. No need to tell you of this
wall; the books will tell you that—how it
was built to keep the warlike Tartars out
—twenty-five feet high by forty feet thick,
1,200 miles long, with room on top for six
horses to be ridden abreast. Nor need I
tell you that for 1,400 years it kept those
hordes at bay, nor that in the main the
material used upon it is just as good,
and firm and strong as when put in place.
To tell you how one feels while standing
on this vast work, scrutinizing its old
masonry, its queer old cannon, and am-
bitious sweep along the mountain crest,
were only folly. In speechless awe we
strolled or sat and gazed in silent wonder.
Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic
work, built on the rugged, craggy moun-
tain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning
wild streams, netting the river archways
with huge, hard bars of copper; with
double gates, with swinging doors and bars
set thick with iron armour—a wonder in
the world, before which the old-time classic
seven wonders, all gone now save the
great pyramid, were toys. The great py-
ramid has 85,000,000 cubic feet, the great
wall 6,350,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer
in Seward's party here some years ago gave
it as his opinion that the cost of this wall,
figuring labour at the same rate, would
more than equal that of all the 100,000
miles of railroad in the United States. The
material it contains would build a wall six
feet high and two feet thick right straight
around the globe. Yet this was done in
only ten years, without a trace of debt or
bond. It is the greatest individual labour
the world has ever known. You stand
before it as before the great Omnipotent—
bowed and silent.



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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1895.

KO-KHIEN, THE CHINESE
CHRISTIAN.

A MISSIONARY in China writes of a man
who carried his aged mother to church on
his back. The missionary tells of a con-
versation he had with this man. He
asked him:

"Brother Ko-Khien, when you became
a Christian, did your father oppose you, or
did he become a Christian?"

"My father died when I was young,"
he replied.

"Did your mother become a Christian?"

"At first she was angry that I had dis-
graced myself by following the foreign
doctrine. Then she came to church. She
prayed to God and gave up her idols, but
she was very old and never knew enough
of the doctrine to be baptized."

"You lived five or six miles from church.
How was she able to walk so far with her
crushed feet?"

The good man held down his head as if
he had done something to be ashamed of,
and then said:

"I am a poor man, and had no money to
hire a sedan chair, so carried her on my
back."

rested on his shoulder. The baskets had
no lids, so you could have seen each little
head peeping over the rim of the basket.
Who will draw a picture of this loving son,
and kind husband and father, as he went
to church one day with his aged mother on
his back or leaning on his arm, and the next
Sabbath with his wife walking beside
him—or rather a little behind him and
his girl and boy in the baskets slung at
each end of the long carrying pole?

W. E. GLADSTONE.

It is common with most great men. Mr.
Gladstone has always been distinguished
by his love for young children, in whose
prattle he has often found relief from his
all-absorbing literary and political labours.
And now that in the eventide of his busy
and well spent life he has abandoned the
cares of State and of parliamentary war-
fare, he manifests more interest even than
before in the small folk, and apparently
derives more satisfaction and pleasure
from the society of his little-granddaughter,
Dorothy Drew, than he has ever experi-
enced in his intercourse with the many
celebrated statesmen and princes of science
who have been his contemporaries and

walled country, walled cities, walled vil-
lages, walled palaces and temples wall
after wall, and was common wall. But the
greatest of all is the great wall of China,
which crests the mountain range and
crosses the gorge from here some forty
miles away. To go to Peking and not go
out to the wall would be unparadiseable.
It matters not that the Peking wall is higher
and wider, nor that the way is cold and
rough and often perilous you must go
and see the great wall.

Six mortal hours to make the last fifteen
miles. Squeezing through the last deep
gorge and a deep rift in solid rock, cut out
by ages of rolling wheels and tramping
feet, we reach the great frowning, double-
bastioned gate of stone and hard-burned
brick—one archway tumbled in. This was
the object of our mission—the great wall
of China, built 213 years before our era;
built of great slabs of well-hewn stone,
and in regular courses, some twenty feet
high, and then topped out with large,
hard-burned brick, filled in with earth and
carefully paved on the top with more dark,
tawny brick—the ramparts high and thick
and castellated for the use of arms. Right
and left the great wall sprung far up the
mountain side—now straight, now curved;
to meet the mountain ridge, turreted each

LEGEND OF INDIA.

Once many years ago there lived in a
town in India four blind men, who, having
no idea of an elephant, were much pleased
on being told that one was coming into
the town. They ran at once to examine
the strange creature. The first blind man,
being very tall, felt up and down the
animal's sides; the second could reach
only to the fore leg, which he examined;
the third, happening to run full tilt against
the creature's trunk, contented himself
with feeling it; the fourth could only find
the tail; this he carefully examined.

"Ah," said number one, "the elephant
is just like the side of a house!"

"The side of a house!" exclaimed num-
ber two, who had felt the fore leg; "it
seemed to me like the pillar of a house."

"What nonsense you are talking," broke
in the third man, who had examined the
trunk; "why, it is exactly like a spout!"

"You are all wrong," said number four,
who had felt the tail; "I examined it
very carefully, and I can only compare it
to a bell rope!"

All of which seems to prove that people
always make out a strange object to be
exactly what they imagined it would be.

The Lord, our Shepherd, coming out to
hunt the lost sheep, puts on no regal ap-
parel, but the plain garment of our human-
ity. There was nothing pretentious about
it. Becoming man, he wore a seamless
garment. The scissors and needle had
done nothing to make it graceful. I take
it to have been a sack with three holes in
it, one for the neck and two for the arms.
Although the gamblers quarrelled over it,
that is no evidence of its value. I have
seen two rag pickers quarrel over the refuse
of an ash-barrel. No! in the wardrobe of
heaven he left the sandals of light, the
girdles of beauty, the robes of power.
The work of saving this world was rough
work, rugged work, hard work; and Jesus
put on the raiment, the plain raiment, of
our flesh. The storms were to heat him,
the crowds were to jostle him, the dust
was to sprinkle him, the mobs were to per-
sue him. O Shepherd of Israel! leave
home thy bright array; for thee, who
streams to ford, what nightfall unsheltered.
He puts upon him the raiment of our
humanity, wears our woes, and while earth
and heaven and hell stand amazed at the
abnegation, wraps around him the shep-
herd's plaid.—*Talmage.*

Alone with Conscience.

I SAT alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased;
And I felt I should have to answer
The question put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience, sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now was the present time;
And I thought of my former thinking;
Of a judgment day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience,
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there were a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save;
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by;
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson
Which I ought to have learned before,
And which, though I learned in dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease;
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so'er it may be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

—The London Spectator.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 60 (?). LESSON XII. [March 24.

PURITY OF LIFE.

Rom. 13. 8-14. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Abstain from all appearance of evil.—
1 Thess. 5. 22.

OUTLINE.

1. The Perfect Law, v. 8-10.
2. The Vital Force, v. 11-14.

TIME.—A.D. 60 or 58.

PLACE.—Written by Paul at Ephesus.

RULER.—Nero, emperor of the Roman world.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Purity of Life.—Rom. 13. 8-14.
W. Dead to sin.—Rom. 6. 11-18.
W. A living sacrifice.—Rom. 12. 1-9.
W. Be separated.—2 Cor. 6. 11-18.
P. Resist.—James 4. 1-10.
S. Be ye holy.—1 Peter 1. 13-23.
Su. For Christ's sake.—1 Peter 4. 1-7.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Perfect Law, v. 8-10.
What is the only duty that we should owe?
Who fully keeps the law?
What five commandments are cited in verse 9?
What covers all the other commandments?
What does James call this saying? James 2. 8.
What will love keep one from doing?
How does Paul define love?
How does John define love? 1 John 4. 16.
What does he say about loving a brother?
1 John 4. 20.
Can a Christian, then, countenance liquor selling?

2. The Vital Force, v. 11-14.

What is it high time to do?
What reason is given for this?
What is nearly gone, and what is near by?
What should be put off, and what put on?
How ought we to walk?
How should we not walk?
Whom ought we to put on?
For what should no provision be made?
What should we carefully shun? (Golden Text.)
What should be our rule about eating and drinking? 1 Cor. 10. 31.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. What law will keep us from strong drink?
2. What law will keep us from tempting others?
3. What will make our example always safe?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who fulfils the law of Christ? "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."
2. What will such love make men do? It

to a sacred banyan tree, and planted around it a grove of mango trees. This shrine contained no image, except a model of a tomb erected in Moulton, in honour of a famous Mohammedan saint named Sultan. This saint is much revered, and, in fact, worshipped by both Mohammedans and Hindus on the Punjab. His position was soon established among the people of the neighbourhood, who came in large numbers to the shrine. As none came empty-handed, Prem Dass soon found his position a source of wealth as well as honour.

Among other presents, he received a large iron bell from a neighbouring prince who visited the shrine, which, when sounded, could be heard by the village people for many miles round. Perhaps, the most valuable present, however, in his estimation, was that of a little boy, who, with one hundred rupees, was made over by his parents to be Prem Dass's disciple, to learn from him the sacred mysteries he was supposed to be able to impart, and



A BRAHMIN PRIEST OF INDIA.

will make men "walk honestly as in the day." 3. What does that man do who indulges himself at the risk of injuring his neighbour? Breaks the law of love; for "love worketh no ill to his neighbour." 4. How may one show that he is awake to the duty of the present hour? By avoiding "rioting and drunkenness . . . strife and envying." 5. What is the only sure safeguard against the dangers of intemperance? By putting "on the Lord Jesus Christ." What is the Golden Text? "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The authority of God's law.

PREM DASS, A CONVERTED
PRIEST OF INDIA.

PREM DASS, whose name translated into English means, "Servant of Love," was in youth a follower of a Hindu saint who lived in the jungle, near the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. This saint, before his death, about forty years ago, gave to his disciple, Prem Dass, the position of teacher or priest. Having received this position, he established himself at a village called Gandouli, about seventy miles from Simla, at the foot of the hills.
There he built a shrine or temple, near

We ask for long life, but 'tis deep life,
or grand moments, that signify.

BOAT HOMES IN CHINA.

OUR young people will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that a very large number of the people of China live in boats on the rivers.

This mode of life is especially hard on the children, who are constantly tumbling into the water, many of them getting drowned. In order to prevent this loss of life, some of the families have adopted the custom of tying an empty gourd between the shoulders of the babies, so that, when they fall into the water, they may be kept afloat. I dare say some of you would like to be a boat baby in China. But then I imagine it isn't so much fun after all, for some of the horrid dirty water is sure to get into the babies' mouths.

It is surprising to see the number of persons that one of these boats can hold, father, mother, children, and often many relatives crowded into a space far too small to contain even a half-dozen people in comfort.

The boat women, on going ashore to transact their business, often carry their babies strapped upon their backs.

Some of these boat women and girls are said to be quite intelligent and to have pretty and pleasing faces. For the most part they are not of Chinese origin, but are descended from a people who are said to have been the first inhabitants of the country.

A SWEET SINGER.

SUSIE visited at grandma's house one spring when the little chickens were being hatched; and nothing on the great farm was so wonderful and nice to her mind as those same downy chickens were.

One day one of them lost his mother, and what a yelping he made about it!

You may be sure that grandma ran to find his mamma for him.

"Don't hurry 'bout it, grandma, don't hurry," coaxed Susie. "What a nice little singer he is! Just hear his sweet clear voice! Don't you like to hear him sing? I do."—*Youth's Companion*.

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