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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1900.

No. 43.

The One Who is Missed.

BY LILIAN GRAY.

Three beautiful children kneel at night
By the mother's side to pray,
But ever she misses, with aching heart,
The one who has gone away.

And if you ask her which of these
Is the darling, she cannot say;
But of all her children the dearest one
Is the one that went away.

Gay ringing voices fill the house,
And thrill her with joy and pride;
But none of them all has tones so sweet
As the little one who died.

And which are the loveliest who can tell?
These eyes—blue, brown, and gray;
But none have the look of the
violet eyes
Of the one who went away!

Here's Alice, graceful and pure and
fair,

Brave Charlie and gentle May;
But the sweetest, loveliest one of all
Was the one who went away.

These rest at night in the mother's
care,
Close sheltered from harm and
cold;
But the safest of all is the little
one
In the Saviour's guarded fold.

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

BY THE EDITOR.

During the early Christian centuries the enthusiasm for martyrdom prevailed, at times, almost like an epidemic. It was one of the most remarkable features of the ages of persecution. Notwithstanding the tortures to which they were exposed, the fiercer the tempest of heathen rage the higher and brighter burned the zeal of the Christian heroes. Age after age summoned the soldiers of Christ to the conflict whose highest reward was death. They bound persecution as a wreath about their brows, and exulted in the "glorious infamy" of suffering for their Lord. The brand of shame became the badge of highest honour. Besides the joys of heaven they won imperishable fame on earth; and the memory of a humble slave was often hailed with a glory surpassing that of Curtius or Horatius. The meanest hind was ennobled by the doom of martyrdom to the loftiest peerage of the skies. His consecration of suffering was elevated to a sacrament, and called the baptism of fire or of blood.

Burning to obtain the prize, the impetuous candidates for death often pressed with eager haste to seize the palm of victory and the martyr's crown. They trod with joy the fiery path to glory, and went as gladly to the stake as to a marriage feast. "Their fetters," says Eusebius, "seemed like the golden ornaments of a bride." They desired martyrdom more ardently than men afterward sought a blebopric. They exulted amid the keenest pangs that they were counted worthy to suffer for their divine Master. "The tyrants were armed," says St. Chrysostom, "and the martyrs naked; yet they that were naked got the victory, and they that carried arms were vanquished." Strong in the assurance of immortality, they bade defiance to the sword.

Though weak in body they seemed clothed with vicarious strength, and confident that though "counted as sheep for the slaughter," naught could separate them from the love of Christ. Wrapped in their fiery vesture and shroud of flame, they yet exulted in their glorious victory. While the leaden hail fell on the mangled frame, and the eyes filmed with the shadows of death, the spirit was enbraved by the vision of the opening hea-

ven, and above the roar of the mob fell sweetly on the inner sense the assurance of eternal life. The names of the "great army of martyrs," though forgotten by men, are written in the Book of Life. "The Lord knoweth them that are his."

"There is a record traced on high,
That shall endure eternally;
The angel standing by God's throne
Treasures there each word and groan;
And not the martyr's speech alone,
But every wound is there depicted,
With every circumstance of pain—
The crimson stream, the gash inflicted—
And not a drop is shed in vain."

This spirit of martyrdom was a new principle in society. It had no classical

tian Apologist; "our numbers increase in proportion as you mow us down." The earth was drunk with the blood of the saints, but still they multiplied and grew, gloriously illustrating the perennial truth—"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

VULTURES.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

All of God's creatures ought to interest us, even though, in themselves considered, some may be offensive. We look upon this picture of vultures and turn from them in disgust, yet they only follow the bent of their natures. They are birds of prey, which fly by daylight, and live upon carrion, or any other de-

spreading ten feet. Another variety is called the hooded vulture. Whatever the family, the habits are the same. They are filthy and gorge themselves with their dreadful food. They are also cowardly, keeping away from the living. In the Bible, Isaiah gives this as an image of desolation: "There shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate."

The vultures' eyes are so keen that they detect their prey by sight instead of smell. So in that marvellous sacred poem, Job says: "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." He is speaking of the mines in the bosom of the earth, which even the keen eye of the vulture could not penetrate.

A CHURCH-GOING CAT.

Lately I heard a funny story of a cat that was very fond of going to church when the rest of the family went, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. Her church going was not encouraged by the mistress, and usually, about church time, Mrs. Pussy was caught and shut up in a room by herself, to prevent her from following after the folks.

But sometimes she could not be found when the right moment came, and sometimes, when she was found and shut up, she managed afterward to elude her captors. Anyway, it was often the case that after the congregation was comfortably settled, and the service of prayer or hymn was being held, a gentle "mew" was heard by pussy's horrified mistress, and Mrs. Pussy came trotting down the aisle, to the amusement of the congregation. She knew quite well the proper paw, and often succeeded in getting there before she was caught. And when she had once reached the pew the easiest way was to let her stay. She was quite willing to lie quietly at her mistress' feet until the family was ready to start for home again. Then she went along, quite demurely, with the rest.

Once it happened that a member of the family, a young daughter, was married. Pussy saw the folks start off for church. What she thought about it is not told. Nor how she found out exactly where they had gone. But the marriage service had hardly begun before Mrs. Pussy was seen walking up the aisle. She sat down gravely in the rear of the bridal party and waited until the ceremony was over. Then she followed them all home again, seemingly satisfied that she had acted with perfect propriety, and had merely asserted her right, as a member of the family, to be present on the occasion.

THE FATHER OF ORPHANAGES.

In the little town of Yverdon, on the shores of the Lake Neuchatel in Switzerland, there is to be seen a bronze monument to one of the heroes of peace. It bears the name of Pestalozzi and, as an epitaph, the words: "He was the saviour of the poor, the friend of the wretched, the father of the orphan. He lived as a beggar that he might teach beggars to live as men. All for others; nothing for himself."

The story of his life is a very simple one. He lived in the time of the Napoleonic wars, when men were being killed by the hundred thousand, and scattered over Europe were the home-steads in which were their widows and orphan children. Pestalozzi cared nothing for the glorious victories, but his heart bled for the poor little children whose fathers had fallen in battle. It was little that he could do to help them, but he did all he could. He wrote books describing their sufferings, and with the profits he opened schools and established farm colonies in which he gathered the most needy. To support these institutions he begged from the rich, and in his sorest straits he was known to beg from door to door. Immense sums came to him for his labour and by his begging, but he never had any money, and he died penniless. His whole life, with all its toil and hardships, was laid down in sacrifice for others.—Christian Herald.



CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

counterpart. Socrates and Seneca suffered with fortitude, but not with faith. The loftiest pagan philosophy faded into insignificance before the sublimity of Christian hope. This looked beyond the shadows of time and the sordid cares of earth to the grandeur of the Infinite and the Eternal. The heroic oaths of the believers exhibited a spiritual power mightier than the primal instincts of nature, the love of wife or child, or even of life itself. Like a solemn voice falling on the dull ear of mankind, these holy examples urged the inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And that voice awakened an echo in full many a heart. The martyrs made more converts by their deaths than in their lives. "Kill us, rack us, condemn us, grind us to powder," exclaimed the intrepid Chris-

caying substance. Many a battle-field, where there was no time to bury the dead, has been to them a harvest-field. We read that in some heathen countries, instead of burying a corpse, it is placed upon a high framework and left for the vultures' feast, till at last nothing remains but the skeleton.

These are dismal things to write, yet even these horrid birds have their uses. They often avert pestilence by acting as scavengers. Oriental countries, as a rule, are not cleanly, and they devour the offal which is left lying about, and for this are held in high esteem. In Egypt they were called Pharaoh's chickens.

Those in our picture represent California vultures, which are the largest birds of prey in North America, being about four feet long and their wings

Recipe for a Happy Day.
'Take a little dash of cold water
A little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in morning air
Add to your meal some merriment,
Add thought for kith and kin,
And then, as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in
Flavour it all with essence of love,
And a little dash of play,
Let a nice old book, and a glance above
Complete the well spent day

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including 'The Best, the Cheapest, the Most Entertaining, the Most Popular' and 'Christian Guardian'.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Magazine and Publishing House, Toronto,
C. H. Coates, R. F. Hirsau,
372 St. Catherine St., Montreal,
Windsor Book Room,
Malton, N.B.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1900.

WAS SHE RICH OR POOR.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.
Granny Lano lived in the very last house on the street. She lived by herself, but she did not get lonely, because she had so many visitors.
One day when she was very old, and little children, and then all the ages between.
When Lula's cousin Sam came from the city to stay with her, Lula took her to Granny Lano's the very first morning.
They had a beautiful time, and when Granny invited them to come again, they both said that they surely would very soon.
'She's a poor old lady, isn't she?' asked Sadie, on the way home.
'Why? What's the matter with her?' said Lula.
'Granny Lano isn't poor!'
'Yes, I think she is,' said Sadie.
'Why?'
'Because she lives in such a little house, and there isn't very much in it, and then she didn't have any cake, or oranges to give us, like most old ladies when I go to see them.'
'I don't care,' said Lula, 'stoutly,' 'she isn't the heaven kind, but when she was a little girl, and she can make up all kinds of interesting games to play. I'd rather have them than cake.'
'So would I, but, then,' insisted Sadie, 'I think you're very poor; for her dress was all faded, and she said she never went away on the cars or to the seashore.'
'Lula, that isn't answer for some time, she isn't thinking it all over. At last she said, 'Sadie, I think perhaps my Granny Lano is poor, but it isn't a 'poor thing' poor at all, for she's happy and pleased, and she doesn't keep wishing wishes that she can't get.'
'Well,' said Sadie, 'but she isn't rich.'
'But she's lovely and good, and she makes everybody think that they'd like to be, too; and that's a kind of rich. It isn't the money kind, but it's—'
'Lula hesitated, and then ended triumphantly, 'It's the heaven kind.'
'Yes.' So now you mustn't say that Granny Lano is poor.'

THE GIBL AND HERSELF.

BY EMMA GURCHIMAN HEWITT.
In these days, when capricious Dame Fortune turns her wheel so often and so unexpectedly, reversing incomes in the most disastrous manner for some, many

a girl who has hitherto sought only amusement finds herself obliged to seek instead the means of making a livelihood.
When a girl finds that it is necessary for her to seek some outside occupation, the first person to whom she should go to herself submitting herself to a rigid cross-examination as to her acquirements and requirements, for both must be considered. Certain conditions of health will prevent any top of success in either the same old-fashioned direction; for instance, a girl who takes cold easily should not attempt any calling which will expose her to the inclemency of the weather, fair neither to her employer nor herself.
During the past fifty years, the opportunities for women as wage-earners have immensely increased. The number of applicants for positions has also increased until there are too many applicants for positions in all occupations. The woman who can think of something for which she is peculiarly fitted is the woman who will make a financial success of her life.
Many society women have shown themselves especially wise in this respect. They have not assumed to know anything of which they were ignorant, but they have turned to account that which their daily life has taught them. One woman lives in a large dancing class. Who would have believed that for such work one whose former life has been a round of balls and entertainments? Another writes and conducts large social functions. A third markets for various families, in which she has been so relieved of the work at so much per cent. Yet another acts as secretary in general to several different firms, taking on their shoulders the entire burden of the matter which corresponds to her office which falls to the lot of a society woman.

In another class of employments, we have the woman who comes in to care for the lamps, the one who keeps the family shoes in order, the one who mends, cleans and generally furberishes up the rest of the wardrobe, the one who packs for the family when they wish to travel, or puts away the clothes discarded for the season, and the woman who, with her corps of workers, comes and cleans the house from top to bottom.
The first thing, then, for the would-be wage earner is to commence with herself to find out what she can do best, and then go to it heartily, making up her mind to serve faithfully, for no matter how humble it may be. She may be sure that the experience and training she will gain while doing this will fit her for anything higher, if she be capable of better things.

HEIGHT OF TREES.

It has perhaps, occurred to few of us that the boughs of trees occupy a very different position in summer and winter respectively, as measured from the ground. This has been made the subject of a paper by the Rev. J. H. August and December, and it is found that in some cases there is a difference of as much as thirty-one inches in the height of the trees from the ground in these two months. This particular figure was obtained with a branch of a mulberry tree, and the same result was obtained with a weight of thirty-five pounds was not sufficient to lower it to its summer position.
In other cases there were differences of from thirteen inches to nineteen inches in the distance.

SHAKE WORSHIP IN INDIA.

In his 'Religious Life and Thought in India,' Professor Monier Williams gives a strange account of the serpent temple in South Kanara, where hundreds of these reptiles live in holes and crevices which are made for them. He says that to propitiate the serpents, people who come to perform their vows 'roll and wriggle round the temple serpent fashion, and as they roll and wriggle, they bend up to it from the foot of the hill a mile distant. They also take home with them portions of earth from the serpent holes; this earth is believed to clear away any evil influence on the parts affected.' We might well believe that superstition could go no further than this, but the writer adds that there are men who eat a small sun, will go through these wriggles and rollings by proxy for the richer persons who come to the shrine.
Although the Hindus fear snakes so intensely, they do not fear that account takes a measure of the contrary, they believe that any one who kills a snake, even by accident, will

be visited with terrible punishment, either in this life or in the next. The cottoner tells a story of a man who bought a piece of ground, and was sitting under a tree in the midst of his new property, when he heard a hissing sound over his head, and looking up, saw a serpent in the branches. Instantly the conviction rushed upon him that he had neglected to propitiate the spirit of the man to whom the ground had formerly belonged, and that it had appeared to him embodied in the form of a snake and ready for vengeance. Far from trying to kill the intruder, he fled in terror, and actually never dared to re-occupy the ground or take possession of it again!

THE LITTLE WORD "NOW."

Canon Withersole tells a pathetic story illustrating the force of the little word 'now.' It was of a miner who, hearing the Gos' preaching, determined that if the promised blessings of immediate pardon and indeed true, he would not leave the presence of the minister who was declaring it until assured of its possession by himself. He waited, consequently, after the meeting to speak with the minister, and in his untoward way said:
'Didn't ye say I could have the blessin' now?'
'Yes, my friend.'
'Then pray with me, for I'm not going away without it.'
They did pray, these two men, until the wrestling miner heard silent words of the minister, which he had not heard.
'I've got it now!' cried the miner, his face reflecting the joy within; 'I've got it now!'
One day a frightful accident occurred at the mine. The same minister was called to the scene, and among the men, dead and dying, was the quivering, almost breathless body of the man who, on the night before, big and brawny, had come to him to kneel. The man could really be had now for the asking. There was but a fleeting moment of recognition between the two ere the mine's soil took its toll. In that moment he had time to say, in response to the minister's sympathy, 'Oh I don't mind, for I've got it—I've got it—I'm mine!' Then the name of this poor man went into the sad list of the 'killed.'

THE PHILOSOPHER'S PROBLEM.

A certain tanner puzzled long for a sign, suitable and attractive, for his establishment.
At length, says the story, a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger hole through the door-post, and stuck a cat's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while, he noticed a grave-looking personage standing near the door, with his spectacles, sizing intently on the sign. There he continued to stand, dumbly absorbed, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the hide dealer was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out, and addressed the individual.
'Good morning,' said he.
'Morning,' said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.
'What do you want to buy leather?' said the stockkeeper.
'No.'
'Do you want to sell hides?'
'No.'
'Perhaps you are a farmer?'
'No.'
'A merchant, maybe?'
'No.'
'Are you a doctor?'
'No.'
'What are you, then?'
'I'm a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that cat got through that auger hole!'

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

The first and almost the only book degrading in its mention is the Bible. It is a book which neither the most ignorant and weakest, nor the most learned and intelligent, mind can read without improvement.—John Quincy Adams.

- A vain man's motto is: "I'm gold and am not rich."
A generous man's motto is: "I'm gold and share it."
A miserly man's motto is: "I'm gold and spare it."
A profigate man's motto is: "I'm gold and spend it."
A banker's motto is: "I'm gold and lend it."
A gambler's motto is: "I'm gold and lose it."
A wise man's motto is: "I'm gold and use it."

BOGUS DIAMONDS.

There is a big window down on Chestnut Street which interests me greatly, and many other people, too. It is a window from the numbers who stand in front of it. As for myself, I only peep into the window out of the tail of my eye as I pass. The window is particularly nice to be counted on by the numerous admirers of bogus diamonds. For this window contains only a glittering array of brilliant glass; selling imitation diamonds in the name of diamonds, and apparently prosperous establishment.

The folks who stand and stare in this big window are not all country cousins, either. They are mostly city folks, and to be a sparkling ornament, "as good as a genuine diamond," and costing only twenty-five cents or half a dollar, is sadly large. The store asserts that "even experts are deceived" by its gems, which the credulous readily believe, since they themselves can see no difference between the fifty-cent "Montana diamond" and the real one in the name of diamonds—except that the former is larger.

Consequently, the number of young folks who, carrying but three or four dollars in their pockets, go to the store with a bogus diamond the size of a large pea, is steadily on the increase.

The popularity of imitation jewellery and countless other articles of the kind reasons why we believe that the golden age is not yet within hailing distance. For the outside usually betokens the inside. The barbaric display of bogus diamonds betrays the truth of their inner parts. So long as we love pretence, we cannot be quick ready for the great day whose watchword is utter truth.

No young person need ever be ashamed of jeans or calico, but there is never a time when one should not be ashamed of pretence. In the name of diamonds, make-believe. Sincerity, without and within is the hall-mark of worth. A good flag for every boy to fly at the mast of his ship, and a good motto for every man to carry in his heart, is the motto: "No bogus diamonds for me!" Keep life free from false appearances, and insincerity of any sort, and it will be free from the troubles that bring wrinkles to foreheads and crows' feet to eyes.

Shams of dress, speech, manner or anything else, are not honest; that is the first and most important lesson of the second is that they rarely ever succeed. People have keener eyes than we give them credit for. It is really "no less than being foolish—to try to make them think we are rich, when we are poor, or wise and refined, when we are ignorant and coarse. All bogus diamonds tell their own tale, and they also tell a tale which never flatters him.

The best girl I have ever known, the one who has most true friends and admirers, the girl who, in short, comes nearest to being the most perfect, the girl wishes to be, may be best described in the phrase which I have frequently heard applied to her—"She is so honest." Absolute sincerity, through and through, characterizes her life, and shines in her face. She is often unconventional; honest people have to be. But she is always her true self. Because she is free from all manner of shams, she is loved by every one who gets a glimpse of her. I could as readily conceive of him as wearing a ring in his nose as a bogus diamond in his scarf. Insincerity is not in his nature. He is not a genius, but he is genuine, which is better.

Imitation diamonds, and all that they represent, are not ornaments, but disfigurements.—S. S. Visator.

The way in which most drunkards pay taxes is through the license of the liquor-seller.

If you want to lead any one to Jesus, remember you must point, and take care not to stand in the way yourself.

'Every' to-morrow' has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or by the handle of faith.

That Good Little Boy Next Door.

BY G. E. BILLINGS.

They say he's the best little boy in the town,
He never does anything wrong;
Though he wears an old jacket that's faded and brown,
They say that he's never been known to frown,
And he's good as the day is long.
And if I am careless or tired of play,
And leave all my toys on the floor,
They make such a fuss, and they always say
That my things had better be given away
To that good little boy next door.
He must be a dreadfully good little boy
If he's like what I've heard them say,
He loves to bring in the cows at night,
And thinks it is silly to play with a kite,
And would rather study than play.
No matter how hard I try to do right,
It's just no use any more;
For it's, "Oh, don't, Teddy!" from morn-
till night,
And, "Teddy, I wish you were half as polite
As that good little boy next door."
Why it is I hate to go after the cows,
And study at school all day?
Why is it I always break my toys,
And can't get along without making a noise,
And why do I like to play?
But if I'm not anxious to pick up the chips,
Or sleep on the garret floor,
Or rock the baby on rainy days,
They always speak of the willing ways
Of that good little boy next door.
I often watch for that good little boy
That I hear so much about;
But I never see his face at the door,
Or hear him talking, and then, what's more,
He never seems to come out.
But I think if I knew him quite well, you see,
And coaxed him to tell me, or
Watched how he does it, it seems to me
That some day or other I really might be
Like that good little boy next door.
—Youth's Companion.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XIX.

TOM KINMON AS ZAVESDROPPER.

"Be sure your sin will find you out."
"It's no good a-fishin' here," said George MacDuff to his brother, as he cast his line impatiently into the little whirlpool at his feet.
"Tis, too," replied Peter, holding up a hand some rock-cod, its scales glistening as they caught the sunlight. "Jest mind this beauty! He'll weigh four pounds, sure. These fellers can only be caught in holes like this, where the water runs swift. Hist! you've got a bite, sure's fate! George, out! Ain't he a lusty feller!" he added, as his brother took a large cunner from the hook. "This is the place ter fish, an' don't you forgit it."
Silence reigned for some minutes. Then George broke forth again. "I say, it's too bad!"
"What's too bad?" queried his brother.
"Thet Dow hes got ter suffer fur what he never did."
"Hist, George! The rocks hev ears sometimes," and Peter cast furtive glances around.
"There's nobody ter hear," said George, also looking around. "We're early birds, this morning, an' none of the fishermen are out here, yet."
"I don't care for any on 'em but Tom," said Peter, as he again surveyed his surroundings, anxiously. "He's allus a-peekin' round when you don't know it."
"Oh, bosh! What you afear'd of?" and George regarded his brother with a contemptuous air.
"Wal, I wouldn't say nothin' more about it," and Peter resumed his fishing.
"When's the next meetin' of the Skulls?" inquired George.
"Next Wednesday night, at Powder House. Joe said we'd be sure ter hev some fun that night, an' he hinted es ter how he would pervide a treat. Charlie Chapman is in fine spirits, 'cause the plan worked so well."
"Chapman's quite a crack feller; don't you think so?"
"Yes, I do. He's jest es smart es a steel-trap, too. Plays lots o' games on old Ray, and the old chap don't know it. Charlie ken appear jest es quiet es a

lamb when he's got an axe ter grind, an' he pulls the wool over the old man's eyes, I tell yer!" and Peter laughed aloud at the remembrance of what he had seen and heard.
"Joe's purty smart, too," said George. "He makes a first-class president of our society. I guess we've got es good a society es the St. George League, ef a parson does run it."
"You're right!" replied Peter. "Guess we'd better be gittin' home, now, ef we calculate ter hev fish fur breakfast," and he put up his fishing tackle, and swung his string of fish over his shoulder.
As the boys disappeared over the brow of the hill, Tom raised himself out of his cramped position, and gave another of his silent laughs, and swung his cap in the air.
"We'll attend the next meetin' of the Skulls, so we will, my hearties, an' we'll bring a few friends with us, too. Ha! ha! my young sculpins. I guess we'll hev a stop put ter some of your grim-cracks. Your lectle game is 'bout played out."
Tom made no allusion to his adventure, but attended to his customary duties. "Taint no use raisin' their hopes on what is yet so onartin," he thought. "Time enuff ter crow when I git those young chaps by the neck!" and Tom rubbed his hands gleefully.
Maurice pursued his dally work at the store, and three evenings in the week he recited to Mr. Strong. It had been his ambition to enter college another year, but his courage had now deserted him. It was only by the encouragement of friends that he kept up during this trial.
It was quite an event for Tom to be away from home evenings, but Monday night and Tuesday night he was out quite late. He gave no explanation for his strange conduct, but when Wednesday night, at dusk, he took his cap and prepared to leave, his wife expostulated.
"Sure, lad, you don't mean ter leave me agin ter-night? You don't seem quite like yourself of late. You ain't sick, be you, Tom?" and Janet looked anxiously into her husband's rugged face.
"Don't you go ter worritin' 'bout me, wife. Tom K.'s all right, but what he wants ter do is ter hev the boy in the other room thare all right, so I be out gittin' what information I can. I guess ter-night will be the last time I shall go skylarkin'. Dyer see?"
"Oh, Tom, you've got jist the biggest heart. You're bound ter help the weak an' those es has no friends."
"Wal, wife, ain't that one way of bearin' other folks' burdens? You know I promised 'fore angels an' men ter do this very thing."
"Yes, I know, Tom, an' you've kept your word faithfully."
Tom did not go alone to Powder House. Mr. Strong, Constables Davis and Parker and Deacon Ray went at different times to the place designated. Concealed in the overhanging bushes, they witnessed the proceedings of the Silver Skulls, a society of whose existence they had been ignorant until the keen wits of Tom Kinmon had exposed it.
A large boulder, called Mountain Rock, formed a grand rendezvous for the young roughts. Behind this rock ten boys were seated, most of them with cigars or cigarettes in their mouths. Joe Chase was spokesman, as usual, and dictated the crowd.
"Come, boys, what do you say to a game of poker?" and he took a pack of greasy cards from his pocket.
"Good! good!" cried a chorus of voices.
Peter MacDuff lighted the lantern he had brought, and the game began. After all the loose change the boys had had found its way into Joe's pocket, the president grew tired of the game, and said, "Now, boys, fur the treat I promised you!" and he proceeded to uncork two bottles.
"Here's some prime lager beer fur them es don't like somethin' stronger, but John and Charlie think, with me, thet the other bottle is the best."
The bottles were then passed around, and their contents eagerly swallowed.
When Joe had mentioned his treat, Mr. Strong desired at once to interfere, before the lads had drunk, but Constable Davis said, "By no means do this. We shall lose what we came to hear, namely, who fred Judge Seabury's barn. Be patient, sir."
Nor did they have long to wait. The subject of the fire was uppermost in the minds of the boys, and the matter was soon under discussion.
"We did a purty good stroke of business that night," said Joe, rubbing his hands. "Charlie Chapman deserves a premium fur thinkin' up so smart a job."
"I think I deserve a lectle credit," replied Peter MacDuff. "Those pesky old

matches you giv me were hard ter light. I used a whole card 'fore I could strike a blaze."
"Oh, yes, you did fust-rate," and the president beamed upon his apprentice. "You'll git promoted ter a high rank in this society, yet."
"I guess that sneakin' Dow won't dare ter peep agin," said Charlie Chapman. "I guess I've fixed him fur Fairport."
"There's bin no suspicion es ter who set the fire," added John Chapman. "People generally b'lieve thet Dow did it, an' I think the Jedge thinks so, too."
"Dow's month is most up," said George MacDuff, "an' then I spose they'll hev ter decide somethin'. But they 'an't prove nothin' agin him, 'cause he's bin an honest lad."
"He's bin a sneakin' lyin' rascal, you mean," interrupted Charlie, casting a fierce look at the speaker. "Don't any of you begin ter stan' up fur the scamp, or I'll make you smart."
"Dow will suffer whether he goes ter gaol or not," said Joe. "Some folks will allus suspect him, an' Dow can't bear that, know, he's so proud. Chapman hes got what he wanted, even if Dow continues ter walk these streets. His name is furever blackened."
"I guess old Ray won't trust him quite so much es he has," continued Charlie. "though I was surprised thet he let the boy come back inter the store at all. I don't see what there is 'bout that white-faced foundling that makes folks rave 'bout him. You'd think there never was such a chap, ter hear Ray or the parson talk."
"The Jedge was awful mad ter lose his barn," spoke Willie Riley, for the first time. "He declared he would do some dreadful thing if he found the scoundrel. People say that he don't like Maurice Dow, and wouldn't care much if he was proved guilty."
"Why should he?" exclaimed Peter. "Dow's nothin' but an outcast that nobody would miss ef he should go away from here in disgrace. He's got no spunk. Was allus porin' over a book. Bah!" With a gesture of contempt the lad squirted tobacco juice from a large quid in his mouth.
"It was a bold thing fur the Skulls ter do," said Joe, "but we did it, an' brought lastin' honour ter perch on our banners. But we'll hev ter be cautious in the future so thet no one need ter suspect us."
"That you will, you young scamps!" shouted Constable Davis, as he sprang forward and seized Joe Chase by the collar. His companions followed suit. Tom seized Charlie Chapman and Peter MacDuff in his strong grasp. Constable Parker took John Chapman and George MacDuff in tow. The other boys were too frightened to resist, and followed Deacon Ray and Mr. Strong without trying to run away. The ringleaders were put into the lock-up for the night, while the remainder were waited on by the constables to their homes, each promising to appear before a trial justice the next morning.
Willie Riley, Steve Barton, and George MacDuff owned their share in the proceedings and implicated the rest. The matter assumed such serious proportions that the case was carried to the Superior Court, which convened the following week at Salem.
(To be continued.)

STOPPING A STAMPEDE.

An army officer has recently told a story of fine courage, in the Chicago Record, a story which loses nothing from its homely language.
One of the slickest things I ever saw was a cowboy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about six hundred had broken away pell-mell, with their tails in the air, and the bulls at the head of the procession. They were heading straight for a high bluff, where they would certainly tumble into the canon and be killed.
You know that when a herd gets to going it can't stop. Those in the rear crowd those ahead, and away they go. I wouldn't have given a dollar a head for that herd, but the cowboy spurred up his mustang, made a little detour, came in right in front of the herd, cut across their path at a right-angle, and then galloped leisurely on the edge of that bluff, halted and looked around at that wild mass of beef coming right toward him. He was as cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him killed and was so excited I could not speak.
Well, sir, when the leaders had got within about a quarter of a mile of him I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quickly. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path, I was surprised to see them

stop and commence to nibble at the grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, straggled back, and went to fighting for a chance to eat where the rear-guard was.
You see, that cowboy had opened a big bag of salt he had brought out from the ranch to give the cattle, galloped across the herd's course and emptied the bag.

A SMALL BOY HARVESTER.

The Youth's Companion reports a pretty lively adventure which befell a five-year-old Iowa boy last summer. He had gone out to the wheat field where his father was driving the harvester, and had begged to be taken up on the high seat by his father's side.
The harvester was one of those wonderful labour-saving machines of which farmers use so many in these days. It cut the wheat, swept it into sheaves, bound them, and tossed them aside.
For a time all this was very interesting to the little fellow. Then he grew tired of sitting still, and began to squirm, and before the father knew what was going on, the boy had tumbled off.
He screamed as he found himself going, but before the horses could be stopped the machinery had caught him, rolled him up in a bundle of wheat, bound him about the legs and the neck with twine, and there he lay on the ground.
He was not hurt. A little skin had been scraped from one of his shoulders, and he was, or thought he was, almost choked. That was all; but he was very much frightened.

GOD'S LOVE.

Standing on the top of Cheviot Hills, a little son's hand inclosed in his, a father taught the measure of the measureless love of God. Pointing northward over Scotland, then southward over England, then eastward over the German Ocean, then westward over the limitless hill and dale, and then sweeping his hand and eye over the whole circling horizon, he said: "Johnny, my boy, God's love is as big as all that!"
"Why, father," the boy cheerily replied, with sparkling eyes, "then we must be in the very middle of it!"

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October.

Oh, sumach plumes and goldenrod,
With hazel boughs entwining,
Where purple asters gaily nod,
And clematis is vining,
Mid maple fires that brightly burn,
The red and gold together,
Beneath the hazy smoke-blue skies
Of Indian summer weather

The summer's dead ' Methinks thy garb
Should be a whit more sober,
And that thy mood too festive seems.
Oh, riotous October!

And yet we would not miss one hue
Of all thy vivid splendour;
For that would lose us part of you,
To whom our hearts are tender.

Thou heapest up the measure full,
Of all the summer's glory,
The June sun kissed the fruit and leaves;
October tells the story.

Thou hast within thy bosom's store
A wealth of lavish treasure,
And spread'st it out to feast our eyes,
And fill our souls with pleasure.

And so we would not miss one hue
Of all thy vivid splendour;
For that would lose us part of you,
To whom our hearts are tender.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 4.
THE UNJUST STEWARD.

Luke 16. 1-13. Memory verses, 10-12.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—
Luke 16. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. Living without Worldly Forethought, v. 1, 2.
 2. Living with Worldly Forethought, v. 3-12.
 3. Living with Heavenly Forethought, v. 13.
- Time.—Winter of A.D. 29-30.
Place.—Probably in the province of Perea.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "He said also"—In continuation, probably, of our last lesson, which connects closely with the passage we study to-day. "Unto his disciples"—Not to the apostles only, but to a great group of followers. "A certain rich man"—Standing here for God, who knows all men's talents, and for whom all men stand as stewards. "A steward"—Israel in particular; mankind in general, each human soul. "Had wasted his goods"—"Was wasting." The steward was demanding from the farmers, to whom the rich man's estate was leased, a great rental, while he paid to the rich man only a fair rent. But, although he thus received a fraudulent income, he evidently had not made himself rich, and was living above his income.

2. "Mayest be no longer steward"—A dishonest man is precluded from such a position. As we go on with this story we are to think of the gross unfaithfulness to God that the scribes and teachers of Israel were guilty of, but we are also to remember that this parable applies to us all.

3. "What shall I do"—He had been living thoughtlessly as well as wickedly—"I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed"—"When the prodigal son came to his worst stress he was still ready for work, if he could get it to do; but this man had lost his manliness and strength, while he retains the false shame which makes him prefer fraud to poverty."

4. "That when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses"—I will do them such a favour that they will not leave me poverty-stricken. "They," of course, refers to the farmers who owed the rich man for their rent.

5. "So he called every one of his lord's debtors"—His lord had evidently given him time to prepare the required amount. "How much owest thou"—Probably the sums owed were the rents to be paid in kind, the share of the growth of the field.

6. "A hundred measures of oil"—Baths of oil. The bath was a Hebrew measure, but its amount is uncertain. It is generally understood to be about olive oil, large quantities of which were produced in Palestine. "Take thy bill, and set down quickly, and write fifty"—The bill is the bond or lease which has fifty-six pints. The oil is, of course, been in the steward's keeping, and therefore he says to the farmer, "Take it—it must be quickly done, because the lord is presently expected back and

the whole transaction must be kept from him."

8. "The lord commended the unjust steward"—Not, of course, the Lord Jesus, but the rich man, and his commendation simply means the admiration that one worldly and tricky man might express for the trick of another. "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light"—Those whose hopes are limited to the things of the earth are more prudent and farseeing in their dealings with their fellows than God's servants are with regard to their fellows.

9. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness"—Mammon is a Chaldean word meaning riches. Let worldly wealth, which, whether acquired or inherited, is too often ill-gotten, be employed in works of mercy. If money cannot be restored to a more rightful owner, let it be given to the poor, and used to make friends of those from whom we cannot hope for any return but their prayers. "When ye fall"—Probably this should read "when it falls"—the mammon. "They may receive you"—The friends that have been made by the wise use of the mammon. "Sin consists not in being the steward of God, but in forgetting that we are his steward."

10. "A general proposition, yet with reference to mammon as the least of things."

11. This verse shows that fidelity is possible toward the unrighteous mammon.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The unjust steward.—Luke 16. 1-13.
- Tu. Prudence of Jacob.—Gen. 32. 6-20.
- W. Firm standing.—Psa. 15.
- Th. Faithful service.—Dan. 6. 1-10.
- F. Better than sacrifice.—Prov. 21. 1-12.
- S. As to the Lord.—Col. 3. 16-25.
- Su. Reward of faithfulness.—Matt. 25. 14-30.

Was the steward's advice to the debtor honest or not?

Was it "smart" or not?

Why were they likely never to tell on him?

Who was 'the lord' who "commended the unjust steward"?

Does the Lord Jesus commend his course?

What particular trait of his does Jesus commend?

Can any one who is unfaithful in trifles be faithful to great trusts?

Can any one who is unfaithful in earthly duties be faithful to God?

What is the "mammon of unrighteousness"?

Is it right to seek this world's goods? Rom. 12. 11.

Will any amount of outward observances atone for a divided or unclean heart?

3. Living with Heavenly Forethought, v. 13.

To what things will the wise give first attention?

Can we make a thorough success of life and still faithfully serve God?

Can there be any success of life that God does not permit?

What is the great need in these days of hurry and bustle?

What is the Christian's safeguard?

Is it a greater sin for a Christian to be unfaithful in daily duties than for others?

Are we in any danger of trying to do this?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That living without worldly forethought is a folly and a sin?
2. That living with worldly forethought becomes a great temptation?
3. That living with heavenly forethought brings sure salvation?

When our knight was about thirty-two years old he entered on a long struggle with the various orders of friars. These friars pretended to be very poor, and with wallets on their backs went about begging with piteous air, while at the same time they lived in palaces and dressed in costly garments. They used to kidnap children and shut them up in monasteries. When the orders were first organized their idea was to become a body of self-denying and consecrated men, who would go about arousing the people to a better life. At first their influence was very good, but when they became very popular and very powerful, they became also very degenerate.

But there was one man who was not afraid to tell them what he thought of them, and he did his duty so thoroughly and so fearlessly that Rome became alarmed, and at last summoned the Gospel Doctor to appear at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the nineteenth of February, 1377, and answer to the charge of heresy.

The cathedral was crowded, and yet a very little thing scattered the crowd. Lord Percy, who attended Wycliffe, desired him to be seated. But the Bishop of London declared that Wycliffe "should not sit, and that according to law an accused person should stand during the time of his answer." A controversy soon followed, and in the tumult the whole assembly was broken up and the next day was succeeded by a riot. As for Wycliffe, he was dismissed with the injunction to be more careful about his preaching in the future. But public opinion declared in his favour.

"If he is guilty," the people said, "why is he not punished? If he is innocent, why is he ordered to be silent?"

In 1379, Wycliffe was seriously ill. The mendicant friars thought that their opportunity had now come. They went in much state to see him and solemnly tried to make him recant. He ordered his servant to raise him on the pillows, and to the great astonishment of the friars, the apparently dying man, fixing his eyes on his enemies, said: "I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars."

His enemies left him, and the great reformer did live. He was yet to put the finishing touches to his greatest work—the translating and scattering of the Word of God, that the people might read it in their own tongue. For ten or fifteen years he worked steadily at this task, and at last, in 1380, it was completed. This was a great event in the religious history of England. To us today it sounds like odd English. The first verse of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians reads like this:

"If I speke with tungs of men and of angels, and I have not charite, I am maad as bras sownynge or a cymbal tynklynge."

The work met with a wonderful reception. Citizens, soldiers, the rich and the poor welcomed it with delight. Even Anne, the wife of Richard II., began to read the Gospels. John de Wycliffe had indeed become The Gospel Doctor. It cost a large sum to own a Testament—estimated to equal one hundred and fifty dollars of our times.

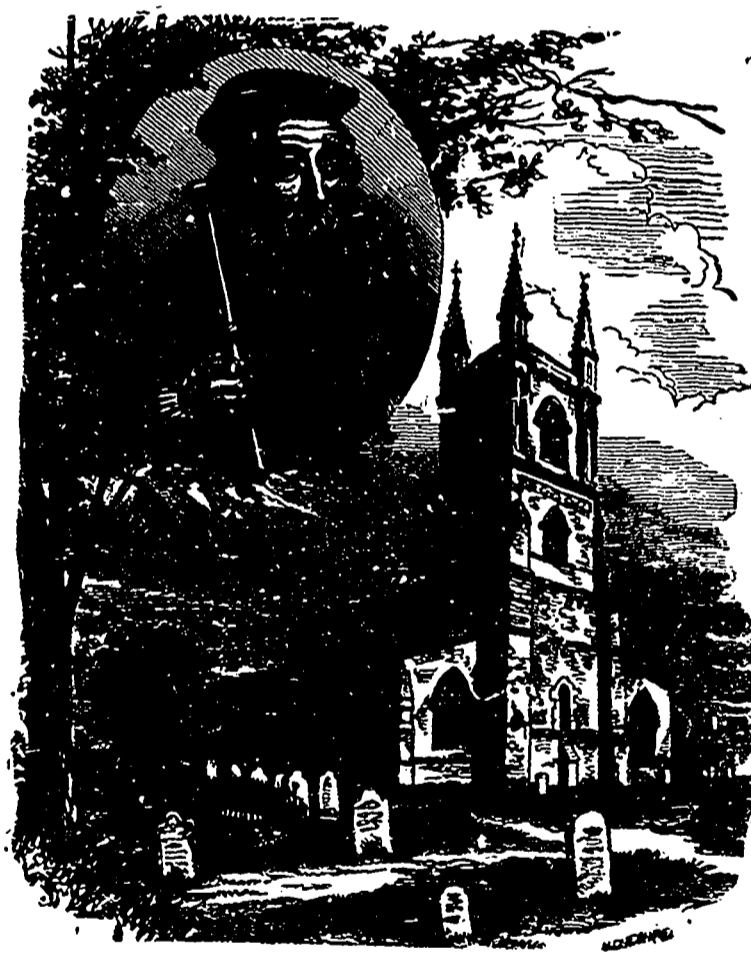
To carry the Bible into the remotest hamlets was the sole idea of The Gospel Doctor, and for this purpose he sent forth preachers, bidding them—

"Go and preach; it is the sublimest work; but imitate not the priests whom we see after the sermon sitting in ale-houses or at the gaming table. After your sermon is done, do you visit the sick, the aged, the poor, the blind, the lame."

These "poor priests," as they were called, went about barefoot, staff in hand, and dressed in coarse robes; they lived on alms and were satisfied with the plainest food. Their theme was Christ and they preached with wonderful eloquence.

Wycliffe continued in his glorious work for many years, until one day, as he stood in the midst of his little flock in the Lutterworth church, administering the communion, he was stricken with paralysis, and was carried home to die in two days at the ripe age of sixty years. He was buried beneath the chancel of Lutterworth church, but thirty years after, Rome directed that his body should be disinterred and thrown far away from church walls. They took up the body, burned it, and cast the ashes into an adjacent brook.

"The brook," says Fuller, "did carry his ashes into Avon! Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." If Luther and Calvin are the fathers of the Reformation, Wycliffe is its grandfather.—The Well Spring.



WYCLIFFE AND LUTTERWORTH CHURCH.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Living without Worldly Forethought, v. 1, 2.
What is a steward?
What accusation was brought against the rich man's steward?
Can a wasteful steward be honest?
Is any, even the smallest, waste ever right?
Is it right to have forethought concerning the things of this world?
What did the rich man say to his steward?
Are we stewards? Of whom?
What sacred trusts committed to us are we often tempted to waste?
2. Living with Worldly Forethought, v. 3-12.
How did the disgraced steward seek to mend his fortunes?
What sort of shame is that which prefers fraud to poverty?
Who were the "debtors"? (Probably farmers who rented their grounds from the rich man.)
Why were their debts to be paid in "measures of oil and wheat"?

JOHN DE WYCLIFFE.

BY EVELINA L. FEYER.

The kind, patient woman who rocked a cradle in the little village of Wycliffe, in Yorkshire, England, about the year 1324, could not know that the sleeping occupant of the swinging cradle would grow up to become one of the foremost men of his times, and so she rocked and nursed and crooned lullabys, and the baby slept and ate and grew, just like all other babies.

The next time we see this baby he has grown to be a man and is among the students in the scholastic Oxford. While there Wycliffe was a faithful pupil, for besides studying the writings of the famous Greek philosopher Aristotle and the writings of the church fathers, like Augustine and Basil and Jerome, he studied civil law and canon law, and he even went to the Bible for knowledge, which was a very unfashionable thing to do in those days, the biblical teachers being called "the ballocks of Abraham." Wycliffe was nicknamed "The Gospel Doctor."