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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 14, 1885

No. 23.

## WHAT THE MOTHERS SAY.

YES, I know there are stains on my carpet,  
The traces of small muddy boots;  
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,  
And spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured  
With prints of small fingers and hands;  
And that your own household most truly  
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlour is littered  
With many old treasures and toys;  
While your own is in daintiest order,  
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded  
Quite boldly all hours of the day,  
While you sit in yours unmolested,  
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides  
Where I must stand watchful each night,  
While you go out in your carriage,  
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman,  
I like my house orderly, too,  
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;  
Yet would not change places with you.

No, keep your fair home with its order,  
Its freedom from bother and noise,  
And keep your own fanciful lessons,  
But give me my four splendid boys.

## THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

The camel is well called the "Ship of the Desert." Supplied by nature with wonderful store-places for food and drink, it can subsist for a long time with but very slight nourishment. The hump which we in our childhood days imagined was especially provided to afford a seat for the rider, is a reservoir of fat from which the camel draws nourishment, so that sometimes when the animals come in from a long journey, the hump is greatly diminished. The countries adjoining the desert are almost as effectually separated as if a sea rolled between, and were it not for this "Ship of the Desert," the separation would be greater. The desert is the camel's home. He can eat the scanty herbage that springs up here and there, and which no other creature would deign to touch. His foot is so adapted to the sandy ground that he can travel without difficulty where a horse would fall exhausted on the yielding soil before half his day's journey was accomplished. But stranger still is the wonderful provision which enables these patient creatures to toil beneath the burning sun for days without drinking. They have been used in explorations in New Mexico and California, and the commander of one expedition testifies that camels have carried water for the mules used by the men sometimes for more than a week without once tasting it themselves.

## THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

THERE is perhaps no passage of Scripture more difficult of comprehension to the young mind, under the present idea of a needle, than the one "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." When a

great riches and possessions, and was the greatest of all the men of the East. The thrift and economy of the industrious and saving servants were approved, while the one who received the one talent, was reproved and punished for his slothfulness and neglect, and the one talent was taken from him and given to the one who had the ten

ordinary mind of the present age has any conception. But the students of oriental literature find that there were in the cities of the East, especially in Jerusalem, large gates, in which were small and very low openings, called metaphorically "needle's eyes," just as we talk of windows on shipboard as "bull's-eyes." Our scholars who have never been to sea may not know the meaning of bull's-eye. They are small round windows in the ship's sides not more than perhaps eight inches across, quite round, and made of a solid piece of thick glass set in an iron frame, and hung with strong iron hinges so that they may be opened in good weather and shut during storms to keep out the water. These entrances were too narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or if loaded. When a loaded camel had to pass through one of these entrances it knelt down, its load was removed, and then it shuffled through on its knees.

"Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon, from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle, that is, the low arched door of an enclosure. He must kneel and bow his head to creep through, and thus the rich man must humble himself."

This shows that it is not impossible for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God, and renders this passage not inconsistent with other portions of the Scripture.—*Select d*



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

## THE LITTLE BLACK HAND.

If you ride through the streets of Tokio in one of those queer overgrown baby-carriages in which everybody in Japan rides, among other sights you might notice the squares of paper pasted over many of the doorways of the poorer houses. These pieces of paper are called "gomafuda," and are either prayers, charm or pictures of a favourite idol, with mystical characters underneath to show from what temple or on what occasion the precious bits of paper had been obtained.

But most frequently you would see the impression of a little black hand with all the fingers spread out as if to ward off something; and I am sure, like myself, you would wonder what such a picture could mean. I was puzzled a long time over it, and finally asked some Japanese, and found that the impressions were those of a child in the house who had reached the sacred age of five or ten years, and was therefore gifted with some peculiar power to ward off evil. If the impression of the little hand is seen outspread on any part of a house, the evil spirits, which bring disease

Sabbath-school scholar, it was to our mind impossible for a rich man to enter heaven, and inexplicable why the mere fact that a man is rich, should debar him from heaven; especially when the Lord gave Solomon riches and honour, so that in these he exceeded all other kings of the earth, and after Job's afflictions doubled his possessions, so that he was twice as rich as before, though before he had talents, thus increasing his riches, and making it more difficult for him to enter the kingdom of God. These, to the young and active mind, seeking for knowledge and a right understanding of the Scriptures, appear to be inconsistent and irreconcilable with the idea that a rich man cannot enter the kingdom of God; for it is certainly impossible for a camel to go through the eye of any needle, of which the

and death, will pass by and not harm the child or any in the house.

I thought, as I rode by these houses and noticed the little black hand which is supposed to be so powerful for good, how many little hands in other lands, not black ones, but warm white hands—and mayhap some black ones too—were bringing good to these and other heathen people, and by sending all the help they can to them, were warding off a greater enemy than the small-pox or the cholera.

How I long to see the time when the door-posts of every house in Japan, palace or cottage, instead of the useless "gomafuda," should have been sprinkled with the precious helping blood of Jesus, which drives away every evil and hurtful thing!

I hope you will all pray that the little hands of Japanese children may no longer be lifted to ward off imaginary devils, but may be clasped in prayer to the kind and loving Saviour who alone can save them.—C. N. W., in S. S. Visitor.

## HOME.

**M**ORE than building showy mansions,  
More than dress of fine array,  
More than domes and lofty steeples,  
More than station, power, and sway;  
Make your home both neat and tasteful,  
Bright and pleasant, always fair,  
Where each heart shall rest contented,  
Grateful for each beauty there.

Seek to make your home most lovely,  
Let it be a smiling spot,  
Where, in sweet contentment resting,  
Care and sorrow are forgot.  
Where the flowers and trees are waving,  
Birds will sing their sweetest songs;  
Where the purest thoughts will linger,  
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,  
Seldom wishing far to roam,  
Or, if roaming, still will ever  
Cherish happy thoughts of home.  
Such a home makes man the better,  
Sure and lasting the control,  
Home with pure and bright surroundings,  
Leaves its impress on the soul.

## UNCLE TOMMY WEIGHS ANCHOR.

We take the following from a touching story in the *Methodist Magazine*:—"Skipper George Netman, of Caplin Bight; a tale of Out Port Methodism in Newfoundland." By the Rev. George J. Bond, President of the Newfoundland Conference.

"Since I bin lyin' here," said Uncle Tommy to the minister, "I bin thinkin', thinkin', turnin' over in my mind th' past o' my life. 'Tis wonderful, too, to think how, after seventy-three years o' knockin' about, afloat and ashore, hard put often, an' wi' terrible narry 'scape many times, here I be dyin' so quiet an' comfortable like. I told 'ee once how I was brought to God, sir; I didn't tell 'ee, did I, o' the time I was carried overboard wi' an anchor? No, I thought not. 'Twas near fifty year ago. I was shipped wi' a man called Clarke, in a small schooner. We'd bin to Twillingate for salt, I mind, an' we was comin' home. It was blowin' heavy an' we couldn't make the run, and had to go into a bight, a few miles down the shore, for the night. In beatin' in we mis-stayed in a terrible ugly spot, an' to keep her from goin' ashore the skipper snouted to let go the anchor. Somehow it fouled, and wouldn't start, and I got leanin' over the rail to try an' clear it, when, all of a sudden, it slipped round, the fluke

hitched in my sleeve, and I was jerked overboard, and went down to bottom with it. By God's mercy, when it struck the bottom, the fluke was unhitched from my sleeve, and I rose to the top again, an' climbed on board; but it was an awful moment for me when I felt myself pulled down bottom foul of an anchor, an' I'll never forget the look on the skipper's face when I got on board, or the words he said to me. 'Tullin,' he says, 'thero's no man livin' has had a narrer 'scape than you. If you sin agin' God after this, you're an ungrateful chap. 'Tis a warnin', lad, 'tis a warnin'.' Poor old skipper Joe Clarke put me in mind o' that manny a time arterward; but I carr'ed on much the same as afore fur a long time. Thank the Lord, I did turn to 'en, afore it wuz too late, and He sove me. He didn't cast me away. He sove me. Will 'ee sing a verse o' "Happy Day," sir, if 'ee please?"

The minister at once started the familiar words, the weak, quavering voice of the old man joining in fervently. As the singing proceeded, Uncle Tommy's voice grew louder and louder, and his whole frame seemed to dilate with the consciousness of his acceptance with God. His countenance lost the haggard look of illness, and his eye was lit up as with inward fire. Raising himself suddenly to a sitting position, he clapped his hands together as the chorus of the last verse was finished, and, raising his face to heaven, he began ecstatically to praise and glorify God for His goodness towards him.

"I can rejoice in Him, I can rejoice in His salvation," he cried. "I feel Him with me, He fills me with His love. Glory be to His holy name forever! Glory, glory, glory!"

Towards the close of the day a messenger came for the minister. Old Mr. Tullin had had a change for the worse, and would be glad if Mr. Fairbairn would come down; such was the substance of the message. In a few minutes the minister was in the sick room. A wonderful change had taken place in the brief interval. It seemed no longer the old familiar, friendly face, full of good nature and quaint fun, that lay there on the pillow, but a refined and sublime countenance, purified from earthliness of contour or expression, and glowing with a radiance that awed you as you gazed. The old man was now unconscious, and the watchers told the minister that he had been wandering in his thoughts and speech all the afternoon. The sun was setting in glorious purple and golden clouds, and the room was flooded with its light. Quietly, the circle around the bed watched the calm face that was already growing grey in death. Startlingly and with wonderful clearness came the sudden words, "Heave up the anchor, boys; we're all ready," and then, "Starboard there, boy, steady; now we're off." The watchers looked at one another, and whispered, "He's wandering again;" and Mr. Fairbairn, seeing the face altering rapidly, said, "Beloved, let us commend our dear friend to God." Kneeling down amid many a sob, the minister prayed for an abundant entrance for the soul about to enter the haven of eternal rest, and as he prayed, the change came. One glance around, one quiver of the lip, one soft, child-like breath, and then the stillness of a death-chamber. Uncle Tommy had weighed anchor, and sailed away beyond the sunset.

## ELIJAH AT HOREB.

WHAT a contrast between Elijah at Carmel and Elijah at Horeb. In the one he rejoices over the destroyers of the worship of Jehovah in Israel. In the other he shows the common weakness of humanity. He was a man of like passions with ourselves.

Even strong, brave soldiers of the Lord, like Elijah, are sometimes discouraged and out of sorts. Our lesson story to-day is to help and comfort such, and to show them the surest cure. We must remember all Elijah had been doing, besides running before the king that long way. He was tired out, and the Lord, instead of blaming him for being down-hearted and frightened, and asking to die, sent an angel with some food to strengthen him. And when Elijah, instead of going back to his work, went away into the wilderness, this kind, loving, heavenly Father followed him; and there, in the very mountain where years before God had talked with Moses, he now talked with Elijah, and showed him, by a beautiful picture-lesson, how the Lord's terrible judgments, like the storm and the earthquake and the fire, had their work to do. But how, after all, it was the "still, small voice" of his Spirit in people's hearts which then (and now) would turn them back to love and obedience. Elijah thought he was left alone; and lo, God knew of seven thousand more who had not worshipped Baal. Elijah wanted to be taken away from his work and trouble. God gave him more work to do, and straightway the good old prophet forgot his trouble, and was as brave as ever.

There are important lessons in the good old prophet's experience for us. We must learn that although we are tired out, or sick and disappointed, God's work will not stop on that account; although we cannot see everything moving along with a victory and excitement like that of Mount Carmel, yet the Lord's work may be moving on triumphantly. The "still, small voice" sometimes accomplishes more than the earthquake. Although we may think we are alone in the world, yet God has more good people than we know. It is our business to work for the Lord. Hiding in caves of doubt, despondency and idleness cannot do much good. Come out and do something and the world will seem brighter and better.

## SMALL COURTESIES.

"HARRY is such a polite little boy, mother," said his sister Carrie. "He never pretends to be any better than the others at school, but some way he is the politest one of all."

"How did you find it out?" asked Mrs. Brown. "How do you know that he is more polite than Joe Eller, Charlie Graves, or Will Mead?"

Carrie thought a moment, and then declared she didn't know how it was; but still she insisted that her brother Harry was the most polite of all the boys at school. "All the other girls think so too," she said confidently.

Her mother was pleased to hear her boy praised so generously by his sister.

"I want you to notice to-morrow," she said, "what great thing it is that Harry does to win your praise and that of the other girls. Will you, Carrie?"

Carrie was ready to do as her mother said, and, to tell the truth, a little curious herself to find out how Harry

had won the title of "the politest boy in school." The next day her eyes and ears were prepared to prove that she had been right in what she said.

Some of the scholars were gathered near the fire, just before the time for school to open. Half a dozen of the boys came rushing in from out-of-doors, bringing a gust of cold air. The girls shivered, and one of them remarked pettishly, "Boys always leave the door open." Before the sentence was finished, Harry Brown, who was at the other end of the room had sprung to the door, and it was closed quickly and gently.

"That wasn't much to do," thought Carrie.

While the geography lesson was going on the teacher had occasion to reprove a pupil at the back of the room. Instantly, as if by clock-work, the scholars turned around to see who it was, increasing the discomfort of the offender—all but Harry, who kept his eyes on his book. Carrie noticed this.

After recess the boys and girls came trooping into the school-room. Harry was just ahead of Carrie and her friends; and as they reached the door, he held it open for the girls to pass in first. Carrie saw the pleased looks of her school-mates, and heard one of them say to another, "There isn't another boy in school who would do that!"

Before the day was over Carrie had noticed that her brother always said, "Thank you," for any little kindness; that he did not interrupt the teacher; that he did not contradict others; that he was willing to do anything asked of him, without grumbling; and that he was ready to offer his services when they were needed.

"I think I know how it is, mother," she said when she reached home, "that Harry has won his good name. He is courteous in small things."

"And those make up life," responded her mother.—Selected.

## ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.

A boy watched a large building, as the workmen from day to day carried up the brick and mortar.

"My son," said his father, "you seem to be taken with the bricklayers. Do you think of learning the trade?"

"No, sir; I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and what great houses are built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my son; never forget it. So it is in all great works. All your learning is one lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before another. Your whole life will be made up of one moment upon another. Drops added to drops make the ocean.

"Learn from this not to despise little things. Be not discouraged by great labours. They become easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the large building went up only one brick upon another."

Big Girl (to five-year-old Fannie on a boarding-school stair): "Oh, Fannie, give me a kiss." Fannie: "Oan't; I've only one left, and I want that for seed."

PUT HEART IN IT, DEAR.

Is the lesson so hard, are the problems so deep,  
Is the old hill of learning so thorny and steep,  
That the frown on your forehead is coming again,  
A frown, Willie darling, that gives mother pain?  
Let me whisper a charm, Willie boy, in your ear,  
To conquer hard lessons, put heart in them, dear.

You hate the piano, this weary strum, tum,  
Though you're ever so happy out-doors with a drum,  
But practising daily, and taking such care  
That each little note is struck fully and fair,  
Makes you cross and discouraged. My Willie, come here,  
Let me give you my secret; put heart in it, dear.

That temper which tips you and gives you a fall  
When you mean to be gentle and loving to all,  
That sends naughty words to the gate of the lips,  
And shadows your face with an ugly eclipse,  
Ask Jesus to help you, and, Willie, don't fear,  
You will win in the conflict, put heart in it, dear.

A thing done by half, child, is always half done,  
A shame to be seen, under God's faithful sun,  
That sets up its beautiful pattern of work,  
Without loiter or hurry or stopping to shirk,  
While sunshine reminds you, so brave and so clear,  
Whatever your task be, put heart in it, dear.

If you weed in the garden or go for the mail,  
Feed Ponto or Brindle, let none see you fail  
In any small duty, but loyal and true,  
Let father and mother depend upon you.  
And this is my counsel, worth stopping to hear,  
Worth treasuring, Willie, put heart in it, dear.

Put heart in the work and put heart in the play,  
Step on, like a soldier, though rough be the way,  
Laugh gaily at trials, and never retreat,  
If your cause be a right one, disdain a defeat  
Pray always, and then marching forth, full of cheer,  
In strife or in labour, put heart in it, dear  
—M. E. Sangster.

JOHN WESLEY ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The following is a letter in the Toronto Globe:—

SIR,—In your issue of the 10th Mr. Thorpe Holmes, writing of the prohibition contest, says:—"Methodists are to the front in this crusade. What is there in Wesley to prompt them?" In reply to this inquiry I beg to quote from a published letter of Rev. John Wesley, addressed to Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, dated Sept. 6th, 1784. The excise on spirits, that year, amounted to £20,000. "But have not the spirits distilled," says Wesley, "cost 20,000 lives of His Majesty's liege subjects? Is not, then, the blood of these men vilely bartered for £20,000—not to say anything of the enormous wickedness which has been occasioned thereby, and not to suppose that these poor wretches had any souls? But to consider money alone, is the king a gainer or an immense loser? To say nothing of millions of quarters of corn destroyed, which if exported, would add more than £20,000 to the revenue, be it considered dead men pay no taxes, so that by the death of 20,000 persons yearly (and this computation is far under the mark) the revenue loses far more than it gains." In his views on the liquor traffic, John Wesley showed himself a hundred years in advance of his age.

W. H. WITHROW.

To this may be added the following:—It is a cause of devout congratulation that the Methodist Church, in all its branches, has from its beginning been a Temperance Church. By the very terms of its constitution, the "Rules of Society," its members are forbidden the buying, selling, or drinking intoxicating liquors "unless in cases of extreme necessity." In solemn condemnation of the liquor traffic Wesley riffs into unwonted vehemence of denunciation. "All who sell these liquors to any that will buy are poisoners-general. They murder His Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither do they ever pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves—a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen and farest sumptuously every day,'—canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven, therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul, 'Thy memorial shall perish with thee.'"

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

"Ye have done it unto me, ye have done it unto me," sung Jenny one Monday morning. "There! I'll remember it this time, sure. But, dear me! I'm forgetting, after all. The teacher said we must not only learn the words, but think of what they mean, and try to do them."

"Let me see, now," and she pressed her chubby hands to her forehead; "teacher said: 'If we give a cup of cold water to one of his little ones, for the Saviour's sake, he would say, 'Ye have done it unto me.' I don't s'pose I know any of his little ones, but I'll try if I can find 'em.'"

She ran into the kitchen, where, on the dresser, she spied a large bowl, which was used to mix cake in.

"Ah!" thought she, "the Saviour is pleased if we give his little ones a cupful of water; he'll like a bowlful better still. Bridget, may I take this bowl awhile?"

Bridget, who was busy with her washing, did not turn her head, but said,

"Oh, yes; take what you like."

Jenny lifted the bowl down very carefully; but how to fill it was the question. She did not want to trouble Bridget; besides, she had an idea that she ought to do it all herself.

A bright thought struck her; taking the cup that always hung on the pump, she filled it several times, and poured it into the bowl.

"It's cupfuls, after all," she thought.

It was almost more than she could carry without spilling; but she walked slowly to the front gate. There was no one in sight, and Jenny set her burden on the grass, and swung on the gate while she waited. Presently, along came two little girls on their way to school.

"Want a drink?" called Jenny.

"Yes, indeed; it's so hot, and I'm dreadful thirsty. I always am. But how are we to get at it?" laughing as she saw the great bowl.

"Oh, I'll soon fix that!" and Jenny ran for the tin cup with which they dipped out the water.

"It tastes real good," they said, and kissed her as they ran off to school. The next that appeared was a short, red-faced Irishman, wiping his face with the sleeve of his flannel shirt, while an ugly dog trotted at his side.

"He don't look much like 'one of the little ones,' thought Jenny, doubt fully; but she timidly held out her tin cup. He eagerly drained it, filling it again, and drinking.

"And it must be a blessed angel ye are, for it's looking for a tavern I was, and now I won't nade to go nigh one at all. And shure, after all, water's better nor whiskey. Might I give some to the poor basto?" pointing to his dog.

Jenny hesitated; she did not like the idea of having the dog drink from her cup or bowl. But the man settled it by pouring the remnant of the water into his dirty old hat, the dog instantly lapping it up.

After they were gone, Jenny filled her bowl again. But I can't tell you now of all to whom she gave cups of cold water that hot day. But when she laid her tired head on the pillow that night, she thought,

"I wonder whether, after all, any of 'em were his 'little ones?'"

And the dear Saviour, looking down, and seeing that the little girl had done all that she could for his sake, wrote after her day's work, "Ye have done it unto me."—Selected.

TROUBLE FROM DISOBEDIENCE.

Did our young readers ever think of the trouble that sometimes comes from one disobedient act? Perhaps they have not learned to look at trouble as the result of disobedience. Perhaps some of them will see in the following story something that has happened not far from their homes.

A little girl was allowed to visit one of her little friends on a certain evening for a few minutes, but she became interested in play, and forgot to return until a late hour. It was not long until she again stayed beyond the time allowed by her folks. The time had come for trouble about her disobedience. Her folks wanted to know all the time where she was. They had a perfect right to require this, as they did not feel that it was safe for their child to be out without their knowledge of her whereabouts. Many children rove away from home, and their parents do not know where to find them when they want them.

The little girl of whom we write was reproved for her disobedience and punished. Then they all knelt in prayer, and tears were shed quite freely over her sin. Her little friend came in after a little while and told how badly she and her mamma felt about it. When the husband came home for dinner, he said, "This has been the bluest half day I have spent in a long while." The wife asked, "What was wrong?" He said, "Well, it began with that act of disobedience by our little girl this morning, and I suppose that threw a gloom over me all day."

The little girl felt ashamed and sorry, but the deed had been done. She was to blame for it all. She prayed the Lord to forgive her, and to help her to do better. We hope she will not soon forget the lesson of that day.

"HERE WE ARE."

A JOLLY little army—  
I seem to hear their feet,  
Patter, patter, tread, tread,  
Beat, beat, beat!  
Here they come, there they come,  
From happy hour of play—  
Down hill, across dale,  
"Here we are!" they say.

A jolly little army—  
Tramp, tramp, tramp!  
From the seaside cottage,  
From the mountain camp;  
From the dear old homestead,  
Hidden far away—  
Down hill, across dale,  
"Here we are!" they say.

A jolly little army,  
Many thousand strong.  
Wild roses on their cheeks,  
On their lips a song;  
Coming back to school again,  
Bright with rest and play—  
Down hill, across dale,  
"Here we are!" they say.

—Youth's Companion.

FORTS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

THE Rev. E. A. Stafford, LL.B., pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, is contributing a couple of very interesting articles to the Methodist Magazine on his experiences in the North-west, from which we make the following extract: In the old days, when the agents of the Hudson Bay Company were marking the vast and yet trackless prairies with their lines of travel, this Company was the dominant power in the land. In exercising its high privileges among a savage people, it found it necessary to build a fort at every post which it established. As these forts have, some of them, been recently the scene of active war it may be interesting, while at the same time it will be disappointing to the boy who has read some history, to know something of their character. To this history-reading boy a fort means a space enclosed by a solid wall of stone. He thinks of Calais, and Rochelle, and Sebastopol. But he must understand that these Hudson Bay Company's forts are nothing of this kind. They are simply a stockade, made by setting poles about eight inches in thickness upright in the earth, and rising about as high as the ceiling of a good house. With this idea of a fort in our minds, we can readily understand the news we read in April last of the burning of Fort Carlton. The fort itself was an inconsiderable loss, for it was so situated as to be almost useless as a defence against such weapons as were in the hands of some of the Indians. It lay in such a hollow as to enable persons on the high ground in the vicinity to command a full view, at close range, of all that was going on within. In this nook it was sheltered from the wintry winds, and such defences were quite sufficient against the weapons possessed by the Indians when these places were built. The disaster in the burning of such a fort was the loss of houses and other property within. In the case of Carlton this loss was not great, as the men had already removed the stores.

### A MISSIONARY RECITATION FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

THOUGH a wee girl I seem to be,  
With happy heart so glad and free,  
There is a word I'd like to say  
To friends we welcome here to-day.

A word of comfort from the Lord!  
Receive it then with one accord.  
'Tis, "If on the Lord you believe,  
His gracious love you shall receive."

A love for all in every land,  
From highest peaks to desert sand,  
I would proclaim with tender voice;  
And bid you in God's name rejoice.

I'd like to send it o'er the sea,  
This word of love from you and me;  
Then help kind friends, with all your might;  
Such love will banish heathen night.  
—S. S. Messenger.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 14, 1885.

### CONSCIENCE.

There is a pretty fable of a great monarch who once gave to a much-loved subject a beautiful ring. It was set with precious stones, but it was not in these alone its value consisted. It was made of a peculiar metal, which had the power of contracting directly if its owner did anything wrong. Though very large and loose at first, it became at times a painful encumbrance, which it was impossible to shake off or get rid of in any way.

We think that subject, if he was a wrong-doer, would rather have been without it. Don't you?

Now conscience is something like this ring; we feel its pressure when tempted to do wrong. Does it not accuse us continually? What child has departed from truthfulness, or done a mean action without an inward twinge which dyes his cheek with shame? Well may we, under the stings of conscience, offer the prophet's confession, "O Lord, to us belongeth shame and confusion of face!"

The Bible speaks of having "no more conscience of sins." How is this to be attained? Another verse tells us, "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve God?" Martin Luther, the great Reformer, says, "I drown my conscience in the blood, wounds, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ!"

Ah, here is the secret of rest of soul, of peace with God. Dear one, have you the answer of a good conscience!

### CONFESSING CHRIST BEFORE MEN.

SOMETHING more than fifty years ago there was a small dinner party at the other end of London. The ladies had withdrawn, and under the guidance of one member of the company the conversation took a turn of which it will be enough here and now to say that it was utterly dishonourable to Jesus Christ our Lord.

One of the guests said nothing, but presently asked of the host permission to ring the bell, and when the servant appeared, he ordered his carriage. He then, with the courtesy of perfect self-command, expressed his regret at being obliged to retire, but explained that he was still a Christian. Mark the phrase, for it made a deep impression at the time—"still a Christian."

Perhaps it occurs to you that the guest who was capable of this act of simple courage must have been a bishop, or at least a clergyman. The party was made up entirely of laymen, and the guest in question became the great Prime Minister of the early days of Queen Victoria—he was the late Sir Robert Peel.—*Canon H. P. Liddon, D.D.*

### THE CHIEF DUTY OF THE CHURCHES.

REV. SMITH BAKER writes as follows in the *Golden Rule*:

"We may see it or not, the religious education of the youth of our land, outside of the Roman Church, depends upon the Protestant Sunday-schools. Here is the responsibility rolled upon us. We cannot help it. Will the Church be equal to it? The Sunday-school work enters upon a new era of responsibility, in which her faithfulness is to be tested. The greatest need of our country, to save it for the next century, is not more colleges or more richly endowed universities, where the few shall be trained in speculations, but Bible schools upon every hillside in the East and the West, to teach the children of the masses the Christian principles of private and public life, and to lead them to Christ before they are corrupted and confirmed in the infidelities of the age. Will the Church be equal to this!"

### A GOOD BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

*Wonder Stories of Science.* By Rev. D. N. Beach James L. Bowen and others. Pp. 384. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: W. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

The fairy tales of science we think much more wonderful, and much more interesting, than those woven by the brains of dreamers and poets. These *Wonder Stories*, we think, for every sensible boy or girl, will possess a greater fascination than any novel they could find. It is a capital book for a holiday present. Among the "*Wonder Stories*" are: How Christmas cards are made, a pair of gloves how newspapers are made, a camphor refinery, umbrellas, gas works, comb makers, fish hooks and fishing rods, ballooning, lighthouses, coins, dishes, telegraphing and signalling, lace and

silk making, etc., etc. The book is beautifully illustrated and bound—we wish every boy and girl could have one for a Christmas gift.

### KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.

In this land of Christian liberty no one thinks it necessary to fall down and worship any ruler in Church or State. That is the case, at least, among all, except Roman Catholics. To us it seems very strange to hear of men kissing the Pope's foot. The Pope is the greatest bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, and lives in the Vatican palace in Rome. He is the head of that Church all over the world, and honours that ought never to be given to any man are given to him. One of these honours is kissing his foot or rather his slipper. Jesus Christ, who was God manifest in the flesh, so humbled himself as to wash the feet of his disciples, but the Pope, who claims to be the servant of Jesus Christ, requires men to kiss his foot. Every one can see that such a thing is not according to the spirit of Christ, our meek and lowly Saviour, whom we are to follow. Does it not seem strange that people are so foolish as to submit to such a law? It certainly does, but those who do it have been taught from childhood to revere the Pope about as much as Christ.

Perhaps some of our readers would like to know how and when the absurd custom of kissing a man's foot in submission was begun. The first to require it was that dreadfully wicked and cruel Caligula, emperor of Rome. The emperors after him refused such honours until Heliogabalus again required it. Bishops as well as others bowed to the emperor and kissed his foot. Justmann, whose proud wife Theodora urged him to it, was the first among the Christian emperors to require prostration before himself and his wife, and the kissing of their feet. Even the popes were at last required to show this honour to the emperors. In the seventh century after Christ this was still the case. But when the popes became the temporal rulers of Rome they soon adopted the same rule. Pope Eugenius II. was the first to make it a law to kiss the papal foot. Pope Gregory VII. ordered all princes to render this homage to the popes.

### READING.

WHAT do you propose to read this winter? The long evenings have again come round and every intelligent man, every intelligent family should block out a course of reading for the winter. And there might be a great deal of good reading before the fine evenings of next spring come. One evening a week for the prayer-meeting, and another for social purposes, would leave four evenings each week, supposing you did not read on Saturday evening. We strongly advise our readers to begin now and procure some good reading matter for these long winter evenings. In this way our Canadian winter might be made an unspeakable blessing. Cold and bleak it undoubtedly is; but the colder the night the more enjoyable are our household pleasures. And what pleasures surpass a warm cozy room and a good book? There is too much reason to fear that in towns and cities many of our young people, even religious young people, give too many evenings to societies and meetings of one

kind and another. Even supposing a young man does belong to a "lodge," the lodge does not meet every night. Though a young lady skates, she need not skate every evening in the week. One reason why young men from the country are found on the highest rungs of the ladder in every department of human activity is because they had no place to go to every evening at home on the farm, and they read and studied. Among all the lean creatures in this lean world there is none so mentally lean and shallow, none so spiritually lean as those town and city people who "go to something every night" throughout the whole winter. Like Pharaoh's lean kine they devour everything in the shape of a meeting that lies in their path during winter and come out in spring leaner than ever. Give your own Church all the evenings it needs, then devote a few more to things that must be done—a few to social amusements of a proper kind, and then—read!—*Canada Presbyterian.*

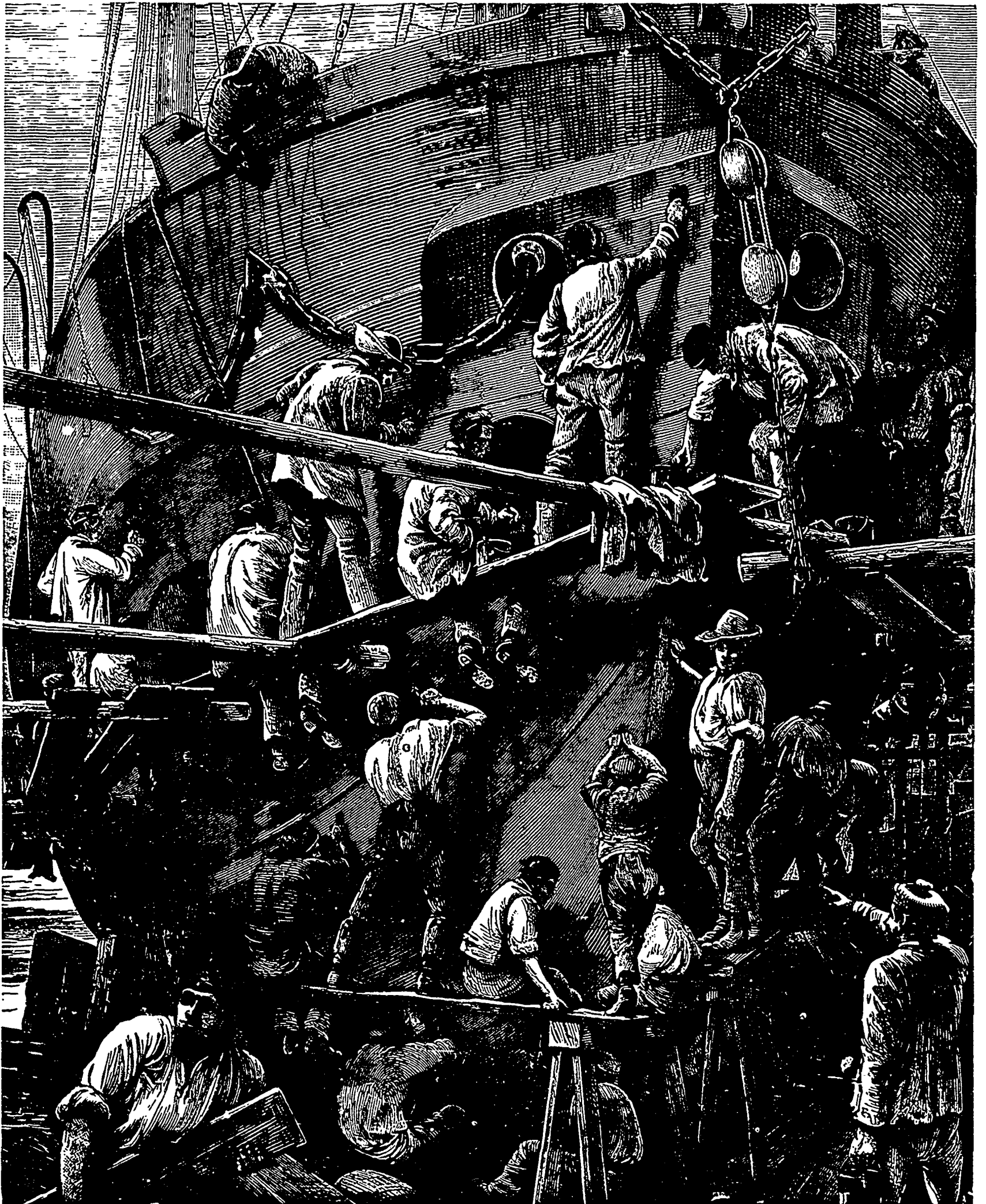
### THEIR NAMES ARE KNOWN.

THAT charming new monthly magazine, *Babyhood*, makes the wise suggestion that the little folks be "labelled." In the cities the straying away of little children is of very common occurrence. The wee people in the enjoyment of the novel sensation of freedom, and lured on by interest in sight-seeing wander away from their homes, and often occasion their friends and parents a world of anxiety and trouble. The means suggested for bringing the little wanderers home is that young children be suitably labelled by having their full name, with street and number of residence, all duly exposed upon some article of their clothing. The remedy is thoroughly sensible; and it would seem to be of quite as much importance thus to label little children to prevent them from being lost as it is to take similar precautions for dogs and other domestic animals, or for various articles, such as umbrellas, bunches of keys, and so on.

But has it occurred to our readers that to our heavenly Father every one of them is known by name. Parents having families of a dozen children find it just as easy to remember each by name as if there were but two or three; and our great Father in heaven can remember all the hundreds of millions of children just as well. The stars in the heavens are to the human mind above all possibility of numbering, much more of being known by names, so vast is the multitude of these bodies that lie away in the depths of space. But the Bible says that "God telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names."

There are many dear ones wandering far away from God and home, children whom God tenderly loves, and for whom the Saviour died that they might be brought to their home again. God knows them every one by name. The Bible says that "the whole family in heaven and earth is named" by Him. And with infinite anxiety and love God desires that all the wandering ones be brought home again.

A LITTLE girl was asked by her mother on her return from church how she liked the preacher. "Didn't like him at all," was the reply. "Why?" "Cause he preached till he made me sleepy, then he hollered so loud that he wouldn't let me go to sleep."



THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.—(See next page.)

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

The following lines from Longfellow's fine poem on this subject will be the best explanation of our large engraving.

COVERING many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
And scattered here and there with these,  
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;  
Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!  
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in motion!  
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
And help to build the wooden wall!  
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds  
Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,  
Was lying ready, and stretched along  
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.  
Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view!  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!  
And around it columns of smoke, upreathing  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Caldron that glowed,  
And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.  
Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place;  
Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast!  
Long ago,  
In the deer-hunted forests of Maine,  
When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow,  
They fell,—those lordly pines!  
Those grand, majestic pines!  
Mid shouts and cheers  
The jaded steers  
Panting beneath the goad,  
Dragged down the weary, winding road  
Those captive kings so straight and tall,  
To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
And, naked and bare,  
To feel the stress and the strain  
Of the wind and the reeling main,  
Whose roar  
Would remind them for evermore  
Of their native forests they should not see  
again.

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand;  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see! she stirs!  
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

## ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

WHAT we want above everything else, in these days of abundant lesson helps, and ample Sunday-school appliances, is spiritual power. Teacher, have you felt this want? Do you realize the value of an immortal soul? Have you had just a glimpse of what an eternity with Christ, or an eternity without Christ, may be? Are you longing for that entire consecration which shall endow you with this spiritual power? Is this your daily prayer?

"Take my soul and body's powers,  
Take my memory, mind and will,  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
All I know, and all I feel;  
All I think, or speak, or do;  
Take my heart, but make it new."

## STELLA'S VICTORY.

STELLA VINTON had been down town all alone for the first time in her life to make some purchases for her mother. She had walked down, and was riding home. Mrs. Vinton had told her that she might have five cents for herself if there was any change left, but she had been obliged to spend all but five cents, and was naturally just a little disappointed. She sat in the car with the fare in her hand waiting for the conductor to come for it.

He came along presently, and she held it out toward him, but he did not see it, and went on to the front of the car, then stepped off the front platform, and, waiting a moment, jumped on the rear again.

"He's forgotten me. He is not coming for my fare. I shall have to give it to him when I get out," she thought.

"No, I wouldn't, it is his place to come for it," the Tempter suggested.

"That would be cheating. You have had your ride, and ought to pay for it," whispered Conscience.

"Of course, but it's not my business to make the conductor take it."

"It is everybody's business to be honest."

"Ma promised me five cents, too."

"But she would not like you to get it this way."

"She need never know. I would not tell her."

"But you would know, and Jesus would know, and you profess to be a little Christian."

"So I do, and I will be, and I won't cheat."

Just then the conductor called out Baker street, and Stella Vinton rose to leave the car. As she did so she put the five cents into the conductor's hand.

"Thank you," he said smiling.

Stella went home and told her mother of her temptation.

Mrs. Vinton opened her purse, and taking out a twenty-five cent piece, put it in Stella's hand.

"This is for my honest little girl," she said, kissing her.

So Stella had double reason to be glad that she had gained the victory.

## NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.

ONE night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of a night keeps the day empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More crime and sin is committed in one night than all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay coloured transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantments; the gay company begins to gather to the haunts and houses of sinful pleasure; the gambling places are ablaze with palatial splendour; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, hope, out of thousands of lives.

The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundredfold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses make us

start back with horror. All night tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be: "Watchman, what of the night?" Policeman, pacing the beat, what of the night? What are young men of this city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do they come out? Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning papers the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business, some would not return home at night, some would leave the city, some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the All-seeing eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.—*Boston Globe.*

## THE CURE FOR GOSSIP.

WHAT is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good people talk about their neighbours because they have nothing else to talk about. There comes to us the picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them at the galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a book-store or a library with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another in which they are interested. We have left them after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbour's garment was spoiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbour's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and, of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbours formed a subject less interesting than those which grow out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is either malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal profession, either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty pastime. There are country neighbourhoods where it rages like pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. By it neighbours are made enemies for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

Let them take up a good and judi-

icious course of reading, just such a course as is laid down in the O. L. S. C., or the "Spare Minute Course." These courses are tested, and have in hundred of cases proved an effectual cure of the thoughtless and vicious habit of gossip. Try it!

## THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

BY THE REV. K. PAXTON HOOD.

HERE'S a beautiful land where the rains never beat,  
And the east winds never blow;  
And they feel not the glow of the summer heat,  
Nor the chill of the winter snow.

CHORUS.

'Tis heaven! sweet heaven! that beautiful land;

There is nothing on earth  
Of true beauty or worth:  
Let us go to that beautiful land!

There is many a child in that beautiful land:  
We have brothers and sisters there;  
And they dwell with the angels, a happy band,  
Their glory and joy to share.

And they never die in that beautiful land,  
And the people are always young,  
And their cheeks with the roses of health are fanned,  
And their voices are always in song.

We have seen no flowers like the flowers that blow

In the fields of that beautiful land!  
We have seen no rivers like those that flow  
Through the hills of that beautiful land.

There was never a weeper in that beautiful land,  
There was never a mourner seen;  
The people in pure white dresses stand,  
In the fields that are always green.

And Jesus lives in that beautiful land,  
And he says to the children, "Come!"  
And sometimes He takes them from our band  
To dwell in that beautiful home.

And if Jesus shall help me by His grace,  
There I too in light shall stand,  
And join in the sounds of glorious praise,  
In the fields of the glorious land.

## MY FATHER.

In a storm at sea, when the danger pressed and the deep seemed ready to devour the voyagers, one man stood composed and cheerful amidst the agitated throng. They asked him eagerly why he feared not. Was he an experienced seaman, and did he see reason to expect that the ship would ride the tempest through? No, he was not an expert sailor, but he was a trustful Christian. He was not sure that the ship would swim; but he knew that its sinking could do no harm to him. His answer was, "Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father's hand; for he holds all these waters there!"

The story of that disciple's faith triumphing in a stormy sea presents a pleasant picture to those who read it on the solid land; but if they in safety are strangers to his faith, they will not in trouble partake of his consolation. The idea is beautiful; but a human soul in its extremity cannot play with a beautiful idea. If the heart does not feel the truth firm to lean upon, the eye will not long be satisfied with its symmetry to look at. Strangers may speak of providence; but only the children love it. If they would tell the truth, those who are alienated from God in their hearts do not like to be so completely in his power. It is when I am satisfied with his mercy that I rejoice to lie in his hand.—*Arnol.*

"AUNT NELLIE, YOU'S BEING BAD."

AUNT NELLIE had fashioned a dainty thing  
Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace,  
And mamma said, as she settled it round  
Our beautiful baby's face,  
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies  
Like sunbeams hid her violet eyes,  
"If the day is pleasant and the baby's good,  
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,  
In an elderly brotherly way,  
How very, very good she must be  
If she went to church next day.  
He told her of the church, the choir, the crowd,  
And the man up in front who talked so loud;  
But she must not talk, nor laugh nor sing,  
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,  
When the fruit buds burst into flowers  
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree  
So fair as this blossom of ours),  
All in her white dress, dainty and new,  
Our baby sat in the family pew.  
The grand, sweet music, the reverent air,  
The solemn hush, and the voice of prayer

Filled all her baby soul with awe,  
As she sat in her little place,  
And the holy look that the angels wear  
Seemed pictured upon her face;  
And the sweet words uttered so long ago  
Came into my mind with a rhythmic flow—  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said  
He—  
And I know that He spoke of such as she.

The sweet voiced organ pealed forth again,  
The collection box came round,  
And baby dropped her penny in  
And smiled at the chinking sound.  
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,  
Waiting the close of the soft prelude  
To begin her solo. High and strong  
She struck her first note; clear and long

She held it; all were charmed but one,  
Who, with all the might she had,  
Sprang to her little feet, and cried:  
"Aunt Nellie, you's being bad!"  
The audience smiled, the minister coughed,  
The little boys in the corner laughed,  
The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf  
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

LILLIE AND HER TWO BOOKS.

BY UNCLE RIO

LILLIE has found a cool place. She has an hour to herself, and wants to make the best possible use of it.

One day she was leaning on the window sill with an open book before her. Some one stepped up to her and said:

"Lillie are you alone?"  
"No," she answered, "I have had good company. I have been thinking."  
"About what are you thinking?"  
"About what I have been reading."  
"Where is your company?"  
"There are three of them. One you cannot see, but the other two are visible."

"I do not see any one."  
"The one you cannot see is God. I always enjoy being alone with him. The others are these two books."

"I can see only one book. Where is the other?"

"Right before you. They are both God's books. I have learned many lessons from them, and find much pleasure and benefit in reading them."  
—"Oh, you mean the book of nature."  
Well, that is a pretty large book, but I cannot see much in it to read."

"Can't you? Let me call your attention to just this one leaf. See how wonderful it is. The colour is so rich, the veins running through it carry sap to every part of it to keep it alive. Some one has said the trees breathe through their leaves. If a plant or a tree is stripped of all its

leaves it will die. Now look over the beautiful landscape spread out before us, and think of the millions of leaves and spears of grass, the cattle, the birds, the insects, and of the laws by which they exist, and tell me that you cannot see anything in nature to read! Why, men and women have been studying these things for ages, and yet there are secrets in them which no one has been able to disclose. All these things speak of God in his wisdom, power and goodness. The adaptation of all to each other, and the manner in which he has provided for all his creatures are marvellous proofs both of his wisdom and of his goodness."  
"Oh, Lillie, your talks are always as good as sermons. I shall see more beauty in nature after this. Can we not often meet and talk about these things?"

"I suppose we can. But if we want to get much good out of them, we must study them."

So these two girls spent an hour together. When they separated they felt happy, and both felt more than ever like reading God's two great books.

"FAITHFUL CHILDREN."

"FAITHFUL children;" or, "children that believe." What is easier than for a child to believe? The other day I met a little girl six years old, who had had an illness from her birth, which weakened her mental powers. I offered her something, and the dear little creature took it with a smile that showed she trusted me. The Gospel of Jesus is so simple that even those who are not sharp-witted can believe and be saved. I know many years ago a half-witted youth who used to go about singing bits of bad songs that he had unhappily learned. Boys pelted him with stones and shouted after him: "Silly Dick!" And poor Dick would swear at them, run after them, and try to hit them. One Sunday he went to a Methodist chapel, heard a simple, lively sermon, in which the preacher told the "Old, old story;" and Dick believed, and was converted. He now gave up his bad songs, and learned scraps of Gospel songs. Naughty boys still teased him; but he went quietly on his way, saying: "Lads, ye souldn't do soa." I visited poor Dick on his death-bed, and found him very happy. The last time I saw him he was thin, pale, and sinking. Calling me by name, he said, with a bright smile:

"I'm going to heaven, and the angels won't call me 'Silly Dick,' will 'am?"  
Now if poor Dick could believe, cannot you? If any one asks me how soon a child may begin to believe Jesus, my answer is:  
"As soon as he can believe his mother."  
"Faithful children" love Jesus. Surely you can love him! Tiny girls love their dolls, and grieve over them if they are injured. Little boys can love pet birds or rabbits, and will cry if they die; all children can love their fathers and mothers. Now if boys and girls can love a pet animal, and much more their parents, can they not love most of all the Lord Jesus who died for them, and loves them beyond all human love.

"Faithful children" obey Jesus. Now you know you can obey at home if you like. You ought not to be, you

need not be, "unruly." Jesus gives children no hard commands; he simply says, "Follow me," as children can follow.—*Early Days.*

ABOUT A FIGHT.

A boy came home red, ruffled, bruised, and heated.

"Come, son," said his father, "you seem to have been fighting. Was the boy larger than you are?"

The youngster looked uneasy, and mumbled "No."

"So, so. And now what did you fight for?"

A long delay; then out blurted the truth: "Cause he wouldn't give me half of his apple."

"Well, really! You have set up as a highway robber, taking your neighbour's goods; and a bully and a coward, whipping a smaller boy! Go, now, and get washed and dressed."

"He deserves a whipping," said his sister.

"Not at all. He has not lied; he owned the truth."

The little lad, glad at getting off so well, soon returned to the tea-table. He wore a smiling face.

"There is no place here for you," said his father calmly. "Such principles are not popular at this table. You will find food proper to your manners on a stand in the corner of the kitchen."

But breakfast and supper thus arranged proved unendurable.

"Can't I never come back?" asked the poor child.

"Certainly, when you have made your affairs right."

"But how can I do it?"

"Take your own money, buy the little boy an apple, and give it to him with an apology. Then you will be once more an honorable fellow, and we will be glad of your company."

And so they settled it.

THE OLD TRAIL OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY THE REV. EZRA A. STAFFORD, M.A., LL.D.

From an interesting article in the *Methodist Magazine* we make the following extract: As lively incidents and stirring events are scattered along the highway of life, so I now choose the old trail as a line upon which to string some scenes and occurrences that may prove interesting to those who have had no experience of western life.

There is the buffalo trail. It appears now like what farmers call a dead furrow, overgrown with grass. The marks run in all directions, and the traveller will not go far without seeing them. At first they made him think of an abandoned corn field, but they are not parallel, nor are they close enough together to be explained in that way. Old residents tell of a day when the black herds were seen, in single file, trotting along these paths to the nearest watering place, while the dust rose above them like a great cloud. With the exception of an occasional skull, these deep-trodden, grass-grown paths, are the last remaining monument of that noble, but vanished race—the buffalo.

But the trail particularly referred to here is simply a waggon-road across the face of the prairie, and a regular line of travel. In all the western country, roads defined by a fence on each side are next to unknown, and turnpikes are rare indeed after you leave the towns

a little way behind. Imagine an open space, stretching away for hundreds of miles, broken only by occasional streams, on the margin of which is always found a narrow fringe of small trees. Somewhere through this boundless field the first traveller made his way, guided only by his caprice, or may be by the eye of the north star. Others followed the mark he left on the grass, until at length the impression was so deep as to be recognized as a guiding sign to all lonely travellers. Unlike the first adventurers in a forest land, these pioneers could not blaze their way, or leave any characteristic signs to indicate the course they had pursued. Even yet a buffalo skull lying on the sod will be mentioned to a stranger as a sign whereby he may know either to turn or keep directly on his way.

The foot of beast never pressed a more comfortable road to travel over than the trail on the prairie. It presents to the hoof an even, slightly elastic surface, while the carriage glides over its smooth way without a jar, like the movement of a boat over calm waters.

WE ARE COMING.

WE are coming, we are coming,  
We, the children of the land;  
If you let us we will join you,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand.

CHORUS.

In the name of Christ receive us,  
We will fight the giant sin;  
With the banner of the Mighty,  
Men and women, let us in.

Hear ye not our childish voices?  
Deep and strong the echoes roll;  
Now and evermore defying  
Satan and his poison bowl.

Scorn us not, our youth disdaining,  
We are many tho' we're small;  
Brave for toil, for hardship ready,  
We will follow when you call.

Onward! upward! is our watchword,  
On to conquer or to die!  
Hear the peal o'er hill and valley,  
And our coward's host descry.

Soon will ring the glorious tidings,  
Alcohol's career is run;  
Earth redeemed from sin and sighing,  
Swells the anthem—victory's won.

ON THE WRONG TRACK.

TOMMY is only twelve years old, and I tremble when I look at him, not because I think he will hurt me,—oh, no!—but because I know he is hurting himself. An engine got loose one day and ran off on the wrong track. It ran into a train of cars that was coming, and did a great deal of harm. Tommy is on the wrong track; and he is going to run into other trains which are out on their life-track, and harm them, and very likely get smashed up himself. He is out on the street all day, and sometimes until late at night. He has learned to smoke, and knows how beer tastes. He says he is too big to go to Sunday-school, and so he plays in the fields and streets on Sunday. He does not like to go to school, and never wants to read anything. What can be done for him? Boys, look out that you do not get on the same track.—*Sunday-school Advocate.*

This is how a parlour-maid the other day corrected the pronunciation of a fellow-servant, a page: "Don't say 'ax,' you vulgar boy; say 'hask!'"



## WE ARE COMING TO THE BATTLE.

**W**E are coming to the battle of the weak against the strong,  
We are coming to the conflict of the right against the wrong;  
We are coming to the rescue of our country and our home,  
We are coming to the help and hope of years that are to come.

We are coming in our early days to aid the good and true,  
We are coming in our youthful strength with faith to dare and do;  
We are coming in our love for friends in country and in town,  
We are coming in the might of God to put the tyrant down.

We are coming ere the tempter has had time to forge his chain  
To bind us fast, and make us slaves in evil's dark domain;  
We are coming with our little help to do what we can do  
For other's good, for God's own cause, in all the wild world through.

## JACK WAS A HIGH WIND.

**A**LWAYS look for the bright side of the unpleasant and unavoidable things that are constantly happening. Here is an example:

Two little girls, Lily and Violet, were playing in a yard where they had strung some twine for a clothes-line, and were washing their dolls' garments in a diminutive tub, and hanging them out to dry. Along came Lily's brother, Master Jack, a juvenile tease, and with one sweep of his hand jerked the whole day's washing from the line and scattered it on the grass. Lily bubbled over in tears at once. Violet was saddened, too, but the necessity of playing peace-maker in the impending family quarrel was the first thought of her mind; so she said, soothingly, "Never mind, Lily, let's play Jack was a high wind."

What a fine, thoughtful girl Violet must be. Those few words from her as a peace-maker likely saved many harsh words and hard feelings. When little troubles come into your plays try to think of something that will make them turn out pleasantly. But let our smart little Jacks be a little more careful not to tease their sisters continually.

## A HORSE'S FRIENDSHIP.

**A** FEW years ago two ministers attended several camp-meetings in succession. Their horses were placed side by side in a stable, and formed a strong attachment for each other. At the second meeting a strange horse was put into the enclosure or lot with the two friends. The stranger was cross and undertook to abuse one of the two. The horses were at their meal, and the ugly conduct of the stranger could not be excused. When the other horse heard that his friend was attacked by the stranger he left his food, went to his rescue and drove off the intruder. After he had driven him to what he considered a safe distance he returned to his oats as if nothing had happened.

That was a noble horse. He knew how to treat a friend and would not allow a saucy stranger to abuse him. His gallant act may serve as a lesson to us. The Bible says, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." The best way to prove true friendship is to be helpful in the time of trouble. Of what use are friends if one cannot rely on them when they are most needed.

## THE SOURCE.

**I**f you know a minister or teacher who seems always to have a new message for his hearers, or an old message put in a fresh way, you may be sure that the secret of that minister's or of that teacher's freshness is simply faithful study of God's word. He who fills his water-skins at the sources is sure of a sweeter supply than he who fills from the dregs of other men's drawings. If you have not that freshness of teaching which you admire in others, there is only one way of getting it,—and that is by doing as they do, going continually to the source of all teaching for ever-new supplies of stimulus and of suggestion.

## WINE IS A MOCKER.

**D**R. NORMAN KERI, of England, in a recent address at Exeter Hall, London, said:

"Fermented wine is indeed a mocker. It promises us strength and mocks us with weakness. It promises us substance and mocks us with shadow. It promises us heat and mocks us with cold. It promises us moisture and robs us of the moisture we already possess. It promises us life and mocks us with premature death. It promises us intelligence and wit, and covers us with confusion. It dazzles us with visions of happiness, and plunges us into the depths of despair."

The story is told of a Russian soldier exposed to intense cold while on duty as a sentinel. A poor workingman, going home, took off his coat and gave it to him for his protection. That night the sentinel perished. Not long after, the workingman was brought to his deathbed, and fell into a slumber, in which he dreamed he saw Jesus wearing his old coat. "You have my coat on," he said. "Yes," was the answer of the Lord. "You gave it to me the cold night I was a sentinel in the forest. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'" When we are unable to reciprocate the favour of a benefactor, we may show the kindness of God to his needy or unfortunate children.

## LESSON NOTES.

B.O. 726 ] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 22

HEZEKIAH'S GOOD REASON.

2 Kings 18. 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. 2 Kings 18. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. Judah Returning to the Lord, v. 1-6.
2. The Lord Prospering Judah, v. 7, 8.
3. The Lord Forsaking Israel, v. 9-12.

TIME.—The accession of Hezekiah, B.C. 726; the fall of Samaria, B.C. 721.

PLACES.—1. Jerusalem, the capital of Judah; 2. Samaria, the capital of Israel; 3, 4. Halah and Harbor, cities in Assyria; 5. Gaza, in Southern Palestine, by the Mediterranean Sea.

EXPLANATIONS.—*That which was right*—Repudiating idol-worship. *David his father*—It was the Hebrew custom to refer to distinguished ancestry. Hezekiah was the son of Abaz, but he was in David's line. *Removed the high places*—Destroyed the heathen altars on the hills. *Cut down the groves*—Thus destroying them as the secret resorts of idolaters. *The brazen serpent*—This had been carefully preserved as a memorial of God's goodness in the wilderness, but latterly it had been used as an idol; hence the king destroyed it. *Called it Nehushtan*—That is, a piece of brass—

giving it this contemptuous name to signify that it was not a proper object of worship. *None like him*—None among the kings of Judah so righteous. *Clavis*—Adhered. *Rebelle against the king*—Threw off the yoke of Assyria. *Four of the watchmen*—Posts of sentry. *Fortified city*—Strongly fortified. *Because they obeyed not*—Disobedience was the cause of their captivity.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. The blessings of a godly ruler!
2. The true way to God's favour!
3. The penalty of forgetting God!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long did Hezekiah reign? Twenty nine years. 2. What is said of Hezekiah? "He did that which was right." 3. What else is said concerning him? "The Lord was with him." 4. By whom was Samaria taken? By the king of Assyria. 5. What did the king of Assyria do when he had taken Samaria? Carried away Israel unto Assyria.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The reward of righteousness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

41. What is the inward and spiritual grace signified? Our being cleansed from the guilt and defilement of sin and receiving a new life from and in Christ Jesus.

[Acts xxii. Colossians ii. 12.]

B.C. 713.] LESSON IX. [Nov. 29

HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

2 Kings 20. 1-11. Commit to mem. vs. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble. Isa. 20. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. A King's Grief, v. 1-3.
2. The Lord's Grace, v. 4-11.
3. A King's Folly, v. 12, 13.
4. The Lord's Warning, v. 14-17.

TIME.—B.C. 713.

PLACES.—1. Jerusalem, the capital of Judah; 2. Babylon, the capital of Chaldea. EXPLANATIONS.—*Sick unto death*—Mortally ill. *Set them house in order*—May be rendered give charge concerning these house; that is, be prepared to surrender the care of it to others. *His face to the wall*—Seeking that much of privacy for prayer. *Wept sore*—Hebrew, "wept with a great weeping." *As for*—Before. *Middle court*—The Hebrew word *ir*, here translated court, means a city, and it would seem that before the prophet reached the middle part of the city the word of the Lord came to him. *Turn again*—Return. *Thy tears*—It is improbable that these were caused by fear of death, but by desire to finish the work of reformation and deliverance. See ver. 6. *Lump of figs*—Whatever curative properties this fruit may possess, it is not worth while to discuss, since the cure, evidently, was miraculous. *The boil*—Literally, a burning—an inflammation. *Shadow go forward*—That is, on the dial. *Ten degree*—The degrees means steps or stairs, and some have imagined there was an ascent to the gate of the palace marked with figures showing the hours of the day. *Dial of Ahaz*—Constructed probably by Ahaz, father of Hezekiah. *Sent letters*—Tokens of friendship. *House of his armour*—Place where jewels were kept.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The need of preparation for death!
2. Divine forbearance with a doubting servant!
3. Divine displeasure with disobedience!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the Lord say by Isaiah to Hezekiah when he was sick? "Thou shalt die." 2. When Hezekiah had prayed and wept, what did the Lord then say? "I will heal thee." 3. What sign did Hezekiah have that the Lord would heal him? The going back of the shadow. 4. Who sent letters and a present to Hezekiah when he heard that he had been sick? The king of Babylon. 5. What did Isaiah foretell to Hezekiah? The captivity of Israel.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God in natural law.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

42. What are the actual privileges of baptized adults? They are made members of the visible Church of Christ; and their right, as penitent believers, to the blessings of the Christian covenant, is sealed to them.

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