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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 24, 1896.

[No. 43.]

An Eastern Legend

BY GRACE DEFFIELD GOODWIN

There's a tender Eastern legend,
In a volume old and rare,
Of the Christ-child in his garden
Walking with the children there.

And it tells this strange, sweet
story—
(True or false, ah, who shall say?)
How a bird with broken platoon
Dead within the garden lay.

And the children, childish cruel,
Lifted it by shattered wing,
Shouting, "Make us merry music,
Sing, you lazy fellow, sing."

But the Christ-child bent above it,
Took it in his gentle hand,
Full of pity for the suffering,
He alone could understand.

Whispered to it—oh, so softly!—
Laid his lips upon its throat,
And the song-life, swift returning,
Sounded out in one glad note.

Then away, on wings unwearied,
Joyously it sang and soared,
And the little children kneeling,
Called the Christ-child "Master—
Lord."

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Suppose, now, you were a bird, and could soar and sail about in the air wherever you choose. If you were flying over the city of New York you would behold a sight very much like that shown in the picture.

New York City is on Manhattan Island, about thirteen miles long, and about two miles wide at the widest part. The river to the left of the picture is the Hudson, and that on the right the East River, leading into Long Island Sound. In the right-hand corner is shown part of the city of Brooklyn, on Long Island; and on the upper left-hand corner, part of Jersey City, in New Jersey. Crossing the East River is seen the famous Suspension Bridge. It is so high above the water that ocean vessels can pass beneath it. It slopes down on each side to the level of the ground, and street cars run across it. Another bridge is built across East River higher up, and a tunnel is now made under the Hudson.

All around the two river fronts of the city you see hundreds of vessels and steamers, which sail to all parts of the world. The park, covered with trees, at the point of the island, is called the Battery, because it was once strongly fortified. The round building at the extreme left is Castle Garden—an old fort, with surrounding buildings. Here all the emigrants who arrive at New York are landed—sometimes two or three thousand in a day—and are kept till they are shipped to their destination.

From the Battery can be seen a long, straight street, leading northward. This is Broadway, a hundred feet wide and about four miles long—lined with magnificent buildings, and one of the noblest streets in the world.

The population of New York is over 1,207,000. There are only two larger cities in the world—Paris, with 2,226,000, and London, with over 4,000,000. Berlin and Vienna have a little over a million each.

Brooklyn, which may almost be called a suburb of New York—



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

as many thousands who do business in the larger city live in the smaller one—has over half a million.

Parts of New York are more densely peopled than even the densest parts of London. As the greatest receiving and distributing point for the commerce of the continent, New York is destined to be one of the most important cities in the world.

CHARLEMAGNE.

BY BETTIE HORSLEY.

Far back in the centuries, and between dark periods in Europe, rises the strong, majestic figure of Charlemagne. In 768 A.D. he and his brother, Carloman, succeeded their father, Pepin the Short, who had made himself King of France. Carloman reigned over the eastern portion of France a few years and then died, leaving Charlemagne sole king. A mighty and marvellously wise ruler this last proved to be: and when he died, in 814 A.D. he had widened out his dominions until they stretched from the stormy German Ocean to smiling Eastern Italy and from Western France far down the Danube. Fifty-three armies were led by him to victory, and he fought against twelve nations, carrying learning

and law, and, in a certain fashion, the Christian religion wherever he went. Strangely enough, he flared up as a great light in Europe in a most barbarous period, but darkness settled down again as soon as he had passed away. His descendants were most unworthy of him, and too weak and too quarrelsome to carry out his great plans.

Splendid as were many of Charlemagne's qualities, he was tainted with the bloody times in which he lived. War is a fearful necessity when it is a necessity, and an awful crime if undertaken wilfully. The killing and plundering and misery that it carries in its train are fit only to delight demons. No wonder the conquering warrior usually thinks lightly of sweeping his enemies out of existence and inflicting wretchedness on women and children. His nature has been hardened by the frequent sight of suffering, and he counts the death of thousands as a small matter if it furthers his schemes.

We are rather pleased by Charlemagne's picturesque delight in his sword Joyeuse, whose handle contained his signet, and may smile at his avowal, "With my sword I maintain all to which I affix my seal," but when it comes to his slaughtering four thousand five hundred of his Saxon prisoners to subdue

the valour which resisted him thirty-three years we recoil with horror. This brutality born of war and barbarism, remains a foul blot on his fame.

Many and many were the battles Charlemagne was engaged in, but around the minor fight of Roncesvalles lingers to this day a wild romance. He was returning from a somewhat unsuccessful expedition against the Saracens in Spain, when his rear-guard was suddenly attacked in the Valley of Roncesvalles. His best-loved and bravest friends went down in the desperate assault, and above all his kinsman Roland, so dear to his heart. Roland and his comrades fought with daring heroism; but they perished to a man, leaving a story which, woven into song, sent admiring pity into festive hearts, and roused to valour on the field of battle for long centuries.

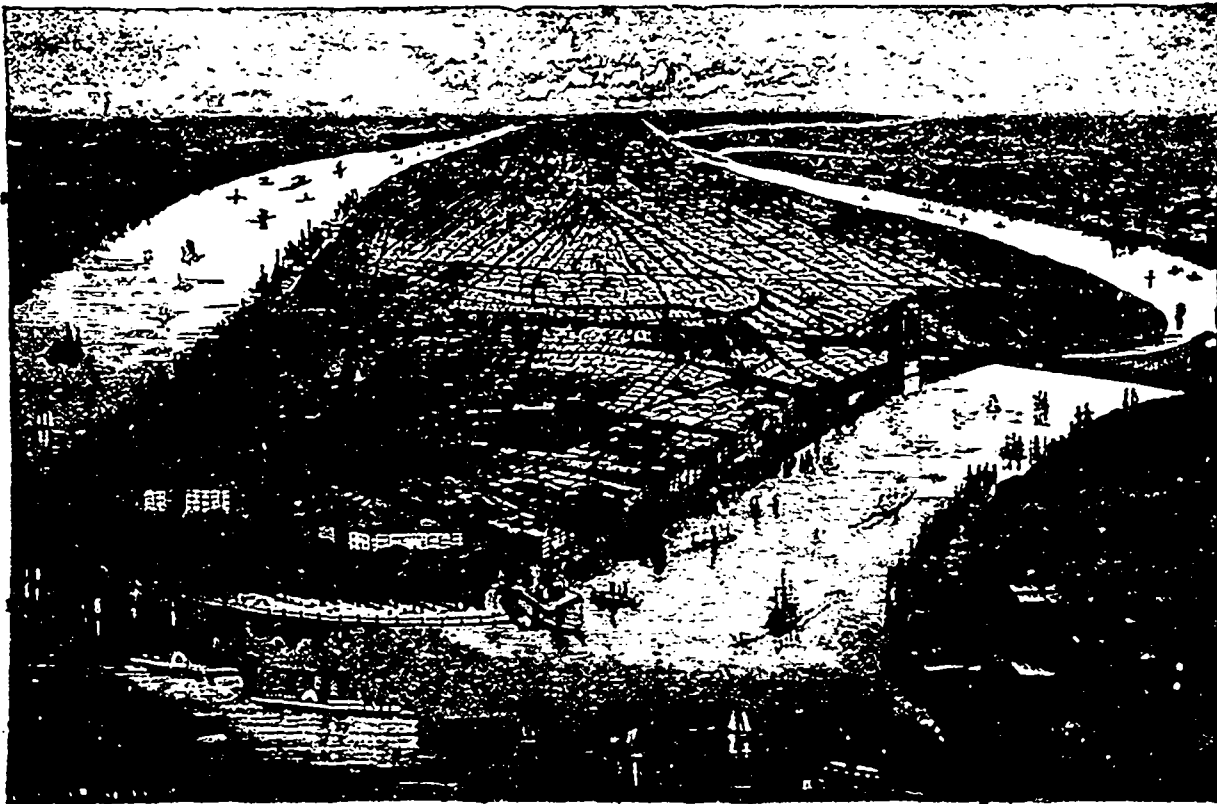
If Charlemagne had been merely a fighter, we could well afford to let his fame rust with his good sword Joyeuse, though in rough and dangerous circumstances a man may splendidly protect by the valour of his arm. This illustrious emperor, however, is rather remembered for his triumphs in peace than in war.

Grandeur than his coronation on Christmas Day as Emperor of Rome by Pope Leo in 800 A.D., was his founding the first European university at Paris and his setting up academies through the length and breadth of his vast empire, and his demanding that every monastery he established should support a school. What an example this magnificent emperor set to schoolboys when, amid his wars and cares and grandeurs, he diligently studied and gave scholars the chief place at his court! Moving the seat of government from Paris to Aix La Chapelle, he secured Alcuin, the most renowned scholar of his day, from England, and founded a college of which he himself took the benefit. Daily he received lessons from the most distinguished teachers in the "Seven Sciences." First, there was grammar, logic, and rhetoric; secondly, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. These were then considered to complete the circle of knowledge. Till thirty-two years of age he had remained in ignorance, but he mastered Latin and learned Greek and spoke various languages. He even began to write the first German grammar—for he was a German and loved his race—but he had not time to complete it, and his big warrior hands were too clumsy to succeed with writing. The

tablets were put under his pillow at night to afford every possible moment for practicing the art, but write he could not.

To support the dignity of his imperial authority, Charlemagne reared a sumptuous palace, yet, to his credit be it said, he lived in severe simplicity. Temperate in eating and drinking, he wore under his sheepskin cloak garments, woven by his daughters, whom he had trained in one of his industrial schools. Many of you will remember his taking his richly clad courtiers out on a hunt in a driving storm and carrying them through bush and brier and having them afterwards to dine in their spoiled finery.

No measure for public justice, comfort, prosperity, or improvement, was neglected by this wonderful Charles the Great," as Charlemagne literally means. A set of laws, termed "Capitularies," made by him, proved that he valued and knew how to maintain the rights



THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

of his subjects. From national assemblies, which he required the clergy as well as others to attend, to canals, roads, and bridges, he showed an ever wise activity. How much the religion of Christ entered his heart may, as in many a modern instance, be only vaguely surmised, but he zealously encouraged the spread of Christianity, according to his view of it, and lent an influence to the church that helped to subdue the savagery of the period.

Alfred of England certainly presented a far more lovable and exalted Christian character, and yet we cannot but feel a glad glow of strength in Charlemagne and his work. God gave him for forty-six years to uplift the Dark Ages out of much brutality and ignorance, and he was no trifle in his day and generation. Vallantly he put forth his energies to serve his people, and claims in this not only admiration, but a following. Let each as God has given capacity, work in the large or small place assigned, remembering that the Lord of lords and King of kings came to serve and to save the world. If we would follow him, we must be energetic to help the sorrowing and the suffering and every human being as we can.—S. S. Visitor.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 24, 1896.

SUNSHINE.

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

"A pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

If you look straight at the sun it is not pleasant for your eyes, for the dazzle of its light pains and blinds you. Astronomers have proper instruments for beholding the sun, and the instruments are so wonderful that they carry the observers (as it were) near enough to look at it, as you might stand and look at a burning mountain. Men who so look at the sun tell us that it is a great and awful furnace. It sends out vast tongues of flame, which flash and flicker in all directions—and these flames are many thousands of miles high. How hot it must be we can imagine by remembering that we are ninety-five millions of miles from it, and yet in some parts of our world the heat is almost too great to be borne. The thought of all this makes us feel how wonderful that great sun must be, by whose heat and light all things live.

PERSIAN SUN WORSHIPPERS.

The ancient Persians worshipped the sun. They rose early, and as the sun rose and sent his morning beams across the sky, they bowed as if to a god. For glorious as the sun is here, his splendour is greater in Eastern lands. People who have seen it, describe sunrise in the solemn, silent Egyptian deserts, as the most impressive of all things. A traveller once told me that he watched the sun set on Mount Sinai, and he said it seemed to make the world like one great red rose. The sunshine which lit up Bible lands was fairer than that which falls on English fields and gardens. But even as we see it, it is a thing of joy. The birds sing as if in its praise, and the flowers turn their cups as if to fill them with its brightness. It is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun.

ARCTIC WINTER.

In Arctic regions there are in the year six months of continuous darkness. The effect of the darkness is as hard to endure as the effect of the intense cold. Our British sailors, who go there for exploration, pine for the sight of the sun. The sledge-dogs whine in the darkness, and the misery of it often makes them go mad. When an expedition starts for the far north, all sorts of things, as musical instruments and the like, are taken to help to keep up the spirits of the men, during those months when there is no sunshine. Where there is no sunshine there is unbearable gloom—the sun is the brightness of the world.

BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN.

That is why we, when we speak of happiness, compare it with sunshine. We say that people have sunny faces, and sunny smiles, and sunny tempers, and sunny lives.

And we speak of our Lord Jesus Christ as being like the sun, because out of him comes all the brightness that is in our hearts. When he came into this world people said: "The Dayspring from on high hath visited us!" His coming was like the rising of the sun on a desert. His words were bright as sunbeams. It is said that people wondered at the "gracious" words that proceeded out of his mouth. That is, his words were kind and sweet, as sunshine is to our faces. It was like taking sick folks out into the bright summer noon, when they were taken to hear him speak of the love of God. To listen to his parables and sayings was like watching the loveliness of sunshine on the fields. The religion of Jesus brings brightness into the lives of all who love him.

THE BIRD IN THE SNOWSTORM.

There is a story which you have read in English History, which tells us how the bright light of Christ's words came to this country. The people were heathens, and worshipped false gods. As you travel to Eastbourne, and look out of the railway carriage window, you will see, on the face of a hill, the outline of a giant figure, where the earth is bared down to the white chalk rock, they call this enormous figure "The Wilmington Giant." In reality it is a figure to represent one of the gods which were worshipped in England, and the outline which covers that hillside was cut in the chalk long before any one in this land had learned the name of Jesus. At last some missionaries came. King Edwin called his chiefs together, heard the story of Jesus, and said: "Shall we receive this new teaching?" Then one of the chiefs said: "Call to mind, O king, what sometimes happens in winter weather, when you are sitting at the table with your chiefs. The fire is blazing, and all within the hall is warm and bright, while outside it is storm, and snow, and darkness. Then a little bird comes into the hall through the doorway, flutters through the warmth and light, and flies out again at the other side. The little bird has vanished into the darkness. And such is man's life on earth. He goes away from the light of life into darkness. So if this new teaching can tell us anything of that darkness, into which we pass at last, my counsel is that we receive it."

That is the story of how men in those old days thought of Christ. It seemed to them the coming of a great light—a light brighter than the sun.

HALF AN HOUR IN A CAVERN

We all like cheerful people, and love to feel cheerfulness in ourselves, and when we love Jesus it is as if we had walked out into the sun, and felt its radiance on our faces.

Once I went with some friends into the Peak Cavern, in Derbyshire. We carried candles, and followed a guide, who stopped us here and there and made speeches. A brook ran along at our feet in the darkness, and at times we came to places where were deep fissures, down which water splashed. We were a long time in the damp, and cold, and gloom, and in places had only one candle, and once or twice, for a minute or two, no candle at all. It gave me a creeping feeling, and made me melancholy, and at last we came back to the little entrance where we started. As soon as it was opened we saw the clear sunshine and the bright day. I remember the surprise. We had grown accustomed to darkness, and the sunshine was such a contrast to the gloom, and so unexpected. We should not have been surprised to step out and find all outside dark as night. But the sunshine was so welcome. It was a pleasant thing for our eyes to behold the sun.

Now, life in the cave is like sullen unhappy life, and coming out into the rays of the sun is like the cheerfulness of heart which we ought to feel if we live as God's children ought to live. He puts

gladness into our hearts, and makes them warm and bright.

AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

And not only does the religion of Jesus put light in life, and cheerfulness into our hearts, but it fills us with love that is like sunshine. It makes us kind. Some people try to be good without being kind. It is like trying to be invisible. You cannot leave kindness out—that is a great part of what is meant by being good. I dare say that you have quarrelled with some one. If you have, you know that your heart seemed suddenly to grow dark. As when there is an eclipse of the sun—as soon as the obscuring body passes before the sun it grows dark, and the birds wonder what is the matter, and go to bed as if night had come—so when we have feelings of hatred there is gloom at once in our souls. It is the eclipse of love. And as soon as we are friends again the heart is bright, for love is the sunshine of the heart. "He that dwells in love dwells in God, and God dwells in him, for God is love."

THE MOTTO ON A SUN-DIAL.

Let us all welcome Jesus as we welcome sunshine. Even if we live and grow wise, and rich, and prosperous, all life will end in nothing if we are not the friends of Jesus. On an old sundial there are the words, "I only mark the hours that shine." All the other hours are nothing to the sun-dial. And God only marks in his Book of Life the hours that shine—the hours when the Spirit of Jesus lights up our lives with faith, and cheerfulness, and love, and kindness. These are the golden hours of life, and Jesus came to make all our hours golden with the light of his love.

PULLING WEEDS.

"A penny for your thoughts, Roland." "I was thinking, Lill, of Jack Reynolds, and wondering why, with almost everything a fellow could wish for, he should be the most disagreeable, the meanest, and the most unhappy boy in school."

"Have you solved the problem?" "No, not exactly, but I have decided that I am more fortunate in one way than he. I have a sister I would not exchange for all of his things. I don't believe if he had one like mine he could be so disagreeable."

"Suppose you invite him here some evening. Perhaps I can help explain your riddle."

And so it happened that Jack Reynolds, who was so disagreeable that no one ever thought of inviting him anywhere, spent an evening with Roland and his sister.

"Don't believe I ever had a better time in my life," he said the next day. "That sister of yours is a trump. She looks as though she could not help being happy if she tried. Is she always so?"

"Yes, always."

"What makes her so?"

"The truth is," said Roland, "she is always trying to make others comfortable and happy, and never thinks of being so herself."

"Humph! That's it, is it?"

"That's a good deal of it, yes. Would you like to know what she said about you?"

"No. It would not be anything good."

"But it was. Lill often says our characters have to be cared for just as a beautiful garden is looked after; and now she says you have the making of a splendid man in your character, a man we might all be proud to know some day if you would only cut down and pull up the weeds that are choking out the beautiful flowers."

"Did she really say that, Roland? May I come again?"

He did come again and again, and before long a great change was noticed in him. He grew cheerful, happy, and contented, and began sharing his good things with others.

It was hard to change all at once, but Jack persisted till the boys were proud of him, and told him so.

"The credit," he would always say, "is due to the girl who taught me how to pull weeds. I suppose I will have to go on rooting them out as long as I live, but it is easier work now."

HOW BASIL CROSSED OVER.

Avis is a little girl whose home is in the great city of London. Every morning she goes to school in charge of her great St. Bernard dog, Basil, who walks proudly at her side, waving his bushy tail majestically, and never deigning to glance at the little street curs, who express their opinion of his state by short barks of derision. A crowded thoroughfare has to be crossed each day, and Avis had taught Basil to run ahead a

few steps and bark loudly at the policeman whose duty it is to stop all traffic until the foot-passengers are safely over.

One morning Avis awoke with a sore throat, and her mother would not allow her to go to school. But Basil, whose throat was not sore, saw no reason why he should be deprived of his usual morning walk, and at the accustomed hour he slipped quietly away. With his usual grand air he walked down the street until he came to the crossing.

The policeman stood in the middle of the road, which was packed with omnibuses, hacks, and hansoms. At the sound of his familiar bark, he held up his baton, and immediately the crowded buses and other vehicles were drawn up solidly in line.

In response to the wave of his hand, who should step out on the crossing but Basil! He made his way deliberately across to the opposite sidewalk, apparently quite unaware that he was doing a most unusual thing for a dog, while the omnibus drivers, the passengers, and the dazed policeman burst into a hearty laugh, as they realized how, unconsciously, the knowing dog had tricked them all.

A JUNIOR PRAYER.

BY FLORENCE R. LANGWORTHY.

(Aged twelve.)

Praise to his holy name!
He's cleansed me from all guilt.
Lord, I am wholly thine;
Oh, lead me where thou wilt.

Surrendered is my will;
All that I have I give.
And I may feel assured
That I'll forever live.

Ambition and my pride,
My work, my life, my all,
Returned for thy great love
Seems very, very small.

Lord, may I never stray;
My steps wish to retrace;
Nor falter on the way,
Nor thy loved name disgrace.

But ev'ry single day
My love for thee increase;
Be steadfast in thy work,
Oh, holy Prince of Peace.
—Epworth Herald.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 1, 1896.

"A charge to keep I have."—Mark 13. 34.

A COMPARISON.

Christ for the time being is like a man who has gone on a long journey, and has left his business in the hands of his servants. All his interests are in their care, all his honour is in their keeping, hence they are commanded to watch.

OUR POSITION.

As the subjects of Christ's kingdom, we all have a work to do. We cannot all do the same work, nor can we all perform the same amount of work. But there are positions which all may occupy, there are duties which all can perform. There is not to be a single idler in the Church of the living God. The Master's bodily presence is not now to be seen in the world, but his eye is always upon his people, and he is ever in effect saying to one and all, "Occupy till I come."

THE HYMN.

This is beautifully appropriate. Hear it—

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will."

Charles Wesley, the poet of Methodism, is the author of this hymn. He was a great hymnologist. There is no church hymn-book in the world that does not contain some of his soul-inspiring compositions. From the earliest days of Methodism, this hymn has been sung to the tune of Royston, hence it is well known to all Methodist congregations. We hope all our young people will commit this hymn to memory, and endeavour as far as possible to understand its sentiments and act them out in their everyday life. By so doing, we will act the part of true disciples, and do those things which will not only be well-pleasing to God, but also secure our own spiritual welfare, and assist to spread the name of Christ from the rivers unto the ends of the earth.

Girls Who Are in Demand.

BY SOLOMON S. Y.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips ;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees ;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say ;
That drive with a smile and a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of
sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive ;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.
The girls that are wanted are careful
girls,
Who count what a thing will cost.
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with
hearts ;
They are wanted for mothers and wives,
Wanted to cradle in loving arms
The strongest and frailest lives.
The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl.
There are few who can understand ;
But, oh ! for the wise, loving home girls,
There's a constant, steady demand.

THE YOUNG FARMER.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Charlie Adams never felt any uncertainty about what he was going to be. Long before he discarded short trousers he was in the habit of telling any one who would listen to him that he meant to be a farmer and have horses and cattle, and raise things. And unlike many who are eager to tell what they intend to be, Charlie accompanied theory with practice from the first. When he was seven years old he had a corner of the flower-garden for his very own, and he insisted on putting in his seeds, and transplanting his geraniums and verbenas and asters, and doing all his weeding and cultivation, without help from anybody. When he was ten he was in the habit of saving his pennies to buy seeds and plants, and before he was twelve he had branched out into lettuce and tomatoes and radishes, and other small vegetables.

"It's the most curious thing I ever heard of," declared Mrs. Adams to an intimate friend, "he seems to be possessed with a mania for planting. I can't imagine where he gets it from, for none of his father's people nor mine were ever farmers, that I know of. We have tried to laugh it out of him, but sakes ! he don't mind. Already he is beginning to puzzle his father with some of his odd questions."

"Well, I don't believe I'd try to change him," said the friend, quietly. "Boys with hobbies generally come out all right. If Charlie isn't meant to be a farmer, he'll outgrow it after a while."

The Adams house was very small and unpretentious. There was a tiny lawn and two or three trees in front, and in back was a half-acre or so of garden which bordered on one of the side streets. Mr. Adams rarely visited this part of his lot; he was a clerk in a large drug-store on the other side of the town, and had no time for gardening.

But as he grew older, Charlie redeemed more and more of this half-acre from the sturdy grasp of the weeds and briars. When he was thirteen he had at least two-thirds of it in lettuce and other small vegetables. What on earth he was going to do with it all, Mrs. Adams said, she didn't know; but it amused the boy, and perhaps he would be able to feed it to the chickens and ducks he was already beginning to raise.

During the summer Seapoint was a popular shore resort; the hotels were generally full, and there were many wealthy cottagers along the rocks.

One day, as Charlie was hoeing among his lettuce plants he heard a carriage coming down the side street. As it came opposite him it stopped, and one of the occupants called:

"What nice lettuce heads you have, little boy ! Are they for sale ?"

Charlie walked to the fence.
"N-no, I don't know's they are," he said, doubtfully. "I hadn't thought about it. You see, I just grow 'em because I like to."

"But you have such a lot of them," the lady urged, "and they are so much nicer than my grocer brings me. I

think you can spare me a dozen. I will pay you five cents apiece."

Charlie's face flushed.
"Yes'm, I can let you have them," he said quickly, "but I don't believe they're worth that."

"Oh, yes, they are, everybody charges five cents, and yours are extra nice." She looked smilingly over the garden. "I see you have a nice little bed of beets and carrots and onions, and—yes, I do believe that is parsley and celery over there in the corner. I am very fond of celery tops in my soup. Could you not spare me some of each, say three or four bunches of beets and carrots and onions, and some celery and parsley, every other day ? You could bring them down to my cottage—Stoneycroft, you know. Your vegetables would be perfectly fresh, and it is difficult to get fresh ones here."

Charlie's eyes were sparkling now. What would Tom and Harry and Jim, and even his older sister Florence, say to this ? Certainly, they would never laugh at him any more. Only, he would not tell them just yet. Some day he would make their eyes open in astonishment by coming up the street with a brand-new bicycle. And he would buy more seeds, and would not forget a present for sister Molly, who never laughed at him.

"Do you think you can spare them ?" the lady asked again.

"Oh, yes'm ! I beg your pardon," Charlie said, confusedly. "I—I was just thinking. You see, I hadn't ever thought of raising things to sell—at least, not till I was a man." He hesitated a moment, and then added: "And—and after a while I expect to have some nice beans and tomatoes and cauliflowers, if you want some."

The lady smiled and nodded, and then motioned for her coachman to drive on. Charlie watched her until the carriage turned into Main Street, then he went over his garden and carefully selected the best beets and carrots and onions he could find. These he washed and bunched until they looked almost exactly like the bunches he had seen in the village market. Two days later he did the same thing, and he kept it up until the beets and carrots and onions gave out. But by that time some of the snap beans were ready to pick, and over in the corner near the celery four or five heads of cabbage were beginning to feel hard. When Charlie apologized for his scarcity of vegetables, the lady smiled and told him not to mind, she would take what he had to spare and get the rest from her grocer—only she liked his best.

At home they did not seem to be aware of what was going on. Tom and Harry were at work in a hotel as bell boys, and Jim was on the streets most of the time selling papers; and one day when Tom reported that he had seen Charlie going down a side street with a basket of vegetables, Mrs. Adams laughed and remarked that he was probably trying to earn something to pay for more seeds.

By the middle of August all the vegetables were gone except a small patch of late turnips which he had sown in July, and which were not yet ready to pull. Most of his spare time was now spent in digging a pit in a sheltered corner which he proposed to cover with window sash. In September he intended to plant cabbage and lettuce and cauliflower seeds, and winter the plants in the cold frame for early setting in the spring. Before this was finished it was time for him to begin school, and then he only had such moments as he could get from his chores for his garden work.

Winter came early, and by the middle of November there was a thick layer of snow on the ground. One evening as Charlie entered the kitchen he heard his father and mother talking in low tones in the sitting-room.

"There ! that will pay the rent and buy the winter's coal; and there will be two or three dollars for a cheap dress for you. I wish it was more."

"But your overcoat, dear ?" Mrs. Adams expostulated.

"Never mind that. I have worn my old one ten years, and it will do for another season. And we must be thankful that all the children are well and we are out of debt. It has been a good year. But here they come."

Charlie lay awake for a long time that night. He had saved more than half enough money for his bicycle. Another year, and he would be able to buy that and a nice overcoat for his father. But somehow he did not feel entirely satisfied when he went to sleep.

They had breakfast at seven o'clock, and a few mornings later when Mr. Adams rose from the table and went into the hall after his overcoat and hat, Charlie suddenly turned red and began to play confusedly with his knife and fork.

Presently there was an exclamation of surprise, then:

"Wife, whose fine overcoat is this ? I cannot find mine."

There was a sudden stampede to the hall, but no one seemed able to explain until Florence found a piece of paper with her father's name and address pinned to the back of the coat.

"My ! my !" said Mr. Adams, wonderingly, as he put on the garment and buttoned it up around his neck. "Isn't this fine ? I don't suppose any of you children know me now. But, really, it is the best overcoat I ever owned. Where could it have come from ?"

"Perhaps Uncle Phineas bought it," suggested Florence; "it is your birthday, you know, papa." Then she caught sight of Charlie's tell-tale face, and pounced on him eagerly; and then there was an explosive explanation, accompanied by much wonder and incredulity and rapture, followed by a general hand-shaking and—need I say it?—a few happy tears.

BAD BOOKS IN OUR HOMES.

What is to be done about it ? We can easily tell what ought to be done by heads of Christian families. They themselves know well enough what they ought to do. But it will require more sensitiveness of conscience and more will power than are possessed by many to get them to do what duty requires in regard to this matter. If newly converted heathens at Ephesus could burn books of magic, the Christians of to-day might do the same with the devil's literature in their houses. The first thing they ought to do is the very thing they will not do—namely, to expurgate their libraries. All bad books should be put out of the home—not only the very bad books, but all bad books. The poison of some is slow, that of others is quick; but it is death in all. This sacrifice is beyond what many parents are willing to make. They have a liking themselves for bad books that are flavoured with fascinations of genius, and secure in their own fancied superiority to their evil influence, they take the risks for their offspring. God pity such parents and their children !—Nashville Christian Advocate.

A BOY WHO COULD AND WOULD.

I knew a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him: "Shall I help you ?"

"No, sir. I can and will do it if you give me time."

I said: "I will give you all the time you wish." The next day he came into my room to recite another lesson in the same study. "Well, Simon, have you worked that example ?"

"No, sir," he answered, "but I can and will do it if you give me a little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire." I always like those boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars, and men, too. The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding that it had cost many hours of hard work. Not only had he solved the problem, but, what was of much greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical power which, under the inspiration of "I can find will," he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.—Ex.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T COME.

Superintendent Torrey, of Mr. Moody's Bible Institute, Chicago, got up in one of the late report meetings, and said: "One of our students has made a queer mistake, and sent one of the prisoners in Cook County jail an invitation to our Feast of Tabernacles." (This was a great praise-meeting, at which Mr. Moody was to preach). "He will no doubt be unavoidably detained; but here is his answer to the invitation:

"Dear Mr. Torrey: I cannot accept the kind invitation to your Feast of Tabernacles, as my term of confinement is still much longer; but I want to thank you very much for being remembered. I shall keep the invitation always, as it is the first I ever had."

"Think of that poor fellow, with only one thought to warm his heart with, that somebody in the outside world, whose every comfort and pleasure he had cut

himself off from, had thought of him, and wanted to give him a joy !

"When he comes out—where will he go—to a saloon, to find his old companions, or to Moody's, to see the kind friend who sent him this invitation ?"

Meantime at the glad Feast of Tabernacles, you may be sure many thoughts and prayers went out after the man who didn't come.

A HOME LIBRARY.

Those who are lovers of books are always sure of good companionship. Said Thomas Hood: "A natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of their parental pilotage. My books kept me from the ring, the dog pit, the tavern, the saloon. The closest associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with low company and slaves." Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.—Children's Visitor.

A Child's Taste in Reading.—"A parent ought to be constantly on the watch to suggest books that are suitable for his child's reading," writes H. Clay Trumbull, "and to incite his child to an interest in those books. It is a good plan to talk with a child in advance about the subject to be treated in a book which the parent is disposed to commend, and to tell the child that which will tend to awaken his wish to know more about it, as preparatory to handing the book to him. Reading with the child, and questioning the child concerning his reading, will intensify the child's interest in his reading, and will promote his enjoyment as he reads. And so it is that a child's taste in reading will be cultivated steadily and effectively in the right direction by any parent who is willing to do the work that is needful, and who is able to do it wisely. A child needs help in this sphere, and he welcomes help when it is brought to him. If the help be given him, he will find pleasure as well as profit in its using; but if he goes on without help, he is liable to go astray, and to be a life-long sufferer in consequence."

A Story for Boys.—Mr. Moody a few days ago related a little incident illustrative of the value to the individual of a personal interest in Christian work. There was a wide difference between the attitude of a mere spectator or outsider and that of a person who had become identified with the work by "giving something or doing something." The great evangelist recently preached a sermon to an audience of prisoners. It was the Gospel of Jesus, told with his usual touching eloquence, in plain, simple words. A little lad, the son of some visitor at the gaol, had been an auditor, and after the service said to an older friend, "That was the best sermon I ever heard—it was a great sermon." Surprised at his unusual appreciation, the friend asked, "What makes you think it so good a sermon, Willie ?" "Oh, so it was," insisted the boy, "you know I put a nickle in the plate." The little fellow had already learned the lesson of the value of actual contact with a good work as a means of stirring up interest and enthusiasm in the heart.

The Home Library.—The city of Boston still does something additional for its children. "A home library is a set of fifteen good books for children, with a selection of children's magazines, all put up in a neat bookcase. This library is taken to the home of Max Schwartz, or Celia Kelly, and Celia or Max becomes the librarian, while the neighbours' children, to the number of ten, are the patrons. All books are approved by a competent committee, and in each set there are stories of home life, stories of travel or adventure,—something for the youngest and something to encourage the older ones toward the reading of grown-ups. Each group of children is placed under the care of some person of sense, who meets with them once a week and spends an hour or two in talk about the books, in playing games, or in whatever way in widening the range of life for these children of the tenements. Eighty such libraries are now in use, and when, after two or three months, a set of books has been thoroughly read, they are passed on to another home and replaced by a set which has been doing duty elsewhere."

The Fool's Prayer.

The Royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool,
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"Tis not by gilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse
them all;
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool
That did his will, but thou, O Lord
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed, in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

enjoy it all the more. A firm purpose must precede difficult work. The best results are secured by co-operation. What we give for God's cause is well invested. When God gives us a task to perform he will also help us to find the necessary means. If our plans are right they will be carried out some day. Mutual interest binds people together.

AN UNIQUE RING.

During Queen Elizabeth's reign, she was presented with a very unique ring. It was a plain gold circle, with a silver penny used for an ornament in the place of a precious stone. The wonderful part about this penny was inscribed upon its surface in writing, probably unparalleled in its minuteness, for there, in an exquisite miniature hand, were executed the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue, with two short prayers in Latin, a name, motto, day of the month, year of the Lord, and reign of the Queen (Elizabeth). It was covered with a fine crystal set in borders of gold. The writing was so plain as to be easily legible to the naked eye. Peter Bales, one of the first to invent and introduce methods of shorthand writing in the year 1575, executed the work on this penny, and presented it to the Queen at Hampton Court.—Harper's Young People.

Essay a bargain at one of these quaint shops. It is little bigger than a large-sized packing-case; an attempt to swing the proverbial cat would certainly be disastrous to the outraged feline; and yet it is filled from roof to floor with articles of cost or commodity; of art, unique and expensive beyond the affording of any but the wealthiest virtuoso: of vulgar use and quaint adornment, within the few paras of the poverty-stricken fellow. Here shelf upon shelf of splendid silks, fresh from the looms of Madras or Damascus, there an array of kaleidoscopic carpets, woven in intricate and exquisite patterns, and soft enough for the unsandaled feet of an angel from Paradise. Here one is filled with tarbooshes, the graceful tasseled caps worn almost universally in the East; there a shop where quaint pointed shoes and slippers of red morocco are piled promiscuously upon the board. Here is one for the sale of antiques. Come and feast your eyes, you who are trying to "live up to" blue china, on rare arabesque tiles, on bronzes wreathen like lace and carven in the queer, grinning, goblin, genie forms, only possible to an opium-eater's fantasies; armour that might have belonged to the Mameluke Beys; scimitars, such as Saladin may have swung when he cleft a silk handkerchief in the air for sport,

a quiet house in Boston, and boarded themselves on an average of \$3.70 per week. Their rooms cost \$5, or \$1.25 each. They took breakfast at a small restaurant, where oatmeal and steak cost 20 cents. They ate an apple and a slice of bread for lunch; and at night they pooled resources, spreading napkins on the top of a trunk, and feasting on bread and milk, or bread and a taste of canned meats. Once a neighbour surreptitiously inserted six glasses of jelly in the bureau drawer, which served as commissary department, and then they dined royally for days. The food cost them each 35 cents per day, and not one of them suffered in health by the experiment. Their expenses for clothing were no greater in proportion. One member of the quartette possessed a single gown—a well-worn black cashmere. Being invited to a professor's reception one evening, she remained away from a day's recitations, while she sat in a cloak and petticoat cleaning and pressing and freshening with ribbons her only apparel. At night she enjoyed herself quite as thoroughly as the rest of the company.

When the Corn is in the Shock.

Summer's gone and autumn's here,
Harvest season of the year;
Hogs are haunting apple trees,
Where the grass is 'bove your knees;
Grown is now the partridge flock,
And the corn is in the shock.

Melon-time is all but done—
Now and then a lingering one;
Grapes are ripe o'er woodland trails;
Squirrels frisk their plummy tails;
Where the chestnut burs unlock,
And the corn is in the shock.

"Whicker, whicker!" peckerwood
Chatters, and is understood
By his flame-crest mate to say:
"Whicker, whicker! come this way,
For I hear the ravens mock,
And the corn is in the shock."

Chincapins their coats have cast,
And the chipmunk stores them fast,
And the farmer from the field
Waggons home the harvest yield;
To the brim his barn he'll block
With the corn that's in the shock.

By the window grandma sits,
Smiling sweetly while she knits,
Through the "specs" upon her nose,
Seeing how the barn o'erflows;
She is glad for man and stock—
Corn to spare was in the shock.

When the field in stubble stands,
Mocking Winter's begging hands,
Hickory on the hearth will glow;
Bright the farmer's face will show,
Listening to the mantel clock;
"Corn—to spare—was in—the shock!"

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LESSON NOTES.**FOURTH QUARTER.****STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.****LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 1.****BUILDING THE TEMPLE.**

1 Kings 5. 1-12. Memory verses, 4, 5.
(Read chapters 5 and 6.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.—Psalm 127. 1. Time.—B.C. 1014.

Places.—Jerusalem; Tyre, Hiram's capital; Lebanon, where the cedars grew; Joppa, where the timber was delivered

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (1 Kings 5. 1-12). Learn the Golden Text.

Tuesday.—Read how the temple was finished (1 Kings 6. 1-14). Learn the Memory verses, Time, and Places.

Wednesday.—Read the description of a beautiful house (1 Kings 6. 21-30).

Thursday.—Read the story of seven years' effort (1 Kings 6. 31-38). Study teachings of the Lesson.

Friday.—Read a sketch of the temple site (2 Chron. 3. 1-10).

Saturday.—Read about the pattern of the temple (1 Chron. 28. 11-21).

Sunday.—Read what Paul said about a spiritual temple (Eph. 2. 13-22). Answer the Questions.

QUESTIONS.**I. Solomon's Work, verses 1-6.**

1. What is known of Hiram? Why did he send to Solomon? 3. Why could not David build the temple? 4. Had God promised rest in Solomon's time? How did the times favour his building? 5. What did his attempting the work so soon indicate? 6. Where only could Solomon procure wood for the temple? For what were the men of Sidon noted?

II. Hiram's Work, verses 7-12.

7. For what reason did Hiram rejoice? How was this contract made? 9. From where were the rafts probably shipped? Where were they received? How far was this distant from Jerusalem? What payment did Hiram desire? 11. How was pure oil obtained? What two things helped to create unrest in Israel? Why did Israel and Phoenicia continue to be friendly to each other?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Storms prepare for calm and make us



STREET SCENE IN CAIRO.

SCENES IN CAIRO.

BY REV. GEORGE J. BOND, M.A.
(Editor of *The Wesleyan*.)

I have called Alexandria a mongrel town. The same might with equal, if not greater truthfulness, be said of Cairo. It is but a step or two from the European quarter, with its stiff, stone buildings, and handsome shop fronts, to the devious, dark and dirty purlieus of its labyrinthine bazaars. In fact, it is but a hop, skip, and a jump from the nineteenth century comforts of hotel, and shop, and villa, to scenes animate with the life, redolent with the odour, and dusky with the darkness of the Thousand and One Nights. Yonder stately turbaned Moslem, with salmon-coloured robe of sheeny satin, with loose, long outer cloak of deepest blue, might well be the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid; yonder veiled houri, whose coal-black eyes sparkle with sly sauciness, as the audacious unbeliever glances admiringly at her, might well be the beautiful Scheherazade, yonder stalwart, swarthy boatman, exultant it may be at having fleeced a Frankish tourist of a few piastres beyond his fare, might stand for Sinbad the Sailor, returned successful from the quest for a roc's egg, or better still, having found in some New-found-land an addled egg of the Great Auk, and sold it, in London (mashallah!) to an addle-headed Glaour for three hundred guineas of infidel gold!

or cleft a Crusader's skull in the field for patriotism and the Prophet. Look at the proprietors as they squat solemnly beside their counters. What dignity of demeanour, what patriarchal grace, what ineffable patience, as they await the customers that providence may send them, and employ themselves meanwhile in whiffing the soothing narghileh, indulging in a nap, or reading the Koran. What an utter absence of the vulgar eagerness to sell, what a plentiful lack of the dapper and loquacious courtesy which characterizes the good salesmen of our Western emporiums—surely this is the very poetry of business, the very plety of trade.

PLUCKY COLLEGE GIRLS.

A recent writer on college girls tells an interesting story of the trials and difficulties of five plucky young women, who had little money, but plenty of pluck and determination to get an education. "A large eyed brunette," says the writer, "not sturdy, but fragile-looking, graduated from Boston University, a few years ago, by finding a situation as waitress in a restaurant, wearing the white apron during the rush-hours at morning and night, and in vacation season the day through.

One group of four girls—two from Boston University and two at the Harvard annex—engaged two adjoining rooms in