

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 1896.

[No. 35.]

A Harvest Song.

Behind the scythes a trodden path;
Bind, bind the sheaves;
Wide and wider grows the swath,
Either side the bright, corn heaves,
Billows of gold!

Trees a glory of bronze and red;
Bind, bind the sheaves,
Miss a sunshine overhead,
Through the chequer of thinning leaves
The air is cold.

Breath of the coming frost is there;
Bind, bind the sheaves;
Vines that cling to the house grow bare,
Swallows leave their nests in the eaves
Empty and old.

Apple-globes, crimson and white;
Bind, bind the sheaves;
Winnowed grain, sunnily bright,
(Glistening gold that want relieves!)
The wide bins hold. —Outing.

FRANCONIA RANGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Franconia Range is considered the gem of the White Mountains. Beneath the shadow of these heights the weary soul finds composure. Selfishness and



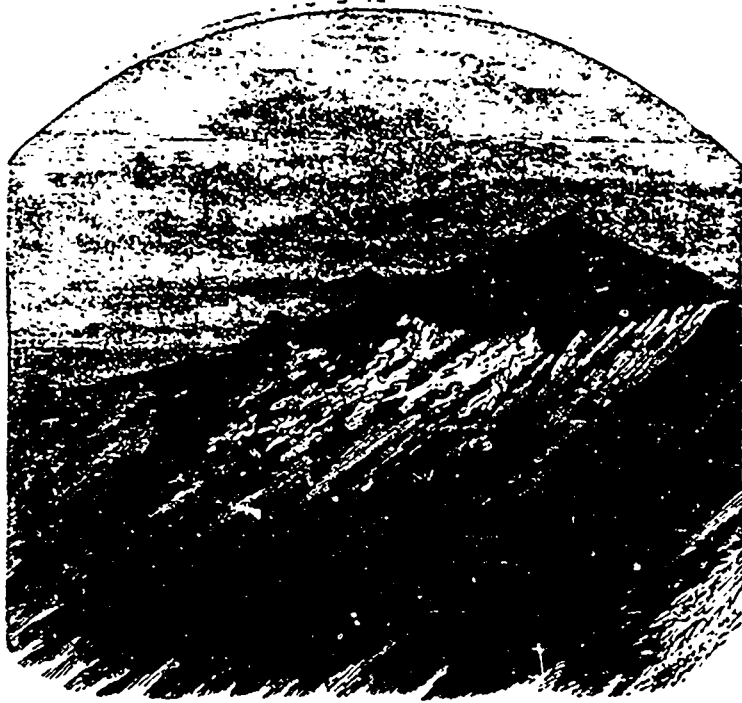
THE GREAT STONE FACE.

worldliness are rebuked. The most thoughtless are pushed to reflection, and a better understanding of life grows up in the midst of Nature's grand instructions.

The whole White Mountain region is readily reached by the Boston and Maine railway system. On returning from my visit to the Sunday-school Convention at Boston, I made a pilgrimage to some of



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.



CLIMBING MOUNT LAFAYETTE.

the old colonial towns of New England, and to the famous White Mountains.

Some of the dreamy old towns like Portsmouth, Newburyport and Salem, are haunted with old colonial memories of the time when George III. was king.

Newburyport has special interest to Methodist tourists, from the fact that here the great apostle of Methodism, George Whitefield, is buried. His tomb is beneath the pulpit of the Old South (Presbyterian) church. The sexton takes one into the vault, turns down the hinged cover of the coffin and exposes to view the bleached skeleton of the eloquent preacher. Curious tourists may take his skull in their hands. I refrained, however, from this sacrilege, but laid my hand on the spacious, dome-like brow and thought how the busy brain within had seethed with the burning ideas with which he had fired the minds of men.

On the coffin is a small box containing the bones of the forearm. The sexton's little joke is that Whitefield crossed the ocean eleven times, while this arm crossed thirteen times. It seems that some relic-monger had carried off the arm-bones to England, and, being smitten with remorse, ordered them to be returned in the little box where they still remain.

Next door is the house in which Whitefield died, and next to it, that in which Garrison, the gallant crusader for the slave, published his "Liberator," which first blew the trumpet blast that heralded the freedom of a race.

Longfellow and Whittier have commemorated these old colonial towns, and Hawthorne has made Salem classic ground by his weird tales. Here I visited the old Pyncheon House and House of the Seven Gables, and the restored old church, first built in 1634, of which Roger Williams was pastor, and in which were placed Hawthorne's desk and other memorials.

Quaint Old Boston, with its

near neighbour, Plymouth, are full of historic memories, of fascinating interest. Its magnificent new union station is one of the finest in the world.

It has a score or more of railway tracks, on which, I believe, six hundred trains a day move in and out.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.

It is a charming ride by the Boston and Maine Railway to the heart of the White Mountain region. The road offers several routes, but we think the most interesting is that by way of Lake Winnepesaukee, the loveliest of New England lakes, to Mount Washington.

A pleasant headquarters for tourists is the charming village of Bethlehem, N.H., which commands a noble panorama of both the White Mountain and Franconia Ranges, and from which a number of delightful excursions may be made. The present writer had scarce got settled for a few days' rest in this lovely village of Bethlehem, N.H. when he received a call from the worthy pastor of the Methodist church. A short conversation led to an invitation from him to preach the Sunday-school anniversary sermons on the approaching Sabbath.

"But," said the writer, "you do not know me; I may be some clerical tramp, or expelled preacher, for all that you know to the contrary."

A LITTLE RISKY.

"It is a little risky, isn't it?" he replied, with a twinkle of humour in his eye; but he professed to have found in certain review articles and books, which he attributed to the present writer, a sufficient guarantee as to character. And very pleasant was that quiet

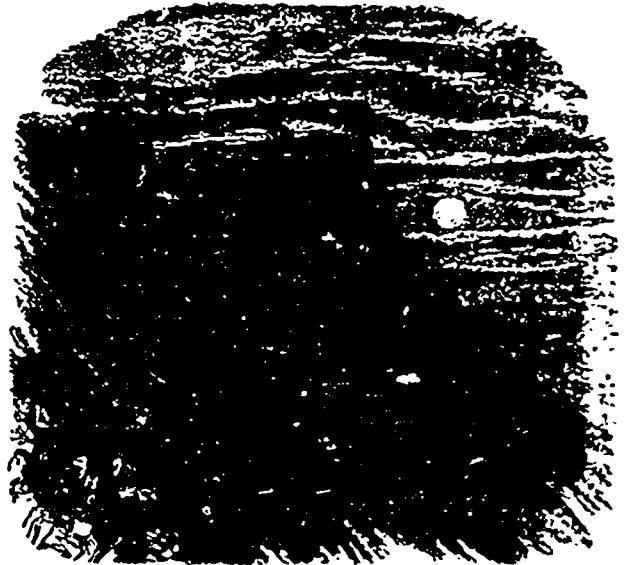
Sunday service among the mountains; especially a beautiful Sunday-school concert anniversary in the evening. Our American friends make it, and very properly, of the Sunday-school, and give it a prominence which it does not always receive among us. To the pleasing acquaintance thus formed we were indebted for sundry pleasant drives over the hills and through the valleys surrounding the village.

Bethlehem itself is most picturesquely situated, and commands a view of wide expanse. Across the Franconia Valley rise the lofty summits of Lafayette, with his seamed and scarred sides, and the kindred mountains standing like sentinels to guard the pass against profane intruders. Their irregularity is most picturesque, while, at the same time, they are most finely grouped.

At Echo Lake, the sounds of a horn, blown with skill, will be returned in oft-repeated notes like sweetest music. The human voice will be re-echoed with wonderful effect, as though the invisible inhabitants of the hills were holding a colloquy with "the babbling gossip of the air." The report of a cannon fired on the shore will reverberate like peals of thunder among the fastnesses of the mountains. In the stillness of morning, or in the quiet of the evening at the sunset hour, the lake is the resort of those who can best know and appreciate the wonders of the place. The wind is whist; the waters sleep; the mountains are silent; the purple glow is on all the trees and rocks. Then is the time to wake the slumbering echoes, and hear the many voices that reply.

THE GREAT STONE FACE.

The great marvel and pride of this region is the Profile, or "Great Stone Face." The huge face, with all its features thoroughly delineated, stands out in bold outline before our sight. There it is, a colossal, completely symmetrical profile, looking down upon the valley from its lofty height, perfectly distinct and clear. Nature has carved out, with the most accurate chiselling, this astonishing sculpture. There is the stern, projecting, massive brow, as though stamped with the thought and wisdom of centuries. The nose is straight, finely cut, and sharply outlined. The thin, sensible lips are parted, as though about to echo the thunders of majestic speech. The chin is well thrown forward, with exact proportionate length, betokening the hard, obstinate character of the "Old



CASTELLATED RIDGE, MOUNT JEFFERSON.

Man," who has faced with such unmov-
ing steadiness the brunt of ages.

Go and take your first look at the Old
Man of the Mountain in the solemn twi-
light of evening. Sit on one of those
rocks by the roadside, and look, if you
can without awe, at the Granite Face,
human in its lineaments, supernatural in
its size and position, weird-like in its
shadowy mystery, but its sharp outline
wearing an expression of mortal sadness,
that gives it the most fascinating inter-
est. The view in the initial cut is
the exact representation of the Profile.
The genius of Hawthorne has embalmed
it in literature, and his story of "The
Great Stone Face" can only be read ap-
preciatively beneath its shadow. The
height of the "Old Man" is nearly twelve
hundred feet above the level of the little
lake below it, and the length of the face
is from thirty to forty feet.

Mount Lafayette is twelve hundred feet
below Mount Washington in height, but
the view from its summit is thought by
many to equal that from its rival's crest.

THE WORK.

On one of the hottest days I ever felt,
the present writer walked fifteen miles
and climbed 4,000 feet—to the top of
Mount Lafayette, reaching an altitude of
5,259 feet above the sea. The pathway
is so rugged and precipitous that it is
only on foot that the mountain top can
be reached. The path wanders beneath
tremendous cliffs, which threaten to
topple over one's head, and around and
over and between huge rocks which have
fallen, many of them as large as a two-
story house. Sometimes these fallen
rocks rest upon each other in the most
fantastic confusion, leaving great caves
and grottoes, which have doubtless often
been tenanted by the wolf or bear.

In climbing the Alps one is always
sure of finding plenty of ice-cold water
from the melting snows overhead; but
on this arid mountain I found only a
single spring between the bottom and
top. And, oh, how delicious it was! I
drank and drank again of the crystal
stream. But after leaving it there was
no more water, save some shallow and
stagnant pools, till we got back to it
again from the summit. The mountain
was bare and dry as a bleached bone.

The view from the summit was well
worth the climb, especially the deep
canyons and gorges, into which it seemed
as if I could leap from the mountain top.
I lay down on the rocks and gazed and
gazed my fill on the magnificent pano-
rama, a perfect sea of mountains all
around, and in the distance the winding
streams, the fertile farms, the smiling
villages and towns.

Near the foot of the mountain is the
extraordinary gorge known as the
Rivage. No more wild and striking view
can be imagined. Two rocky walls rise
to the height of sixty or seventy feet.
At the upper end the walls contract to
about ten feet. About midway up the
sides they held, suspended between them,
a huge boulder of granite. So nicely
was it adjusted, and so slight appeared
its hold that one would think the
gentlest touch sufficient to push it from
its resting-place into the ravine below.
Its presence greatly aided to the wild-
ness of the scene. It has since fallen
into the gorge.

A "SMART" STUDENT.

Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, though a
very clever man, has met with his
match. When examining a student as
to the classes he had attended, he said:
"And you attended the class for
mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"What are they?"

What a laugh in the class the student's
answer produced when he said: "An in-
side and an outside!"

But this was nothing compared with
what followed, the doctor having said to
the student: "And you attended the
moral philosophy class, also?"

"Yes."

"Well, you would hear lectures on
various subjects. Did you ever hear one
on cause and effect?"

"Yes."

"Does an effect ever go before a
cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a barrow."

The doctor then sat down, and pro-
posed no more questions.—Exchange.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the
most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 90 pp., monthly illustrated.....	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.....	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward to- gether.....	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 8vo., weekly, under 8 copies.....	0 60
8 copies and over.....	0 60
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 8vo., weekly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Peregrine Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 00
Urean Leaf, quarterly.....	5 00
Quarterly Review Series.....	0 06
By the year, 24 a dozen; 82 per 100; per quarter, 6a a dozen; 50c per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

J. W. COATES, S. F. HUNTER,
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 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. As-
tronomers 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 re-
membering that we are ninety-five mil-
lions 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 tra-
veller 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 en-
dure 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 it 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 luxu-
riance 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 heath-
ens, 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 re-
present one of the gods which were wor-
shipped in England, and the outline
which covers that hill-side 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 happen 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 en-
trance 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 wel-
come. 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 be-
ing kind. It is like trying to be in-
visible. 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 might
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."

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1896.

Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim. The
Mountains of Blessing and Cursing.
Deut. 27. 11-13; Josh. 8. 30-35.

THE MOUNTAINS.

These mountains were not far apart
and stand between Shechem and Jerusa-
lem. They are objects of interest to
all who visit the Holy Land. Ebal is
the mount of blessing. When the
Israelites entered the land of Canaan
some of the tribes were to assemble near
to one mountain, and the others were
to take up their abode near the other.
They were entering upon a new mode of
life, different from any they had ever
before witnessed. The Almighty designed
to impress them with such truths as
would inspire them with duty, and deter
them from rebelling against him.
Gerizim was to impress them with the
fearful consequences of transgression.
The circumstances which surrounded
both companies were truly solemn.
Moses stood first upon one mountain and
then upon the other. On the one moun-
tain he rehearsed the blessings that
would come upon the obedient, and from
the other the cursings that would fall
upon all who transgressed. Both con-
gregations should respond with Amen
when Moses ceased speaking, and thus
they were their own witnesses.

BLESSING—CURSING.

These two are still rehearsed by God
to men of every age and clime
and country. God speaks to all
and in effect says, do this, and live;
neglect this, and die. Our dispen-
sation is brighter, our privileges are
greater, consequently our responsibility
must exceed that of all others who have
gone before us. It depends upon our-
selves whether we are the objects of
blessing or cursing. What God said by
his servant Isalah, he does in effect say
to us, "If ye be willing and obedient, ye
shall eat the fruit of the land, but if ye
refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured
with the sword, for the mouth of the
Lord hath spoken it."

Man has his happiness or misery at
his own disposal. He can accept or re-
ject. He can choose or refuse. God
hath made him capable of fixing his own
destiny. He that sinneth against God,
wrongeth his own soul. Man fixes his
own state, and if he is lost, he will have
none to blame but himself. The bitter-
est ingredient in the cup of woe, of
which the lost will be compelled to
drink, will be this, "Ye knew your duty,
but ye did it not."

What are you labouring for? Bless-
ing or cursing? Are you not conscious
that one or other of these will be
your lot, and that it depends upon your-
selves which of these it shall be. De-
cide now. Act the part of wise, prudent
persons. Easter now than it will be in
the future.

The Lighthouse Lamp.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The winds came howling down from the North,
Like a hungry wolf for prey,
And the bitter sleet went hurtling forth,
In the sinking face of the day.
And the snowflakes drifted near and far,
Till the land was whitely fleeced,
And the light-house lamp, a golden star,
Flamed over the waves' white yeast.
In the room at the foot of the lighthouse
Lay mother and babe asleep,
And little maid Gretchen was by them
There,
A resolute watch to keep.
There were only the three on the light-house isle,
For father had trimmed the lamp,
And set it burning weary while
In the morning's dusk and damp.
"Long before night I'll be back," he said,
And his white sail slipped away;
Away and away to the mainland sped,
But it came not home that day.
The mother stirred on her pillow's space,
And moaned in pain and fear,
Then looked in her little daughter's face
Through the blur of starting tear.
"Darling," she whispered, "it's piercing cold,
And the tempest is rough and wild;
And you are no laddie strong and bold,
My poor little maiden child.
"But up aloft there's the lamp to feed,
Or its flame will die in the dark,
And the sailor lose in his utmost need
The light of our islet's ark."
"I'll go," said Gretchen, "a step at a time;
Why, mother, I'm twelve years old,
And steady, and never afraid to climb,
And I've learned to do as I'm told."
Then Gretchen up to the top of the tower,
Up the icy smooth-worn stair,
Went slowly and surely that very hour,
The sleet in her eyes and hair.
She fed the lamp, and she trimmed it well,
And its clear light glowed afar,
To warn of reefs, and of rocks to tell,
This mariner's guiding star.
And once again when the world awoke
In the dawn of a bright new day,
There was joy in the hearts of the fisher folk
Along the stormy bay,
When the little boats came sailing in
All safe and sound to the land,
To the haven the light had helped them win,
By the aid of a child's brave hand.

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Who is that talking in the house?" asked Joel of Abigail the morning after the feast. He had been playing in the garden with Jesse, and paused just outside the door as he heard voices.
"Only father and Phineas, now," answered Abigail. "Simon the oil-seller has just been here, and I am sure you could not guess his errand. It was about you."
"About me?" echoed Joel, in surprise.
"Yes, I never knew until this morning that you were the one who persuaded him to go to the Master for healing. He says if it had not been for you, he would still be an outcast from home. During these weeks you have been away, he has been hoping to find some trace of you, for he longs to express his gratitude. Last night, at the feast, he learned your name, and now he has just been here to talk to Phineas and father about you. His olive groves yield him a large fortune every year, and he is in a position

to do a good deal for you, if you will only let him."
"What does he want to do?" asked Joel.
"He has offered a great deal: to send you to the best schools in the country; to let you travel in foreign lands, and see life as it is in Rome and Athens, and the cities of Egypt. Then when you are grown, he offers to take you in business with himself, and give you the portion of a son. It is a rare chance for you, my boy."
"Yes," answered Joel, flushing with pleasure at the thought of all he might be able to see and learn. He seemed lost for a few minutes in the bright anticipation of such a tempting future; then his face clouded.
"But I would have to leave everybody I love," he cried, "and the home where I have been so happy! I cannot do it, mother Abigail; it is too much to ask."
"Now you talk like a child," she answered, half impatiently; but there was a suspicion of tears in her eyes as she added, "Joel, you have grown very dear to us. It will be hard to give you up, for you seem almost like an own son. But consider, my boy; it would not be right to turn away from such advantages. Jesse and Ruth will be well provided for. All that my father has will be theirs some day. But Phineas is only a poor carpenter, and cannot give you much beyond food and clothing. I heard him say just now that he clearly thought it to be your duty to accept, and he had no doubt but that you would."
"But I cannot be with the Master!" cried Joel, as the thought suddenly occurred to him that he could no longer follow him as he had been doing, if he was to be sent away to study and travel.
"No; but think what you may be able to do for his cause, if you have money and education and influence. It seems to me that for his sake alone, you ought to consent to such an arrangement."
That was the argument that Phineas used when he came out; and the boy was sadly bewildered between the desire to be constantly with his beloved Master, and his wish to serve him as they suggested.
It was in this perplexed state of mind that he started up to Jerusalem with Jesse and his grandfather.
The streets were rapidly filling with people, coming up to the Feast of the Passover, and Joel recognized many old friends from Galilee.
"There is Rabbi Amos!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of an old man in the door of a house across the street. "May I run and speak to him?"
"Certainly!" answered Reuben. "You know your way so well about the streets that it makes no difference if we do get separated. Jesse and I will walk on down to the shop. You can meet us there."
Rabbi Amos gave Joel a cordial greeting. "I am about to go back to the Damascus gate," he said. "I have just been told that the Nazarene will soon make his entrance into the city, and a procession of pilgrims are going out to meet him. I have heard much of the man since he left Capernaum, and I have a desire to see him again. Will you come?"
The old man hobbled along so painfully, leaning on his staff, that they were a long time in reaching the gate. The outgoing procession had already met the coming pilgrims, and were starting to return. The way was strewn with palm branches and the clothes they had taken off to lay along the road in front of the man they wished to honour. Every hand carried a palm branch, and every voice cried a Hosannah.
At first Joel saw only a confused wavering of the green branches, and heard an indistinct murmur of voices; but as they came nearer, he caught the words, "Hosannah to the Son of David!"
"Look!" cried Rabbi Amos, laying his wrinkled, shaking hand heavily on Joel's shoulder. "Look ye, boy, the voice of prophecy! No Roman war-horse bears the coming victor! It is as Zechariah foretold! That the king should come riding upon the colt of an ass,—the symbol of peace. So David rode, and so the Judges of Israel came and went!"
Joel's eyes followed the gesture of the tremulous, pointing finger. There came the Master, right in the face of his

enemies, boldly riding in to take possession of his kingdom.
At last! No wandering now in lonely wildernesses! No fear of the jealous scribe or Pharisee! The time had fully come. With garments strewn in the way, with palms of victory waving before him, with psalm and song, and the shouting of the multitude, he rode triumphantly into the city.
Joel was roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, to see his best beloved friend so honoured. People understood him now; they appreciated him. The demonstrations of the multitude proved it. He was so happy and excited, he scarcely knew what he was doing. He had no palm branch to wave, but as the head of the procession came abreast with him, and he saw the face of the rider, he was almost beside himself.
He waved his empty hands wildly up and down, cheering at the top of his voice; but his shrillest Hosannahs were heard only by himself. They were only a drop in that mighty surf-beat of sound. Scarcely knowing what to expect, yet prepared for almost anything, they followed the procession into the city. When they reached the porch of the Temple, the Master had disappeared.
"I wonder where he has gone," said Joel, in a disappointed tone. "I thought they would surely crown him."
"He evidently did not wish it to be," answered Rabbi Amos. "It would be more fitting that the coronation take place at the great feast. Wait until the day of the Passover."
As they sat in the Court of the Gentiles, resting, Joel told Rabbi Amos of the offer made him by the wealthy oil-dealer Simon.
"Accept it, by all means!" was the old man's advice. "We have seen enough just now to know that a new day is about to dawn for Israel. In Bethany, you will be much nearer the Master than in Capernaum; for surely, after to-day's demonstration, he will take up his residence in the capital. In time you may rise to great influence in the new government soon to be established."
The old rabbi's opinion weighed heavily with Joel, and he determined to accept Simon's offer. Then for a while he was so full of his new plans and ambitions, he could think of nothing else.
All that busy week he was separated from the Master and his disciples; for it was the first Passover he had ever taken part in. After it was over, he was to break the ties that bound him to the carpenter's family, and the simple life in Galilee, and go to live in Simon's luxurious home in Bethany.
So he stayed closely with Phineas and Abigail, taking a great interest in all the great preparations for the feast.
Reuben chose, from the countless pens, a male lamb, a year old, without blemish. About two o'clock the blast of two horns announced that the priests and Levites in the Temple were ready, and the gates of the inner courts were opened, that all might bring the lambs for examination.
The priests, in two long rows, caught the blood in great gold and silver vessels, as the animals were killed, and passed it to others behind, till it reached the altar, at the foot of which it was poured out.
Then the lamb was taken up and roasted in an earthen oven, and the feast commenced at sunset on Thursday. The skin of the lamb, and the earthen dishes used, were generally given to the host, when different families lodged together.
As many as twenty were allowed to gather at one table. Reuben had invited Nathan ben Obed, and those who came with him, to partake of his hospitality. Much to Joel's delight, a familiar shock of sunburned hair was poked in at the door, and he recognized Buz's freckled face, round-eyed and open-mouthed at this first glimpse of the great city.
During the first hour they were together, Buz kept his squinting eyes continually on Joel. He found it hard to believe that this straight, sinewy boy could be the same pitiful little cripple who had gone with him to the sheep-folds of Nathan ben Obed.
"Say," he drawled, after awhile, "I know where that fellow is who made you lame. I was so upset at seeing you this

way that I forgot to tell you. He had a dreadful accident, and you have already had your wish, for he is as blind as that stone."
"Oh, how? Who told you?" cried Joel, eagerly.
"I saw him myself, as we came through Jericho. He had been beaten nearly to death by robbers a few weeks before. It gave him a fever, and both eyes were so inflamed and bruised that he lost his sight."
"Poor Rehum!" exclaimed Joel.
"Poor Rehum!" echoed Buz, in astonishment. "What do you mean by poor Rehum? Aren't you glad? Isn't that just exactly what you planned; or did you want the pleasure of punching them out yourself?"
"No," answered Joel, simply; "I forgave him a year ago, the night before I was healed."
"You forgave him!" gasped Buz,—"you forgave him! A dog of a Samaritan! Why, how could you?"
Buz looked at him with such a wondering, puzzled gaze that Joel did not attempt to explain. Buz might be ignorant of a great many things, but he knew enough to hate the Samaritans, and look down on them with the utmost contempt.
"I don't really believe you could understand it," said Joel, "so it is of no use to try to tell you how or why. But I did forgive him, fully and freely. And if you will tell me just where to find him, I will go after him early in the morning and bring him back with me. The hand that straightened my back can open his eyes; for I have seen it done many times."
All during the feast, Buz kept stealing glances at Joel. He could hardly tell which surprised him most, the straightened body or the forgiving spirit. It was so wonderful to him that he sat speechless.
At the same time, in an upper chamber in another street, the Master and his disciples were keeping the feast together. It was their last supper with him, although they knew it not. Afterwards they recalled every word and every incident, with loving memory that lingered over each detail; but at the time they could not understand its full import.
The gates were left open on Passover night. While the Master and his followers walked out to the Garden of Gethsemane, where they had often gone together, Joel was questioning Buz as to the exact place where he was to find his old enemy.
"I'll go out very early in the morning," said Joel, as his head touched the pillow. "Very early in the morning, for I want Rehum's eyes to be open just as soon as possible, so that he can see the Master's face. Lord help me to find him to-morrow," he whispered, and with a blessing on his lips for the one he had so long ago forgiven, his eyes closed softly.
Sleep came quickly to him after the fatigue and excitement of the day. In his dreams he saw again the Master's face as he made his triumphal entrance into the city; he heard again the exclamations of the crowd. Then he saw Rabbi Amos and Simon and little Ruth. There was a confused blending of kindly faces; there was a shadow-like shifting of indistinct but pleasant scenes. In the fair dreamland where he wandered, fortune smiled on him, and all his paths were peace.
Sleep on, little disciple, happy in thy dreaming; out in Gethsemane's dark garden steals one to betray thy Lord! By the light of glimmering lanterns and fitful torches they take him now. Armed with swords and staves, they lead him out from the leafy darkness into the moon-flooded highroad.
Now he stands before the High Priest, —alone, unfriended. Sleep, and wake not at the cock's shrill crowing, for there is none to make answer for him, and one who loved him hath thrice denied!
Dream on! In the hall of Pilate now, thorn-crowned and purple-clad, him whom thou lovest; scourged now, and spat upon. This day, indeed, shall he come into his kingdom, but well for thee, that thou seest not the coronation.
Sleep on, little disciple, be happy whilst thou can!
(To be continued.)

Song of the Harvest

April's showers and May's bright blossoms,
Summer's skies and busy hum,
Now have reached the end they aimed at,
Nature's mighty task is done.

Garnered in from field and meadow
Is the earth's rich store of grain,
While the vines and trees hang heavy,
Laden with their fruit again.

Unto Him, the Lord of Harvest,
All our gratitude belongs,
He it is who all has ordered,
Unto him now rise our songs.

GECKO, OR LIZARD.

If you look at our picture of the foot of the gecko, or lizard, you will begin to understand why the Bible calls them "hands." You can easily conceive that they would grasp and hold very strongly, and cling very tight, more like hands than feet. And, indeed, they do. Those of the geckos who live out of doors, suspend themselves by their feet for hours from the underside of the larger tropical leaves, lurking in ambush for the insects on which they feed. Those who live indoors can run up the smoothest surface, and hang like house-flies from the ceiling. You would not be surprised at that if you could turn their feet upside down and see how they are made. Let me do it for you. Here, then, is the underside of their feet. They have five toes, and each one is divided into two parts, and composed of plates or scales set on in regular order. I believe they act very much like the sucker with which you sometimes play. And the gecko can squeeze the air out from between the cushions of his feet and so cling to the ceiling; then he can let the air in again, and so be loose the moment he wills.

Most of these geckos are quite harmless; but one kind has what we should call a very nasty habit. He sheds an aerial poison from his toes, so that when he runs across a man's hand little red pustules rise wherever his feet have touched. Hence the Arabs call him the father of leprosy.

By this time I think we know enough of our teacher to begin learning our lesson. The gecko says, "We lizards only lay hold with our hands, yet we are in king's palaces." So far as the mere sense of the words goes, we understand him at once. We quite see that feet such as his, so nimble, so capable, so strong in their grasp, deserve to be called hands. We quite understand that, with such hands as these, the lizard may very easily climb the walls and hang from the ceiling of any house, even of the king's palace. This clever little lizard has only feet—no horns or wings—but it uses its feet so well that it turns them into hands, and then uses its hands so well that, even though born and brought up in an old wall, it finds its way into the palace of the king. It does not sit and fret because it is so little, and has so little, but it makes the best use of what it has. It does not sit and fret because it is so poor and weak, but runs into the house of a strong, rich king. Now, this is the very spirit you should show. You should make as much as you can out of a little, and you should try to get on and to get up. There are boys and girls who cannot do much even when they have a great deal. There are boys who have all manner of toys—Noah's arks as big as baby's cradles, puzzles that cover a good-sized table, cricket balls and bats, skates, footballs, velocipedes even, and more pretty, expensive things than I can count—and yet they are often more troublesome and more clamorous for new toys and new amusements, and less cheerful and contented, than the poor little creature that sit in



HARVEST TIME.

the gutter, as good as gold, making mud-pies. There are girls and boys who have more books than they can use, and are sent to the very best schools, and who, after all, learn less than the children in ragged schools, and are less able to do their duty and to play their part in life, when they come home for good. For good? no, for bad; to be a plague and burden to the parents who have taken such pains with them, and have been so kind.

There are children with plenty of pocket-money, and with parents who would be charmed to help them in any act of kindness, who hardly ever think of serving their poor neighbours, and doing a little good in the world in which God has given them so much. Heaven, the palace of our King, is very high. It takes much climbing, and patient climbing, to reach it. But the first steps are very low, easy even to children's feet; and all the upper steps grow easier for children who have begun to climb from the first.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 6.

DAVID'S LOVE FOR GOD'S HOUSE.

1 Chron. 22. 6-16. Memory verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy

Tuesday.—Read David's love for God's house (1 Chron. 22. 11-19). Fix in your mind Time and Place.

Wednesday.—Read a good desire (1 Chron. 17. 1-12). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read David's thankfulness (1 Chron. 17. 16-27). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read the story of a big collection (1 Chron. 29. 1-9).

Saturday.—Read the joy of service (1 Chron. 29. 10-19). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read a temple song (Psalm 84).

QUESTIONS.

- I. The House, verses 6-8.
 6. When did David first think of building a temple? 8. Why did he not do so? Were his wars just?
- II. The Builder, verses 9-13.
 9. What promise was given to him? What advantage would Solomon possess? 10. Was he to have any special guidance or help? How long did his descendants reign over Israel? How may his kingdom be said to be everlasting? 11. Did the prosperity he enjoyed bring any obligation? 12. What did he specially need for the work? Did the fact that he was king give him freedom from the law? 13. Why should he be encouraged?
 - II. The Preparation, verses 14-16.
 14. How might David's example help him? Was he to take his ease and enjoy what was handed down to him? 15. What workmen were to aid him? 16.



GECKO, OR LIZARD.

house: they will be still praising thee.—Psalm 84. 4.
Time.—In David's old age.
Place.—Jerusalem.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read David's love for God's house (1 Chron. 22. 1-10). Answer the Questions.

How had David secured such vast treasure? When was this charge given? What should we do with our treasures?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

There is a special place and work for each one of us. When God gives rest he expects work. God's promises should stir us up to active service. We are to

use our money as God's stewards. It is a privilege to help in the erection or maintenance of God's house. Everybody is building something more lasting than Solomon's temple. The foundation, the plan, and the materials for holy character are all provided us.

TESTED.

An Eastern king, so the story runs, was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighbouring well, saying he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them, and went away. After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of them said:

"What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in on one side, it runs out on the other."

The other man answered: "But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such fool's work," replied the other; and, throwing down his bucket, he went away.

The other man continued his work, till about sunset he exhausted the well. Looking down into it, he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more, and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed to himself. If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labour was not useless after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test their capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable. At this moment the king came up to him, and, as he bade the man keep the ring, he said:

"Thou hast been faithful in a little thing, now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my hand."—Selected.

A little boy who loved big words came to his mother one day and said: "I wish we had a refrigerator under our house."

"Why, my son?"

"Instead of stoves, to keep us warm, you know."

Of course every one laughed. He, looking very indignant, said:

"You need not all laugh so, I knew enough to say invigorator if I had wanted to."

JUST ISSUED

Triumphant Songs

NO. 5.

A Collection of Gospel Hymns for Sunday-schools and Revivals.

By E. O. EXCELL.

Price, by mail, boards, music, 35 cents each. By express, not prepaid, \$3.00 per dozen, \$30.00 per hundred.

I X L EDITION

(Same book, printed from smaller type.)

By mail, boards, music, 25 cents each. By express, not prepaid, \$2.50 per dozen, \$20.00 per hundred.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

M. F. MUMFORD, MANITOWAG