

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

[No. 23.]

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

INDIAN TEMPLE.

SOME of the most costly and elaborate structures in the world are the temples the Hindoos raise for the worship of their false gods. They are, as will be seen from our cut, of very fantastic architecture, and are most elaborately carved, generally with figures illustrating the mythological exploits of those false deities. The goddess Kali was a very cruel deity, and is well symbolized by the dragon-shaped beast in the foreground represented as devouring one of his devotees.

HEROIC DEEDS BY LAND AND SEA.

BY UNCLE JONATHAN.

THE collier's life is at best a dangerous one. Not by explosions only, but by the accidents which constantly attend the miner's work, much life is lost. The everyday accidents may not call for much noticeable heroism; but it never yet has happened, after a terrible explosion has rent the air with its awful sound, that no one has come forward to the rescue of those below. Rather is the difficulty of choosing which, among the many eager to rescue, are the most fit to go down.

In December, 1866, at the Oaks Colliery, near Barnsley, a terrific explosion of fire-damp hurled more than three hundred men and boys into eternity. They were working their eighth and last hour for that day, and were looking forward to the moment when the day's work should be done—the mine was gaseous, and some of them feared that an accident might happen—when in the twinkling of an eye, the gas caught ablaze, and with a mighty roar dashed destruction and death throughout the mine. Terrible was the excitement above ground, and in less than an hour a rescue party went down. Heroes they were, carrying their lives in their hands. Again and again did the choke-damp drive them back exhausted, but as often did they return to the rescue. Nor did these

gallant men cease their efforts until they had brought out eighty sufferers, of whom only nineteen were alive. Of this band, Parkin Jeffcock, a young and skilful engineer, stands out conspicuously. Only some four years previously he had worked continuously for three long days and nights, whilst a coal wall fifteen yards thick was dug through, to rescue some imprisoned miners.

At midnight the mine was so poisonous with

the previous rescuers, two young men stepped forward, willing to do and dare for the sake of the living one still in the mine. The shaft was smashed, the head-gear destroyed, so they were lowered in a bucket, and at the bottom found one of the brave band who had gone down with Jeffcock. They sought to push into the mine, but on all sides it was on fire, raging like a furnace. Returning to the pit's mouth, what a shout of

triumph went up as these two heroes, supporting the bruised and battered hero of Jeffcock's band, came in sight!

In April, 1877, the Tynewydd Colliery, in Wales, was the scene of a disaster which arrested the attention of all England. On the eleventh of that month, just as the colliers were about to leave, there broke through into the mine a fierce roaring torrent of water. Dismayed, the miners rushed to escape, but fourteen were overtaken and imprisoned below. Parties of rescuers went down, and found all the workings filled to the roof with the water, so it was thought all were drowned. Four had been overtaken and drowned, but five were hemmed in at one part of the workings and five at another. They had found refuge at the end of cuttings,



INDIAN TEMPLE.

choke-damp that all rescue work was stopped, and Jeffcock was placed in charge as engineer to restore the circulation of fresh air and to extinguish fires. He spent all night in this and in exploring as far as he could through the mine, meeting with horrible sights of dead and crushed miners. But he was ready to go down next day with the first band of rescuers. But in less than an hour there was a second explosion, followed soon after with the awful blast of a third. Jeffcock had perished in his efforts to save life. On the day following, the tinkling of the signal bell told of some one still alive below. And notwithstanding the awfulness of the explosions that had occurred, and the disaster to

and the air which had been driven in by the rush of the water now prevented the water from rising higher where they were. The rescuers did not then know this, and were giving up all as lost, when knockings were heard. Guessing what had occurred, the rescuers set to work, might and main, to dig away the dozen yards of coal that stood between them and that part of the workings from whence the sounds came. In less than two days, by hard and continued working, they had rescued the five who were there.

But others were still missing, and two days after the inundation, faint far-away knockings were heard coming from a part of the mine known as

"Morgan's Stall." Here thirty-eight yards of solid coal lay between, but it was resolved to cut through. Never did colliers work harder. They plied their whole strength, and drove their tools hard, true and deep; and almost savagely rained down their blows on that wall of coal. Thinking to pass food to the men, they bored through the last six yards, but the plan failed. The confined gases escaping through the boring played in blue flames around the Davy lamps, warning the workers of fresh dangers, and with the cry: "The gas is upon us!" they had to dash up the heading into clear and safer places. At last they were almost through; and, extreme though the danger was to workers and imprisoned alike, the band of heroes worked on at their task, never faltering, never flinching, never turning their heads. In a few hours a hole was made, but the man who made it was hurled violently back as the imprisoned air rushed out. With the escape of the air the water rose in the pit, and the workers could hear the piteous cries of the imprisoned ones: "We are up to our middle in water! It is almost over with us!" But they must not be lost now. So putting forth all their strength, the wall was knocked down, the rescuers dashed in and brought out the four men and a boy who had been shut up without food for ten days. And with swelling hearts all England thanked God for such heroic deeds.

THE ANCIENT BATTERING-RAMS.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON.

THEY exerted greater power than any gun or cannon invented up to the year 1860. These battering-rams were probably as effective in knocking down a wall or staving in the side of a ship as the best modern cannon, but for making a breach, the guns are far superior. Such was the solidity and thickness of the walls of Jerusalem that, Josephus tells us, it took all of one night for an enormous battering-ram to dislodge four stones!

Vitruvius has left us the description of a ram weighing 480,000 pounds; but probably the most celebrated of all the ancient moving-tower rams was that constructed by Demetrius Poliorcetes at the siege of Rhodes. The base of the tower was seventy-five feet square. The ram itself was an assembly of large square beams resting on wheels in size proportioned to the weight of the structure, and all riveted together with iron. The feloes of the wheels were three feet thick and strengthened with iron plates. From each of the four angles of the tower a large pillar of wood was carried up to a height of 150 feet, and these pillars were inclined toward one another. The tower had three stories, communicating by two staircases each. Three sides of the machine were plated with iron to protect them against fire. In front of each story there were loop-holes, screened by leather curtains, to keep out darts, arrows, etc. Each story was provided with machines for throwing large stones and darts; and in the lower story was the ram itself, thirty fathoms long, and fashioned at the end into an iron beak, or prow. The entire machine was moved forward by 3,500 soldiers.

But it can easily be understood that among so many men some must be more or less exposed to the enemy's darts and arrows; and so, to drive the enemy from the walls and open places, to break the roofs of his houses, and otherwise annoy him, machines were necessary for throwing missiles, from small darts up to huge bowlders.

HEAVEN leaves a touch of the angel in all little children, to reward those about them for their heavy cares.

THE KOH-I-NUR.

INDIA has long been famous for its precious stones; two of the largest diamonds in the world—the Koh-i-nur and the Pitt—were found in the mines of Golconda.

There is a story told of a proud ruler in India who had a wonderful throne made for himself at Delhi. It was called the Peacock Throne, and represented by jewels a peacock with its head overlooking and its tail overshadowing the emperor when he was sitting upon the throne. The natural colours of the peacock were represented by the most brilliant stones that are found in that land of gems. Two great diamonds—one of which was the Koh-i-nur—were used for the eyes.

The king who had this gorgeous throne lived to be a very old man. After his death and that of several successors the reigning emperor was deposed by Nadir Shah, and the Peacock Throne was broken up and the beautiful jewels were scattered. Search was made for the Koh-i-nur, but it could not be found. After every effort had been made, Nadir Shah was secretly told that the emperor whom he had driven from the throne wore the valuable jewel hidden in his turban; so, during a great ceremony held at Delhi, Nadir Shah proposed to the deposed Mogul emperor that they should exchange turbans in token of good faith, according to their treaty. The conquered man could not refuse, and Nadir Shah carried off the turban in triumph, and in its fold he found the great diamond Koh-i-nur, which he called the "mountain of light."

In 1849 the Koh-i-nur came into the possession of the Queen of England, who, as sovereign of the British possessions in India, is called the "Empress of India." The diamond is so precious that it is guarded with the greatest care in Windsor Castle, and a model of it is kept in the jewel-room of the Tower of London.—*Our Sabbath Visitor.*

A HAPPY CHILD.

BISHOP RYLE, of England, says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl, eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun, nor moon, nor stars; nor grass, nor flowers, nor trees, nor birds, nor any of those pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her own father or mother; yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the Bishop had seen.

"She was journeying on the railroad this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her—not a friend or a relation to take care of her; yet, though totally blind, she was quite happy and content.

"Tell me," she said, to some one near by, 'how many people there are in this car. I am quite blind, and can see nothing.' And she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied, 'I am not frightened; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me.'

"But tell me," said the Bishop, "why you are so happy."

"I love Jesus, and he loves me. I sought Jesus, and I found him," was the reply."

The Bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read it to me, and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like best?" asked the Bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the gospels," she said; "but what I like the best of all are the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him, the Bishop read to her, as the train dashed along, Revelations 20th, 21st, and 22nd chapters.

Charlie's Story.

BY A. H. HUTCHINSON.

THE family pledge hung on the wall,
And on it you could see
The names of mamma and Mary Jane
And Charlie—that is me.

We didn't dare to ask papa
To write upon it too,
So left a space for him to fill;
'Twas all we dared to do.

He saw the pledge as soon as he
Came in the door that night;
And when we saw him reading it,
It put us in a fright.

He didn't say a word to us
About the pledge at all,
But oft we saw him look at it,
As it hung upon the wall.

And every night when he came home,
He stopped and read it through;
We all kept still about those words,
Although we knew them true.

Four weeks had passed, and then one night
When pa came home to tea,
He took the pledge down from its nail,
And then he turned to me:

"Go get the pen and ink, my boy,
And let me fill that space;
It looks so bare," he slowly said,
A queer look on his face.

And then mamma sat down and cried,
(She said it was for joy,)
And Mary Jane she cried some too;
I didn't—I'm a boy.

But papa says he did not drink
Since that first night when we
Had hung that pledge upon the wall
Where he our names could see.

And ever since that space was filled,
Mamma just said to-night,
Though dark may be our little room,
One corner now is light.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY FORCE.

WHAT a magnetic influence there is in the word *Chautauqua!* How it attracts from all quarters and inspires every heart to renewed zeal! There is not a scholar of high attainments in this or other lands who is not ready to place upon her altar the best fruits of his labours. The very name is now a synonym for consecrated study, refinement, Christian education, broad, liberal culture. This great institution has more followers than the armies of the greatest military chieftains whose names and deeds are recorded by history, and the result of their battles is more potent for the uplifting of mankind, the masses of humanity, than any other plan ever devised, save the religion of Jesus Christ. The silent forces of this powerful movement permeate every portion of the world. The scores of camp-fires in the different parts of this continent illuminate countless darkened intellects, and kindle a desire for knowledge in many a heart. The church, the school, the mission-field, the secular departments of life, all receive their share of blessings from this noblest of educational enterprises, which so perfectly marks the close of the nineteenth century. It has only just begun. Years of great usefulness are before it. Let its friends be true, and the future will show still grander achievements.

The Open Door.

WITHIN a town of Holland, once,
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night in vain for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, the eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, "In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she, "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so, to let the bird fly in,
I will uncloze the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw open the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why thus the door
Was open so at night.
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling, said,
"That ravens might fly in and bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, and said, "We thank thee, Lord,"
Then shut it fast once more.
For, though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

**INDIAN SCHOOL LIFE IN PORT SIMPSON,
BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

BY R. B. BEAVIS.

DEAR DR. WITHROW,—During the time I had charge of the school at Port Simpson, I often thought of writing a letter for the PLEASANT HOURS, and now that I am leaving I send you the following, hoping it will interest the many young people who read your paper:

When I entered upon my duties as teacher in October last, I found that a great many of the children were just returning from the different fishing stations where they had been with their parents during the summer months. The attendance steadily increased until November, when the register showed a roll of one hundred and fifty names.

To a stranger entering a large school of Indian boys and girls, the faces all seem alike, but he soon begins to distinguish them. Like the boys and girls at home, some are clever, some are dull. Some are like one thing, some another. Some are industrious, some are lazy. They soon become attached to their teacher, and they are delighted when he is pleased with their efforts to learn.

A good many learn very quickly. They have good memories, and they learn the meanings and spellings of long words as quickly as the cleverest boy or girl at home. Little Winnie, only four years of age, can recite the Ten Commandments.

It pleases them to hear the teacher talk their language, but they have many a laugh at his first attempts. On the other hand, if you laugh at them when they try to talk English, they are so shy they won't speak at all. They read and write well in English, but they are very timid about speaking it. They love to sing. They will sing hymn after hymn without seeming to grow tired. The school is always opened with singing, prayer and a Scripture lesson, and closed with singing and prayer. Like all children, they are fond of stories. They listen very attentively to Bible stories, and more especially to those about the Saviour who died for them. They also love to hear stories about the little boys and girls where the teacher comes from, about those little ones so far away who send them books and papers with such nice pictures and stories, and who save their pennies to spread the Gospel.

You will be glad to hear that these little children very seldom quarrel or get cross with one another. Some of them are very neat and tidy in their dress. The girls wear shawls and handkerchiefs instead of coats and hats. It pleases them very much if the teacher will only allow them to wear their handkerchiefs in school, especially when visitors are in, as they do not like to uncover their heads before strangers.

Then on Sunday afternoon we have our Sabbath-school. The children all join heartily in the singing. Each teacher has a class, and they talk about the lesson and recite verses just as you do.

During the winter months the cold winds and storms come, and then we need a fire, but we have no men to come with big horses and sleighs and bring great loads of wood and pile it up in the shed as you have. Now, how do you think we get our wood? The men and big boys go away out on the mountain-side, and they cut down big trees and slide them into the water. These they make into a raft, and then if there is a good wind they put up a big sail, and the wind and the tide bring them home. They tie up their raft to the land so that when the tide has gone out again it lies dry on the beach. Then they set to work with saws and axes and cut it up, and the boys and girls "pack" it up to the school-house on their backs. They enjoy the fun, but they must hurry, for the tide will be back again in a few hours, and if they have not carried away all the men have cut it will be taken away out to sea. When it is all "packed" and piled nicely in the shed they are tired, but it pleases them to know they have done something useful. Thus the time goes on. It is pleasing to see how these boys and girls are trying to learn and to make their lives more useful and happy.

Twenty of the girls live in the "Home." There they are trained to be useful. They make their own dresses, do the cooking, baking, cleaning, washing, ironing, scrubbing, and all the other little things that have to be done in and around a household. Besides this, they receive Scripture lessons, learn hymns and verses, and I am sure you will be glad to know that the older girls have a Bible-class of their own. They meet every Wednesday evening in their class-room, where they read and study the Scripture with singing and prayer.

But it is not all work and lessons here. These boys and girls like fun and a holiday as well as you do. So when the warm days are here and the beautiful sun comes from behind the mountains, they go for a picnic on the beach. Their teachers go along with them. Sometimes they walk a mile and a half to Long Beach, where they play about on the white sands or climb the hills in the wood to look for flowers, moss and salmon-berries until they are tired out. Then they have tea, singing and

prayers, after which they go home feeling just as you do after you have had that long ramble in the fields.

Once this summer we went in a big canoe. Some of you never saw a big canoe, did you? Well, they are hewn out of large cedar trees. A good one will carry easily thirty men. We were twenty-eight in all. With Sarah for a captain and Hannah and Betsey and Jane and about a dozen others paddling, away we went over the bay to the white beach beyond. We had a delightful time, and we all came home refreshed with new vigour for our work.

It is encouraging to know that a number of these children have given their hearts to Jesus and are trying to live Christian lives. It is a blessed thought that wherever the Gospel goes the people are lifted up and the children made happy. Though you may not be called to leave home as a missionary you can help the work by saving your pennies for the missionary box, and the little you do in the name of Jesus will not lose its reward.

The Waning Year.

BY REV. A. B. RUSSELL.

THE year has passed its middle life,
Its locks are getting thin,
For it has reached the mystic bound,
Where sombre days begin.

The little birds which sang so sweet
Are hushed to silence now;
They've left their nests which empty swing
Upon the yielding bough.

On every tree we see the march
Of the relentless thief,
Which steals the beauty June bestowed,
And leaves the yellow leaf.

October wears a mottled coat,
November sheds a tear;
And winds which sweep the hill and plain
Will rock the waning year.

Thus year by year, with breathless haste,
Swift time speeds nimbly by;
The ages creep, the centuries walk,
While years take wings and fly.

We look around, and lo! we see
Our kin bowed down with grief;
Springtime and summer are no more,
Life's in the yellow leaf.

We raise our eyes and look aloft
Above the din of strife,
To him who tides his loved ones o'er,
To an eternal life.

Then let old Time speed on the wing,
Roll round the hastening year,
Till God shall take his ransomed home,
And dry the falling tear.

THE LITTLE CHAP'S HYMN.

THE following testimony was given by a working-man, and it may cheer those who labour among the young:

"I've heard tell how teachers don't see much fruit of their trouble. I think the lady that teaches our little chap would like to know what good he has done me with one of his hymns. I'd an anxious load. I was carrying it on my mind day and night, never thinking about the Lord who could have given me rest; but I became so worried that one night I lay tossing about and couldn't get a bit of sleep. Our little boy was ill, and he woke up restless, too. But what does he do in the dark but break out into singing; and it seemed like a message right into my heart. It was only a child's hymn, learned among the infants; but it was just what I wanted. My little chap sung on about him I had forgotten, and then and there I was able to gather up my trouble every bit, and I took it to my Father."

The Dirge of the Leaves.

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

As the leaves are falling, falling,
On the meadow and the lawn,
Hear them in the twilight calling,
Hear them in the frosty dawn—
Farewell, summer, in whose morning
We put on our primal green,
Now in gold and crimson burning,
Quivering in the autumn sheen.

As the leaves are falling, falling,
Seem they pensive thus to say—
(While the tinted meadow palling),
Farewell, summer, for decay
Sends us to the earth to moulder
'Neath our dwelling on the bough;
Dinner are the suns, and colder
Is the breeze that fans us now.

As the leaves are falling, falling,
Cometh, too, a triumph tone,
As of stricken heroes calling
After final victory won.
Saith it: Mortal, can your story
Witness, at the closing strife,
On your shroud a brighter glory
Than the fairest hues of life?

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., Svo., monthly.....	0 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100	
per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	0 30
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies..	0 25
Less than 20 copies.....	0 22
Over 20 copies.....	0 30
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 25
Less than 20 copies.....	0 22
Over 20 copies.....	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 12
20 copies and upwards.....	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 12
20 copies and upwards.....	0 15
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

29 to 33 Richmond St. West and 80 to 86 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES,

8 Bleury Street,
Montreal.

S. F. BUSTIS,

Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

THE THREE SHIP OWNERS.

THERE were, many years ago, three merchants in a seaport town, who owned ships which were to make a voyage—first to Egypt, then to a Russian port on the Baltic Sea, and thence home. When the vessels were loaded, the captains waited for a favourable wind. The harbour was so situated that there was no way for ships to get out except when the wind blew in a certain direction.

When Sunday morning came, the wind was fair, and the masters of the ships went to their respective owners for sailing orders. Two of them received their orders, and immediately put to sea; but the owner of the remaining vessel told his captain he must remain in port until the next day.

Before Monday came the wind had changed, and remained contrary until the next Sunday, when it again came round fair.

The captain went to the owner's house to procure the ship's papers, and to get his sailing orders. But the owner said, "No; you must not go. No ship of mine shall ever leave port on a Sabbath."

The captain tried to reason the point, but it was all in vain. The owner declared that his ship

should not put to sea on the Lord's-day, if it never sailed. He was willing to trust in Providence.

Some time during the following week, the ship at last got off—at least ten days behind the others. It arrived in Egypt just as the other ships were about to sail for the Baltic. In the meantime, the news had gone through the country that American vessels were in port, wishing to sell their cargoes, and to purchase rice. This brought so much rice in, that, by the time the third ship reached the port, the market was glutted, so that the captain bought his rice cheap, and sold his cargo at an advanced price, thus making a much better bargain than the others.

When the rice was all on board, the vessel started for the Baltic, where, by previous arrangement, all three ships were to sell their rice, and load with iron to bring home. By the time the third ship reached the Russian port, the two others had bought their iron, and were nearly loaded. By this time there was an abundance of iron for sale, so that the captain again had a chance to buy cheaper than the others.

The ships reached home about the same time, and when the accounts were all settled, it was found that the third ship had cleared as much as the two others together. So, in this case, nothing was lost by keeping the Sabbath.

DR. SUTHERLAND IN JAPAN.

My first public service in Japan was conducted in the Mission School building at Azabu, Tokyo, on Sunday morning, June 2nd. Pupils of both schools were present, and other members of Mr. Hiraiwa's congregation, in all, about 350 persons. As many of the people could not understand English, the service had to be translated—a very trying process to the preacher, who had to pause every few minutes while his words were repeated in Japanese; but I was fortunate in having Mr. Hiraiwa for an interpreter, and admirably did he perform the task. Our brethren and sisters of the Mission were greatly amused at the way I was introduced. Mr. Hiraiwa presented me to the congregation as "Hakasè Sutherland Kun," the latter word being pronounced "coon." The first word is equivalent to "Doctor," (not medical), and signifies broad—a broad man, i.e., a man of broad knowledge or culture. The same word is used in translating Matt. ii. 1 to designate the wise men who came from the east. "Kun" is a title of honour, signifying "prince," "master," or "lord," or a very honourable form of "Mister." Of course some one suggested that by the time I returned home the phrase would be shortened to "wise coon," and that, in turn, would be transformed to "old coon." Such is fame!

In the afternoon I went with Dr. Cochran, through a pouring rain, to Aoyama, where he preached an excellent sermon to the foreigners connected with the schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Our M. E. brethren have a splendid property here of about twenty-five acres, within the city limits, where the munificence of friends at home has enabled them to erect substantial buildings. In the evening I preached again at Azabu, and on this occasion went through without stopping. Mr. Hiraiwa took notes, and afterwards gave the substance of the sermon in Japanese.

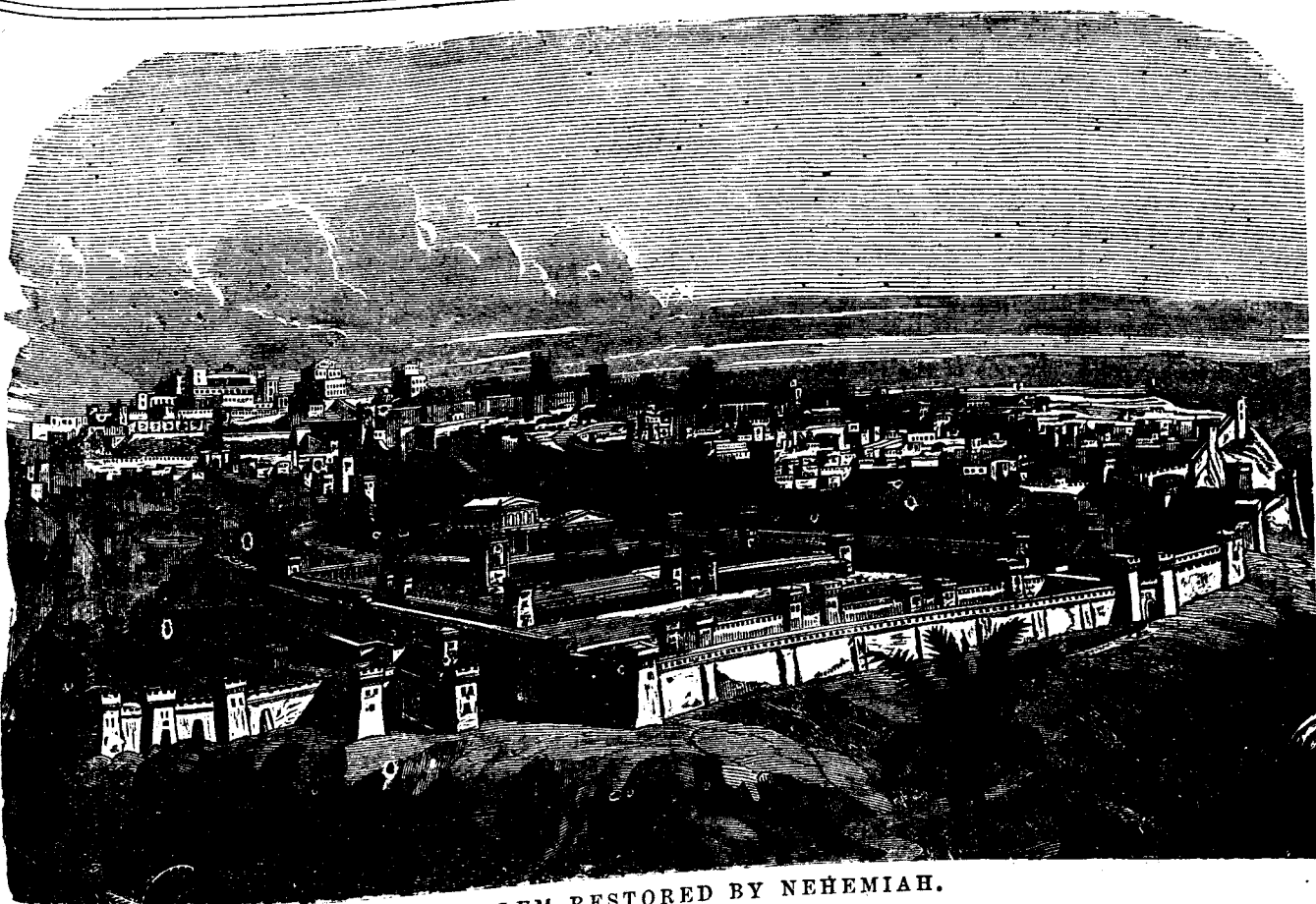
On Wednesday there was no business engagement, so a small party was organized, and we paid a visit to Asakusa, a part of the city where there is a famous Buddhist temple. On the way to the entrance, we passed along a well-paved street, with a succession of shops, recently built, on either side. In the temple are the usual shrines, etc. In the

open space where worshippers and visitors gather, is a wooden image of the god of health. Here the people come in large numbers to rub against the image, to be cured of various diseases. By constant rubbing the features of the image have been completely worn away, and it is now but a shapeless block of wood, and very dirty at that. Sick people will come and rub their hands over the eyes, ears, throat or breast of the image, and then apply the hand to the corresponding part of their own bodies—an excellent way of spreading disease, one would think, but a very poor way of curing it. A constant stream of people passed through the temple, but most of them seemed to be sight-seers rather than worshippers. A considerable number followed our party, watching our movements, but showing no impoliteness. We next went through the grounds. Here mammon is invading the domain of religion, and there are numerous small shops for the sale of refreshments, curios, etc. Here is also a small zoological garden, with a limited number of animals and birds. On leaving the grounds we passed through another street of shops, and came to a recent structure somewhat resembling pictures one has seen of the Tower of Babel. By an easy ascent, which circles round and round, we reached the top, from which we had an extensive view of the city in all directions. Descending, we made our way to Ueno Park, a most delightful sylvan retreat, and got lunch at a restaurant where foreign food was served in good style. We then visited in succession the zoological gardens—not very extensive, but with some fine animals—the educational museum, and the general museum. In one part of the educational museum I was pleased to see photographs of many of our educational buildings in Toronto and other points in Ontario. This museum, as a whole, would do credit to any country. The general museum was also a surprise. In addition to curios, etc., it contains industrial sections showing the manufactures of Japan and of several other countries, and is a most interesting place. Our trip to-day must have aggregated some nine or ten miles, and was made almost wholly by street cars—a striking evidence of the extent to which western ways are intruding into this land of the Orient.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

In the month of July an article appeared in this paper on meteoric stones. That article, after enumerating a number of remarkable meteorites, stated that one had recently fallen in Claysville, Pa., weighing 200 tons, the largest ever known to have been observed. An intelligent reader of this paper, doubting the accuracy of the statement, wrote to the post-mistress at Claysville, inquiring as to the truth of the statement, and received a reply that it was a hoax—that no such stone had fallen. While we deem it right to make this correction, we deem it also right to state that many large meteorites resembling those which were described in the article in this paper have, according to the best scientific authority, really fallen. The present writer has himself seen a meteorite in the British Museum weighing over five tons. Another in the Copenhagen Museum weighs ten tons, and one in the Royal Academy of Stockholm weighs over twenty-five tons.

ONE evening a little girl sat very still for a long time, listening to her grandpa's stories of old times. All at once she jumped up and began hopping around in a funny fashion. "Why, what's the matter?" asked grandpa. "O! O!" cried Nellie, "my foot feels 'zactly like a pincushion that's alive!"



JERUSALEM RESTORED BY NEHEMIAH.

JERUSALEM RESTORED BY NEHEMIAH.

AFTER the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity they were greatly distressed that the Holy City Jerusalem was laid waste, and its walls thrown down, and its temple destroyed. But brave Nehemiah rallied them to the task of rebuilding the city, and this is the way they went about it—a very good plan to be followed in the building up of God's spiritual temple—"The people had a mind to work."

"But it came to pass, that when Sanballat heard that we builded the wall, he was wroth, and took great indignation, and mocked the Jews. And he spake before his brethren and the army of Samaria, and said, What do these feeble Jews? will they fortify themselves? will they sacrifice? will they make an end in a day? will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned? Now Tobiah the Ammonite was by him, and he said, Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall. Hear, O our God; for we are despised: and turn their reproach upon their own head, and give them for a prey in the land of captivity: And cover not their iniquity, and let not their sin be blotted out from before thee: for they have provoked thee to anger before the builders. So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof: for the people had a mind to work."

THE CHAUTAUQUA IDEA.

CHAUTAUQUA is a place in the western part of the State of New York, about fifty miles from Buffalo. By nature it is a place of beauty and charm. From olden time it was selected as a central and suitable place for the annual camp-meeting, for special religious services. Having served this purpose, it was then secured by Lewis Miller and Rev. John H. Vincent, both leaders in Sabbath-school work. To this work this place was devoted as a summer school for Sabbath-school teachers and Christian workers. It met a felt want, as was manifested by the numbers who repaired thither for three weeks' or a month's study of the "Word and works of God," and conference

with experienced teachers, returning home stimulated for wiser work and larger study.

After a few years a larger scope of work was desired, and on the first part of the Chautauqua Idea was engrafted what is known over the world as "The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle," organized in 1878, and having found a home in America, India, Japan, and China. It presents a four years' course of reading, that calls forth personal effort in a most fruitful direction, making every home a centre of cheerful influence and healthful mental activity in "the study of the Word and works of God."

Two years are given to "Ancient Life and Literature," as presented in Greek and Roman books—looked upon and thought upon from the clean large bay window of the English language. Two years are given to English History and Literature, as written and read in England proper, embracing one year in American History, the History of Canada being set down as parallel with that of the United States, and as the alternative in choice. Helpful books are selected in Zoology, Chemistry and Politics. One hour per day enables the reader to get over the course, and in the end he finds that he has built up a healthy taste for literature, and a force of habit more precious than gold, and an equipment for usefulness in the best work of life—that cannot be substituted by any position that office or money may give.

Such is the double aspect of the "Chautauqua Idea." And from the place we name the idea embodied in Chautauqua as an institution. Transplanted into many lands and languages, with means of life in itself—teaching the Word and works of God.

We have six thousand readers in Canada, the larger portion of whom have completed the four years' course, and are going on with other departments of reading.

With such a constituency, men and women of every Christian denomination have been found willing to invest means to give the Idea a visible home in the Dominion. This home is at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario. The third assembly has

just closed, with the most hopeful outlook for the future.

At the late assembly the members of the "Literary and Scientific Circle," from the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, have organized the Canadian Department, by electing a President, Secretary, and Committee of Management; and our object in this open letter is to urge that application from all the Provinces of the Dominion be made to the Secretary, the pioneer Chautauquan of Canada, Lewis C. Peake, Esq., Victoria street, Toronto, for papers and circulars giving details as to the course of reading and the formation of circles. The year of work begins with October first.

The idea opens a door of entrance and usefulness to the minister of the Gospel among his people, that can be exceeded in importance only by his immediate work of preaching the Word. For

boys and girls who have finished school life, and, as is painfully the case, have not formed habits of reading or love for pure literature, we know of nothing equal to "The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." The selection of books is cosmopolitan, and stimulating to mental activity. We appeal for three thousand readers in Canada. We call upon those who have finished the four years' course, or passing on, to double your influence by getting another.

In the name of the Literary and Scientific Department in Canada, I have the honour of being

Yours truly,

JOHN McEWEN, President.

Lakefield, Ont.

THE CARE OF BOOKS.

THE following remarks on the care of books will be welcome to our book-loving young people who want to know how to take good care of their friends:

"The proper way to clean books is to take two of about the same size and strike their sides smartly together several times until all the dust is expelled, and not apply cloth, brush or duster, in any circumstances, to the gilt or leather. If treated in this way, books will retain their original freshness for years. Books in cases without glass fronts retain their freshness longer than when put in closed cases. More dust will collect upon books exposed, but it is a dust which comes off readily. When put behind glass doors or in cupboards, less dust settles upon them, but in localities where soft coal is used it is a fine sooty dust which, when treated with a cloth, brush or duster, acts like a black oily paint, discolours the leather and dulls the gilt. On books which are openly exposed this sooty dust mixes with an innocuous and coarser dust, and it all comes off together. These facts explain what seems at first paradoxical—that the more we try to keep books away from dust and the more we clean them, the dirtier they become."

THOSE to whom the earth is not consecrated will find their heaven profane.

Early Lost, Early Saved.

WINDS her downy cradle, there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her smiled.
A strife arose among them—a holy, loving strife,
Which should shed the richest blessing over the new-born
life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty
grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of azure
hue;
Till every one who saw her was thankful for the sight
Of a face so radiant with ever-fresh delight.

Another gave her accents and a voice as musical
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's fall;
Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of childish
grace,
Loved as much to listen to her as to look upon her face.

Another brought from Heaven a clear and gentle mind,
And within the lovely casket, the precious gem enshrined;
Till all who knew her wondered that God should be so
good,
As to bless with such a spirit our desert world and rude.

Then outspoke another angel—nobler, brighter than the
rest—

As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his breast;
"Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal
race,

But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her face:

"Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her tongue,
And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be
wrung;

Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know the taint of sin:

"Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is no sin nor anguish, nor sorrow nor decay;
And mine a gift more glorious than all your gifts shall be—
Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality!"

Then on his heart the darling yielded up her gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best, was
DEATH.

PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XXII.**PILGRIM PLACE.**

WHEN Banner left the ward where Tom's life of poverty and privation had been exchanged for a rich and glorious immortality, he went out into the noisy streets of the city, looking upon every one whom he met, but especially upon the street boys like Tom, with a new and deep interest. He was sad; but the words Tom had spoken were so occupying his brain still, that he could not help murmuring to himself: "We needn't be afraid of loving God." He had been influenced, hitherto, chiefly of wholly by the dread of standing at the bar of God, and all his religion had been darkened by the dread of him as a Judge. When he was about his duty—and he had striven hard to be a conscientious and efficient police-officer—he had been constantly engaged in suspecting, accusing, and arresting wrong-doers, and bringing them to justice, until his heart had been closed against the thought of the compassionate and tender relationship which God is willing to enter into with men—even the chief of sinners. But Tom's words had pierced through all the hardness which had gathered round him, and had placed God before him in a new light.

Yes, God was our Father; not only Creator, King, and Judge, but, above all and beyond all these, our Heavenly Father; and every one who would truly hallow his name must know him by the name of Father. Each one of the wretched

and degraded creatures who looked askance at Banner as he passed by, or slunk away out of sight down back streets and narrow slums, might, through the grace of Christ, become a child of God. With what different eyes did he regard them, and how pityingly he began to think of their condition! He marvelled at his own hard exactness, when he had pursued them with the rigour of the law, and he said to himself: "They are my brothers and sisters; and they also may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty."

IN one of the pleasant suburbs of Manchester, about two miles from the busy and noisy heart of the city, there is a cemetery, where the din of the streets can be scarcely heard, and where Tom had sometimes been with Nat Pendlebury and the children, walking with them quietly amongst the trees and flowers which are planted round the graves. Here, in a sunny place, farthest from the noise of the road which passes by the gates, they buried Tom, with many tears, yet thinking of him as having gone to the true home, from which he should go out no more for ever. It was a long way from Pilgrim Street, but as they stood looking down into the open grave, Nat and Alice said to one another that their walk would oftenest be to see that it was kept free from weeds, and that flowers bloomed upon it, as upon many other graves in the pleasant cemetery. They lingered for a while in the quiet of the place, as if reluctant to leave the spot where their loved Tom was lying; but at last, when the shadows of the coming evening fell, they turned away with a feeling of peaceful sadness, and with slow footsteps went back through the bustling, noisy thoroughfares, where no one knew and no one cared either for the sadness or the peace, until they reached their own dark but familiar Pilgrim Street.

"I will turn in with you, Nat," said Banner, who had been one of them at Tom's funeral, and lingered with them beside his grave, and walked leisurely home with them in the twilight. "I feel as if I should be lonesome in my lodgings, and I want to talk with you a bit. You'll let me come in, won't you?"

Would they let him come in! Why, Banner was like a dear old friend to them by this time, and not one of the little ones even was afraid of him. To the folks of the world outside, perhaps, he might seem as stiff and stern as ever, and that was a question in the minds of Alice and Nat; but to them his face was mild and gentle, and his voice the welcome voice of a friend. He might come in and out of their house as he pleased, and never see a cold or frightened look on their faces: and he, feeling sure of that in his inmost heart, stepped in, and took a seat in the chimney-corner, with little Joey on his knee.

"If only Tom and Phil were here," said Banner, glancing round him, "it would be something like the day we all had tea together, after poor Tom came home, the first time I ever had tea with you, Nat. Will you let me have some to-night?"

Would they! Whether Nat spoke first, or Alice jumped up first to put the kettle on the fire, it would be hard to say. There was still a vague sadness, and sense of something lost, clinging to them; but Banner's appeal to their hospitality recalled them to their usual activity, and Nat hustled about, and helped to set everything in readiness, whilst the water boiled in the kettle.

In an incredibly short time the tea was ready, and they sat down to it with grave but pleasant enjoyment. Perhaps they were not quite so long over it as over the feasts on Phil's holidays, and once or twice Alice had to wipe the tears away

from her eyes; but they were not melancholy. Why should they grieve as those who know not what has become of their loved and lost ones?

They gathered round the fire again when tea was over, and sang one of Tom's favourite hymns—that hymn which he sang to himself as he went home to his father's sordid lodging-room, after the pleasant day at Alderley. Tom's funeral-day had brought each one of them also "a day's march nearer home;" and when they came to the last verse they sang the chorus over three or four times, one after another beginning afresh, as if they could not leave off singing Tom's hymn. Then Banner, with Joey on his knee, looked hard at Nat, and a stern expression—the old, stern look—came back to his face.

"I've something to say, Mr. Pendlebury," he said, so severely, that Nat sat bolt upright in his chair: "I've been a policeman this fifteen years, and it's been my duty to take people up, and watch 'em, and spy after 'em, and generally to be rather pleased when I caught any of 'em up to mischief; all of which has been very much against me as a Christian man. More than that, I've lived in lodgings, and always been obliged to keep my eye upon my landlady, and be very sharp, lest I got cheated; and there's been nothing at home or abroad to keep my heart soft and loving. Before I knew poor Tom, and for a long time afterwards, I was a hard man; and I thought that God Almighty was harder than me, and was always watching for our sins, and reckoning them up, like a miser reckons his gold, as if he took a delight in judging us. Ah! he must judge us, I know; but, if I may so say, it's a grief and trouble to him, and he has given his only begotten Son to deliver us from his judgments. But the question with me, Mr. Pendlebury, is: How can I keep myself from being so hard?"

Nat was not sitting so upright now, and there was a smile upon his face very pleasant to see, before which Banner's frown quickly vanished away.

"I'm not a scholar," answered Nat, "but I can tell thee how I keep happy and content. I try to think of God, and look up to him, just like the little ones do to me. Why, bless thee, little Suey knows almost nothing about me, save that I'm her father. She doesn't know my name is Nathaniel Pendlebury, and I'm the watchman at Worthington's mill; and she doesn't know how I get the food she eats, and the clothes she puts on; but she does know I'm father, and loves her dearly. Well, we cannot know much more than that of God till we are grown up in heaven; so, when I begin to feel hard and mistrustful, I look at the little ones, and see how they trust me, and I go and try to do the same towards God."

"I haven't any little ones about me," said Banner, somewhat sadly.

"And then," continued Nat, "if I feel hard against other folks, I think, maybe, after all they'll go to the same home in the long run, and have the same Father, and it 'ud never do to shut your hearts agen your own brothers and sisters. The children never make me so angry as when they quarrel one with another, and, maybe, it is the same with him above."

"Nat," said Banner, after a few minutes of profound thought, "I've had a plan in my head ever since poor Tom died, which would be good for us all, I hope, and would make me a happier man. I've saved a good sum of money, being single and steady, though I say it of myself, and a few weeks ago I bought two cottages up near the cemetery. They are built with a little parlour and a bay-window to the front, and a bit of garden, and

kitchen and a good scullery behind, and a yard and a drying-ground at the back. Upstairs there are three bedrooms—a little one over the scullery, and the other two a fair size. They are not papered and painted yet, but they soon will be. Now, I'm tired of living in lodgings, and always having my eye on the landlady; and what I wish to propose is this: Why shouldn't you and the children come and live with me, in one of my own cottages, and Alice keep house for us all? I should have somebody to care for, and to care for me, and not have everything at home and abroad to keep me a hard man."

Banner's proposal struck Nat with such utter amazement, that he could only stare at him for a few moments; while Banner's face grew red, and his eyebrows were knitted into a heavy frown. But the embarrassing silence was broken by Alice, who clapped her hands together in delight.

"Oh, I should like it!" she cried; "and, Mr. Banner, I would try to be the very best house-keeper in Manchester. Father, the children 'ud grow up strong and hearty, better than here. Only Kitty and father 'ud be too far from the mill."

"I've thought of that, Alice," said Banner, smiling again. "Mrs. Worthington and me were talking it over, and she said if Kitty liked she'd take her into her own service, and have her well brought up to be a house-servant, and the same with Polly and the others as they grew out of hand. It's better for young girls than the mill, Nat. And you can go down outside the 'bus for two-pence of an evening and morning, if you didn't like the walk. And Phil is to be sent to a real grand school, for Mr. Hope says he is clever enough to learn many things they don't teach at Ardwick. So, if you agree to my plan, Nat, I think we shall all be pretty well settled. We shall be near poor Tom's grave—though why I call him poor I don't know—and of evenings the children and me will keep it as neat and pretty as a garden."

Nat looked round him upon the poor cellar where he had lived so long; on the window, with its little, dark panes of discoloured glass; and the scanty furniture, and the many-coloured screen—and the tears sprang to his eyes.

The change would be very good and pleasant for the children; but for Nat himself, his feet would often turn towards Pilgrim Street, when they ought to be taking another road to another home. But he was very thankful; and letting the tears dry without wiping them away, lest they should damp the joy of the children, he stretched out his hand, and shook Banner's heartily.

"I can't thank thee," he said, "but some day or other thee will know how much good thee has done me and the little ones. I've been very happy in Pilgrim Street, and I love the very sound of the name. What's the name of the new houses, Mr. Banner?"

"They haven't any name yet," answered Banner. "We couldn't call it a street, because there are only two houses, but we might, if you all liked, call it Pilgrim Place, to keep the old home in your minds. What do you think of it for a name?"

It was agreed unanimously that Pilgrim Place would be the very best name to give the new home.

They did not, however, take possession of it until the Lady-Day following; and after all the labour and disorder of settling down was over, little Phil, who was staying for the few days of the Easter holidays at Mrs. Worthington's, was invited to come and see them. When he and Banner approached the cottage, they saw all the children looking out for their arrival; and as soon as they

came in sight, they sallied forth with shouts of welcome to meet them.

It was a fine, mild spring day; and before they went into the house, Nat and Alice came out, and, locking the door behind them, they bent their steps to the cemetery where Tom's grave was.

The trees were covered with purple buds, which would, by-and-by, burst into leaf; and there was still a snowdrop or two blossoming amid the turf which covered the grava. They talked together in low but cheerful voices; and Banner, kneeling down beside little Suey—the youngest of them all—guided her tiny fingers along the last line carved upon the headstone, while he spelt, letter by letter, these words:—

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

THE END.

WHAT A LITTLE BOOK DID.

MR. S. A. BLACKWOOD relates that he was travelling on the top of a coach from London to Croydon, and, after discussing the topics of the day with one who sat beside him, he turned the conversation to the things of heaven, to the disgust of another passenger sitting near, who talked of "canting hypocrites," etc., and, when the coach stopped, left his seat. In descending, the pocket of his coat opened, and Mr. Blackwood dropped in a little book, entitled *Eternal Life*.

When the gentleman reached home, and emptied his pockets, he found, among other things, a small book that he knew nothing of, and, reading its title, he at once guessed who put it there, and, in his rage, he tore it to pieces and threw it inside the fender.

When he returned from town next day, his ire was increased by finding the pieces on his toilet table. He immediately rang the bell, and asked the servant why they had not been destroyed. And when she replied that, in gathering them up, she had seen the word "eternity," and did not like to burn them, she was angrily ordered from his presence.

When the servant had gone, he began to look for the word that had so arrested her attention; and then he sought to connect sentences by strips of paper that one buys around stamps, and managed in this way to fasten the book together, and became converted through reading it.

One day, when Mr. Blackwood was walking in Cheapside, he was startled by the exclamation, "You are the man!" and a ragged book was held up to his astonished gaze. He disclaimed all knowledge of that particular book, and was then informed of the circumstances related above, and of the spiritual change in the heart of the gentleman that had taken place by means of it.

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

Now, these are not very hard "sums." How many of our young friends will work them out and send us the correct answers?

1. 120,000 die a drunkard's death every year. How many a day?
2. There are about 800,000 drunkards in the United States. How many cities of 40,000 inhabitants each would these drunkards form?
3. If a family spends twelve cents a day for beer, how much is expended in twelve months? How many loaves of bread, at six cents a loaf, could be bought for that money?
4. A smoker spends twenty-five cents a day for cigars. How many dollars will he spend in one-half a year? How many books at fifty cents apiece could he buy with this money?

5. At thirty-five cents a gallon, what is a family's beer bill for sixty days, taking two quarts daily? How many pairs of shoes, at \$2 a pair, will this money purchase?

6. A fourteen-year-old boy began to smoke cigarettes, and smoked fifteen cents' worth daily till he reached his twenty-first year. How many books, worth \$1 each, could he buy with the money spent?

7. A poor man, seventy years of age, was sent to the almshouse. Had he saved the money he spent for tobacco since he was twenty years of age, providing he spent an average of \$50 a year, how much would he have had?

8. A teetotaler and a drinker started together on a journey, each with his own horse and waggon. The distance was 700 miles. The horses each travelled at the rate of five miles an hour. The teetotaler made the journey in twenty days. The drinker stopped three times a day at the public houses on the way for his dram, losing on an average fifteen minutes every time. How many days did it take him to make the journey?

Indifference.

If I and mine are safe at home,
It matters not what wolves go by,
Nor that my neighbour's children roam,
Nor that I hear them loudly cry
Help! help! help! help!

If mine are safe and undefiled,
It matters not what woe betide,
Nor who beguiled my neighbour's child,
Nor that by ruthless hand it died
Calling for help.

I've taught my own and made them wise;
I've watched them well and kept them pure;
My care the greed of wolves defies;
My walls are high, my gates secure,
I need no help.

Alas! my child has climbed the wall,
Is out among the wolves so fierce
(I dreamed not harm could him befall),
But now their fangs his flesh will pierce—
Help! help! help! help!

Think not the Lord will spare thy child,
If thou hast seen the wolves go by,
Nor warned thy neighbour's son beguiled
To pitfalls, where he sure must die
For want of help.

Or here, or there, the Lord will meet
To thee the measure of thy deeds;
Works make the prayer of faith complete.
To help thy neighbour in his needs
God doth of thee require.

THEY GOT THEIR SHARE.

DURING the revolutionary times of 1848, two stalwart leaders of the people entered the Rothschilds' bank in Frankfort and thus addressed the baron:

"You have millions on millions and we have nothing. You must divide with us."

"Very well, gentlemen," calmly replied the baron. "What do you suppose, now, the firm of Rothschild is worth?"

"About forty millions of florins."

"Forty millions of florins, you think, eh? Well, there are just forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin apiece. Here are yours. Now, of course, you are satisfied. Good-morning."

The advocates of equality were bowed out.

THE superintendent of a London suburban Sunday-school, addressing his school on New-Year's Sunday, said: "Now, my boys, I wish you all a happy New-Year, and hope you will be better boys this year than you were last." "Same to you, sir!" from different parts of the school.

The River Time.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

OH! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical
rhyme
And a broader sweep and surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of
snow,
And the summer like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come
and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and its
flow
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing,
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is the "Long-ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of
snow,
There are heaps of dust—oh! we loved
them so—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody
sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept and a harp without
strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And garments our loved used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the
fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbu-
lent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone
before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle
All the day of our life until night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful
smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1018] **LESSON VII.** [Nov. 17

DAVID'S LAST WORDS.

2 Sam. 23. 1-7. Memory verses, 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He hath made with me an everlasting
covenant, ordered in all things and sure.—
2 Sam. 23. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. The Psalmist, v. 1, 2.
2. His Song, v. 3-7.

TIME.—1018 B. C.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*His word was in my tongue*—A direct avowal of inspiration by Jehovah. *Rock of Israel*—So called because God was the firm foundation of his people. Ver. 4 needs no special explanation, but careful attention to its beautiful similes is urged. *My house be not so*—David's family had not begun in reference to the kingdom like the day described in ver. 4, and the history had been clouded with sin, yet he rejoiced in the covenant. *Thorns thrust away*—Even as men root up, cut down, and burn thorns, so will God destroy all opposition to his kingdom.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That God makes his servants joyful?
2. That God makes his servants useful?
3. That God makes his servants to be honoured?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the character of David's last words? "They were a psalm of

praise." 2. For what principle of govern-
ment does he praise God? "For justice
that fears God." 3. To what does he liken
such a ruler? "To a morning without
clouds." 4. What does he say will be the
end of those who oppose God's righteous
ruler? "They shall be thrust away like
thorns." 5. In what confident trust does
the singer of this song rest? "He hath
made with me," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Rock of
Israel.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

52. What is the other part of man?
His body, which is flesh and blood, and
will die.
Be not afraid of them which kill the body,
but are not able to kill the soul.—Matthew
10. 28.

B.C. 1014] **LESSON VIII.** [Nov. 24

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.

1 Kings 3. 5-15. Memory verses, 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wisdom is better than rubies. Prov.
8. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. Solomon's Request, v. 5-9.
2. God's Answer, v. 10-15.

TIME.—1014 B.C.

PLACE.—Gibeon.

EXPLANATIONS.—*In a dream by night*—
The old and well-known method of God's
appearance. *And Solomon said*—That is,
he dreamed that he said. *A little child*—
Not in age: he was at least twenty years of
age, but he was raw and inexperienced. *Can-
not be numbered*—Of course they could
be numbered, but the expression denotes
their great prosperity as a people. *The
speech pleased the Lord*—Solomon had offered
at Gibeon a sacrifice and prayer, and this,
doubtless, was the cause of the dream.
And the real speech of his uttered prayer
was what pleased the Lord.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. An example of true humility?
2. An example of true wisdom?
3. An example of true piety?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Under what circumstances did Solomon
have his revelation from God? "While
worshipping God at Gibeon." 2. How did
God make his revelation? "In a dream by
night." 3. What was his command to
Solomon? "Ask what I shall give thee."
4. What was his request of God? "To
have an understanding heart." 5. What was
the effect of his request? "The speech
pleased the Lord." 6. What testimony did
Solomon give concerning wisdom in after
years? "Wisdom is better than rubies."
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—True wisdom.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

53. In what else is your soul different
from your body?
My soul is that within me which thinks
and knows, desires and wills, rejoices and is
sorry, which my body cannot do.
54. Is not your soul then of great value?
Yes; because it is myself.
What is a man profited, if he gain the
whole world, and lose or forfeit his own
self?—Luke ix. 25.

THE MOTHER.

THERE is no human love like a
mother's love. There is no human
tenderness like a mother's tenderness.
And there is no such time for a mother
first displaying her love and tender-
ness toward her child as in the child's
earliest years of life. That time neg-
lected, and no future can make good
the loss to either mother or child.
That time well improved, and all the
years that follow it can profit by its
improvement. Even God himself
measures his fatherly love by a
motherly standard. "As one whom
his mother comforteth, so I will com-

fort you," he says; and what more
than this could he say? And many a
strong man who was first comforted by
his mother's loving and tender words
and ways while he was a helpless child,
has never lost his grateful, trusting
dependence on that mother's ministry
of affection and sympathy.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was
fifty years old, he wrote to his aged
mother as if he were still her wayward
but loving boy: "You have been the
best mother, and, I believe, the best
woman in the world. I thank you for
all the indulgences to me, and beg
forgiveness for all that I have done ill,
and for all that I have omitted to do
well."

John Quincy Adams did not part
with his mother until he was nearly or
quite fifty years of age; yet his cry
even then was, "O, God, could she
have been spared yet a little longer.
Without her the world feels to me like
a solitude."

When President Nott, of Union
College, was more than ninety years
old, and had been a college president
half a century, as strength and sense
failed him in his dying-hours, the
memory of his mother's tenderness was
fresh and potent; and he could be
hushed to needed sleep by a gentle
patting on the shoulder and the sing-
ing to him of the old-time lullabies, as
if his mother were still sitting at his
bedside in loving ministry, as she had
been well-nigh a century before. The
true son never grows old to a true
mother.—*Sunday School Times.*

AN INEBRIATE CURED.

A FEW days ago a gentleman resid-
ing in Dublin was sojourning near
Cork on account of his health. He
was a confirmed inebriate, and had
nearly wrecked his life by indulgence
in strong drink. At a prayer meeting
which was held in the Metropolitan
Hall, Dublin, his sister, a godly Chris-
tian woman, sent a petition, saying,
"Pray for a poor drunkard who is
killing himself, soul and body, with
strong drink."

Prayers were offered on his behalf
by those assembled.

At this very time, as was afterwards
learned, this gentleman was sitting
with his wife by the fireside, when he
took up the bottle which stood before
him and dashed it into the grate,
saying,

"I'll not taste it any more; I'll not
taste it any more."

From that time he abandoned the
use of strong drink, and not only that,
but was led to seek the mercy and
salvation of the Lord. It was impos-
sible that he should know anything of
the prayers that were being offered on
his behalf more than a hundred miles
distant, but the Lord knew and heard,
and answered the prayer. And this
incident was related to me by a sur-
geon who was present when the prayer
was offered, and who knew all the
parties concerned.—*The Christian.*

Engravings—Cheap.

We have the following pictures, which
being slightly soiled, we will send
post-paid at the follow-
duced prices.

- Mother's Errand. Artotype engra-
ving. Size, 12 x 16. 40
- Summer Rambles. Artotype engra-
ving. Size, 12 x 16. 40
- The Butterfly Chase. Artotype engra-
ving. Size, 12 x 16. 40
- Patience is a Virtue. Artotype engra-
ving. Size, 12 x 16. 40
- At the Table. Artotype engraving.
Size, 12 x 16. 40
- Steel Engraving of Rev. Robert
Newton, in his day the great
preacher of the English Con-
ference. Size, 12 x 16. 25
- Photo. of Wesleyan Conference held
in Toronto in 1870. 25

As we have only one copy of some
of the above, order early.

A New Dialogue Book.

GOOD TIMES.

A BOOK OF

**Dialogues for School Entertain-
ments.**

12mo., paper, 104 pages.

Price 25 cents.

The Newest Pansy Book

CHRISSEY'S ENDEAVOR.

12mo., cloth, 374 pages.

Printed from original plates—unabridged

PRICE 50 CENTS.

C.L.S.C. BOOKS

FOR 1889-90.

- Outline History of Rome. Vincent
and Joy. \$0 70
- Political Economy. Ely. 1 00
- How to Judge of a Picture. Van
Dyke. 0 60
- The Bible in the Nineteenth Century.
Townsend. 0 40
- Preparatory and College Latin Course
in English (in one Vol.). Wilk-
inson. 1 30
- Chautauqua Course in Physics.
Steele. 1 00

The Complete Set Mailed post-
free for \$5.

WE SELL AT PUBLISHER'S PRICES;
NO ADVANCE FOR DUTY.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

29 to 33 Richmond St. West
and

30 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.