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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.



STREET IN SALT LAKE CITY.



SALT LAKE CITY.

THE VALLEY AND CITY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.

On the afternoon of a bright spring day, some years ago, four travellers were making their way into the chief city of the Latter-day Saints—the Mormon New Jerusalem. The party consisted of the late Rev. Dr. Punshon, the distinguished divine, whose splendid gifts and widespread popularity gave us ready access to every social circle and to every source of information; J. Herbert Mason, Esq., the able manager of one of the principal monetary institutions of Toronto; Rev. Manly Benson, the well-known and indefatigable pastor of Central Methodist Church, Bloor Street, and the writer of this sketch. The day had been one of rare delight. We had been two days ascending the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and had now made an abrupt and quick descent into this valley of the mountains. From snow-capped peaks we had entered a deep and rocky ravine, thirty miles in length, and only a few yards in width, with a mountain wall on one side and precipitous overhanging cliffs on the other. Through the courtesy of the conductor we had ridden on the locomotive, or in the box-car, all the way down this Echo Canyon, and enjoyed to the full the scenery of the sublimest of mountain passes. From Echo we had entered Weber Canyon, another glorious pass, hewn by Nature through the living rocks. On we had rolled past the Devil's Gate, where the Weber River goes leaping and dashing and foaming against high masses of rock, as though, buffeted from mountain to mountain so long, it would rise up in its angry strength and cleave the huge barrier from base to summit to cut for itself a channel to the sea. Still on we swept through tunnels, over bridges, between overhanging cliffs, waking the thundering echoes as we sped along; into rocky cuts and out of them, until we were beginning to wonder if ever we should have a safe escape from this wild and weird descent, when, lo! as by a sort of sudden surprise, the canyon widened into a lovely valley, and our eyes were gazing with bewildered delight upon one of the purest and most

perfect landscapes which this whole earth can show. We had entered Salt Lake Valley. The Utah Railway, owned by the Mormons, conducted us from Ogden, the terminus of the Union Pacific Railway, to Salt Lake City. The ride through that valley, completely shut in by natural barriers, was indeed charming. Everywhere were seen the changes which these working saints had wrought, for as by miracle they have taken this uninhabited waste and transformed it from savage barrenness into a garden—a wonder of the earth, the home of a thriving people. All that this valley of alkali and dwarf sage-brush needed was water to make it bud and blossom; and as we rode along we could see channels cut from the snow-peaks down into the farms, and catch the gleam of rills glancing down the hillsides, and meandering through fields and vineyards. Flocks of sheep dotted the terraced slopes and dwelling-houses stood on every side.

I was seated beside a Mormon Elder who had one of his homes in Ogden, and was going down to Salt Lake to spend a little time with two of his wives living there. His youngest wife was the teacher of Brigham Young's school of children. We engaged in conversation. I found him very communicative and interesting. He had come into this valley with the Mormon exodus from Council Bluffs, in 1845, and he told me the

sufferings and privations as the weary caravan dragged its way over the mountains to the borders of this great inland sea. He told me how sterile was the land and how dreary and forlorn the prospect. But brawny arms and strong muscles had turned the verdurous and desolate place into a land flowing with milk and honey.

I shall never forget our first saunter through that embowered city. The air

was soft and sweet, southern in its odour, northern in its freshness. The clear, pellucid waters of the mountain-brooks sparkled and rippled in the sunshine as they murmured along on each side of the broad avenues, shaded with acacias. The grand snow-capped mountains, brought near, so near, by the wondrous purity of the atmosphere, displayed every cleft and undulation in their bosoms, while their peaks and sides were draped with floating clouds as soft and white as the snow that wreathed them. Lower down in the valley a golden haze was steeping everything in its own delicious light. We started at once for the Mormon holy place—Temple Block, as it is called—in which are situated the new tabernacle, with its rounded roof looking like a huge oval dish-cover, and the Temple, then in process of erection.

This Temple is as dear and sacred to the Mormons as the Temple of the Lord to the ancient Jew, or St. Peter's to the Papist, or the Pagoda of the Sacred Bull, with its roof of burnished gold, to the Hindu. The Tabernacle, which appears in the general view of the city, like a great meat platter for the Titans, with its oval cover, is two hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and fifty wide, and will seat an audience of ten thousand. At the west end stand the great organ and choir, and in front of these are circular rows of seats for the church dignitaries, and the stands from which they address the audience.

Some of the houses of this unique capital are of goodly size and style, but

they are for the most part cottages, built of adobe (sun-dried bricks), and stand back some thirty feet from the road side, in trim little gardens, bowered with trees, and smothered with roses and creepers; and the whole city, which covers a space of three thousand acres, appears from a distant view like a vast park, with sylvan bowers, gardens, fruit trees and running streams of water from the mountain-sides.

The famous view of Salt Lake is from Camp Douglas, which is situated on one of the benches that rise as clearly cut as the steps of a temple. The famed prospects of Europe cannot excel it, and it resembles the view of Lombardy Plains and the distant Alps from the pinnacles of the Cathedral at Milan. Around you are mountain ranges blazing in the brilliancy of a thousand variegated tints; before you a valley of sensuous beauty, sending back from its bosom the rays of sunshine in colours, shapes and shadows that paint and pencil never realized; the city of these Latter-day Saints sleeping in the vast cradle of the brightly tinted valley, southward the lake itself, with its amplitudes of blue, whose bosom, placid and motionless, glowed like a sheet of burnished gold, while farther beyond, the rose-pink hue of mountains on a sea-coloured sky loomed up like sleeping giants from the mystic background. The air is wonderfully pure. The sky over head has an infinite depth and distance, and the vapoury gold of the atmosphere, as it floats over the lake and valley in a languid dream, contracts beautifully with the intense blue of the cloudless azure and the rosy surfaces of the encircling hills.

This new religion is a sort of Judaism galvanized into the mockery of life and adapted to this century. Its physical circumstances are a copy of the Jewish, and these American saints have founded their Jerusalem in a holy land wonderfully like the ancient Judea. "Look," said Colonel Morrow the general officer of the United States forces, as we stood on the commanding elevation at the Camp, "look at the resemblance. There is the Dead Sea, for it has no outlet and no life. Over yonder is Lake Utah which ought to be called the Lake of Tiberias, a body of fresh water emptying into it by a river called Jordan. And there beyond stands Nebo."

It is wonderful, the numbers that have come from Europe to this New Canaan. As we were being shown through the Temple and sacred places in Temple Block, the custodian said to me, "Isn't that Morley Punshon?" I answered, "Yes, how do you know him?" "Oh," he answered, "I have often heard him preach in England." I asked whether he had come as a convert and pilgrim to this land. He assured me that he had. I inquired how he had made the journey over the mountains. And his laconic reply was, "Walloping bulls"—meaning that he had driven over an ox-team.



SALT LAKE, UTAH.

In these few paragraphs I have thus given you an outward picture that is beautiful exceedingly, the appearance is that of a peaceful and orderly community, but we left it with a deeper disgust of this system of fanaticism and sensuality. The Mormon would have the stranger believe that there is no city in the world like his so virtuous, so pure, so happy but if common report be true, it is one of the saddest communities in all the world. There is not pure water enough flowing down its streets to cleanse the abominations, nor pure silt enough gathered up as it is in waggon-loads from the shores of its beautiful lake, to preserve it from decay.

Mormonism is a huge reality, a formidable power. It occupies a territory larger than that of Spain, and has developed into a vast and growing church. The United States Government is evidently determined to arrest the illegalities and immoralities of Utah. It is now fairly engaged in the problem of putting down polygamy. With the Mormon faith the Government, tolerant of all religions, has nothing to do; but polygamy is a crime against the common law of all civilization. The polygamous practices of Utah may be arrested, but even this will not destroy this heaven-daring villainy. This spiritual despotism, this pseudo-theocracy this American Thugism may long remain to desecrate the soil of Deseret.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1900.

A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

Do you suppose you could count the sad hearts in the world, if you tried? Not one of us could ever do that, for there are so many. We ought to stop and think, now and then, how many there are, though we have never counted them. If people are often troubled here in this land where they know the true God, just think how much worse it must be in the countries where dumb idols are worshipped and where there is no knowledge of our Saviour.

A poor heathen man in China had a bitter disappointment that ought to make our hearts feel sorry for him. One day he saw on the street a missionary sent out by the Methodist Board. This missionary had a long beard, which the Chinese never have, but consider something wonderful and as belonging to the gods. The Chinaman felt sure that the missionary must be the god Buddha in human form. He fell down at the minister's feet, and begged him to take him with him and save him. The missionary tried to explain to the mistaken heathen who he was and what God he worshipped, but the man refused to believe the story. He still thought this was Buddha, but that the god would have nothing to do with him, and in his disappointment and despair he went off and killed himself. Was it not distressing?

Now you could never have such a disappointment, for you never could make such a mistake. You have known better all your life. Ought you not to pray for these poor heathen, and give money to send more missionaries and more Bibles to them so that they may learn better? The children are more easily taught than

grown ups, and we must begin now with them, so that none of them will ever think a mortal man is a god.

If you knew nothing of Jesus would you wait others to do for you? Will you do as you would be done by?

IN THE QUICKSAND.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE.

Brightly shone the afternoon sun as Frank Pryor, with basket slung over his shoulder, made his way quickly along the shore.

"The tide is wonderfully low to-day," he soliloquized, "and if I can reach the Boulder Gully I ought to get a good picking. Then mother will be able to meet me at day all right."

The Boulder Gully was two miles away, a long channel running by the side of a reef of rocks, low-lying and covered with sea-weed. Only during especially low tides was the place accessible to the oyster-gatherer. In consequence of the distance and the infrequency of the tides during which it could be worked it was not often visited by the fishermen of the island, and, as a result, its oyster bed could always be relied on, and the natives were large and succulent.

As Frank sauntered along, his mind ran back over the events of the past few weeks—the accident which laid his father helpless on his bed, and threw the task of bread-winning upon his mother, who was far from strong. Frank could do but little to relieve her, and the struggle weighed heavily on the overtaken woman.

Now she too was laid aside. Yesterday the inevitable collapse had come, and in the little white cottage by the sea the doctor had another patient in his charge. Frank's little thus had become their all. The duty of earning the daily bread had descended from the strong man to the weak woman, and thence to the weaker child. Bravely did he face the duty, but all his efforts that morning had secured only a solitary shilling. Then the great project of gathering oysters in the Boulder Gully entered his mind, to be at once accepted as the path of success and pursued without delay.

The still rapid receding of the tide promised well, and Frank began to picture the happiness he would bring to his mother's heart. A market would easily be found in Yarboro', especially as there was a good influx of visitors to that fashionable watering-place. Possibly, too, some smaller oysters might be left for his sick parents.

Suddenly Frank woke from his reverie. His feet were sinking beneath him. Where was he? In the Boulder quicksand? The question brought its own answer. Absorbed in thought, he had forgotten the one danger of the coast. Unheeding, he had walked into it.

The quicksand was indeed a treacherous place. Above it the cliffs rose with sheer ascent into the sky. A vein of sandstone drained the water from the land above, and sent it precolating in a perpetual ooze across the shore below, turning a large area into a dangerous trap for unsuspecting pedestrians. There was nothing to distinguish the spot from the long stretch of sand on either side that might be safely traversed. It could only be located by carefully noticing the cliffs, and avoided by making a wide detour. Watching your footsteps, you might know if you were getting too near, for the sand, firm and hard to the sight, would suddenly become like jelly and quiver for yards around. Then was the time to spring hastily back, and make a wider circle.

For Frank it was now too late to retreat. He had proceeded so far into the quicksand without observing the quivering warning that he was almost in its centre. Even as he awoke to his danger he sank above his ankles, and the attempt to lift one foot only thrust in the other almost to the knee. Earnestly he struggled, but sank deeper, deeper still, till the sand-line reached his waist.

Oh, that help would come. Eagerly he looked around, but not a soul was visible. Yet again he made a desperate effort to free himself, but with less strength, less hope, and, of course, with less success than before.

Faint and exhausted, at length his struggles ceased, and with a flash his presence of mind returned. He noticed that when he was still the action of the sand almost ceased. His frantic exertions had but aided the suction of the sand; now, though still he sank, it was almost imperceptible. Vain, then, all attempt to save himself. His only hope was that some one might pass that way, and his best plan was to keep as still as he could. Placing his basket so as to give a little additional support, he stretched his arms straight out and laid

them on the sand, to retard his downward progress.

So he waited, almost without hope. The activity of the body forbidden, the mental powers awoke to greater strain. He recalled the tales, some true, some mythical, which tradition handed down concerning the place. He remembered hearing it compared to a gigantic ogre's mouth, opening and shutting, for in dry seasons its area grew smaller, as the fringes of the spot, lacking moisture, grew firm; while in wet weather it widened its borders, like a great gaping mouth. Was he to be swallowed therein? He recalled an occurrence within his own memory. A bullock had strayed from a neighbouring farm, found its way to the shore, and, wandering on, had been entrapped. Unable to extricate itself, it filled the air with its bellowings as it struggled and sank, to be swallowed entirely out of sight. How deep was this, his destined grave?

He thought of his parents in their helplessness, and wondered what they would do if he returned not that night—if he never returned—if his fate was never discovered.

The idea of death strangely affected him. He was not exactly afraid to die; but the possibility of death being so near seemed so unreal. He had always looked on death as something far off. And now, in health and vigour, to have to face that possibility. Was he ready to die, to meet God? Had he not better pray while able to collect his thoughts?

So into the gathering twilight rose the word of prayer, trembling, to the Giver of Life, for his life to be spared, if that could be; if not, then that the Better Life might not be denied him.

But ere he had finished his petition his strength gave way, and, with a quivering sob, the boy lost consciousness.

Meanwhile, in the little cottage there was growing anxiety. As evening wore away and the boy came not, the mother dragged herself from the bed and frequently peered through the window. But there was no sign of Frank.

"What can have happened?" she said to her husband. "He has never been so late as this before."

We may understand something of her anxiety when we remember that Frank was her only son—in fact, her only child—a boy of much promise and the object of many prayers.

Her husband turned his face away with a suppressed groan. It was his only reply to her question. The time spent on a bed of sickness had been to him a time of remorse. His failing had been one very common among men of his occupation. With no settled income, living upon the spoil to be wrested from the inconstant sea, sometimes having abundance, and again passing through a period of straitness, he had learned to take life carelessly. Genial in disposition, honest and true at heart, he was soon comrade to all his fellow-fishers, and had developed a habit of indulgence in drink, and of spending much time in the various inns of Yarboro'.

The accident which had stretched him on his bed might never had occurred had he been sober. Now he saw, as never before, how his sin was inflicting suffering upon those whom, after all, he loved with true affection.

As his wife had nursed him and toiled from day to day, he had marked her weakness, her failing strength, and knew that but for his dissipation it would not have been so. Was the lad to suffer too? Had anything come to the boy as a consequence of his sin? If so, how could he longer live to bear the pangs of appraising conscience and the look upon his wife's face?

"Hark!" said Mrs. Pryor. "I hear steps!"

Her heart sank within her as the heavy tread of men slowly approached the house. Something had happened. A knock at the door, and it was thrust open. A burly fisher entered, followed by a mate, who bore in his strong arms the form of a boy. The mother gave a cry of pain, and clutched her chair to prevent her falling.

"Now don't ye take on," said one of the men; "the lad ain't much the wuss for what he've bin through. Let's get 'im to bed, and he'll be all right in a day or two."

Frank joined in with feeble voice in his desire to allay her fears, but his assurances that there was "nothing much the matter" with him were not calculated to convey much conviction or give much comfort, so faint and weak was he. However, Mrs. Pryor bustled herself in warming blankets and getting him something warm to drink, postponing till this had been done the recital for which she so much longed.

When she had him safely tucked up and asleep, the story was soon told. The two fishermen had themselves been visit-

ing the famous reef, had toiled as long as tide and light permitted, returning home as the shades of evening fell. Hearing a faint voice from the direction of the quicksand, as of one in distress, they made their way toward it, and saw the form of the unconscious lad almost buried therein.

The work of rescue was carried out as speedily as possible. It necessitated a visit to the farm near by for planks and spades. The planks were laid upon the sand to permit a near approach, and more dead than alive, they had dug out the boy. Their simple remedies had restored him to consciousness, and, at his request, knowing what would be his mother's fears, they had brought him home, instead of leaving him for the night at the farmhouse, as was first suggested.

After the men had gone, the mother's first act was to kneel and thank God for the rescue of her son, even from the gates of death.

The strange story soon found its way round Yarboro', and many people were attracted to the little cottage. Nor did they come with empty hands, and their sympathy and help greatly assisted Mrs. Pryor in this bitterest period of her life. Yet, with all its bitterness, it was ever after looked back upon with thankfulness, for it proved to be that darkest hour which precedes the dawn. Her husband was touched by the kindness of the neighbours, and his convalescence was accompanied by a growth in moral and spiritual strength. He received the visits of the minister with gladness, and when he resumed his occupation he was a changed man—the Wheatshaf and Red Lion saw him no more.

It was during this period of convalescence that the family attended chapel one Sunday, with a sense of great importance, especially Frank. For was not he the hero of the day?

The minister had announced his intention of "improving" the recent event and great was the expectation. Attentively Frank listened as the servant of God discoursed from the words:

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. Many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

Using Frank's danger and deliverance as an illustration, the preacher pointed out that there are worse pits and greater deliverances, pits of sorrow, pits of sin, threatening the destruction of the soul; and greater deliverances, for they are deliverances from the power of the destroyer. Such salvation demands heartfelt praise.

Many in the little congregation sang with new-found joy the paraphrase of the Psalm at the close of the service.

"He drew me from the fearful pit,
And from the miry clay;
He placed my feet upon a Rock,
And led me in his way."

In the little cottage that Sabbath evening the conversation turned on the sermon, which Frank declared the finest to which he had ever listened.

"Is it not wonderful to think," said he, "that it was really God who saved me? For I did cry to him, and, as the minister said, the fishermen were only his agents. I shall always look upon that verse as my own: 'He brought me up out of an horrible pit.'"

"Ah!" said his father, "but I can say it with greater meaning, for I have been lifted from one of those worse pits of which the preacher spoke."

The mother was silent, but she thought of the past darkness and sorrow, the "patient waiting" for the Lord, and as she faced a future bright with hope and love, her heart cried, "Me also."

And a "new song" of praise to God filled her thankful soul.

TRUE GENTLEMEN.

"I beg your pardon," and, with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man against whom he had accidentally stumbled the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys."

"I am glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join his playmates.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked Charlie Gray.

"He is old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or hawks vegetables through the streets."

Back at School.

All in the sweet September morn, the little feet are trooping,
Through city street and country lane,
Along the pleasant ways;
And in the schoolrooms, far and near,
Are sturdy figures grouping,
In eager haste for happy work,
These bright autumnal days.

From frolics on the pebbly beach,
From dreaming on the shingle,
From scrambles up and down the hills,
From gathering wildwood flowers,
The children like an army come,
And merry voices mingle
In greeting, as they answer swift
The call to study hours.

Dear little sunburnt hands that turn
The grammar's sober pages,
Sweet lips that on the lesson o'er,
To get it all by heart,
Afar from your soft peace, to-day,
The great world's battle rages,
But by and by 'twill need your aid
To take the better part.

There's always in the thinning ranks,
And in the vanward column,
A place for brave and buoyant souls,
For truth without a flaw;
And, somehow, as I look at you,
The hour grows grave and solemn,
And prayer ascends that God will give
You strength to keep his law.

You ask a motto for the days,
A motto bright and cheery;
Look at me straight and fearlessly,
Sweet eyes of brown and blue.
For not a motto have I found,
But just an earnest query,
In every trying place you meet,
"What would Jesus do?"

And follow Jesus, every day,
In all the loving labour
The hardest tasks will give you joy,
The tangles cease to vex;
Be honest, open as the day,
Be gentle to your neighbour,
And Christ will always give you aid,
Whatever may perplex.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JUDGE'S SON.

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

—Milton.

Quite late in life, Judge Seabury had married Lucy Felton, the only sister of the Rev. Phineas Felton. She was a gentle, loveable creature, whose one thought was how she might please her husband. The Judge loved her as much as he loved any human being, but his mind was engrossed in his business, and he paid very little attention to the woman who shared his home. Not that he neglected to provide for her comfort in every possible way. She was surrounded by servants who obeyed her slightest wish. No luxury within the bounds of reason was denied her. The Judge was a bountiful provider.

But he starved the heart of his patient wife, literally starved it. She longed for a word of love or appreciation; for the confidence of a husband's heart, but she craved these in vain. Her friends thought her perfectly well and happy, because it was not her way to complain. Slowly but surely the iron entered into her soul. She was a being who could thrive only in an atmosphere of love. For six short years she was mistress of the Seabury mansion. Her death occurred soon after the birth of their son Ralph.

Mrs. Seabury's death made but little change in the home.

The only thing about which the Judge manifested interest was the accumulation of gold. True, for a moment he exhibited a touch of paternal pride when the old nurse brought his boy to him, and said, "Your son is a Seabury, sir."

Five years Judge Seabury remained a widower, then he accidentally met the charming daughter of Judge Archer, of Salem, and his fate was sealed. Blindly infatuated with the proud, imperious creature, he pressed his suit with the ardour of youth. His advances were met graciously, and before many months he wedded the haughty Clara Archer, and took her to his home.

After his mother's death Ralph Seabury had been left largely to the care of servants. He was a smart, active child, possessing many excellent traits of character, but with a fiery temper

which had gathered strength during five years of unrestraint. These injudicious servants had filled the child's head with stories concerning the step-mother who was coming, stories not at all complimentary to the new mistress. Ralph had never known a mother's loving care, but Nurse Dennis had taken pains to make him acquainted with the large picture in the sitting-room, which the boy was taught to call "mamma." The child felt in a vague way that some one was coming into his home who intended to usurp his mother's place, hence he prepared to resent the new arrival with all the strength of his impetuous nature.

"They shall not bring me a new mamma," he cried. "My mamma is there," pointing to Mrs. Seabury's picture. "I won't have another one," and Ralph stamped his foot in childish rage.

The day Judge Seabury brought his new wife to Fairport, he left orders that his son should be dressed in his best clothes and await his father's return in the library. Nurse Dennis was also instructed to tell Master Ralph that papa was going to bring a nice lady home with him whom master Ralph was expected to kiss. The little fellow understood what all this meant, and when he was left by his nurse in the library, dressed like a young prince in his velvet suit, he ran to the cupboard where he kept his playthings, brought his riding whip, and hid it behind him.

"I won't kiss her, no, I won't," he cried. "If she tries to make me, I'll hit her with my whip."

He heard the carriage drive into the yard, but he would not go to the window to look out. Footsteps came up the stairs. The door opened, but the little fellow did not stir or lift his eyes from the floor.

"Ralph," said the Judge in a pleasant tone, "look at your pretty mamma!"

The boy raised his eyes and saw an elegant looking lady, more beautiful than any one he had ever seen, clad in the richest of furs. But there was a gold glitter in the handsome black eyes, and a repellent air, which the child unconsciously felt.

"This is your mamma," repeated the Judge, putting out his hand to draw the boy to him. "Come and kiss your beautiful mamma."

"I won't," was the unexpected reply. "Why not, my son?" said the Judge, in an expostulating tone.

"Cause I don't like her, and she ain't my mamma. Nurse is my mamma since my own went to heaven."

"Tut, tut, Ralph," said the Judge, looking irritated. "The child isn't much to blame, Clara," he whispered to his wife. "I have left him too much to the care of foolish servants. He has the Seabury spirit in him, but it is high time it was subdued."

"Ralph," with great sternness, "come here this instant and kiss this lady." Mrs. Seabury put out her hand graciously.

In the twinkling of an eye the riding whip came out from its hiding-place, and was flourished triumphantly over the little fellow's head.

"I'll strike her if she kisses me!" he shouted, stamping his foot in anger.

"Mercy, what a disagreeable child!" said Mrs. Seabury, turning away. "I am not over fond of children any way, and your son, husband, is not a very lovable looking specimen of childhood just at this moment."

Judge Seabury's anger got the better of him, and seizing Ralph, he carried him screaming and kicking, to the nursery.

"Young man, you stay here till you can learn manners. Not one bit of the wedding dinner shall you have, for your disgraceful conduct to-day. I am ashamed of you for your rudeness."

After dark a little figure might have been seen stealing into the dining-room, purloining pieces of cake and drinking the sweetened dregs from the bottom of the wine-glasses with evident relish. It was Ralph Seabury. Already the child was an adept in the art of deception. Worse than this even, he had formed an appetite for liquor.

The next day the Judge formed a plan by which his wife would be relieved of the care of Ralph. Mr. Felton had just resigned the pastorate, and he was invited to come and live at the Seabury mansion and take the entire charge of Ralph. "I want you to instruct and govern the boy," said the Judge, "and teach him above all things to make a good appearance in society. He is as rough and wild as a young Hottentot."

Mr. Felton was not loth to assume this charge. He loved Ralph for the sake of his dead sister, and he pitied the boy. He at once commenced upon his task as private tutor to his nephew. No one supposed that the ex-minister would prove an agreeable teacher to the

boy, but strange to say, Ralph evinced great affection for his Uncle Phineas. The latter put aside his "keep at your distance, sir," and never appeared so much like a human being as when with his nephew. His influence over his charge was great. Ralph regarded his uncle as a paragon of excellence, and was desirous of imitating him in all things.

One day as Mr. Felton sat sipping his after-dinner glass of wine, Ralph came bounding into the room and stood by his uncle's side, eagerly watching the contents of the tumbler, which was fast disappearing.

"What is it, my son?" asked the minister.

"Please can't I have a glass of wine, as you do, uncle?"

"Oh, no, Ralph. Wine is for grown people, not for children. When you are a man you may have one glass a day. Just one glass, Ralph. That is the gentleman's allowance."

"No, it ain't," cried the boy. "Papa drinks two glasses a day, and sometimes more."

"I guess not," answered Mr. Felton, moving uneasily in his chair.

"But I see him do it," persisted the child, "and I wish I was grown up so I could have a glass too. It smells awful good, uncle."

"Look! there's Don chasing Dick across the lawn," said the minister, anxious to divert Ralph's attention from the subject in hand.

The boy was always ready for a frolic with his dogs, and away he ran, leaving Uncle Phineas feeling strangely uncomfortable, although he could hardly tell why.

(To be continued.)

GRANDFATHER'S JUNIOR PARTNER.

Grandfather had a large garden, which he took care of every summer, although he was getting to be almost eighty years old. He raised potatoes and corn, tomatoes, peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, onions, and melons, too—great big, juicy watermelons, and delicious brown muskmelons, and all the people round there liked to buy grandfather's vegetables, because they were so fresh and nice.

"You aren't going to be able to take care of a garden this year, are you, grandfather?" one of his neighbours had asked him early in the spring.

"Oh, yes," grandfather answered. "If I keep as well as I am now, I don't see any reason why I can't have just as good a garden and just as big a one as I had last year."

"Well, I am glad you are so well," the neighbour answered; "but I don't see how a man of your age can do so much work."

"Roy will soon be quite a help," grandfather answered, fondly patting the head of his little grandson, who was standing beside him.

Roy felt very happy over grandfather's speech, and when the neighbour had gone he climbed up on the wood-pile and sat down to think over what he could do that would really help grandfather. He didn't come to any conclusion about it that afternoon, but he kept thinking about it every day, and at last he thought of a fine plan.

He had been playing grocery that morning, and going to mother and grandmother for orders, and then delivering the groceries, which were clean chips and stones and empty boxes, in his express cart that father had given him the Christmas before. The cart was of iron, and was very light and strong, and large enough for Roy himself to ride in. When he took orders he had to let mother and grandmother write out the list of things they wanted on a slip of paper. Roy could write his own name, and boy and dog and cat and several other words besides, but he hadn't the least idea how to spell molasses or cucumbers, or even soap. Of course soap is a short word, but it has an a in it that Roy would never think of putting there if somebody had not told him about it.

Roy was watching mother write out the list of groceries that she wanted from his store when his new idea came to him. "Mother!" he exclaimed, "why can't I take orders for grandfather's vegetables? I can let the folks write what they want on paper, and then I can take the vegetables to them in my cart. Grandfather says he wouldn't mind the work in the garden so much if he didn't have to deliver the vegetables afterwards." And Roy's flushed cheeks showed how much in earnest he was.

As they lived in a village, and all the neighbours knew Roy, mother told him that he might try it. So, as soon as the first radishes and lettuce were ready, Roy started out. Grandfather wrote at the top of his paper the kinds of vege-

tables he was ready to sell, and the customers wrote their own names and the vegetables that they wanted. Then, every morning during the summer, Roy's express cart was to be seen upon the streets, and he was the busiest and happiest boy to be found.

Grandfather called him his junior partner, and said he believed the lettuce looked crisper and the tomatoes redder in order to make a better showing in the gay little express cart. Every time grandfather found time during the hot summer days for an afternoon nap, Roy felt gladder than ever that he had found a real way to help him.—Morning Star

AN EASTERN INN.

(See next page.)

Sojourners and travellers in the East, who happen to be so fortunate as to stop over night, on their journey, at one of the "khans" or lodging-places for man and beast which are to be found in many parts of Syria find them very interesting objects of study. Totally different from the inns established for the accommodation of wayfarers in any other part of the globe, their characteristics have changed but little, if at all, in the last two thousand years. They afford lodging, but rarely food, as the traveller is supposed to carry his own supplies. The smaller "khans" are found in the open country along routes frequented by travellers, while the larger "caravanserais" are usually located near towns. Each "khan" has a courtyard, enclosed by substantially built walls, within whose protection the animals and baggage are safely housed, while a spacious dwelling at the main entrance affords ample accommodation for the guests.

A "khan" which is well remembered by every reader of the Gospels is the one to which the "Good Samaritan" conveyed the stranger who had fallen among thieves and was grievously wounded. Luke tells of this Samaritan's great kindness and hospitality. "And he brought him to an inn and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him: Take care of him, and whatever thou spendest more when I come again I will repay thee." (Luke 10, 34, 35.) Local tradition, preserved through all the centuries, indicates the scene of this beautiful episode (which may have been no mere parable, but an actual occurrence drawn upon for the purpose of illustrating a divine truth), at the inn of the Good Samaritan on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho.

It is in a wild and sterile part of Palestine. The white Jericho road winds in and out at the foot of the low hills like a ribbon, and passes by its hospitable door. Jesus himself in his journeyings may have lodged there. There are many rocky defiles and ravines bordering on the highway. It is a locality which will continue to hold a peculiar interest for travellers, and especially for students of the Bible, who love to wander among the scenes that were familiar to the Saviour while here on earth.

The Little Brown Dog.

Little brown dog with the meek brown eyes,
Tell me the boon that most you prize.

Would a juicy bone meet your heart's desire?

Or a cosy rug by a blazing fire?

Or a sudden race with a truant cat?

Or a gentle word, or a friendly pat?

Is the worn-out ball you have always near?

The dearest of all the things held dear?

Or is the home you left behind?

The dream of bliss to your doggy mind?

But the little brown dog just shook his head

As if "None of these are best," he said.

A boy's clear whistle came from the street,

There's a wag of the tail, and a twinkle of feet,

And the little brown dog did not even say,

"Excuse me, ma'am," as he scampered away.

But I'm sure as can be his greatest joy

Is just to trot behind that boy.

—Wide Awake.

Simply Hadn't Learned Yet.—The Rev. Dr. Queen, observing the janitor wobbling about uncertainly on his new wheel in front of the church, called out, "George, do you ever take a header?" "No, Doctah Queen," replied George, with visible indignation. "I never take nothin' stronger 'n cawfee!"



SALT LAKE VALLEY.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.
STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 2.
THE SEVENTY SENT FORTH.

Luke 10. 1-11, 17-20. Memory verses, 2-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.—Luke 10. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. The Commission, v. 1-11.
 2. The Report, v. 17-20.
- Time.—Probably November, A.D. 29.
Place.—Probably in Perea.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "After these things"—Christ's farewell to Galilee and departure for the feast of tabernacles at Jerusalem. Or, according to another view, at the commencement of a journey in Perea. The chronology of this period is exceedingly difficult. "Other seventy"—In addition to the twelve. (Luke 9. 1-6.) "The number had evident reference to the elders of Moses (Num. 11. 16), where there is the same variation; the Sanhedrin; and the Jewish belief (derived from Gen. 10) as to the number of the nations of the world."—Farrar. The kingdom of Christ aggressive, progressive, expansive. First, 12 apostles; then 70 preachers; then 500 brethren; then thousands!—Van Doren. "Two and two"—As with the twelve. (Mark 6. 7.) For mutual advice and encouragement; because of their different personalities and methods of work; and because the word of two witnesses is confirmatory. "Reformers in different ages seem to come in pairs, as Moses and Aaron, Elijah and Elisha, Huss and Jerome, Luther and Melancthon; and we may add, in a later reformation, Wesley and Fletcher."—Whedon. Learn here the value of co-operative work. "They were to preach unto two, Jew and Gentile; out of two, law and Gospel; the love of two, God and man; by two works, doctrine and life; the two tables of the law; to save two, body and soul; to join two, heaven and earth, God and man."—Austin. "Before his face"—As forerunners. His own remaining time for work was short. "Every city and place"—In Perea, presumably, the seventy preached both in the cities and unwallied towns, Christ following with his personal ministry chiefly in the former. It is not probable that he went into every place where his heralds went.—Abbott.

2. "The harvest"—A figure already employed. (Matt. 9. 37, 38; John 4. 35, 36.) "Few"—In proportion to the work. "Send forth labourers"—"God alone can do this."—Benson.

3. "Your ways"—Thirty-five different pairs of disciples went out in thirty-five different directions.

4. "Carry neither purse," etc.—"Set out just as you are, God will provide for all your wants."—Goet. "Salute no man"—Because of the time consumed. "It is said that a complete formal salutation between two orientals may consume from one to three hours."—Abbott.

5. "Into whatsoever house"—"The law of hospitality allows a traveller to stay three days in a house to which he comes for entertainment without disclosing even his business."—Hall. "Peace," etc.—The ordinary Jewish salutation.

6. "If the son of peace," etc.—"That is, if the people respond in the spirit of your salutation, making your mission

welcome, then let your blessing rest there. If not, your prayer shall return into your own bosom."—Cowles.

7. "In the same house remain"—Content with its hospitality. According to oriental customs, a stranger is invited to dine at many houses. This "consumes much time, causes unusual distraction of mind, leads to levity, and every way counteracts the success of a spiritual mission." "Eating"—(1 Cor. 10. 27.) "Is worthy"—His support "is not a charity, but a debt."

8. "Whatsoever city"—As in a private house.

9. "Heal the sick"—These miracles were in part the credentials of their divine mission.—Cowles. "It is remarkable, however, that the seventy, on their return, speak of no other healing of the

sick than the casting out of the demons."—Lange. "And say"—"Miracles are the ringing of the great bell of the universe to call attention to the doctrine."—Foster. "The kingdom"—"Conquerors take away kingdoms; the heralds of Christ offer a kingdom."—Van Doren.

11. "Even the very dust"—A symbolic action. The strict Jews did this in leaving a heathen city. So Paul, at An-

F. Missionary work.—Acts 14. 19-28.
S. The Gospel preached.—Rom. 15. 15-21.
Su. Labourers with God.—1 Cor. 3. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

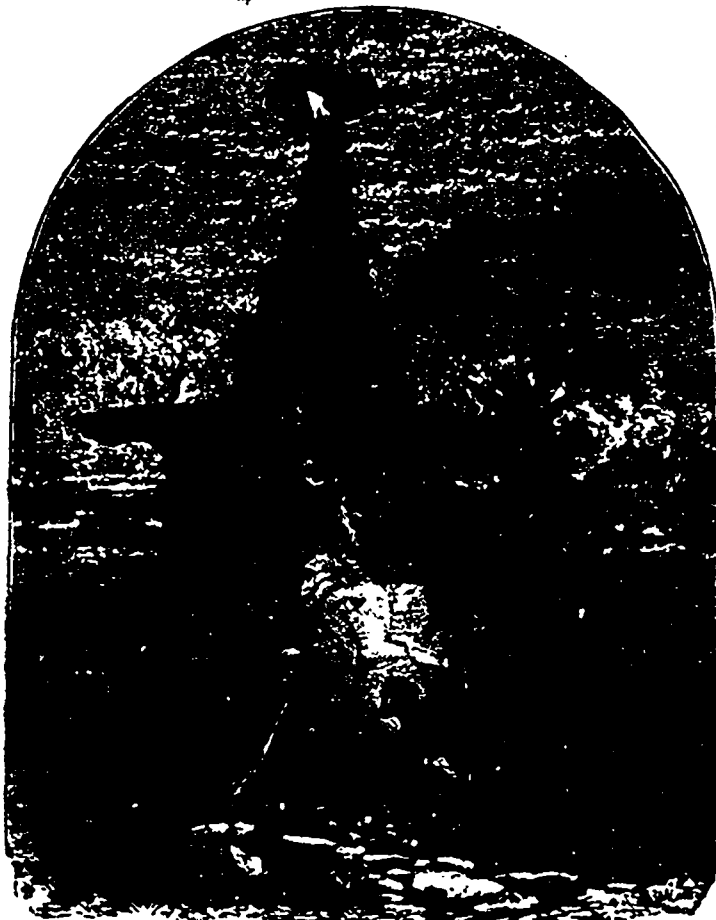
1. The Commission, v. 1-11.
How many did the Lord choose to herald his coming?
How were they to go?
Where were they to go?
What instruction did Christ give?
Compare their position with that of the missionary of to-day.
Had Christ's coming ever been heralded before?
What was the Eastern custom in regard to this?
Where was Christ's kingdom to be?
What journey of Christ's was this?
What preparation were the seventy to make for their own welfare on this journey?
Was this a Jewish custom?
What was the Jewish law regarding the labourer, the oxen, etc.?
What did Christ say in regard to the labourer?
Why were they to "salute none by the way" ?
What do you infer by this?
What did Christ say about the harvest?
Golden Text.
Is this true of to-day.
Who is responsible?
What salute was to be given as they entered the home?
Was this the usual custom?
What is it typical of?
What were they commanded to do where they were not received?
What were they to announce in every instance?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That Christians in this world are like lambs among wolves?
2. That Christians in this world are citizens in the kingdom of God?
3. That the greatest cause for joy is that our names are written in heaven?

Nearly Ten.

When a body comes to be nearly ten, Ah! all sorts of troubles beset her then. At least, if the body happens to be The eldest of all in the family, Whose mother's at work the whole of the day;
And I'm that body, I may as well say.
There isn't a baby in all our street Who's nearly as pretty, or half as sweet As our little Sally; but, oh, dear me! It's strange how heavy that baby can be. And Tommy's a wonderful boy, I know; But sometimes that child does bother me so.
It's "Hush-a-bye, body," and off she goes; But, if I put her down, that baby knows. And, as soon as she's fast asleep, Then down on the floor our Tommy will creep.
And it's—"Don't wake baby, be quiet, do;"
Or—"Tommy, you'll pull that cat's tail in two."
But, perhaps, when a body's worn out quite, Her dear little mother will come in sight. Then it's—"Polly, my pet, what should I do If I hadn't a good little girl like you?" And, somehow, a body feels glad just then She's a grown-up girl of nearly ten!



ROCK FORMATIONS IN THE BAD LANDS, UTAH.

tioc. (Acts 13. 51.) It was a Jewish maxim that the very dust of such a city was defiling. "Is come nigh"—Surely, lovingly, repeatedly. Life is crowded with opportunities to enter the kingdom.

17. "Returned again with joy"—Delighted by their supernatural power.

18. "I beheld"—"I was beholding." While they were rejoicing over the small triumphs of the present he was con-heaven"—Not from the abode of the future. "Satan as lightning fall from heaven"—Not from the above of the blessed, but from his position of power, the complete overthrow of badness.

19. "Nothing shall by any means hurt you"—"Man is immortal till his work is done."

20. "In this rejoice not"—Eternal salvation is more to be desired than a transitory possession of power. "Your names are written in heaven"—It is possible for every person to insure a record of his name.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The seventy sent forth.—Luke 10. 1-16.
- Tu. The seventy sent forth.—Luke 10. 17-24.
- W. Sending the twelve.—Mark 6. 7-13.
- Th. Shaking off the dust.—Acts 13. 44-52.

2. The Report, v. 17-20.
How did the seventy return?
What did they report?
How should this encourage Christian workers?
What did Christ say to them? Verse 18.
What do you understand by this?
What power did he give to them?
What is Christ's opinion of earthly power?
What is the only worthy cause for rejoicing?
What lesson did Christ constantly teach?

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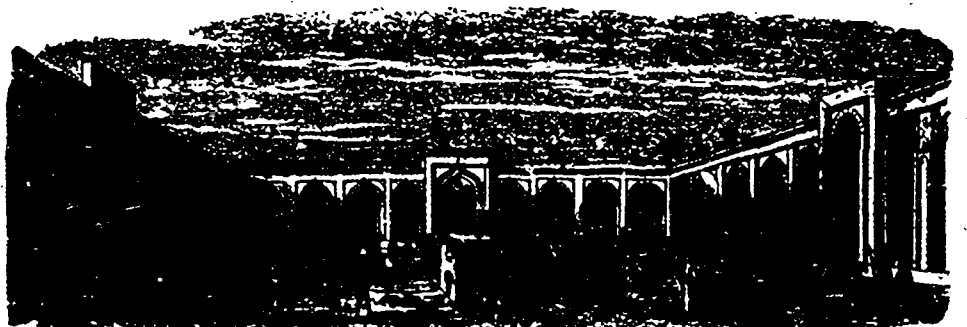
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