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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1900.

No. 46.

Not Lost.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

When I went visitin' to-day,
And stood by nurse's knee,
I heard the lady say she'd lost
A little girl like me.

She cried, and kissed me on my curls;
It made me feel so bad;
To lose her darling little girl
Must make such mamma's sad.

But I kept wonderin' how she could
Have lost a little daughter;
I lost my kitty Whitefoot once—
(Somebody must have caught her!)

So many times I've lost my doll,
And other playthings, maybe;
But how could any mamma lose
A really, truly baby?

Nurse says the little girlie died:
I'm sure that can't be so;
For if she died, she went to heaven,
And that's not lost, you know.

Why, heaven is for us little ones
The very safest place!
How could a little child get lost
Before God's very face?

The holy angels guard the gates,
The gentle Shepherd's there;
No harm comes near his little lambs,
All days are bright and fair.

Lost? Oh, she could not call her lost,
Nor for her child be weeping,
If she had only gone to be
In heavenly Father's keeping.

JAPAN.

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

No travelling in Europe can rob Japan of its peculiar claims to admiration, for nothing in the West resembles a thousand things that meet the eye.

I landed at Yokohama, a town which has within the past few years risen from a small fishing village to a place of great importance, possessing numerous buildings; also wide streets, both in the foreign concession and Japanese quarter, with business houses of various kinds; streets lighted with gas; and, if so many Japanese were not met with, it would not be difficult to imagine oneself in some European town.

The bay is full of shipping of many nationalities; but by far the greater number fly the national flag of Japan, for the country possesses several war-vessels and a large coasting fleet, manned and officered entirely by Japanese. The visit to the capital, Tokio, was a most interesting treat. The seventeen miles are run over in somewhat less than an hour, although we stop at three or four stations on our way; passing some pretty scenery through garden-bordered streets and the open country, with rice and wheat fields everywhere indicating, unmistakably, signs of skilled and careful agriculture. Leaving the streets for the suburbs, showy little cottages, each surrounded by gardens laid out with tasteful neatness and artistic skill, are passed. A friend was in waiting to receive me, and we entered the building he occupies, which had at one time been attached to a large temple near at hand, and for which this part of Yedo is famous.

We ascended one of the highest points of the fortifications, from which a fine panoramic view was obtained of the vast city, with its two millions and a half of inhabitants, occupying an area equal to, if not greater than, London. Looking in any direction, the view was one of beauty. Everywhere are picturesque scenes; hill and dale clothed with brilliant vegetation of sparkling green.

JAPANESE GARDENS.

I was filled with feelings of astonishment and delight as we passed through fragrant avenues of peach cherry and plum trees in full bloom, over arched bridges spanning the bright blue river that flows through the heart of the city; getting here and there glimpses of the

exquisite taste displayed in the gardens and cottages along the roadside. No model estate in England can produce structures in any way comparable with those which adorn the suburbs of Tokio. These charming little "chalets," raising their thatched roofs amid numberless fruit-trees and creepers, were usually surrounded by flower-beds and artificial rockeries, laid out with exquisite taste. All the people seemed happy, talking, laughing, and smiling—their greetings and salutations assailed us wherever we went.

Here and there, at the close of long avenues, were to be seen gorgeous temples embosomed amongst giant camphor and cedar trees; standing about at their entrances were lazy-looking priests with shaven crowns, in robes of silk and transparent material. Sauntering up the shady walk, we ascend the steps and

of Tokio is of great interest, for at every step something new is to be seen. The streets are always filled with vast numbers of people, and run on for miles. The shops are filled with goods to suit every requirement; some are rich in Japanese ingenuity and perfection of work in lacquer, porcelain, basket-work and bronze, fancy silks and embroideries spread out in every tempting form. The silk stores and book-shops are equally attractive. The carvings in wood and ivory, of groups and animals, are in the best style of art. Figures and vases in bronze are artistic and marvellous in their make. China and porcelain, beautiful and delicate, with a thousand other articles, are laid out in tempting array.

JAPANESE TEMPLES.

Continuing my way, I paid a visit to numerous temples, and in describing the



JAPANESE TEMPLE.

enter the sacred edifice dedicated to Buddha. The priest, for a few tempos, shows us all that is of interest.

The floors are matted, the pillars lacquered and richly gilded. A large shrine, with a gilt image in its recess, gold and porcelain vases, lighted candles and tapers, surrounded by a forest of artificial flowers, at once attract our attention. In the rear are the imperial mausoleums, where lie the remains of Tycoons of centuries past. Before leaving we are reminded of the collecting boxes in various parts of the building, where the pious worshipper fails not to contribute a few "cash," not an act of charity, but to provide the means by which the priest may be enabled to feed the hungry demons.

At frequent and short distances along the road were little stalls with fruit and tea, the universal beverage, always hot and ready to quench the thirst of the weary pedestrian.

SCENES IN TOKIO.

A tour through the business quarter

one at Asakusa I shall nearly convey an idea of the whole. This is one of the largest and most celebrated in Tokio. On reaching the locality, we pass on through long avenues crowded with men, women and children. As we approach the Holy of Holies, a large bronze figure of Buddha is in view, and we pass on to the building, gorgeously decorated in gold and lacquer work, with elaborate and ornamental carved roofs and pillars. The sacred shrine, to which the multitude comes to pray, is protected by a large frame of wire netting. A curious practice seems in force with the hundreds who pay their devotions here; they purchase from the priest in attendance small squares of paper, on which are inscribed certain hieroglyphics; these they chew for a time, and then throw as pellets at the grating (which is consequently covered with the results). And the precision with which these pellets strike the grating, or go through the mesh, determines certain inferences as to good or bad luck.

The streets are full of life and move-

ment. People are wending their way home, or to the bathing-house, which, strongly lighted up, shows through its lattice bars crowds of both sexes enjoying the luxury of the bath. Gaily painted and figured lanterns are flitting to and fro, and light up somewhat dimly the shops and roads, for the gas is not as yet laid on all over the city, and the law still remains in force that every one after dark shall carry a lighted lantern on which his name is painted.

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

All honour to this nation, which, after living an isolated life for centuries from the rest of the world, has now gone ahead in such an earnest manner, leaving all that any other Eastern nation has attempted far behind. In going over the workshops, which are well supplied with every modern appliance of machinery for successfully carrying out extensive engineering work, we find that steam hammers, forges, lathes and other appliances in the fitting, smiths', and boiler shops are in full swing; so a stranger cannot fail to be struck with the singular combination of energy and perseverance of these wonderful people, who within the past few years have thus almost by themselves laid the foundation of a steam navy, and taken quite naturally to a modern science which was to them altogether unknown, notwithstanding the difficulties encountered at every step. The docks are excellent specimens of work. The longest is 395 feet, in which the "Challenger" was placed, and remained for a week, undergoing certain repairs to the rudder, etc.

Near the village of Hasegura stands the famous bronze figure of Buddha, called in Japanese Dal butsu; the approach to it is through a very beautiful avenue of evergreens. The immense casting, although not in one piece, is so cleverly jointed as almost to avoid detection. It stands upwards of fifty feet in height. Its interior is hollow, and forms a temple, where are numerous gilt idols. A priest in attendance disposes of historical books and photographs of this great divinity.

THE ENCIROLING ARMS.

The baby was taking his first steps, faltering and uncertain, but he was a very proud baby, laughing and crowing over his own achievement as he tottered across the carpet with his mother following, her outstretched arms surrounding but not touching him.

"He thinks he is doing it all alone," said grandfather.

"And so he is," the mother answered. "I am not carrying him, I am not hindering him; my arms are only so close that I can catch him in a moment if he falls."

So it is that we older children walk, and fancy often that we are going on our way alone. God does not hold us back as we turn in one direction or another. He does not carry us; step by step we must make our own way, but always his loving arms are close to uphold us if we fall. Sometimes we are proud of our strength and freedom, and sometimes in our weakness we fear and falter, but our changing moods never change the guarding care that enfolds us. Unseen, unfeeling, the everlasting arms surround us, and we cannot fall beyond their upholding strength and tenderness. Forward.

THE QUEEN'S KIND HEART.

Here is a charming story of the Queen from the Dean of Windsor, told by Canon Bevan at the recent Church Congress at Newcastle. The dean was sent for to see a sick kitchen-maid at the castle. Up flights of stairs he toiled until he reached the room where the poor girl lay. She received him with sparkling eyes. "Oh, sir," she said, "her Majesty has just left the room. She came in quite suddenly, and said 'My dear, I hope you are better. I felt I must come and see you, but I am eighty-one years of age, and had to stop and rest on the stairs.'" Fancy William the Conqueror, or Charles II., or George IV., doing that!

Our Boys Are Come!

By the Rev. J. N. NEWALL.

Our boys are come—our boys are come— Their country's hope, the nation's shield— Our hero countrymen come home From bivouac and battlefield.

And while the Empire's annals tell Of Roberts and of Wellington, The fame our heroes won so well Shall still live on—shall still live on!

And for the dead the cypress waves Her sombre boughs, in memory Of those who sleep in nameless graves— A glorious band—beyond the sea.

But where they fell, that tyranny Might yield to right or banishment, A nation's progress hence shall be Their everlasting monument! Markdale, Ont.

Both the queen and Madame Elizabeth were put to death and the royal children were left without a friend in these sadly troubled times. You do not wonder, do you, that the gentle child fell ill, and, in Vienna, at last, people began to come to their senses a little and a kind guardian was given him who tried to amuse him and make him happy, it was too late. The little prince born to the throne of France died of his illness a year or two after his father's death! Perhaps you want to know what became of the princess? She was older and stronger and of a more resolute nature than her brother. She lived to escape from her prison, and to grow to womanhood, when she wrote a very spirited account of the way she and her family had been treated.

EARNING THEIR PLEDGE.

By LENA BLINN LEWIS.

"Ten dollars!" "My! but how can we do it?" came from all parts of the room and many little faces looked troubled; but Miss Nelson smiled very encouragingly, and asked them to listen attentively while she told them a plan which had been suggested. "You know," she said, "a great many villages have street fairs, and sell all sorts of things; and we are wondering why we could not have an October fair in the lecture-room of the church, and sell nuts, apples, popcorn, and all the good things which October brings to us. "I am sure it will be a success if every one helps, and each member must bring something to sell, or getting or preparing something for sale. "First, I will offer my horse and carriage to use in gathering things together, or taking the boys out in the country; so long as I feel quite sure some of the farmers will be glad for the Juniors to gather them on shares; and I presume we can get plenty of popcorn and apples. "We will meet here at the church after school on Mondays and make our arrangements." The faces were brighter by this time, and every Junior was ready to do his share. Sunday morning the pastor told the people that the little folks wished to do, and that they were willing to gather nuts or apples on shares, and so pay for their own. He added that the Juniors were most all there, and that often little people were the most earnest workers. When the service was over the farmers one by one stopped at the table where Miss Nelson had many friends, and offered an order for helpers, or a promise of a bushel of apples or a peck of corn when called for; and one old gentleman said that he would send down a bushel of corn to help the young folks. They would earn them by the time they were sold; and if there was anything else he could do, to let him know; he was more than glad to help the cause along. The League had many friends, and when a lady had passed the store-house was well filled. The lecture-room was arranged as a street, with booths on both sides, prettily decorated with autumn leaves, goldenrod, and evergreen. At one booth was a little girl dressed in white, selling popcorn and milk at five cents a bowl, and she was well patronized. Next to hers was another one making hickory nuts by the quart, and his next door neighbour had a quantity of apples, sold by the peck, or the finest ones at two cents each. At another place one could buy cracked nuts for five cents, and one could find nut coffee and sandwiches at the farther end of the street, and, unlike the usual street-fair, there were plenty of places to sit down and be comfortable. The girls were to prepare all this, and it seemed every one had done something to help, but there were two little boys—new members, who felt very sorry and sad. They were tiny little fellows, and they were very busy around the church and asked over and over to help, but every one would smile

and say: "Oh, you are too small, dear; run along out of the way." And they felt hurt and disappointed, and went out under the trees and talked it over, and the biggest boy said: "I'll get a little one," he told you, Sammy, what'll we do; we'll go home and get one of mamma's pumpkins. There ain't any pumpkins there." And, strange enough, no one had thought of a pumpkin—in October, too! The boys hurried home, for the afternoon was about gone, and the people were beginning to come, and it would soon be evening and the church would be full. Their mamma saw how anxious they were, and had not the heart to discourage them; yet she felt sure no one would buy a common yellow pumpkin. "We'll make jack-o'-lanterns, mamma; that will make it sell," Sammy said, and so they worked until almost dark, and the lights were lighted when the two boys each had a jack-o'-lantern, and the pumpkin—it was too big for him to carry—and Sam carried the lantern very carefully in his little arms. Just as they got to the steps, Mr. Adams, the pastor, met them. "Well, boys, what's this?" "Jimmy told their story with trembling voice, and said: "We wanted to help—and this is all we've got—"

"Give your little man, you are a real Junior worker in the vineyard," and he lifted the big pumpkin and carried it into the church, while the boys followed with the jack-o'-lantern. "The two little boys Nelson, and she took the two boys lovingly in her arms and thanked them for being so thoughtful. The pumpkin, with its funny man on top of it, had a table of its own, and when its history was whispered about, and the idea advanced that it was to be sold to the highest bidder, it was too long till bids were dropping from all sides, and finally it was marked sold, and every one was shouting. The two little Juniors were very happy boys, and when, later in the evening, the people gathered in the auditorium, and Mr. Adams gave a little talk, and Miss Nelson thanked the friends for the interest they had taken, and said the fair was a real success, every booth had earned its share, but the pumpkin man had earned the most of all, the boys were fairly overcome with delight, and Miss Adams called them to the front, and said:

"Here are two valiant workers in the vineyard of the Lord," and many people shook hands with them, and they found their little friends strangers in Junior land—Junior Herald.

THE LORD'S MONEY.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Bertie, Bertie, isn't this a shame?" cried little Caspar Hall, as he led up to the quarter for his older brother to look at. It was a bright quarter, and at first sight there was nothing the matter with it; but closer inspection showed that it was a queer one. Bertie's head had afterward been carefully filled up. "They wouldn't take it where I bought my slate," said Caspar, ruefully; "and then I tried to pass it at the candy-shop, and they wouldn't take it; and when I offered it to the conductor of the car he was quite cross, and asked me if I didn't know how to read. When I said, 'Yes, of course I do,' he pointed to a man sitting in the letter-box, and said, 'I received here.' What shall I do with it?" finished the little fellow, with a sigh.

"You have no idea who gave it to you, have you, Caspar?" said Bertie. "No, the least. It is part of the change I had from Uncle John's Christmas gift to me." "Well, you must be sharper next time. Now, if it was yours, I would put it into the letter-box. The Society will work it off somehow." "But—I don't want to put a whole quarter in the box." "It is not a whole quarter, Caspar; it's a quarter in a hole in it. Nobody'll take it from you. You may just as well get rid of it in that way as any other."

Bertie and Caspar Hall were in their father's library. They thought themselves alone, but just on the other side of a curtain which divided the room from the parlour the little cousin Ethel was sitting. "Caspar, mamma's toward the parlor where the family missionary box is kept. The door was open, and she stood in plain sight, Ethel drew the curtain aside and spoke to him. "Boys," she said, "I did not mean to hear you, but I have done with overbearing you, Caspar, dear. Do not drop that quarter into the box, please."

"Why not, Ethel?"

"The Lord's money goes into that box."

Bertie looked up from his Latin grammar, mist the glowing face of the little girl. Her eyes were shining, and her lips quivered a little, but she spoke gravely: "It was the Lord's money, wasn't it? You know that the Holy Spirit was sent to offer to the Lord? If you saw Jesus here in this room, you would not like to say, 'I will give this to him because no one else will have it.' It was gold, wasn't it? And the Holy Spirit was more offered to the infant Jesus." The boys drew nearer Ethel. She went on: "It isn't much we can give to him who gave himself for us, but I believe we ought to do something. Excuse me, but it seems mean to drop a battered coin into God's treasury, just to get it out of sight."

Caspar and Bertie agreed with Ethel. They were about to do wrong for want of thought. Are there no older people who should remember that the Lord's money ought to be perfect, and of our best?

"BRINK LIKE A MAN."

By REV. CHARLES COOKMAN.

Young Potts was exceedingly ambitious. The fire of ambition literally blazed in his young breast. But it was not for honour or riches. He had no taste for these. No, he was ambitious to be a man. And, therefore, as might have been expected, he spent all his time, and thoughts and money, in trying to be like a man. Now, so long as he indulged only in twirling a German-silver-headed cane, or using a few elegant expressions, popularly supposed to be manly, or in resenting his sister's attempts to treat him as a lad, his ambition did nobody any harm. But, unfortunately, he was not content with a few words, he adopted expedients not so innocuous.

For instance, it was a pity he should endure such agony in learning to smoke. It wasn't worth it at all. But, you see, if you would be like a man, you must—his companions said—smoke like a man. And so young Potts braved the horrors of first whiffs, "like a man."

I wish this had been all, for, even if his might, perhaps, have been overlooked; but in addition to smoking, he now and then exploded into strong expressions, which, if not positive oaths, were undoubtedly first cousins to them; and once am not quite sure, but I have heard him say, "I wish I could hear the oath itself. I hope it was only a suspicious born of the expectation that he would before long, not only "smoke like a man," but swear like a man." But, you see, when his companions said—smoke like a man, and so young Potts braved the horrors of first whiffs, "like a man."

Behold young Potts, with his glass held high before him, in all the glories of his manhood. A boy! a stripling! a lad! Nonsense. No doubt he looks like it, no doubt his age might confirm the opinion. But, don't you see that he is wearing like a man? Let that settle the matter—once and for ever.

Poor Potts! Poor silly young Potts! What shall I say to you? How shall I make you stand on your two feet and set your neck, cracked head straight? You're drinking "like a man," are you? Why, you've taken the wrong turning. You will never reach manliness this way. You are going away from it, rather than to it. The fact of the matter is, you're taking like a man. Let that settle the matter—once and for ever.

Young Potts, if I were you, I would have done with all this nonsense and sin. I would begin afresh. I would begin in right good earnest to think of my soul. When you stand before God's judgment-seat, to boast that you had "drunk like a man"? It's a sad pity to see such a young life so utterly thrown away. Don't you think of you, do you think of your "inward man," and your eternal future—FRIENDLY GREETINGS.

A little child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of water, said: "What are you quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn!"

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various publications and their prices, including 'The Best, the Cheapest, the Most Entertaining', 'Christian Guardian', 'The Wesleyan', 'Pleasant Hours', 'Sunbeam', 'Happy Days', 'Dear Drops', 'Bible School Quarterly', 'Bible School Monthly', 'Bible School Intermediate Quarterly', 'Bible School Sunday School Quarterly', 'The Bible School Review', 'The Bible School Messenger', 'The Bible School Herald', 'The Bible School Echo', 'The Bible School Voice', 'The Bible School Light', 'The Bible School Star', 'The Bible School Beacon', 'The Bible School Torch', 'The Bible School Lamp', 'The Bible School Candle', 'The Bible School Fire', 'The Bible School Sun', 'The Bible School Moon', 'The Bible School Stars', 'The Bible School Planets', 'The Bible School Comets', 'The Bible School Meteors', 'The Bible School Rain', 'The Bible School Snow', 'The Bible School Hail', 'The Bible School Wind', 'The Bible School Thunder', 'The Bible School Lightning', 'The Bible School Earthquake', 'The Bible School Flood', 'The Bible School Drought', 'The Bible School Storm', 'The Bible School Hurricane', 'The Bible School Tornado', 'The Bible School Cyclone', 'The Bible School Hurricane', 'The Bible School Tornado', 'The Bible School Cyclone', 'The Bible School Hurricane', 'The Bible School Tornado', 'The Bible School Cyclone'.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1900.

A BROKEN-HEARTED PRINCE.

Perhaps some boy who reads this true story may think it would be a fine thing to be a prince; to live in a palace, and have scores of servants to do one's will; to be flattered and courted and envied, and to have everybody say "there goes the prince" when he so much as goes out for an airing.

But look upon some pictures in the real life of a real prince of the blood, and say if you would like to leave your fro, happy country, and take your chance among the uneasy heads that are doomed to wear crowns, if they are not snatched off by envious hands! Less than a hundred years ago, Louis XVI. King of France was told that it had been decided that he should die within twenty-four hours, not for any crime that he had done, but because the country was in a state of turbulence, and a revolution was in progress and the insane people were clamouring for change.

He was allowed to see his family once more. For nearly two hours on the last evening of his life he sat with his loved ones, and he told his wife and sister, on either side, his young daughter in front, and his one dear little son upon his knees. The little Louis was scarcely eight years old, but the shadow of that which might never let his young life!

For a little while the children were left with their beautiful mother, Queen Marie Antoinette, and Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, and then the little boy, timid, clinging child as he was, less than nine years old, was taken from the others and put into a room by himself where he had no one to speak to him but the gruff man who was supposed to take care of him, but who treated him unkindly at first, and finally with wicked cruelty. Sometimes crafty men would come and talk with the poor boy about his former life, and when, by and by, his mother was brought to trial, things which he had heard were told in such a way as to make it appear that the queen had done every evil thing of which she was quite innocent. When the little Louis was again told, he would never speak, and for a long time he kept his word.

Hymn for a Child.

God gave me a little light
To carry as I go;
Bade me keep it clear and bright,
Shining high and low.
Bear it steadfast, without fear,
Shed its radiance far and near,
Make the path before me clear,
With its friendly glow.

God gave me a little song
To sing upon my way;
Rough may be the road, and long,
Dark may be the day;
Yet a little bird can sing,
Yet a little flower can spring,
Yet a little child can sing,
Make the whole world gay.

God gave me a little heart
To love what'er he made;
Gave me strength to bear my part,
Glad and unafraid.
Through thy world so fair, so bright,
Father, guide my steps aright!
Thou my song and thou my light,
So my trust is stayed.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XXII.

POOR RALPH.

Ralph Seabury went at once to the library, where, as he expected, Mr. Felton and the Judge were engaged in earnest conversation. That he was the subject of their thought, he had no doubt from the look of anxiety which deepened upon their faces as he entered. Without pausing to hear what they might have to say, Ralph walked to the table and said,

"Father, I have to-night publicly signed the total abstinence pledge."

"What?" roared the Judge.

Ralph repeated his words.

"Ralph Seabury," said his father, in a terrible rage, "I am ashamed of you. You have simply added a fresh disgrace to the other disgrace by doing this thing publicly. Couldn't you simply make up your mind to do this without becoming the laughing-stock of the town, and joining the parson's string of teetotalers? It is extremely mortifying to me to be obliged to own that a Seabury cannot use moderation."

The Judge paused to regain breath, and Mr. Felton hastened to shield his nephew from a fresh attack.

"My boy, I am truly delighted to know that you have decided to stand on the total abstinence ground. It is your only safe course. Yours is another case where extreme measures must be used. But I am sorry that you took so public a step without consulting your father or me. I could easily have drawn you up a pledge, and you could have signed it quietly, and thus have avoided the gossip it is now sure to create. You have sadly wounded your father's feelings by your rash act, and given Mr. Strong a rich triumph, over which he will undoubtedly exult. You well know that the minister tries to thwart your father in everything he undertakes."

Ralph's face had slowly darkened during these words. Then he replied sullenly; "You needn't think to change my opinion of Mr. Strong by your words. I like the man because he is willing to place himself on the level with drunkards, and help them by his words and example on to better things."

"I hope you do not call yourself a drunkard," expostulated the ex-minister.

"If I am not, what am I?" replied the young man, bitterly.

"Leave us, Ralph," cried the Judge, in harsh tones. "If it has come to this, that you are in league with that detestable Strong, it is time something was done. Don't come into my presence until you think differently. What do you stand there like a statue for? I mean what I say. Away with you!"

Wounded by the treatment he had received, the devil within aroused by the harsh words of his father, Ralph rushed from the room and went to his uncle's chamber, thinking to have a talk with him later about leaving Fairport. He entered the room. A pungent odour saluted his nostrils. Looking eagerly around, he spied a bottle half full of wine, and near it a glass with its contents partly drained. Uncle Phineas had been called away from his after-dinner siesta, and had left things as Ralph found them. The tiger in the young man's breast was aroused. The curse of an inherited passion was upon him. His face grew ghastly pale. The veins in his forehead knotted, and great drops of

sweat rolled down his cheeks. Oh, the awful agony of that moment! Oh, for some strong hand to dash the temptation from his sight! Angels and devils watched the issue with jealous interest.

"Ralph Seabury, I am ashamed of you," rang the harsh tones of his father, in his ears. Unhappy recollection! The demon within him burst its chains, and with the muttered words,

"If father and Uncle Phineas are ashamed of me because I signed the pledge, I don't care. Hero goes!"

He seized the glass, filled it from the bottle, and once, twice, thrice drained it. Then Ralph Seabury realized what he had done. Remorse filled his soul. Thoughts of his broken pledge, his public disgrace, and his father's sneers, stared him in the face. His mental agony was terrible to witness. The wine flew to his brain. His imagination, weakened by disease, became distorted. Maddened by the thought of what he had done, he rushed to his room, shut and locked the door.

For an hour or more Judge Seabury and Mr. Felton sat in the library, planning how they might circumvent Ralph's rash act, when their confidential chat was interrupted by the sharp report of a pistol.

"My God!" cried Mr. Felton. "It cannot be that Ralph has—" the words froze on his lips.

Both men rushed from the room and hastened to Ralph's chamber. It was locked. Forcing the door, they found the young man lying on his face, mortally wounded. He smiled a bitter smile as they lifted him to the bed, and sent for Doctor Slocum.

"I shan't trouble you much longer, father, with my disgraceful conduct. Uncle Phineas, you will find the wine bottle in your chamber, nearly empty. I have only followed hard in your footsteps. I don't blame you," he added, noting the look of anguish which flitted across the old man's features, "but uncle, you have been mistaken."

Judge Seabury fell down by his boy's bedside, and wept like a child. "My boy, forgive me, if you can. Only live, and I will be a different man."

"Father—it's—too—late." The gray shadow crept across the handsome young face, and with a convulsive shudder, Ralph Seabury was dead.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REPENTANCE.

The next morning, as Mr. Strong had just entered his study, to begin his sermon, a sudden ring of the door-bell called him downstairs. Great was his surprise at seeing the Rev. Phineas Felton, for the ex-minister had not stepped a foot across the parsonage threshold since the time when he had taken the young minister to task for forming the St. George League.

He aided the old man at once into his study, wondering all the time at the haggard face and hesitating manner of his visitor. "Mr. Felton is breaking down," he thought. "How infirm he seems this morning."

The minister was terribly shocked at the sad news of Ralph Seabury's violent death. Mr. Felton told the whole story, sparing neither himself nor the Judge. His self-reproaches were painful to hear.

"Mr. Strong," he said, "I have prided myself on my sound logic. I have upheld moderate drinking by precept and example. I have called the Bible an advocate of my pet theory, and in every way possible I have opposed you in your noble work. I encouraged my poor nephew in his downward course by my example. I believed myself to be right. But God has shown me my woeful mistake. He has caused the scales to drop from my eyes. He has tried to teach me in various ways, but I would not listen until he had touched me in the person of one whom I loved as a son. Now I see my folly, alas, too late to save Ralph. His dying words, 'Uncle Phineas, I have only followed in your footsteps,' will ring in my ears till my dying day. Do you think there is forgiveness for such as I?"

The tears rained down the old man's cheeks during this recital. No one would have recognized the proud, self-righteous clergyman in that humble, broken-hearted man. Yet never had the nobility of Mr. Felton's character been so apparent. The germs of true piety were in his heart, and when the breath of the Divine Spirit was allowed access it awakened them to life and they sprang up and bore the fruits of humility, love and temperance.

Mr. Strong was deeply moved at the sight of the old man's anguish. All that had been said or done by this brother minister to wound his feelings in the temperance controversy vanished from

his mind, and taking Mr. Felton's hand, he said:

"Do not condemn yourself so unsparingly, my brother. God has been leading you. His ways are inscrutable. We may not speak when he Almighty works. You have been mistaken, but who of us has not?"

"Can you forget how antagonistic I have been? God knows I never can."

"Never mention that again, Mr. Felton. I bear you only the tenderest feelings. We stood on different platforms and therefore we clashed. Now, by the grace of God, we can clasp hands and work in sympathy. Your superior wisdom and keen insight will be invaluable to me in my future work."

"But think of the harm my example has done; how many souls it has led to ruin! Though I may work all the rest of my life for the temperance cause, I can never undo the terrible work which is already done. I can never bring back that bright young life, just blossoming into manhood. My God, have mercy on his soul! Have mercy on his unhappy father! Have mercy on me!"

Mr. Strong could say but little to comfort the heart-broken man. Alas, what Mr. Felton had said was too true. He never could recall his influence. It had gone for ever. Kneeling by the bowed figure of the old man, he commended him to the One of whom it is written, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him: for he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

"How does Judge Seabury bear his sorrow?" inquired Mr. Strong, after the ex-minister had recovered somewhat.

"For a few hours he raved like a maniac, condemning me and condemning himself. Later he fell into a stupor, and I fear the consequences. It has broken him all to pieces, and he will never be the same man. The Judge has seen a great deal of trouble, Mr. Strong."

"Yes, I know it. Poor man, he has never found refuge upon the Rock of Ages. He thinks I am his deadly enemy. Little does he know my heart. By the way, he has a treasure in his little daughter. Olive Seabury will make a noble Christian woman if her life is spared."

"Yes," replied Mr. Felton absently, rising to depart. "Poor Ralph," he whispered, as he walked slowly down the steps.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE "BONES" SPEAK.

Maurice Dow had been a student at the Dummer Academy several months, and was fast winning the esteem of both teachers and pupils by his manly bearing and brilliant recitations. The principal told him that with diligent application he could fit him for college in two years; an announcement which brought great joy to the boy's heart, for he knew his means were limited. True, Mr. Strong and Deacon Ray had agreed to advance the necessary funds, but young Dow was too proud to accept aid longer than was needful. He liked to be independent, and to secure this end, he laboured both before and after school to turn an honest penny.

One morning the post-boy brought a trick packet addressed to Mr. Maurice Dow. It was quite an event for Maurice to receive a letter, and the boys clustered around eager to witness its opening. Maurice did not gratify their curiosity, but hastened to his room, a thrill of expectancy creeping over him at the sight of the strange document. Unscolding it with trembling fingers, he read as follows:

"My dear Grandson: God be praised for his marvellous doings! He hath caused even the dry bones to speak, and the mystery which surrounded your birth is now solved.

"Maurice, you are my grandson, my son Jamie's boy. You have a right to the name of Dow, and thank God that name is legally yours. Before opening the enclosed letter, which, Maurice, is in your mother's handwriting, let me tell you how these events were brought to light. From the time you were cast ashore till you became a stout lad, Peter MacDuff hated you. His wife told me as much; Peter's actions emphasized the same. Mr. Strong told me years ago that there was a something about the man's actions which betokened guilt. He remembered walking on the beach, the afternoon following the shipwreck, and coming suddenly upon MacDuff. The man was partially concealed behind a rock, and seemed to be trying to hide something. He started, as though frightened at the minister's sudden appearance, and was very surly and cross to Mr. Strong.

"From this time Peter showed an in-

tense hatred for the minister, and you well remember the time he attempted to murder our noble pastor. Peter's strange disappearance was soon forgotten, and his secret was supposed to have perished with him. But God ordered otherwise. As some men were cutting down trees in the Essex woods last week they came across the skeleton of a man. It was Peter MacDuff!

"Doubtless he lay down to sleep off his drunken fit and perished with the cold. Beside him was a tin box. On opening this a smaller box was seen, and on the lid was a letter addressed to Mrs. Erasmus Dow, Fairport. These were brought directly to me. The inner box contained some trinkets, a gold locket, et cetera, which your mother owned. Peter stole the box during the confusion attending the shipwreck, and being too much of a coward to dispose of the contents, he kept them all these years. He could not read, so had not thought it necessary to destroy the letter. Possibly he might have fancied the paper possessed monetary value. At any rate he had not destroyed it. Had he done so you might never have known the story of your birth. Read now the letters enclosed. First your mother's letter, then the one Mr. Strong wished me to send at the same time. I desire you to take a leave of absence as soon as possible, that I may trace some resemblance in your face to that of the son I lost, and your father. May God bless and keep you, my grandson!

"Phoebe Dow."

Maurice was bewildered at the suddenness of the good news, and his heart swelled with emotion as he gazed upon his mother's delicate handwriting, and thought how her fingers traced those letters on that paper, now yellow with age. With beating heart he unfolded the paper, and read the contents:

To Mrs. Erasmus Dow,

My Adopted Mother:

"My name is Marguerite Dow. On the tenth day of March, eighteen hundred and fifty, I was married to James Dow, your son. Enclosed please find our marriage certificate. My family name is Montaigne. Our son, Maurice James Dow, was born January twelfth, eighteen hundred and fifty-one. My husband is about to take a several years' voyage, and he wishes me to come to America and find my new mother and the boy's grandmother. As I have no near relatives, I shall embark at once on the ship 'Good Hope.' I write this brief note and enclose it, together with the marriage certificate and a few prized relics, in a water-proof box, and address the same to you, that you may know of us in case anything should happen.

"Au revoir, ma chere amie,
"Marguerite Montaigne Dow."

Great tears rolled down the boy's cheeks as he finished reading the letter, and thought of the little grave on the hillside where his mother's body was laid. But his tears were not tears of sorrow, so much as tears of joy at the goodness of God in lifting this cloud from his origin, and at last giving him the opportunity to stand before the world with an untarnished name. Mr. Strong's letter was one of congratulation chiefly, although it contained some village news. Maurice had already learned of Ralph Seabury's sad fate, but was not prepared to learn of Judge Seabury's death from apoplexy. The Judge had made a new will after Ralph's death, and its contents were a surprise to all. Ralph's portion of the estate was put into the hands of trustees to be used in reclaiming young men from the dragon's power. Another bequest was to the church in Fairport, to be used for the support of temperance preaching. Still another bequest furnished money for the building of a handsome hall for the St. George Hall. Thus did Judge Seabury bring forth the fruits of repentance in his old age. He was found dead in his office, his hand still grasping a pencil, and before him was a paper with those words traced thereon. "God be merciful to me, a sinner." We trust there was pardon for this man, even though he sought it at the eleventh hour. God knows the heart and mete out justice, tempered with mercy. It is not for us to judge our fellowmen. "Judge not, that ye be not judged," said Jesus.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him turn unto the Lord, who will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

(To be continued.)

Strong drink is not only man's way to the devil, but the devil's way to man.—Dr. Adam Clarke.

In Peking.

BY SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOOD.

The stars are bright o'er that far Eastern city,
The smiling heavens are blue;
The day falls not for horror and for pity,
The nights are sweet with dew

Day after day, while screaming shells are flying,
And throb barbaric drums,
Our own folk wait, amid the dead and dying,
For help that never comes.

Millions of yellow, pitiless, alien faces
Circle them round with hate;
While desperate valour guards the broken places,
Outside the torturers wait.

To-night, to-morrow, sinks the last defender,
Crash down the crumbling walls,
O death, most merciful, swift servitor,
Ere the black horror falls.

Haste with your legions, all ye mighty nations,
Lead on your armies brave
Ere ye shall find, mid nameless desolations,
Only the dead to save!

Independent

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER
STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 25.

SOBER LIVING.

TIT. 2. 1-15. Memory verses, 11-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.—Tit. 2. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Sobriety of Mind and Heart, v. 1-6.
2. Adorning the Doctrine of God, v. 7-10.
3. Hope as a Motive Power, v. 11-15. Time.—A.D. 67. Place.—Written from Rome to Crete, where Titus had been left to properly organize the newly formed churches.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "Sound doctrine" — "Wholesome teaching." False teachers are mentioned before this as having done harm to the weak Christians of Crete.
2. Aged men — "Meaning here mature men rather than feeble old men." "Sober" — "The sobriety or sober-mindedness which Paul teaches all classes to have goes far beyond abstinence from intoxicants. Self-mastery with regard to all such things is included, but other things are included also. It is that power over ourselves which keeps under strict control all impulses, whether of the body, the mind, or the spirit." "Grave" — "Reverent, modest, having an hourly recognition of the importance of life." "Temperate" — "Discreet." "Sound in faith, in charity, in patience" — "Sound" means healthy; "charity" means love; "patience" means enduring perseverance.
3. "The aged women" — "Not necessarily what we would call old women, but women in mature years." "Likewise" — "After the same general pattern of goodness which the men had been exhorted to keep before them." "In behaviour" — "In manner, conversation, habits, and dress." "As becometh holiness" — "Reverent, consecrated." "Not false accusers" — "Not slanderers nor mischief-making gossips." "Not given to much wine" — "The Cretans were shockingly addicted to wine."
4. "Sober" — (See note on verse 2.) "Husbands" "children" — "In Paul's day nearly all young women, except slaves and devotees of the temples, were married, maidens being kept at home without social life; this is the reason Paul gives no special advice to them; but his advice to the young married women, in its essence, fits all."
5. The virtues of this verse are in modern words common sense, purity and refinement, industry at home, good temper, and loving deference to husbands. "That the word of God be not blasphemed" — "Inconsistency of behaviour is fatal to the Gospel."
6. "Sober-minded" — (See note on verse 2.)
- 7, 8. Here is advice for Titus himself. "Doctrine" means "teaching;" "sound speech" means "healthy discourse."

9. Although slavery was morally wrong, the individual slave was exhorted to make the best of his condition, and to lovingly serve his master.
10. "Purloining" — "Stealing."
11. "That blessed hope" here means the hope fulfilled.
12. "That he might redeem us" — "Buy us off with a price."
13. "Authority" — "Commandment, imperativeness."

HOME READINGS.

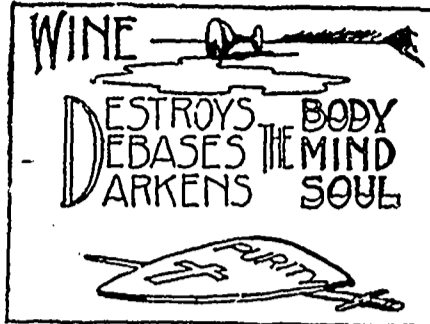
- M. Sober living.—Tit. 2. 1-15.
Tu. Temperate in all things.—1 Cor. 9. 19-27.
W. In the light.—Rom. 13. 7-14.
Th. Be sober and watch!—1 Pet. 4. 1-8.
F. Right and wrong doing.—Prov. 20. 1-11.
S. Fruits of the Spirit.—Gal. 5. 16-20.
Su. The high calling.—Phil. 3. 13-21.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Sobriety of Mind and Heart, v. 1-6. What is meant by "speaking the things which become sound doctrine"? In what broad sense is temperance here used? What kind of character will temperance "in all things" produce?

2. That we should always be temperate and loving?
3. That our hearts should be full of hope?

The destruction of our physical frame by the poison of wine or strong drink, and the debasement of the mind, are but



outward signs that proclaim the horror of great darkness that falls upon the soul. It is the evil of which the former are but the symptoms, and it is that which forms the greatest curse of the



AINU, THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF JAPAN.

- Is the world much in need of this kind of character?
Does intemperance in anything hurt us?
What is God's command in regard to this?
What special intemperance does the Bible repeatedly warn against?
Does intoxication by other things besides strong drink create disaster?
Is not intemperance in anything sinful?
2. Adorning the Doctrine of God, v. 7-10. What does God expect of his followers? Golden Text. What desirable result is promised? Does God's law apply equally in every station and position in life?
 3. Hope as a Motive Power, v. 11-15. To what are we looking forward? What preparation is necessary? Why did Christ give himself to us? How are we blessed over heathen nations? What work is given us to do? What is meant by "let no man despise thee"? What responsibility have you in this matter?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That common Christians may adorn the doctrines of God?

traffic—the ruining of the soul. Purity is a shield not one of us can lay aside for a moment, for our own protection; and the sword of vote and influence should be raised to free our fellows from the power of that which so completely wrecks home and fortune, mind and soul.

How can you be perfectly sure of being temperance men and women by and by when you are grown up? There is one certain way: begin now and keep on. Temperance boys and girls ought to grow into temperance men and women, and they will if they keep on as they have begun in the way of sober living. Small as you are, you can make



up your minds what you will or will not do. No one can make up your mind for you. If you do not like a certain thing and don't want to do it, I can't change your mind. You must do that. So now, in the beginning of your lives, make up your minds never to touch the poison stuff, but to live soberly always. You would not swallow a coal of fire, but you would better do that than to swallow the poison that burns and burns and cries out for more, though more does not stop the burning inside, but makes it worse. But besides doing right ourselves, we must help others. We can help boys and girls by talking about this matter. Some have not heard about it as you have. Tell them, and help them to grow up strong and to live soberly. Then be sorry for those who have begun wrong and are not living soberly. Think how sad it is for them, and for their friends. Pray for them, be kind to them when you can, and do what you can for the little children who suffer because their fathers drink. Be ready to help, and God will show you how.

BOYS WANTED.

The saloon must have boys, or it must shut up shop. It is a great factory, and unless it can have two millions from each generation for raw material, some of these factories must close up, and the operatives be thrown upon the cold world, and the public revenue dwindle. It is estimated that it will take two millions of boys to keep up the supply of patrons for the saloon. This means that one family out of every five must contribute a boy, in order to keep up the supply.

These statements are as true as they are startling. It is beyond a peradventure that, if no boys were tempted and ruined, there would be no drunkards. If it were believed that within thirty years two millions of American boys would die of hydrophobia, or a tenth part of two millions, every dog in America would be destroyed, and a law of absolute prohibition would be passed on dog kennels and their occupants.

A drunkard is not a beast. If he were he would not get drunk.

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