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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1898.

[No. 47.]

## The Coming Man.

The beautiful true-eyed laddie,  
The lad alert and brave,  
The lad who obeys like a soldier,  
And not like a timorous slave.  
This is the lad to be trusted  
To do whatever he can,  
In the very best way,  
And to do it to-day!  
And this is the coming man.

## THE BOY WE LIKE.

The boy we like has a merry, open face, fresh and ruddy with the combined effects of healthful exercise and sea and water. Although not pedantic, he always looks neat, and takes care of his clothes, and does not consider it "fun" to use his hat as a football. He prefers a brisk walk, or a football match, to moping over the fire on a winter's afternoon, and if there is skating to be had he does not think it an "awful nuisance" to take his sisters, but he puts on their skates for them without a murmur. He is fond of reading, but does not mind putting his book aside to join in a juvenile game with the younger members of the household. At school he is a pains-taking scholar, and he is quite as earnest in the playground and cricket field, where, although he is an excellent "bat," he is always ready to take his share of "fielding." Though he has not a very musical voice he cheerfully joins the others around the piano, "chiming in," as he expresses it, in the hymns on Sunday evenings. Of course, he is his "mother's pet," but that is not his fault, and he does not encroach upon her kindness toward him for selfish ends.

He likes good, hearty, not foolish fun, and never frightens or teases his sisters by throwing spiders or frogs at them. He is kind to animals, and is very gentle with little children. He never minds "holding" the baby—in fact, rather likes it—and that "uncrowned king" is generally "very good" with him. He does wrong things sometimes, but is speedily very sorry, and quickly asks forgiveness. He is usually as readily forgiven as he readily forgives an injury. When asked what he would like to be, he does not quite know, but thinks, in a vague kind of way, that he would like to be a carpenter, or a railway guard. He makes boats and things, and is particularly handy in correcting a broken latch, or fixing shelves. His great difficulty is getting up in the morning. He does not grumble if he cannot invite his companions home to tea more than three times a week. On Sundays he sits very attentively in the pew, does not look at his watch (a present from his mother) on an average of once a minute, eat sweets, or read the hymn-book during the sermon. Above all, though the boy we like is human and has his faults, he has a bright, happy faith in the power and love of his Saviour and Master. He tries earnestly to follow him, and endeavours to fulfil his behests in daily pursuits and pleasures. The boy we like is a good boy. His life is happy and useful, and is a foretaste of that still larger life that lies before him in his years of manhood.—London Baptist.

The true soldier wins his victory before the battle. It is a victory in the heart. That won, no matter how his cause may fare, the soldier is bound to come off conqueror.

## THE HOLLYHOCK AND THE HEARTSEASE.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a tall, flaunting, red-coloured Hollyhock, who thought a great deal of herself, as she looked scornfully down at her feet, where grew a lovely group of Heartsease, spreading out their violet velvet and yellow satin dresses in the sunshine.

"Dear me!" she said. "I wonder that you ladies can bear to crouch there, instead of standing upright as I do. What is the use of living, if one cannot see and be seen and admired?"

And it must be admitted that she looked very handsome and stately in her

corn-sheaves, that was passing down the lane on the other side of the garden wall, caught her tall stem, and cut it in two!

Then all the Heartsease sighed, and shook their heads, and tears of dew stood in their eyes; and they all cried, "Poor thing! poor thing!"

It always was so, and it always will be so. However much pride and conceit may flourish for awhile, they are sure in the end to meet with a fall.

A mother's intuitive knowledge of what is best for her boy or her girl is deeper and surer than any conclusion of philosophy or science.



BEFORE THE STORM.

crimson robes, with their large gold buttons.

"Madam," said one of the Heartsease, modestly, "we do not seek to be admired. If people desire to find us, they know where to do so."

"But," said the Hollyhock, "if you do not think a deal of yourself, no one else will think anything of you; you must keep yourself before people's eyes."

"We do not find it so," said another of the Heartsease, with a gentle smile. "It seems to us that merit, even as humble as ours, will always be found out and valued by some one."

Here the Hollyhock tossed her head disdainfully. But a cart laden with

## BEFORE THE STORM.

All nature seems to know when a storm is about to burst, or is lurking somewhere in the atmosphere. There is a heavy, oppressive feeling in the air, which we all are aware of before the thunder storm finally breaks out over the land. On one of these still days a careful observer will notice how the cows and horses approach the hedges, or any shelter they can find and how the geese and ducks in the farm-yard begin to cackle and quack as if something unusual were about to happen. In the air a strange stillness reigns, only broken by the shrill voices of the birds which keep flying here and there in a state of

visible alarm. In the picture the storm seems just on the point of beginning—the first gust of wind that heralds its approach has passed, and the birds, butterflies, and all the forms of animal life that may be about, are seeking shelter under the trees and in the branches. These heavy thunder storms do a very great deal of good, for they rid the atmosphere of the excessive amounts of electric fluid which cause them. The air is always sweet and fresh after such a storm, and all nature seems to feel the change, which is certainly exhilarating and cheerful.

## OLD AS A TITLE OF RESPECT.

Miss E. F. Andrews writes about "Some Vagabond Words" in St. Nicholas. Miss Andrews says:

"Of all the words in our language there are few that have wandered farther from their original meaning than the adjective 'old,' as a title of respect, and 'is modern use as a term of reproach or contempt. If a boy speaks of the guardian who has cut down his allowance of pocket-money as a 'stingy old 'ove,' or a girl describes the teacher that has caught her whispering in class as a 'horrid old thing,' they have got a long way from our Saxon ancestors, with whom eald, old, and ealder, chief, king, were almost the same thing—a belief to which the English earl owes his title of nobility. The Romans, too, formed their words patrician, meaning noble, and senatus, the most honourable body of men in the state, from pater and senex, words meaning father and old man."

## MR. BEECHER AND THE HORSE.

A good many pastors have asked as Mr. Beecher did when he was about to take a ride behind a hired horse at a livery stable. He regarded the horse admiringly, and remarked, "That is a fine-looking animal. Is he as good as he looks?"

The owner replied, "Mr. Beecher, that horse will work in any place you put him, and do all that any horse can do."

The preacher eyed the horse still more admiringly, and then humorously remarked, "I wish to goodness that he was a member of our church."

## JACK HORNER.

Here is an odd bit of history recalled by the San Francisco Examiner:

Jack Horner, of the Christmas pie, really existed, though whether he deserved the title of good boy is exceedingly doubtful. He was, however, a fortunate rascal. When Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries and drove the monks from their nests, the title deeds of the Abbey of Mells were demanded by the commissioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London, and, as the documents were very valuable, and the road infested with thieves, it was difficult to get them to the metropolis safely. To accomplish this end, he devised a very ingenious plan. He ordered a savoury pie to be made and inside he put the documents the finest filling a pie ever had and intrusted this dainty to a lad named Horner, to carry to London, to deliver safely into the hands for whom it was intended. But the journey was long and the day cold, and the boy was hungry and the pie was tempting, and the chance of detection was small. So the boy broke off a piece of the pie, and beheld a parchment within. He pulled it forth, innocent enough, wondering how it could have found its way there, tied up in pastry, and arrived in town. The parcel was delivered, but the title deeds of Mells Abbey were missing. The fact was that Jack had them in his pocket. These were the juiciest plums in the pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners, and heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks. But Master Jack Horner kept his secret, and when peaceable times were restored he claimed the estates and received them.

**Thanksgiving Day.**

Cart-loads of pumpkins as yellow as gold,  
Onions in silvery strings,  
Shining red apples and clusters of grapes,  
Nuts and a host of good things,  
Chickens, and turkeys, and fat little  
pigs—  
These are what Thanksgiving brings.

Work is forgotten and playtime begins.  
From office, and schoolroom, and hall,  
Fathers, and mothers, and uncles, and  
aunts,  
Nieces, and nephews, and all,  
Speed away home, as they hear from afar  
The voice of old Thanksgiving call.

Now is the time to forget all your cares,  
Cast every trouble away;  
Think of your blessings, remember your  
joys,  
Don't be afraid to be gay!  
None are too old, and none are too young,  
To frolic on Thanksgiving Day.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 27, 1898.

HOW WE CAN SHOW OUR RELIGION AT WORK.

Rom. 12, 11; Col. 3, 23.

This topic supposes that school days are done, that play is over, and work begun. Many boys are anxious for this, and most boys have to go to work early. Not many can stay at school after thirteen or fourteen. It is often well to learn to bear the yoke in one's youth.

If they have the chance to stay at school longer, however, we urge them to do so. A man does not waste time while sharpening his axe. He can cut the tree down much quicker when he is ready. And when one leaves school they must not think that they cannot learn any more. Why, they only begin to learn in the great school of life. Many of the greatest scholars and the greatest men in the world have had poor school advantages, but used well their after-school chances.

But when you are at work, let it be work in earnest, of the sort described by St. Paul, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." It does not take a master long to size up a boy and find whether he is going to make his way in the world or not. When the slack time comes, and some must be dismissed, it is the slothful or the careless that must go. The diligent in business will be kept and promoted.

It should not be merely with eye service, as men pleasers, that we should work, but in singleness of heart, in the fear of God. As Paul again expresses it, "And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men." Then not only shall you receive the approbation of your employer, but of your Father in heaven. "You shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ."

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." This was verified in the case of the late Dr. Ryerson. He learned to work—to

work hard on a farm as a boy,—the best lesson any boy can learn,—and he has stood before kings. He was the honoured servant and representative of his country in foreign courts, and died full of years and full of honours. We cannot all do that, but we can receive the honour which cometh from God, and hear him at last say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

**THANKFUL HEARTS.**

BY CARRIE L. SESSIONS.

It was Thanksgiving week, and in almost every home unusual activity prevailed. Delicious odours were wafted out upon the frosty air, while visions of spiky pumpkin and mince pies, cranberry tarts and twisted doughnuts delighted many a child's heart. For once Turkey was subdued and great had been the slaughter. The barnyard of many a farmer had been relieved of its turkish forces and soon they would be placed in their rich brown coats upon the groaning tables.

In one little home, however, all the bustle and preparation were lacking. Widow Hayes and her little flock were the occupants and possessors of the modest little brown house just on the outskirts of the village. The father, who had been dead some three years, had been a soldier, and the widow's pension which Mrs. Hayes received was all they had to depend upon. Joey, though only twelve years of age, had been his mother's right-hand supporter, and with his aid Mrs. Hayes had managed to change their two acres of land into a profitable garden, from which they raised more than enough garden truck for their own use. Through the kindness of friends she had been able also to use her needle to help in the support of her little family. So that until this year they had lived very comfortably indeed.

But now sickness and losses had come to them. Edith, aged nine, and Benny, who always gave his age as "five yearth old, thir," had both just recovered from long spells of sickness which had taken all Mrs. Hayes' time and strength while caring for them. To make matters worse, old "Bonnie Boss," as the children called the good old cow, had sickened and died, and Mrs. Hayes hardly knew how to get along without her; for the rich milk which Bonnie Boss had furnished had added very much to the children's plain diet.

The wind was blowing fiercely and little flurries of snow chased each other through the wintry air, when Joey, glad to have his chores done at last, hurried in to join the little group about the cheerful, crackling fire.

"Ith we going to have a turkey for Thanksgiving?" lisped little Benny.

"Course," said Edith, not giving her mother time to answer. "Folks always do, that's what Thanksgiving's for, I guess."

The mother's heart was full, and she dreaded to bring disappointment upon these trusting little ones.

"Let me tell you, Edith," she said gently, "why we keep Thanksgiving Day. Many, many years ago, only Indians lived in this fair land of ours, and a little company of white people who wished to worship God in the way they thought was right, left their homes and crossed the great ocean to settle in this wild country."

"Weren't they afraid of the Indians, mamma?" asked Edith.

"Yes, but they were more afraid of displeasing God by not worshipping him as they felt he wished them to. Their lives were in constant danger, not only from the Indians, but from the wild animals as well. They had been over here some months, and although their hardships had been very great, yet one cold fall day they met to worship God and thank him for all his goodness to them, and ever since, one Thursday in November has been set apart as a day when all the people shall unitedly give thanks to God for his goodness and loving kindness to them. While we do not feel that we should fast upon that day, yet we must not feel that the day is only for feasting, and, children—here the mother's voice trembled—"if these people of long ago, surrounded by constant danger as they were, could feel that they had much for which to thank God, surely we in this land of safety, with life, health and strength, have much more need to praise him. Even though we have met with misfortune, and have lost old Bonnie Boss, yet we have each other, and that alone is great cause for thankfulness. You know, my darlings," she continued, "that if it were possible I would do anything for your happiness, and now I trust you will bear the disappointment bravely when I tell you we can have nothing extra for our Thanksgiving din-

ner this year, but even with our plain fare, let us remember to have thankful hearts and then we will not fail to be happy."

Edith and Benny looked as if they were very near a water-fall, while Joey burst out with:

"I think it's just too bad. We never can have things just like other folks, and you work so much harder than other mammas too. It seems sometimes as if God did not care. I wish I was a man so I could take care of you."

"You will be soon enough, my son," said Mrs. Hayes sadly; "now let us have prayers."

After the chapter was read she prayed most earnestly that her dear ones might realize the tender, loving care which the heavenly Father had ever given them, and sending the two younger children to bed, she and Joey had a long talk, which he never forgot.

On the way home from school the next day, some of the children were telling of the turkeys and other tempting goodies which they were to have Thanksgiving. One of them asked Joey what he was going to have.

"Nothing but thankful hearts," said Joey, shortly.

"Oh, you mean stuffed heart, don't you?" said little George Andrews. "We had one for supper the other night. My mother stuffed it, and it was good, too, I tell you."

"Well, I guess my mother will have to stuff ours, too," said Joey, laughingly, "or they won't be worth much."

That night little George Andrews told his mother how in Joey's family they were going to have nothing but thankful hearts for their dinner, and asked why they were not going to have turkey, too. For a moment Mrs. Andrews' heart smote her that she had neglected to look after her old friend, and she resolved that they should at least have a good Thanksgiving dinner. With the aid of a few friends her plan was carried out.

Thanksgiving morning Joey went to the door to answer a knock, and there, to his amazement, found two well-filled baskets with a note saying it was the gift of loving friends. There were pies, cranberries, oysters, and a plump turkey, and strange to say, there were three heart-shaped boxes filled with choice candles.

Great was the rejoicing in that little home, while each heart was truly filled with thankfulness. Joey was the first to think of asking cross old Mr. Peters and poor crippled Aunt Polly, who were cared for by the town, to share their feast with them, and in after years he looked back upon this day as the beginning of the earnest Christian life which had been his loving service.

Not his alone but many hearts were blessed by this Thanksgiving gift, for the kind and loving friends realized as never before that Thanksgiving Day was not meant for selfish enjoyment, and that in helping others they had brought a rich blessing upon themselves.

**OUT OF POVERTY.**

"When shall we learn," asked the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, in the course of a brilliant sermon delivered recently, "that everything in this world depends upon the size of a man's soul? It is the gift that is in us. It is our treasure trove, the place of magic gold. Kindle and expand from within, and it is astonishing what a long way a little goes when that little is under the management of an heroic, passionate nature."

"Out of my poverty have I done this," said Turner, when he painted his great masterpiece out of broken teacups. "Out of my poverty," said Tycho Brahe, and he had not a big telescope, but a very small one. The bigness was in the eye. "Out of my poverty have I done this," said Christopher Columbus, and he did not discover America with an Atlantic liner, but with a tub that you would not use to-day as a Newcastle collier. He could say, "Out of my poverty have I given the world America." "Out of my poverty," said John Milton (the blind Milton). "I give you Paradise Lost." "Out of my poverty," said John Bunyan, as he handed you the book that gives you the vision of the country where it is green the year round, and of the Palace Beautiful and the streets of gold. "Out of my poverty have I done this."

"And if our little efforts, which seem so poor by the side of some other people's accomplishments, are consecrated to God, we are sure to get a larger nature and a greater capacity for doing good. Neither slender health, nor shortness of days, nor few opportunities will prevent us from accomplishing much. It is never a question of material; it is never a question of arithmetic; it is never a question of strength; it is a question of love, faith, hope, devotion, and of great nature. With these only you can do

great things, although when they are done they look so poor to lay at the feet of the great and generous Giver."

**Thanksgiving Day.**

BY EDNA A. LICHTWALTER.

The busy summer days are past,  
With all their care and toil;  
The farmer, of the teeming earth,  
Has gathered richest spoil;  
The fruit and grain by autumn brought  
Are safely stowed away,  
And grateful hearts are longing now  
For glad Thanksgiving Day.

We have, indeed, been richly blessed,  
By him who rules in love;  
Our heartiest thanks may well ascend  
Unto his throne above.  
But, hark! in accents soft and low,  
I seem to hear him say:  
"Go, help my poor to happy be,  
On glad Thanksgiving Day."

If, in the spirit of our Lord,  
We call unto our feast:  
The halt and lame, the maimed and blind,  
The poorest and the least,  
Methinks that then the angel choir,  
In glorious array,  
Would music make for all the earth,  
On glad Thanksgiving Day.  
New Philadelphia, O.

**HIS THANKSGIVING.**

"I well remember the first Thanksgiving which was kept in my native village," said a Western Congressman, not long ago.

"I was then a little shaver of nine years old, trying to earn a few pennies by selling newspapers. Some one marched all the newsboys to the union meeting where all the churches of the town joined in thanking God for his mercies. There was a great deal said about the prosperity of the nation, the general peace, the abundant crops, and what not.

"I confess it puzzled and bored me. I knew nothing about the nation outside of our little city. I had no idea of war, and so I could not rejoice in peace; while as for the crops, I supposed that meant Squire Potts' corn and oats, which did not concern me.

"I came out of the church indifferent and sleepy. Just then the Squire himself met me. He was a portly, a kindly man.

"He is, youngster!" he said. "Here's something for yourself—something to keep Thanksgiving on."

"He gave me a quarter.  
"That seems a trifle to you; but I had never had a penny that I felt was my very own. The money I made with the papers all went to my mother. We were very poor.

"I remember that I sat down on a doorstep with the quarter. I felt that I should shout aloud if I spoke. What should I buy with it? I thought of twenty things that would be a grand surprise to mother and riches to myself. I was fairly dizzy with happiness. The sun shone bright and warm, and a tree overhead rustled as I had never heard a tree rustle before. Suddenly it occurred to me that God had sent me this money through the Squire.

"I said nothing; but there was no such thankful heart in the city that day as mine. I was a living Thanksgiving."

The little story has its meaning. It is possible for us to give some one a personal reason for Thanksgiving. We may never be able to praise God with our voices or with any investment, but we can call forth Thanksgiving from the poor and needy, and cause the heart of him that is ready to perish to sing for joy.—Youth's Companion.

In the last war between the Russians and Turkey, the Russian invading army overtook the Turkish refugees, and in their terror the women threw down their babies in the road. Although pressing forward as rapidly as possible, the Russian soldiers stopped to pick up these children, and carried them tenderly in their arms, until almost every soldier in the leading regiment was carrying a baby, so that at last the general was forced to stop and find carts and men to take these children to a place where they could be cared for. It is a wonder that no great Russian artist has ever put this strange picture upon canvas."

When we become Christians we set out to follow Christ. The danger is that we will undertake to follow some one else who is following Christ. That is always a mistake. We have but one Leader and one Example, and he says to each of us, "Follow thou me."





**HOW HONEST MUNCHIN SAVED THE METHODISTS.**

A century ago there stood in a retired spot, within a stone's throw of the High Bullen, at Wednesbury, an antiquated hostelry, known as the "Cockfighters' Arms"—a great resort of the "cocking" fraternity, for whose exploits Wednesbury was so famous in the days of auld lang syne. Here, after the excitement of the cock-pit, gamblers resorted to discuss the merits of their favourite birds, and to adjust the stakes they had severally lost and won. Here, too, were settled amid plentiful potatoes of spiced ale—programmes of future encounters.

The exterior of the house was dingy enough. The windows were dark and heavy; the low, old-fashioned porch was rapidly dissolving partnership with the main building; and the overhanging signboard—on which a brace of fighting birds in grievous art had long since melted into love, and become ethereal as to colour—creaked dismally in response to every gust of wind. Few sober-minded folk cared to cross the threshold of the "Arms"; for Nancy Neale, the hostess, was an Amazon whose salutation only the initiated had the courage to encounter.

On a dull autumn evening, about the middle of the last century, a group of toppers, well-known members of the "fraternity," sat around Nancy's broad oaken table, discussing the prospects of their favourite pastime.

"I'll tell thee what, lads," observed a corpulent, bull-necked fellow, pet-named the "Game Chicken," out of compliment to his prowess, "if we don't put a stop to these rantin' Methodys, as goes about preachin' and prayin', there'll be no sportsmen left us by-and-bye."

"That's well said, Chicken," chimed in another inveterate cocker, "Hooney" by name, as he lifted a huge pewter pot to his lips.

"Why," resumed Chicken, "just look what they've done for Honest Munchin! Whoever could ha' thought it? As game a chap was Munchin as ever handled a bird, an' a pluckier cove to bet I never see."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed the company, in a chorus of assent.

"But, la!" continued the first speaker, "jist behold him now, as tunky as a turtle dove, an' I b'lieve, if he wor to see a cork die, he'd want his pocket-handkercher to wipe his eyes."

A roar of laughter, which greeted this sarcastic hit, encouraged the speaker to proceed.

"Well, I was a-goin' to say, lads, as this John Wesley, as they calls him, is a-comin' to-morrow to preach agin Francis Ward's house, and we oughter show him what sort o' blood there is in Wednesbury. What say you, Mr. Moseley?"

The person thus appealed to, although of superior mental training to any of his pot companions, was an inveterate gamester, and his air of shabby gentility intimated a luckless career. He had, indeed, had such a run of misfortune, that a fine estate, which he had inherited on the borders on Wednesfield, was so hopelessly encumbered, and so stricken with poverty, as to be popularly known in the neighbourhood by the name of "Fighting Cock's Hall."

"Here," said the gamester, raising his fishy eyes, and leering like an ogre, "here is a crownpiece, the last I have left, to buy a basket of stale eggs. Chicken 'll know what to do with 'em."

"Aye, aye!" chimed in Nancy, who stood with folded arms against the door, "an' I'll give another, for these Methodys is for closing every tavern in Wedgebury, according to Munchin's talk; but we'll show 'um what stuff we're made on, won't we, Chicken?"

At this unexampled sacrifice for the cause of cocking and tipping, the applause became uproarious, and, by general consent, Mr. Wesley was to have such a reception on the morrow as would convince him that "Wedgebury

blood was game." So inspiring became this lively theme that the morning sky was flushed with the red streaks of dawn before the revellers brought their orgies to a close.

On the afternoon following, the alley leading to the "Arms" was filled by a crowd of roysterers, headed by the Chicken and his confederates of the night before. The enthusiasm of the mob in their denunciation of the Methodists was heightened by sundry jugs of ale, liberally dispensed by Nancy. The multitude was composed of the lowest class of labourers, not a few of them being armed with sticks and staves. As the starting-time drew near, such eggs of 'he required antiquity as had been procured, were distributed among the noisy multitude, the excitement rose yet higher, and at length vented itself in a song, common at that period, of which the refrain was—

"Mr. Wesley's come to town  
To try and pull the churches down."

The preliminaries being now all settled, the throng, at a given signal from the Game Chicken, who led them, started on their evil errand. Marching through the High Bullen, on which the gory evidence of a recent bull-bait was still visible, they approached the modest-looking homestead of Francis Ward. As they neared the spot, they found a vast assemblage of men, women and children gathered round a venerable-looking man, who was preaching to them in the open air. The preacher was John Wesley. His silver locks were waving in the breeze; his eyes glanced kindly on all around him; and his voice, distinct and clear, was pleading, as for dear life, firmly yet tenderly with the assembled crowd, not a few of whom were melted into tears.

On either side of the great evangelist stood Honest Munchin and Francis Ward. The former drew Wesley's attention to the advancing mob, and the preacher, suddenly raising his voice, and gazing earnestly at his assailants, said: "My good friends, why is it that you wish to raise a rout and a riot? If I have injured any man, tell me. If I have spoken ill of any, I am here to answer. I am come on an errand of peace, and not of warfare. Lay down your weapons. I am all unarmed. I want to tell you something worth the hearing. Will you listen?"

All eyes were turned to the Chicken, who, for a moment, seemed abashed, and heitated to give the word of command, but, urged on by the jeers of his comrades, he gave the signal, and in a moment the frantic mob sent a volley of unfragrant missiles at the preacher and his supporters; and breaking through the ranks of the worshippers, they rushed toward the temporary platform, overturned it, smashed the tables and chairs, hurling the fragments in all directions, and pursued Mr. Wesley—who had found refuge at Ward's house—with such violence as to endanger the safety of that domicile, and it was not until the preacher had quietly surrendered himself that they were in any degree restored to peace.

Making his appearance, with Ward and Munchin, at the door, Mr. Wesley asked what it was they wanted with him.

"You maun come along to the justice," roared the rabble in reply. And the echo was taken up again and again: "The justice! the justice!" Such few of Mr. Wesley's adherents as had the courage to stand by him in his peril, now flocked round him, and, after a short conference with Ward, the preacher expressed his readiness to accompany the mob.

The justice to whom it was decided to convey Mr. Wesley was the Squire of Bentley—Lane by name—and a descendant of the famous Colonel Lane, who concealed and otherwise befriended the luckless King Charles II. during his romantic game of "hide and seek" with the Roundheads. It was quite dusk when the evangelist and his persecutors left Wednesbury on this strange pilgrimage.

Munchin, Ward, and about a dozen other staunch Methodists, including three or four women in Quaker-like bonnets, were all the body-guard Mr. Wesley had against the menacing mob of ruffians, numbering three-score.

Resistance was perfectly useless, and Munchin's remonstrances with his former companions, though often urged, were received with scoffs and jeers. In this extremity, without consulting Mr. Wesley, and confiding his secret only to one or two confederates, Munchin devised a scheme to dampen the courage of the ringleaders of the fierce and insolent mob. During a short pause at Darlaston, ordered by Chicken, that he might quench his burning thirst for alcohol, Munchin was enabled to arrange the preliminaries of his ingenious device. After the lapse of a few minutes, the

Chicken, who had evidently made the most of his time, came staggering down the steps of the "White Lion," and the march was resumed. The night grew darker, a drizzling rain began to fall, and not a few of the mob—whose spirits had been damped—here turned back, but the rest quickened their pace toward Bentley.

In due time the pretty little village of Bentley was reached, and the crowd paced expectantly up the long avenue leading to the hall. Mr. Lane and his family, who kept good hours, had retired to rest, and were annoyed not a little at such an intrusion on their repose. Appearing at the window in undress, Mr. Lane shouted:

"What means all this—oh? Got about your business?"

"An' please, your worship," answered the Chicken, "we've got Mr. Wesley here, wot's been a-prayin' an' a psalm-singin' at Wedgebury yonder, an' makin' a disturbance on the king's highway, an' please your worship, what would you advise us to do?"

"To go home quietly," rejoined the justice, "an' get to bed." With which judicial advice he fastened the window, and put an end to the conference.

At this unexpected rebuff the crowd grew clamorous, and were only silenced by the voice of Chicken, which bade them proceed with Mr. Wesley to Walsall, where a justice of later hours might be found, adding that he and his lieutenants would be with them presently. The crowd on hearing this, began slowly to retrace their steps down the gravel path; while Chicken, with two or three confidential comrades sought to obtain another interview with the justice, thinking that when the mob had departed he might plead with his worship more successfully.

Munchin, who was an attentive witness to this arrangement, withdrew unseen from Mr. Wesley's side, and was soon lost amongst the shadows of the dark beeches which skirted the hall.

The Chicken tried in vain to rouse the somniferous justice a second time, and, after trying the strength of his lungs and his patience until the case was hopeless, he went cursing and muttering away. Arm in arm, he and his three companions pursued the path taken by their confederates on before, with as quick a step as their previous libations would allow. The night was dark and still. Only the distant murmur of the onward mob disturbed the prevailing calm, save a faint breeze from the westward, which bore the silvery chimes of a distant church tower.

"That's ten by Will'nall clock, Chicken," remarked one of the group.

Chicken made no answer, but was felt to be trembling from head to foot. At length he said, with a spasmodic effort, pointing to the beeches:

"Oh gracious heavens! What's that?"

The other three turned their eyes in a moment to the spot, and saw in the dark shadows of the trees a tall figure, clothed in white, slowly advancing toward them. The four men then fell instinctively on their knees, and probably for the first time in their lives stammered out a prayer.

"The Lord preserve us, sinners as we are!" gasped the Chicken, and the others repeated the cry.

Still the figure slowly advanced, and their terror increased a thousandfold. They grew speechless and motionless. When within a few yards of them, the spectre paused, and lifting an arm be-

"The idea of going to the 'justice' was a very natural one to the mob, since several summonses had already been issued against Mr. Wesley in various parts of the country, and divers rewards were offered to anyone who could procure his conviction. The following is the text of one of the 'Justices' papers," issued about this period:

"Staffordshire."

"To all high constables, petty constables, and others of his Majesty's peace officers within the said county.

"Whereas we, his Majesty's Justices of the peace for the said county of Stafford, have received information that several disorderly persons, styling themselves Methodist preachers, go about raising routs and riots, to the great damage of his Majesty's liege people, and against the peace of our lord the king:

"These are in his Majesty's name to command you, and every one of you, within your respective districts, to make diligent search after the said Methodist preachers, and to bring him or them before some of us, his Majesty's justices of the peace, to be examined according to their unlawful doings.

"Given under our hands and seals, this 12th day of October, 1743.

(Signed) J. LANE.  
W. PERHOUSE."

neath its snow-white shroud, it said, in a voice sepulchral, calling the Chicken by his real name:

"Dan Richards, is that you who art become a persecutor of God's saints?"

"The Lord preserve us, sinners as we are!" again groaned the Chicken, with a violent effort, and fell back in a swoon.

"Amen!" gasped his three terrified comrades, in convulsive chorus.

The vision slowly disappeared, without further parley, and the three men managed as well as they were able to restore their helpless leader. When he was at length able to walk, the four started as quickly as their trembling limbs would allow in the direction of Wednesbury, resolved on leaving the mob to fare as best they may.

"What a fearsome sight we've seen!" groaned the Chicken, at intervals. "It will haunt me to my dying day."

"Cheer up, comrade—doant turn coward," urged his companions, who, in truth, were as fearful as their leader, starting at every object that they met along their dark and silent way.

Meanwhile the mob had conveyed Mr. Wesley to Walsall, and as they were just ascending the hill leading into the town, Honest Munchin, to the glad surprise of his friends, who had not seen him since they left Bentley, again joined them. But Munchin kept the ghost affair a secret, save to the two or three already initiated; and carried the white sheet unperceived under his arm, rejoicing that his knowledge of their superstitious fear of the Chicken and his companions had supplied him with an effectual means of victory over them.

On arriving at Walsall, no justice was to be found at home, and the mob, worn out by fatigue and disappointment, seemed half-resolved to let their captive free; but urged on by a bolsterous company just emerging from the cock-pit, who came flocking round, they commenced an uproar—a picture of which shall be given in Mr. Wesley's own words:

"Many endeavoured to throw me down, well judging that, if once on the ground, I should hardly rise any more, but I made no stumble at all, nor the least slip, until I was entirely out of their hands. Although many strove to lay hold on my collar or clothes to pull me down, they could not fasten at all, only one got fast hold of the flap of my waistcoat, which was soon left in his hand. The other flap, in the pocket of which was a bank-note, was but half torn off. A lusty man struck at me several times with a large oaken stick, with which one blow at the back of my head would have saved him all further trouble. But every time the blow was turned aside, I know not how. Another raised his hand to strike, but let it drop, only stroking my head, exclaiming: 'What soft hair he has!' A poor woman, of Darlaston, who had sworn that none should touch me, was knocked down and beaten, and would have been further ill-treated, had not a man called to them: 'Hold, Tom, hold!' 'Who's there?' asked Tom. 'What! Honest Munchin? Nay, then, let her go!'"

The crowd now grew more furious, and stones and sticks were brought into such plentiful use that Wesley and his few brave followers were in the utmost peril, when suddenly the Chicken and his three companions, who had retraced their steps, being conscience-stricken, appeared upon the scene once more.

"Hold! I say," roared the Chicken.

"No more o' this! Hold there!"

The voice was at once recognized, and produced an instant truce to battle.

Advancing to Mr. Wesley's side, the Chicken, who was deadly pale, shouted to his bewildered followers: "Now, lads, look ye here! The first as lays a finger on this gen'leman an' his friends, shall feel the weight o' this staff, I promise yer! We've all been a-doin' the devil's work this day." Then, turning to Mr. Wesley, he shook hands with him and begged his forgiveness; and also grasped Munchin's fist, with all the ardour of by-gone years—little dreaming, however, that he was thus paying court to the veritable ghost he had seen at Bentley.

**"ME ALL FACE"**

The Marquis of Lorne, when Governor-General o' Canada, was present at some sports held on the ice of the St. Lawrence River. Though wrapped in furs, he felt the cold acutely, and was astonished to see an ancient Indian meandering around barefooted, enveloped only in a blanket. He asked the savage how he managed to bear such a temperature when he had so little on.

"Why you no cover face?" inquired the Indian. The Marquis replied that no one ever did so, and that he was accustomed to having his face naked from birth. "God," rejoined the prairie king; "me all face," and walked away.



JOHNNIE'S PUNISHMENT.

JOHNNIE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY FAITH WAYNE.

"She's not my father or mother! I don't have to obey her," said Johnnie Hayes one day in a surly tone, as he refused to remain after school in punishment for raising a titter among the scholars by pinning a handkerchief to the coat of one of the boys. But he went home feeling very uncomfortable. He was afraid his father and mother would hear of his bad behaviour; and, then, too, he was mortified because the scholars heard Miss Parvin reprove him and request him to keep his seat at the close of school, at which he had openly rebelled.

He decided as he tossed restlessly on his pillow that night that his teacher had served him very badly, and that he would "fix her for it." And sad to relate, the beautiful morning found him in possession of the same ugly spirit.

He went to the school-house early the next day, and with a revengeful smile he drew upon the blackboard a very homely picture of his teacher, with a rod in her hand and spectacles on her nose.

"Who's that, Johnnie?" said one of his schoolmates, entering as he finished it.

"Why, it's Miss Parvin; I want her to see how ugly she is," he replied with a frown.

"She don't look like that," the boy said.

"She will, though, if she keeps on scolding a fellow whenever he has a little fun."

"I wouldn't do that, if I were you. It'll hurt her feelings."

"Feelings! humph! Teachers have no feelings." Johnnie replied with a contemptuous curl of his lip.

When Miss Parvin entered the school-room her eyes fell at once upon the picture on the blackboard, but she made no remark. It remained there all day, for she watched that no one should wipe it off. She knew very well whose work it was, for Johnnie was her most rebellious pupil; and then, too, his guilt was written on his downcast face.

When school was over, she called the boy to her.

"I want you to tell me why you did this, Johnnie," she said, laying her hand upon his thick dark curls, and pointing to the blackboard, while a few scholars tiptoed back and listened curiously. But the boy hung his head in sullen silence.

"I know you did it, because I have not another scholar who would be so disrespectful."

Johnnie blushed. It was not pleasant to hear himself so badly spoken of. At

home he was called a good boy. He was very fond of his parents, and obedient to them. But he is one who thinks a teacher is entitled to no rights as regards the correction of the children under her care. Indeed, he looks upon her as a sort of necessary evil, born into the world purposely to give little folks hard lessons that she might have the pleasure of keeping them in at recess or after school, and to make herself disagreeable generally.

"I don't know why you won't love me, Johnnie," Miss Parvin added by and-by, as she sat down with a heavy sigh.

The boy looked up in astonishment: the idea of loving a teacher had never entered his mind.

"It is not an easy lot to be a teacher, I am very weary at night and want to be released from the care when school hours are over quite as badly as you wish to run off to your play. So you see it is no pleasure to have to keep you in. But, Johnnie as wearisome as my life is, I thank God every night that I have this way of keeping a dear little brother from starvation, for we have no parents."

"I didn't know you had a brother," Johnnie exclaimed, in his surprise forgetting his anger.

"Yes, he is a cripple and never leaves the house unless I get home in time to wheel him out in his chair, and when I have to stay here late, poor Willie misses his airing."

Johnnie's face softened, and he said with a puzzled expression in his big black eyes:

"I should think you'd want to go so badly that you'd never keep anybody in after school then."

"I must do my duty to you, for your parents have placed you under my care."

"But I am sure my father and mother would excuse you if you didn't keep me in any more. It would be awful mean in anybody to think you ought to stay and make that little fellow miss his ride!" said Johnnie earnestly, forgetting that he had been in fault, so touched was his heart with the story of the poor child pining for the sunlight and fresh air.

Miss Parvin smiled and kissed Johnnie's upturned face, and then quite accidentally his glance fell upon the picture on the blackboard, and with a deep blush he sprang toward it and with a quick flourish of his hand it disappeared.



A HEBREW THANKSGIVING.

"Forgive me, Miss Parvin, it was wicked to do that. But I'll never keep your brother from his airing again." And Johnnie kept his word.

A HEBREW THANKSGIVING.

A good many boys and girls perhaps think that thanksgiving is a Canadian or American festival. It is much older than that. It dates back to the Old Testament times, when the children of Israel, over three thousand years ago, presented thank-offerings to the Lord. They came before him with the first fruits of the field and flock, and with rejoicing and gladness presented their offerings unto God. These were some-

times called wave offerings, because they were waved to and fro, probably in order to show that the sacrifice was made to the Lord of all the four parts of the world.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 27.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

(The fourth Sunday in November is observed as "Temperance Sunday" in many churches.)

Prov. 4. 10-19. Memory verses, 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not—Prov. 1. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Right Way, v. 10-13.
2. The Wrong Way, v. 14-17.
3. The End of the Ways, v. 18-19.

Time.—Solomon, to whom these words are attributed, reigned over the united kingdom, according to common chronology, from 1015 to 975 B.C.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Temperance lesson.—Prov. 4. 10-19.
- Tu. Companionship.—Prov. 13. 5-20.
- W. The mocker.—Prov. 20. 1-7.
- Th. The way of sinners.—Prov. 1. 7-19.
- F. A path of woe, Isa. 5. 11-23.
- S. Bad and good fruit.—Gal. 5. 16-26.
- Su. The two ways.—Psalm 1.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Right Way, v. 10-13.
  - What is our Golden Text?
  - What is the result of following wisdom?
  - What does science say about this?
  - Who are our leaders in right paths?
  - What is the meaning of verse 12?
  - In what ways may we take fast hold of instruction?
  - How should we treat good advice?
  - Why?
2. The Wrong Way, v. 14-17.
  - Into whose way should we not go?
  - If urged to do wrong, what should we do? Prov. 1. 10.
  - What four things are we advised to do?
  - What reason is given for this advice?
  - What is the food and drink of wicked men?
  - What do you understand by the "bread of wickedness" and the "wine of violence"?

Thanksgiving in the Old Home.

BY MARGARET K. HANOVER.

Like the patient moss to the rifted hill  
The wee brown house is clinging;  
A last year's nest that is lone and still,  
Though it erst was filled with singing.  
Then fleet were the children's pattering feet,  
And their thrilling childish laughter,  
And merry voices were sweet, oh, sweet!  
Ringing from floor to rafter.

The beautiful darlings, one by one,  
From the nest's safe shelter flying,  
Went forth in the ehen of the morning sun,  
Their fluttering pinions trying;  
But out as the reaping time is o'er,  
And the hoar-frost crisps the stubble,  
They haste to the little home once more,  
From the great world's toil and trouble.

And the mother herself is at the pane,  
With a hand the dim eyes shading,  
And the flush of girlhood tints again  
The cheek that is thin and fading;  
For her boys and girls are coming home,  
The mother's kiss their guerdon,  
As they came ere yet they had learned to roam,  
Or bowed to the task and burden.

Over the door's worn sill they troop,  
The skies of youth above them,  
The blessing of God on the happy group,  
Who have mother left to love them.  
They well may smile in the face of care,  
To whom such grace is given;  
A mother's faith and a mother's prayer  
Holding them close to heaven.

For her, as she clasps her bearded son,  
With a heart that's brimming over,  
She's tenderly blending two in one,  
Her boy and her boyish lover,  
And half of her soul is left away,  
So twine the dead and the living,  
In the little home wherein to-day  
Her children keep Thanksgiving.

There are tiny hands that pull her gown,  
And small heads bright and golden,  
The childish laugh and the childish frown,  
And the dimpled fingers folden,  
That bring again to the mother-breast  
The spell of the sunny weather,  
When she hushed her brood in the crowded nest,  
And all were glad together.

A truce to the jarring notes of life,  
The cries of pain and passion,  
Over this lull in the eager strife,  
Love hovers, Eden-fashion,  
In the wee brown house were lessons taught  
Of strong and sturdy living,  
And ever, where honest hands have wrought,  
God hears the true Thanksgiving.

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3. The End of the Ways, v. 18, 19.
  - To what is the path of the just likened?
  - What is the way of the wicked like?
  - Do wicked people ever try to make others like themselves?
  - What should be the judgment of Christian people concerning alcoholic beverages?
  - Concerning those who make and sell them?
  - Concerning those who "drink in moderation"?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. To heed good counsel?
  2. To shun wicked ways?
  3. To imitate good examples?