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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

No. 38.

If! If!

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done—

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend
And catch each other's wants and cries,
Attentive ears should lend—

How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care?
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

As we study our lesson on the triumphal entry into Jerusalem it will be interesting to look with the eyes of another upon the scene which met our Saviour's eyes as he descended the slopes of Olivet. The late Dr. Dulles, in his "Ride Through Palestine," takes us into the camp on the Mount of Olives and points out to us many of the interesting features of the scene, which in its natural characteristics has changed but little:

"Our camp on the summit of Olivet was charming in itself and in its unspeakably rich associations. Looking eastward into the sunken valley beyond the hills in which Bethlehem nestles, you see the waving line of green which marks the passage of the Jordan. Farther to the south the still waters of the Dead Sea gleam silvery or blue, as the sunlight may fall on them or not, while the brown hills of Moab rise beyond as a strong background to the picture. Turning our faces westward we have before us a panorama that does not need history to make it impressive. On the right the rounded hill of Scopus stretches northward; in front and at our feet, deep down, is the Kidron ravine; whilst before us lies Jerusalem.

"I had often read descriptions of this scene, but the reality has proved it more noble than I had imagined. Olivet is more bold in its descent, Kidron is more thoroughly a ravine, Jerusalem is more brilliantly displayed, than I had supposed.

"But let us walk down this western declivity of the Mount of Olives. The way is steep and the path stony. No doubt there were better paths eighteen hundred years ago, but we are treading in our Master's footsteps. He descended this mountain; he looked across this ravine and up at yonder city.

"We look over into the city. It is spread before us—literally spread before our eyes. We can count its domes, minarets and towers—almost count its very houses. In front of us is the levelled top of Moriah, once crowned with the temple of the Lord, now with the Mosque of Omar and the Mosque El-Aksa. The city wall supports the temple-area, which has an eastern face of fifteen hundred and thirty feet and a width of more than a thousand feet. Within the Mosque of Omar, and underneath its dome, is the rocky summit of Moriah, where stood in Solomon's time

and in the time of Christ the altar of burnt offering. See those dusky clouds that this moment drift across it! You would almost say that they were the smoke of the offerings on the altar. But no need is there now of offering for sin; Christ has suffered for sin once for all.

"Back of Moriah the higher hills of Zion and of Acra rise, and so regularly that each building overtops that before it.

"You may travel far before you will find a more brilliant view of a city from without. It may be studied over and over, and still it fascinates you by the unique character of its beauty. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion. Such it must certainly have been in the day of its glory."

A WORD OF ADVICE.

The special word of advice we wish to speak is that those who are leaving the school for a more active life will stop and think about the aim they mean to set before themselves. It is impossible to make much of life unless there be some settled purpose in the fulfilment of which life is to be spent. Every young man or woman, therefore, should pause at the opening of his or her career, and

ideals of his youth, to love and serve God, to cultivate in himself a character which will stand the tests of time and eternity, and to give his time and strength to the uplifting of humanity, holds a position the mere fortune hunter can never reach. Such men or women may be rich or poor, may occupy a conspicuous or a narrow place, but whatever the external circumstances, they cannot live in vain.

We entreat all young people starting out on the journey of active life to adopt this noble course. Take a high aim at the very beginning. Resolve at all hazards to live in this world, as far as possible, the life which Christ, man's greatest exemplar, lived when he was here. Put your whole trust in him, and seek the constant aid of his grace and Spirit. No matter what trials and temptations may come, do not lower or change the purpose with which you start. Be earnest, indeed, and industrious; take your full place in the active forces of this intense age, but at the same time live for things that are high and holy.

"Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever,
One grand, sweet song."

make you write out that page of Cicero three times, staying in to do it."

Whether it was desperation at this dreadful alternative, or the sparkling eyes of his class fellows, evidently longing to have the good luck themselves of "licking" a master, that suddenly inspired Jones, I know not. What I do know is that he reached forth his hand, took the cane and dealt me no sham telling cut over my shoulders. I had no idea that the ridiculous instrument would sting as it did, like a scorpion. Rubbing the place in my own turn, I managed to thank Jones for his obliging compliance, and then said to him: "Break that detestable weapon across your knee and throw it out of the window. Never again will we have anything to do with such methods here." Sir Edwin Arnold adds that corporal punishment is, in his view, a cowardly and clumsy expedient, and that "he who cannot teach without the stick had better get some other business."

HOW STINGY JIMMY IMPROVED.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of candy.

He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry that he was so stingy and talked to him about it but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "pr'aps I could give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try."

The sled went off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked.

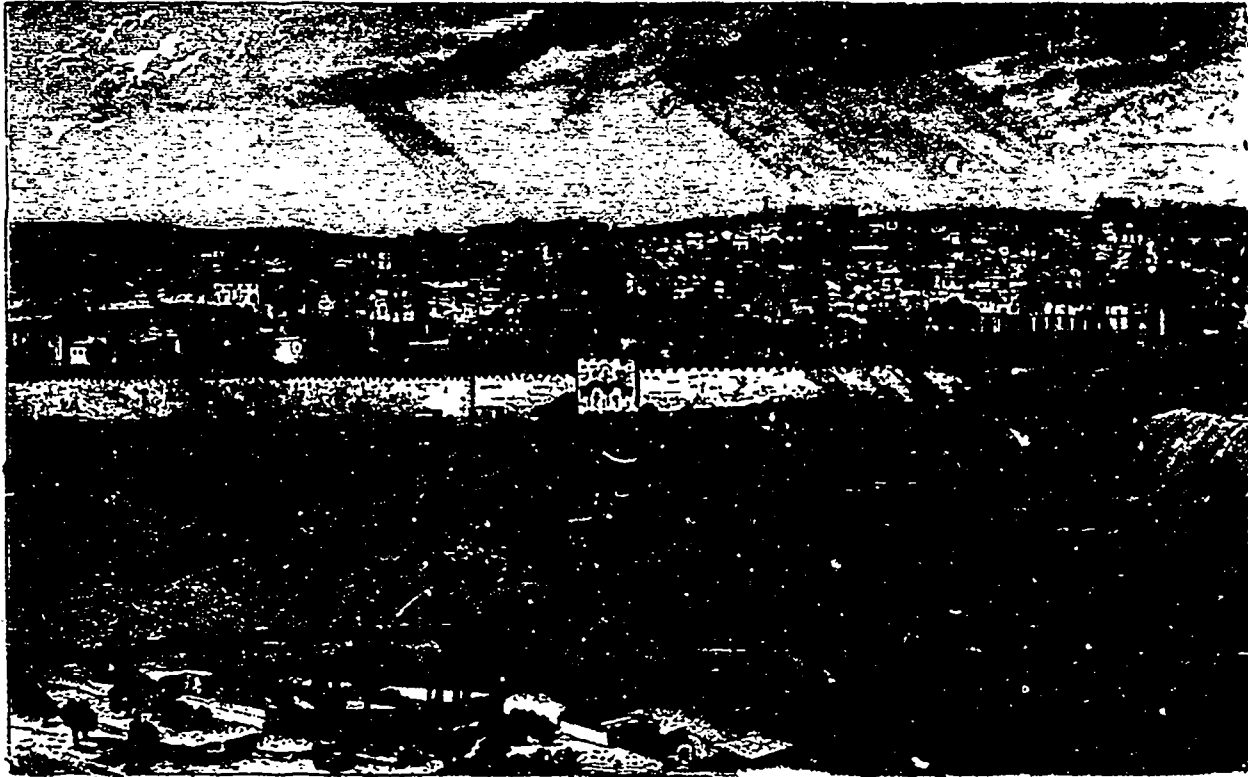
by-and-bye. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said, "I don't like this giving things. It doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said, "You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He is littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else."

Size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. That is about 50 per cent. stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

ask: "What is to be my aim in living—the central thought or purpose to which I shall bend my time and strength?"

Just here young people are apt to meet with one of their greatest temptations. "If you would amount to anything," the world nowadays cries, "you must be rich. Money answereth all things. With money you can buy position, and secure pleasure. Unless you have money you can expect no place in society, and no influence with your fellow men. The poor are despised. No matter how learned a man may be, or how good, without money he amounts to little or nothing. The ignorant upstart with his millions outweighs him, in the general estimation, a hundredfold. What you need to do most of all, then, is to make money. Your first business is to seek a fortune. Marry it if you can, if not, determine to make it for yourselves. Unless you get it, you must expect to be a nobody."

But there is surely something nobler than the making of a fortune. Fortunes, indeed, are not to be despised. The man that has wealth has in his hands a power for untold good. At the same time men may have a much higher purpose in living than the mere acquisition of thousands or millions of dollars. He that resolves to be true to the purest

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the volume of autobiography which he has just published, tells the unique story of how, as master of the Birmingham grammar school, he was caned by one of the boys.

The class was engaged on Cicero. Some disorder occurred near the master's chair, and, seizing the cane, he gave a nasty cut upon the too tempting back of a youth, who seemed to be the offender. "If you please, sir," said the boy squirming, "I did nothing. It was Scudamore that kicked me in the stomach, underneath the desk."

The statement was true. Scudamore had demanded from his neighbour, quite illegitimately, the explanation of an obscure passage, and not being attended to, taken this much too emphatic means of enforcing attention. Having called the class up, Arnold said to the doubly wronged boy, who was still rubbing the place: "It was I who am most to blame for having dealt you an undeserved blow. Take that cane and give it back to me as hard as you got it." "No, sir," the lad answered, "I can't do that."

The whole great school-room was now listening, masters and all. Arnold insisted. "Jones, you must obey me, and if you disobey, I am sorry to say I shall

Fairly Umbrellas.

Said wet east wind, calling loud to rain,
Come down, little drops, to the April
flowers.
And over the grass and the sleeping
grain,
And into the street they swept in
showers.
They tapped at each door and called,
"Come up!"
For the bleak cold wind and the snow
are gone;
Arbutus is lifting her perfumed cup
And the grass is carpeting all the
lawn."
But the fairies that lived in the quiet
wood,
All wore their new spring bonnets that
day,
So they raised their umbrellas as quick
as they could,
And under the trees went trooping
away.
And the people said when they saw them
there,
The fairy umbrellas out in the rain,
"Oh! spring has come, so sweet and so
fair,
For there are those odd little toad-
steals again!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1897.

A cause for praise.—Psalm 96. 7-13.

DESERVES PRAISE.

Religion is reasonable. Every parent expects his child to be thankful for parental kindness. Every master looks to his servant for the respect due to his station. Has not God a right to expect his creatures to praise him. See what he has done for them? The heavens declare his glory. Every particle of matter, every fowl of the air, and all the fishes of the sea proclaim his handiwork, and set forth reason for praise.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE COMMAND.

Verse 7. Not merely as individuals, but as tribes and nations, and whatever divisions or classes of men there may be in the world, all should render the praise due to his name. God is not unreasonable. He knows what is his due. He has a right to expect the praise which we can render. He is not a hard task-master, hence there is no cause to complain and say we cannot comply with the requirements which he makes at our hands.

THE SPIRIT OF WORSHIP.

Verse 9. Worship is not to be given in a careless manner, as though we did not care whether we performed an act of worship or not. If we go into the presence of those in authority over us, we would not presume to do so in any but the most reverential manner possible. There must be clean hands, sincere hearts, humility of soul, in all our worship, or our worship will be mere mockery. It will be the form merely, rather than from the heart.

OUR DUTY.

Verse 10. Soldiers always praise their commanders. Citizens are always jubilant in their commendations of their own city. Shall we not extol the name of our God? If the Gospel is to us the power of God unto salvation, surely it will be the same to the heathen. The arms of love that compass me, would all mankind embrace.

EXTENDED PRAISE.

Verses 11, 12. The Psalmist calls for the heavens to rejoice and the fields to be joyful. So all Christians desire that there shall be a unanimity of praise ascribed to the God whom we adore. We will do the same, and will use every means in our power to increase the volume of praise.

A COPPER CENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY E. L. VINCENT.

It is a good thing to be contented with what we have! I do not know of any feeling which makes one more uncomfortable than envy. Almost as long ago as I can remember, about the time when I began to go to school, one of the older boys in some way came into possession of a copper cent. Perhaps some who read this never owned one of these coins, for they are very rarely seen nowadays, and it may be that they were just as rare at the time of which I am speaking. You can imagine how proud the boy was who had this cent. Its large and shining face had a charm for him that can hardly be described.

One day the boy brought his coin to school and took great delight in showing it to the other pupils. Few of us were permitted to hold the precious thing in our hands. It was enough for us if we could look at it as it lay in the hand of the owner. There was one boy, however, in whom the possessor of the penny had sufficient confidence to intrust to his keeping for a moment the valuable coin. For some time he held it in his palm, gazing upon it with longing eyes. We all stood at the time on the top of a high bank. Below us a little way off was a large forest. After looking at the coin for some time, the boy who had borrowed it turned suddenly and threw it with all his might away into the wood below us, and then whirled and ran at the top of his speed.

We all watched the penny as it sailed away through the trees, to see where it would fall, and then did our best to find it, but in vain. The coin was lost forever.

Most of us felt very sorry for our comrade. It seemed to us such a mean thing to do. Just because the penny was not his, and he could not get one in any way that he knew of, he felt like robbing the boy who did own it; and that little thing was the cause of an ill-feeling between those boys which will probably last all through their lives.

The saddest part of this little story is, that this act proved what would be the ruling passion of the envious boy's life. He grew up to be one of the most selfish men I ever knew. His whole life was spent in getting money and doing no good with it, not even for himself; and so far as helping the world is concerned, no one could ever point to a single generous deed he ever did.

In his Word, God says that "envy is rottenness in the bones." How strong this language is! We can only understand it by thinking how weak and useless is a bone thus affected. It cannot endure anything, being easily broken, and the source of constant pain and sorrow.

The habit of adapting one's self to our surroundings helps greatly to keep envy from gaining power in our hearts. It will be helpful to read all the Bible says about envy.

Try it.

SAMBO'S LIFTED HAND.

They were out on the raging ocean, at the mercy of the wind and waves, Sambo and Baby Helen, the little white child who always smiled on him. Sambo was half lying in the bottom of the boat trying to protect Baby Helen and keep her from being washed away.

It was just daylight, and the people on shore were looking for the island that had always been between them and the rising sun. The house and trees had been washed away in the night and they could not see it. They saw the boat, though, bobbing helplessly about, but it seemed empty to them, and they turned away and said kind things of the family who had lived on the island and who had been drowned, for they did not

think any one could be saved in such a storm, and in the night too.

And the little boat kept on bobbing and rolling. It had been going toward shore, but suddenly the wind changed and began to carry it out to sea.

Sambo's hands and arms were getting stiff and cold, but he was afraid to move, for Baby Helen was asleep. Soon she waked, and he could see that they were getting farther and farther away from land.

What could he do? There were no oars in the boat, for it had broken loose too soon, and Baby Helen was beginning to cry with the cold. He tried to shield her still more with his coat, and then, raising one hand high above his head, he called aloud

"Sambo done all he know how to save dis baby yere, please do the ress, good Lord. Nebber mind 'bout Sambo, he don't count; but save dis blessed baby, Lord!"

And one of those watching on shore saw Sambo's hand as it was raised and knew that there was something alive in the boat.

It did not take long to get others to go with him to the rescue. Sambo and Baby Helen were cold and stiff and wet when they found them, but there were kind hearts on shore who took them where they were warmed and fed.

"Mighty good thing you put up that hand to attract our notice," said one of the men to Sambo, "else we'd never known you were here. I can't see why you were not swamped anyhow."

"'Lor," said Sambo, "I warn't tryin' to 'tract your notice. You see I kinder feared de good Lord wouldn't hear my voice way down in the boat, so I jest hilt up my hand so's he could see and know I wanted him."

"Well," said the sailor, "you attracted the Lord's notice and he attracted ours. That's one way he has of doing things."

PEACHSTONES.

Peachstones are discarded by the hundreds of thousands in the great peach-canning factories, to say nothing of the many that are left from the peaches we are all eating every day. What do you suppose becomes of them all? Have you ever thought anything about them, except that they are not good to eat? They have a use, however; several, indeed. For example:

Bushels and bushels of them are sold to fruit-growers, who plant them to grow young peach-trees, that are in turn set out for peach orchards. From the oil of the kernel that is found inside of the stone a powerful drug, prussic acid, is distilled. It is a poison if taken even in a very small quantity, but it is a valuable and useful drug for all laboratory purposes. A third use of the peach-pits is to dry them and use them for fuel, for which purpose they are excellent.

HOW THEY CARRY MONEY.

One of the queerest sights is to see how different immigrants carry their money.

Most English immigrants carry their coin in a small case, attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket and they would a watch.

Irishmen always have a little canvas bag, in which notes and coin are crammed together. Irish girls, on the other hand, generally have their money sewed on the inside of their dresses.

Germans carry their money in a belt round their waists, and the belt is usually an elaborate and costly affair, no matter how poor the immigrant may be.

The French mostly carry a small brass tube, in which they can place forty or fifty twenty-franc pieces, which can be removed very rapidly one at a time.

There are few Italians who do not carry a large tin tube, in which they keep paper money or silver coins; and this tube is hung round their necks by a small chain or cord.

Swedes and Norwegians are sure to have an immense pocketbook that has generally been used by their fathers and grandfathers before them and which has it enough leather to make a pair of boots.

The Slavonians and Hungarians carry their money in their long boots, together with a knife, fork, and spoon.—Our Sunday afternoon.

Prof. Liversidge, of the Sydney (Australia) university has made chemical experiments which, he says, show that there are over 100,000,000 tons of gold dissolved in the ocean water of the world, if the rate of one grain per ton, which he found on the Australian coast, holds everywhere.

PETER COOPER.

Peter Cooper was a poor boy, and had very poor health. He had but little chance to get an education. He went to school only one year in his whole life, and in that year had to stay at home many days.

His father was a hatter, and at eight years of age young Peter spent his time in helping to earn a living. "In pulling hair from the skins of rabbits, which his father killed to make the hat pulp."

When he was about seventeen years of age he went to the great city of New York to see what he could do there. For some time he found nothing to do, but kept walking the streets in daytime, trying to find employment.

At length he met a carriage-maker, who took him as an apprentice for five years, giving him his board and two dollars per month.

We can see from this that he could have but few of the comforts or even necessities of life. But in the midst of toil and privation he was heard to say, "If I ever get money enough I will build a place where the poor girls and boys of this great city of New York may get an education free." He was prosperous, and lived to accumulate enough to build an institute, which bears his name, Cooper Institute. Who can estimate the great amount of good it is doing yearly for the poor, who but for him must live in ignorance?

MAUD'S MANNERS.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

"Now, Maud Anna Belinda," said Elsie, "I want you to sit up straight and lis'n to me. I have something to say to you."

It was hardly worth while to ask Maud Anna Belinda to sit up straight, for she was already sitting up very straight indeed, with her hands hanging down stiffly at her sides, and her eyes staring right out in front of her.

"I've got some good advice to give you," Elsie went on, "for your manners. There's coman' manners and there's home-folks manners. Some people have very fine coman' manners, but their home-folks manners are horrid. They make all their smiles in company, and just have frowns and pouts and frets for the family, which, you know, is very unfair, and not nice at all. Some people don't divide theirs up; they just have manners that are just the same all the time. And this is a much better way, especially if they are of a pleasant kind.

"Come people get their manners at Paris, and some people's mothers tell them to them when they are young. But, my dear Maud Anna Belinda, if you want yours to be good and lovely through and through, you must have a good and lovely heart that's full of kindness and best wishes to everybody. Those are the sort they have in heaven, and heaven's a better place to get them from than Paris, I guess, or anywhere else.

"So now I'm done. And I will give you a kiss to remember it by."

If Maud Anna Belinda did not need Elsie's advice, that is not saying that some of us may not.

BITS OF FUN.

Father—Charley, if you are good today, you may unpack the trunks; if you are not, you'll have to unpack them!

A woman feels surest that smoking is hurting her husband's health right after she has had her lace curtains cleaned.

Dilettante (very pressing)—"I should like so much to write for your newspaper. One side of the paper has to be blank, hasn't it?" Editor—"No; both!"

First Westerner—"Pete is down with lung trouble again." Second Westerner—"What's the matter with his lungs?" First Westerner—"He's got a bullet in one of 'em."

Mr. Jorkins announced that he had found "a good bargain in men's shoes," and his wife satirically responded that his luck was better than hers had ever been.

"Why do you sign your name J. John B. B. Bronson?" asked Hawkins. "Because it is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."

"Budlong is travelling under an assumed name."

"What on earth is she doing that for?"

"She's been married and has assumed her husband's name. They are away on their honeymoon."

September

The day of the blossom is over, the
clematis twines its wreath;
The lace flower waves in the meadow,
the corn is ripe in the sheath,
Sweet in the air is the scent of the vine,
the orchard bends with its load,
Armies with banners in sorried ranks
march upon every road,
Golden-rod, sumac, and aster are guard-
ing each wayside pass,
And the honeyed waft of the after-math
drifts from the springing-grass.

Lazily homeward wings the bee when
his spoils are gathered in;
The tree-toad hides in the shadowy
wood, the lilies that toll nor spin,
That listen all night to the crickets and
away in the moonlit dew,
Stand taper and tall in the sunshine the
beautiful long day through.

Fair is the royal September, and rich is
the wine out-poured
In these hours of blithe fulfilment at
Nature's bounteous board;
For the hour of the blossom is over, the
hour of the bud in blow,
And here is the crown of the summer,
ere yet 'tis her time to go,
With the lace flower white on the mea-
dow, the clematis twining its
wreath,
Purple the grape in the cluster, and
ripened the corn in the sheath.

A FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR PIN.

"Only two or three days ago an over-
seer in an English mill found a pin
which cost the company nearly a hun-
dred pounds."

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I
suppose it must have been very hand-
some. Was it a diamond pin?"

"Oh, no, my dear, not by any means.
It was just such a pin as people buy
every day and use without stint. Here
is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin as that cost nearly a
hundred pounds!" exclaimed John. "I
don't believe it."

"But mamma says it is a true story,"
interposed Susie.

"Yes, I know it to be true. And this
is the way it happened to cost so much.
You know that calicoes, after they are
printed and washed and dried, are
smoothed by being passed over heated
rollers. Well, by some mischance a pin
dropped so as to lie on the principal
roller, and indeed became wedged into
it, the head standing out a little from
the surface.

"Over and over went the roller and
round and round went the cloth, winding
at length upon still another roller, until
the piece was measured. Then another
piece began to be dried and wound, and
so on until a hundred pieces had been
counted off. These were not examined
immediately, but removed from the ma-
chinery and laid aside. When at length
they came to be in-
spected it was found
that there were holes
in every piece
throughout the web,
and only three-quar-
ters of a yard apart.
Now, in every piece
there were from
thirty-five to forty-
five yards, and at nine-
pence a yard that
would count up to
about one hundred
and eighty pounds

"Of course the
goods could not be
classed as perfect
goods, so they were
sold as remnants, at
about half the price
they would have
brought had it not
been for that hidden
pin.

"Now, it seems to
me that when a boy
takes for a com-
panion a profane
swearer, a Sabbath
breaker, or a lad
who is untruthful,
and a little girl has
for her playmate one
who is unkind and disobedient, or in
any way a wicked child, they are like
the roller which took to its bosom the
pin. Without their being able to help it
often the influence clings to them and
leaves its mark upon everybody with
whom they come in contact. That pin
damaged irreparably four thousand yards
of new print, but bad company has
ruined thousands of souls for whom
Christ died. Remember, 'one sinner
destroyeth much good'; therefore avoid
evil companions."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let your light so shine before men,
that they may see your good works, and
glorify your Father which is in heaven.
—Matt. 5. 16.



SACRED COW OF THE HINDU.

HOME READINGS.

- M. First converts in Europe.—Acts 16.
6-15.
Tu. Paul and the Philippian gaoler.—
Acts 16. 22-34.
W. Paul at Thessalonica and Berea.—
Acts 17. 1-12.
Th. Paul preaching in Athens.—Acts 17.
22-34.
F. Paul's ministry in Corinth.—Acts 18.
1-11.
S. Excellence of Christian love.—1
Cor. 13.
Su. Christian living.—Rom. 12. 9-21.

I. The Titles and Golden Texts should
be thoroughly memorized. They are to
the Review as the skeleton to the body—
as the framework to the house. They
are the "invariable elements" of each
quarter's lessons.

II. The Lesson Facts should be re-
called, not necessarily in detail, but cer-
tainly in vivid outline. The following
question hints will be found helpful:

1. What incident led Paul to Europe?
In what city did he begin work? Who
was his first convert?
2. Why was Paul in prison? From
what peril did he deliver the gaoler?
What great blessing did he bring to the
house?

church to be ignorant? What message
of comfort did he give? When is the
Lord Jesus to appear?

7. From what did Paul urge abstin-
ence? Why did he urge this duty?
What was his own manly resolve?

8. To what four desirable things is
love superior? What seven things does
love avoid? What seven things does
love do? How long will love endure?

9. By whom was Paul opposed at
Ephesus? Why was he opposed?
What modern parallel can you name?

ninety-six of every one hundred persons
convicted of crime were addicted to the
use of liquor.

Massachusetts has a local option law,
under which the cities and towns vote
annually upon the licensing of saloons.
One branch of the bureau's investigation
was directed to ascertaining the relative
amount of drunkenness in places where
the saloons were closed and in those
where they were open. In the no-
license cities and towns the arrests for
drunkenness were only about one-fourth,
and for offences other than drunkenness,
less than one-half as many per thousand
of the population as in license cities and
towns. In five cities which were for a
part of the year under license and a
part of the year under no-license, the
license months showed nearly three
times as many arrests for drunkenness
on the average as the no-license months.

These statistics, taken as a whole,
seem not only to establish a close con-
nection between the liquor traffic and
crime, pauperism, and insanity, but to
show also a considerable curtailment of
these evils when saloons are closed.—
Youth's Companion.

HE GAVE THEM AWAY.

Rev. H. W. Knapp, in his eulogy upon
Ruskin, says *The Youth's Companion*,
tells how Ruskin began by giving first a
tenth of his income to the poor, then
half, and finally nearly the whole.

If others would not encourage the
study of art in schools, Ruskin would
buy ten water-colour drawings of Wil-
liam Hunt and give them to the public
schools of London.

He fell heir to one million of dollars;
this amount he has given away except a
sufficient sum to give him an income of
fifteen hundred dollars a year. Upon
this he now lives, the income of his
books being distributed among his old
pensioners and his various plans for
social reform.

He bestowed his art treasures with
like generosity. He gave the marbles
which he had collected in Greece and his
priceless Italian drawings to public gal-
eries and museums, where they would
benefit the common people.

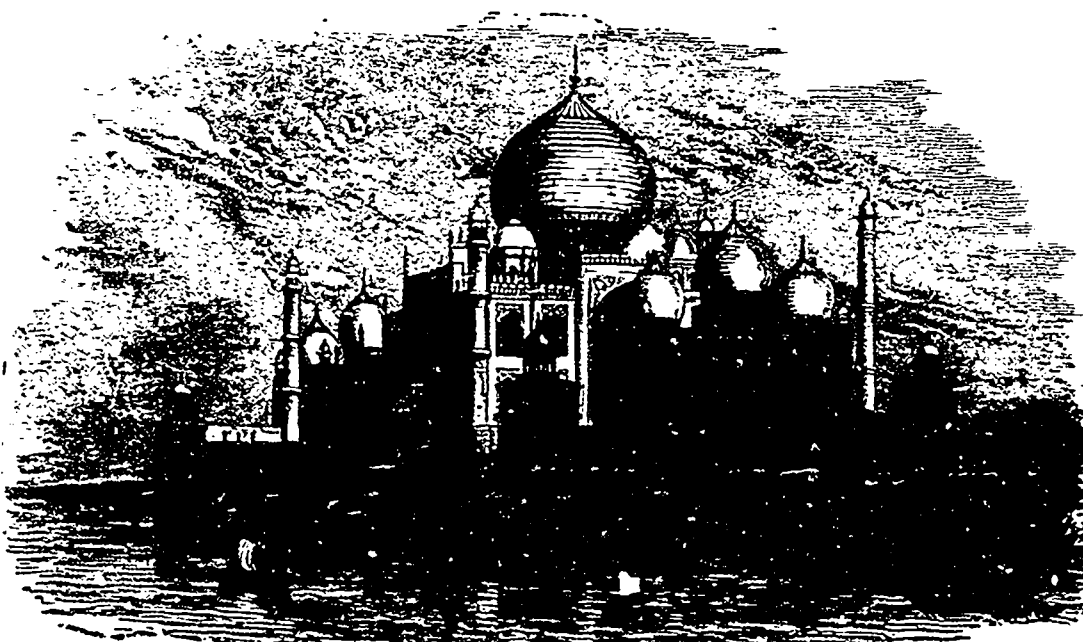
Refusing the invitations of the rich,
and putting away the temptation to a
life of elegant ease and refined luxury,
Ruskin gave himself to the poor. His
best lectures were never given where
English wealth and social prestige were
represented, but were delivered to work-
ing-girls' and workingmen's associations.

Dr. Andrew Clark says, in referring to
the use of intoxicating drinks: "So long
as you take a little, there is in the
human system a tendency to take more."
This is just the difficulty; when you
have eaten, your hunger vanishes, and
there is no desire for more; when you
drink water you are no longer thirsty;
therefore in these cases your appetite
is a sufficient guide and safeguard. But
when you drink intoxicating liquors,
your desire for them increases, and
"there is a tendency to take more."

SOME FRUITS OF THE SALOON.

The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics
of Labour, acting under the instructions
of the Legislature, has made an investi-
gation of the relation of the liquor
traffic to pauperism, crime, and insanity.
The method adopted was that of direct
inquiry of the inmates of the State in-
stitutions, and of all persons passing
through the courts of the State for a
year.

The results of the investigation make
a suggestive and important volume. As
to the insane, as far as could be ascer-
tained, seven out of every ten had in-
temperate parents; and one out of every
four was believed to have been



A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE, INDIA.

3. What message did Paul declare in
Thessalonica? What was the attitude
of the unbelieving Jews? In what re-
spect were the Bereans more noble than
the Thessalonians?

4. Where did Paul preach in Athens?
Whom did he preach? How was his
message received?

5. With whom did Paul live in Cor-
inth? To whom did he at first preach?
To whom did he next turn? What en-
couragement to fidelity did Paul receive?

6. About whom did Paul not wish the

made insane by his own intemperate
habits.

Of all the paupers in the State insti-
tutions, three out of every four were ad-
dicted to the use of liquor; and nearly
one-half had intemperate parents.

Of all the arrests for crime during the
year, two-thirds were for drunkenness.
Taking into all account all kinds of
crime, in about eight and one-half cases
in every ten the intemperate habits of
the offender led to a condition which in-
duced the crime; and, excluding minors,

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