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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

[No. 39.]

Vol. XIII.]

A Boy's Mother.

BY J. WHITCOMB RILEY.

My mother, she's so good to me!
If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good. No, sir!
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad er mad;
She loves me when I'm gladder
bad;
An' what's a funniest thing,
she says
She loves me when she pun-
ishes!

I don't like her to punish me;
That don't hurt, but it hurts
to see
Her cryin'; nen I cry; an'
nen
We both cry, an' be good
again.

She loves me when she cuts
and sews
My little cloak and Sunday
clothes;
An' when my pa comes home
to tea,
She loves him 'most as much
as me!

She laughs and tells him all I
said,
An' grabs me up, and pats my
head;
An' I hug her, an' hug my pa,
An' love him purt' nigh much
as ma.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE PAGE.

Our picture represents an incident recorded in the life of Frederick the Great. This somewhat irascible monarch found one day a page asleep in the waiting room, and espied a letter sticking out of his pocket. The rather unscrupulous king abstracted the letter and found it was a very touching one from the aged mother of the boy, full of love messages and praise for her son, but betraying very straitened domestic circumstances. The king's heart was touched, and folding a bank note in the letter he replaced it in the lad's pocket. He was greatly pleased at the lad's surprise and delight when he awoke and found he was able to help his mother.

When the present writer was visiting the palace of "Sans Souci" which means "without care" (although the weary monarch often found it very full of care indeed), we saw the long anteroom where this scene was supposed to have occurred. I was struck with the very narrow seats on which the pages had to sit while waiting. The guide said that the pages used to fall asleep, so the king had the seats made small so that they could not go to sleep with comfort, so they had to keep awake. Possibly on one of these very seats the

page may have had his sleep which was followed by such a pleasant awakening.

The old king, I have said, found Sans Souci very full of care. At the end of the terrace are shown the graves of his dogs and horses with their epitaphs and the monarch used to say, "When I sleep there beneath the sod, then, and not till then, shall I be 'free from care.'"

under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 20 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the sea fourteen feet thick is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burdens to the land, and water comes down in rain upon the fields, at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,564 feet the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the place on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined to Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and a shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out and the inside is coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth the sling unhooks and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached, a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.

—*Electrical Review.*

SURE SIGNS.

SOLOMON said, many centuries ago, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

When I see a boy slow to go to school, and glad of every excuse to neglect his books, I think it a sign that he will

be a dunce. When I see a boy haste to spend his every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it is a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it is a sign of great future blessings from Almighty God.



FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE PAGE.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

THE sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At a depth of about 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea-water and allowed to evaporate

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the water travelled. The water stays in the same place but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet

be a dunce.

An Indignant Scholar.

Such a horrid jogafray lesson!
Cities and mountains and lakes;
And the longest, crookedest rivers,
Just wriggling about like snakes.

I tell you, I wish Columbus
Hadn't heard the earth was a ball,
And started to find new countries
That folks didn't need at all.

Now wouldn't it be too lovely
If all that you had to find out
Was just about Spain and England,
And a few other lands thereabout.

And the rest of the maps were printed
With pink and yellow to say,
"All this is an unknown region
Where bogies and fairies stay!"

But what is the use of wishing,
Since Columbus sailed over here,
And men keep hunting and 'sploring
And finding more things every year?

Now show me the Yampah River,
And tell me where does it flow?
And how do you bound Montana?
And Utah and Mexico?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

"DON'T DESTROY THE PAPERS."

AN article in an exchange with the above heading told how one dull November day an invalid girl longed so much for something to read that her mother smoothed out the crumpled newspaper which had come that morning around the sewing and handed it to her. Agnes read several items of interest, and then came to a little poem, entitled "Trust," which she read aloud:

"Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving works,
And therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow.
God will help thee hear what comes
Of joy or sorrow."

"Read it again, dear," the tired, overworked mother said, and as the lips which were so soon to be pale and lifeless read the tender lines once again, there came into the face of the careworn mother a look of peace. As she knelt that night by the sick bed she said to her daughter:

"Agnes, pray that your mother may learn to trust."

Rising, she said, softly: "I think he has granted it, even to unworthy me, Agnes;" and as she moved about to set things in order for the night, she added: "I think we shall never forget that scrap of paper, child. I think the Lord sent it on purpose."

Don't destroy your papers. A bare-footed Colorado lad said to me a day or so ago, with shining face: "I have reading

enough to last me for a whole year. A lady subscribed for several papers for her little boy, she gave them to a poor boy, and he read them and then loaned them to me."

Don't destroy the papers. The children's magazine may gladden the hearts of the little ones whose homes are bare as was that of the little Western boy. Every good religious paper is capable of being just such a messenger of peace as was that scrap which comforted the overworked widow. So do not destroy them, but send them to the penitentiary, the hospital, or to the poor and sick in your vicinity.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

IRON SHOD.

THE safety of a mountain-climber depends upon being well-shod. And therefore the Swiss guides wear heavy shoes with sharp spikes in the soles.

On a bright July morning, a famous scientist of England started with two gentlemen to ascend a steep and lofty snow mountain in Switzerland.

Though experienced mountaineers, they took with them Jenni, the boldest guide in that district. After reaching the summit, they started back, and soon arrived at a steep slope covered with thin snow. They were lashed together with a strong rope, which was tied to each man's waist.

"Keep carefully in my steps, gentlemen," said Jenni; "for a false step might start the snow and send us down in an avalanche."

He had scarcely spoken when the whole field of snow began to slide down the mountain side, carrying the unfortunate climbers with it at a terrible pace.

A steeper slope was before them, and at the end of it a precipice! The three foremost men were almost buried in the whirling snow. Below them were the jaws of death. Everything depended on getting a foothold.

Jenni shouted loudly, "Halt! halt!" and with desperate energy drove his iron-nailed boots into the firm ice beneath the moving snow.

Within a few rods of the precipice, Jenni got a hold with his feet, and was able to bring the party up all standing, when two seconds more would have swept them into the chasm.

This hair-breadth escape shows the value of being well shod when in dangerous places. Life is full of dangerous places, especially for the young. No boy is prepared for dangerous climbing unless he is well shod with Christian principles. Sometimes temptation ices the track under him, and then he must plant his foot down with an iron heel, or he is gone.

A poor boy of my acquaintance signed a pledge never to taste whiskey. One day his rich employer invited him to dinner. There was wine on the table, but the lad was not ashamed to say:

"No, I thank you, sir; I never touch it."

Then came a rich pudding, which the boy tasted, and found that there was brandy in it; so he quietly laid the tasted morsel back on his plate. The employer discovered that the boy had pluck enough to stand by his convictions, and he will never be afraid to trust him. He is a sure-footed boy.

God knows what steep places lie before us. He has provided the "shoes of iron and brass" for us to put on. They are truth, honesty, and faith, and courage, and prayer.

A clear conscience will keep the head cool. And up along the hard road there is a sign-board, on which is written in large letters, "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely."

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

It is said that "twelve thousand silkworms when newly hatched scarcely weigh one quarter of an ounce, yet in the course of their life, which only lasts about thirty-five days, they will consume between three and four hundred pounds of leaves."

This seems wonderful, but not more so than the quantity of air that a man will consume. In one year he uses in his breathing one hundred thousand cubic feet of air, and purifies over three thousand five hundred tons of blood.

Suppose he does not breathe pure air? Then the impurities that he takes in go

into his blood, and must be gotten rid of some way. Sometimes the blood carries them to the skin, and they come out in pimples or boils; sometimes they cause fevers or other diseases. So you can see how important it is to breathe good air. The air of the house is never quite so good as that out-of-doors, because stoves and furnaces make a gas that poisons the air more or less; then the breath sent out from the lungs is poison, so it is very important to have as good air as we can in the house, and to be out-of-doors, walking, riding, or working, as much as possible every pleasant day. At night there should always be fresh air in the sleeping room. If there is not, the sleeper will wake up in the morning feeling very tired and unrested, and the reason is, he has been breathing air over again until there was no life in it. Remember, if you took back into your lungs one breath just sent out from them that had no fresh air mixed with it, you would die of suffocation in sixty seconds. Don't economize on air. Have plenty of it, and as good as you can get always.

THE TOBACCO TYRANT.

TOBACCO is the most oppressive, malicious, relentless and exacting ruler in the world, having the control of the largest number of slaves of any other tyrant. There are but very few of his slaves who can so far rise to the dignity of true manhood as to throw off the yoke of oppression. The bidding of this oppressor is generally obeyed, however unreasonable it may be, and, too often, without one word of opposition. A man—or one who was once a man—though his family may be suffering for the necessaries of life, is practically told to gather up what money he can find and rush to the shop for some tobacco, that he may satisfy, or try to satisfy, his craving appetite for the vile weed that may remove that insatiable gnawing within, ever crying, "Give, give!" This tyrant orders him to fill his breath so full of disgusting and nauseating stench as to render him an unwelcome visitor in decent society, and he obeys, however disgusting this may be to his female friends. Indeed, it matters but little how arbitrary this oppressor may be, he rules.



REV. EGERTON YOUNG.

EGERTON YOUNG AND THE NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

[We have previously reviewed Mr. Young's book and have pleasure in reprinting the following notice of it from the *Montreal Witness*.—Ed.]

No one that has listened to Rev. Egerton Young, as with gentle voice he has told at Conventions the most entrancing stories of his work among the Indians of the North-West, but will welcome with delight his new book entitled, "Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp Fires." (Wm. Briggs, Toronto.) Mr. Young loved his Indians and drew out whatever was best in them. With marvellous tact he met their difficulties and won their affections, and had the delight of seeing in more than one instance even their sorcerers yielding to the power of the Gospel.

In 1868 Mr. and Mrs. Young left Hamilton, Ont., for work among the Cree Indians at Rosville Mission, near Norway House. Two months were spent in the journey to Winnipeg, then Fort Garry. From thence they started in a Hudson Bay Company skiff, with neither deck, awning nor cabin, for their long and perilous journey northward. Eight Indian boatmen took them safely down the Red River of the North with a large ox as fellow-passenger. Fourteen days of varied experiences on Lake Winnipeg followed, the party going ashore each evening to camp and cook meals.

There were places where the water was so shallow that our boat grounded in the sand a hundred feet or more from the shore. When this happened a broad-shouldered man named So-qua-a-tum, would jump into the water, and coming around to the stern of the boat, would take Mrs. Young on his back and shoulders safely to the shore. I would address my feet and wade ashore. One day the big guide, as he saw me about to take off my shoes, said: "Missionary, let me carry you ashore like So-qua-a-tum carried your wife." "All right, Tom," I replied. He jumped into the water, and coming round, placed himself in position for me to get on his back. Just as I let myself go to catch hold of him he suddenly ducked down, and I went over his head into the lake, amid roars of laughter from the men. He said he slipped, and urged me to try it again.

preferred ever after to wade ashore." The station, when reached, was 100 miles from the nearest post-office, and the Indians were partly Christian and partly Pagan. We let it be known that we did not intend to look a door or fasten a window, that nothing was under lock and key, that we had come from a far happy home to live among them, and we told them that in return we expected them to be honest and true to us. This confidence in them was never abused, we never had anything stolen from us, and yet, like our hosts, they loved to come to our house and visit every room and examine every thing strange to them. They came by day or night, and, without knocking, would search for us through the whole house.

KEEPING SUNDAY.

The Indians kept the Sabbath with the utmost reverence. It was the custom for all of each family to attend all the services, and the babies, strapped on boards, were stowed in the windows or hung on the walls, while the Indians sat on the floor in preference to using the benches. "I have no sympathy," says Mr. Young, "with the nervous preacher, who cannot stand the music of a baby's voice, whether the child is red, black or white." It was noticed that year by year, although the brigades of Indians with their valuable cargoes started together from Norway House for the Mackenzie River and Athabasca districts, yet the mission Indians were always the first to return with their loads of furs. When asked the reason they stonced and unanimously declared that it was because they rested on the Sabbath day, and explained at length how easily they caught up and passed the brigades, which kept no rest day, concluding: "We were three days down on our way home, when we met the other brigades going up. We rested every Sabbath day during the whole trip of about two months, and yet were home about a week before the Indians returned who kept no Sabbath, but pushed on every day."

"As I looked upon the bronzed yet healthy faces, and contrasted them in their manly vigour with some worn-out, spiritless men in the other boats, as their missionary I rejoiced in their story. Deeply interested in the question, I watched, and as well as I could, I studied it for a number of years on these severe testing grounds. Physically our Indians were no larger, and apparently no stronger, than were those of other places, and yet here is the fact, witnessed and commented upon by others as well as by myself that the men who had kept the Sabbath did their work in less time and returned in much better health than those who knew no day of rest."

One of Mr. Young's most interesting chapters tells the story of some Indians who travelled fourteen days down great rivers and across stormy lakes to tell the missionary that they had the great book and could read it, but wanted some one to tell them what it meant. Startled by their story Mr. Young tested them with an Indian Bible and found that these men who had had no teacher among them could all read fluently. They told him that when far away from home out hunting, they had met some of the mission Indians also many days out, and these would not gamble with them, but read them beautiful stories out of their great book.

"When your Christian people saw that we were so interested they said, 'Would you not like to learn to read for yourselves?' and, of course, we said 'Yes.' So they began teaching us. It seemed strange that we who had thought it was all such foolishness a short time before, should be now seated in their wigwams and hard at work learning a, e, oo, ah; pa, pe, poo, pah, ta, to, too, tah, and all the rest of the characters which your Indians had marked out for us on pieces of birch bark with a burnt stick. But we had got hungry to know for ourselves, and when we found that 'ma' and 'ni' and 'to' put together meant 'Manito,' the Great Spirit, then, indeed, we were excited and studied hard to know more."

Then the Indians told of a visit to York factory and a present of Indian Bibles, and the return home with the resolve that every Indian who learned to read should have a Bible. Soon the books were all distributed, "and" they said to the missionaries, "we have the book, but we

want somebody to make it plain to us. We are like one who found an instrument which makes music. We get a sweet sound here and another there, but we have no way had any teaching, and so we cannot play it aright, and so we have come all this way to ask you to come to our land and teach us what these things mean about which we are reading. The missionaries and deacons with which Mr. Young had to do, they may be better pleased than do we. He talked and prayed with the Indians and promised to visit them the next winter. The Indians were deeply interested in his promises while the time he had to do long and proportionately broad. We have only time to give you a few samples of the delightful incidents of which the book is full. Mr. Young has a charming set of humor which brightens up the driest details, and makes the fun of his stories perfectly irresistible. The volume is illustrated, and with its predecessor, "By Canoe and Dog Train," might profitably be placed in every Sunday-school library in the Dominion. (Price \$1.25.)

ONE OF THE LOST NINE.

It is said that only one out of every ten young men of our country is a Christian. Alexander Patterson in an article in the *Young Men's Era* asked about one of the nine who are lost, and goes on to tell how he became lost and remains so. It is a true picture. He says:

He receives a salary of fifteen dollars a week and lives in a boarding house. There are a dozen or more there like him. Saturday evening he pays his landlady and laundry. He gets up and, after supper, goes down town. Some friends are with him. They first have "a beer" and cigars. They "take in" a show. After that visit a gambling place and risk a few dollars. Drinks and cigars between plays. It is late now, but before returning to his room he visits, with the others, some "lady" friends of easy acquaintance. He gets back to his lodgings about two o'clock. He sleeps late Sunday morning and spends the forenoon smoking and reading the papers. After dinner he takes a stroll, perhaps to the park, or sees a game of baseball. Sunday evening is a repetition of Saturday evening. Monday morning he borrows a dollar for car fare and cigarettes and is down to work just in time. In the intervals of his work he exchanges items of his Saturday and Sunday "fun" with his associates. He varies this programme by visits to the races, where he generally bets. He is free with his money when he has it. He dresses neatly and has a gentlemanly bearing. He seldom attends church, and never gospel or Young Men's Christian Association meetings. He looks on the latter as a "soul trap," as one expressed it. He is severe on church members and regards religion as at best a doubtful matter. Ministers he never meets, and regards them as acting from a professional standpoint, well-meaning, perhaps, but impractical; "something between men and women," as one of them described them to the writer. He is not ignorant of religious things, but purposely shuns them. To him they have been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

This young man was once in a Christian home and church. For the first seven years of his life the most susceptible—a Christian mother had him hourly under her influence. For ten years the church had him weekly under its instruction. The fullest opportunity was given at the last age under most favourable influences to save him. Yet he was not saved and is not now, and not one in ten of his class apparently are. He is a lost man, and there are eight more like him for each one saved by all our combined influences and agencies—church, evangelistic and association. Where was the fault? Who failed in the splendid opportunity given at the beginning of this young man's life? What was the cause?

First: Efforts were not made early enough for his salvation. As a child he was thought to be too young to understand or to care. It was a cruel mistake. Children do think and feel and understand. Christ was not mistaken when he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Second: He was lost in the gulf between the Sunday-school and the church. While still a child in years he came to be a

man in aspirations. The point was his ideal. Man's occupations, recreations and amusements were to him subjects of most entrancing study. He longed to be "a man." He counted the years in advance. When asked, "How old are you?" he replied, "Growing on twelve." The Sunday-school he came to think was for children. It was not so to him. The sailor band and Junior Christian Endeavour under the local women had no attraction for him. The church had nothing else. He was not accustomed to go to the church services. The Sunday-school took its place for the children in his family. When he quit Sunday-school he was done with regular attendance on everything of a religious kind.

Third: He was ruined in the time between supper and sleep. He was as boys generally are at this age, awkward and noisy and was often reproved for careless slamming of doors and other things trying to be quiet and somewhat nervous people of the family. So he came to feel uncomfortable in the house. He found he could not bring his boy friends home. His absence was felt to be a relief to the older people. Besides, the bric-a-brac was safer when he was away. No one knew just how or where he spent the time. He was attending "the devil's night school." It was then he first saw obscene pictures. It was here he learned the habit which is the curse of boyhood, it was now he learned to smoke cigarettes and to drink beer and find his way to the cheap gallery of the theatre.

Fourth: His parents lost his confidence. It had not been sought particularly. He was shunned when first caught using tobacco, but this only made him more secretive. Others knew his habits, but his parents remained in strange ignorance of them. Within a month a boy of sixteen known to the writer confessed he had used tobacco unknown to his mother for ten years, and another of twelve was almost daily under the influence of liquor, his mother, a grand worker in the temperance ranks, blind to his state or its cause.

The most neglected class in our land are the boys. There are agencies and efforts made for every other class, but those for the boys are few and feeble. To save the boy is to save the man, the family and the church. Here is a field for effort and a subject for thought worthy of the best of hearts and heads. The boy is reachable and impressive. He likes to have attention paid him and appreciates kindness. It is a field scarcely touched by the Young Men's Christian Association. What the Sunday-school is to the church the junior department should be to the association. There should be as many juniors as seniors. It needs a man specially adapted for the work; kind and firm and versatile. Here is a neglected work for churches. Give the boys an evening and a place. Here is a matter for parents' thoughts and prayers and plans. Make home attractive to the boys. Above all, keep their confidence and know where they spend their evenings, and who their associates are. Whoever else is neglected, "Save the boy."

A SAD STORY.

While touring among the villages about thirty miles from Coanada, I saw a sight that would melt a heart of stone. As I drew near the temple, I heard a cry like the wail of some bereaved mother weeping for her child. I paused for a little before going nearer, lest I might disturb the worshipper, and miss what I longed to see. I had not long to wait. The sound came again—a low, sobbing cry. A step forward, and I could see a poor woman sitting on the ground before the idol, now weeping, now shouting frantically like one in hysterics, now scolding the idol. "You killed my child! You didn't save my child! I gave you three cows and a goat, but you didn't save my child. You mean old thing, you killed my child! Were there no other children in the village? Why should you kill my only child? You mean old thing. You are not God at all. You have no pity for me. I won't give you any more goats. Thus saying, in revenge she spat upon the idol, which made no reply, offered no resistance, and gave no comfort to its worshippers.—The *Juggernaut*.

A Public Junior Service

BY MRS. BELLE S. GOODWIN.

A PUBLIC Junior League Sunday evening service occasionally is helpful. It brings the League before the church, and is a good subject-lesson. Such a service, successfully carried out, will fill the church, secure a good collection, and advance the Junior League cause in the vicinity. Try it!

PROGRAMME:

- Hymn.
- Temperance Imrology—
 - Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
 - Praise him who heals the drunkard's woe;
 - Praise him who leads the temperance host,
 - Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- Anthem "Incline thine ear to me."
- League Pledge and Response.
- Prayer, by the Pastor.
- Duet: "We will give our hearts to Jesus"
- Scripture drill.
- Recitation.

Map song—

First the line on coast we make,
Heron nest, a marshy lake;
Then the Sea of Galilee,
Exactly east of Carmel see,
The Jordan River flows through both
To the Dead Sea on the south;
And the great sea westward lies,
Stretching far as sunset skies.

Looking northward you may view
Leshanon and Hermon too;
Carmel and Gilboa grim,
Tabor, Shal, Gerizim,
Near Jerusalem we see
Olivet and Calvary.
Judea's hills rise south and west,
Of lonely Nebo's lowering crest.

On Zion stands Jerusalem,
Six miles south is Bethlehem.
On Olive's slope is Bethany,
Rathabara by Jordan see.
Our Saviour drank at Sychar's well,
Of boyhood days let Nazareth tell;
At Chana, water turned to wine,
Snowed our Lord to be divine.

Capernaum, by Galilee,
Near its twin Bethsaida see.
Caesarea Philippi
At Hermon's base is seen to lie.
Along the coast these three appear—
Gaza, Joppa, Caesarea.
South to Bethel we may go,
To Hebron next and Jericho.

From heathen Tyre materials
To build a temple to God's name.
The sorrowing widow's son at Nain
Jesus raised to life again.
See Dan, where Jordan's waters rise;
Beersheba, nearer tropic skies;
North and south these cities stand,
And mark the length of Israel's land.

Offering.
Address.
Good-night chorus.
Benediction.

STAY AT HOME, BOYS.

A WRITER in the *Union Signal*, of Chicago, says:—Among the multitudinous efforts being put forth to ameliorate human conditions, none that I have lately seen has in it more promise and potency than the Act of Parliament passed in the Province of Ontario, Canada, of which the city of Toronto is the centre, providing that a curfew bell is to be rung in every city and town at nine o'clock at night, and that all persons under seventeen years of age found after that hour in the streets without the permission of their parents and guardians are to be punished by fine and imprisonment. Children of tender years so found are to be placed in some institution and kept there until the government sees fit to release them. The garden gate is the devil line of boyhood in these days of legalized temptation. It is, as a rule, enough to know about the wholesomeness of a boy's habits that he spends his evenings in the bosom of the family circle. For the good of the nation it was a thousand pities that he was ever permitted to spend them anywhere else. I shall watch this Canadian experiment with intense interest. I see no reason why it should not succeed; and if it does it is sure to be put into practice generally.



PUNCH AND JUDY IN CHINA.

PUNCH AND JUDY IN CHINA.

I DON'T know whether the Chinese borrowed Punch and Judy from England, or England from China. I rather suspect the latter. As our almond-eyed friends possessed the art of printing, and knew all about the mariner's compass, and how to make gunpowder before Europe, why should they not have known Punch and his termagant wife as well? Certain it is that they have a sort of puppet show worked by a concealed man, quite like the English Punch performance. In the picture the Evil One seems to be after his victim in earnest, which doubtless conveys a wholesome moral to the young Celestials who are such interested spectators.



W. H. WITBROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

OCTOBER 8, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

THE FREE GIFTS OF GRACE.—Heb. 9. 12; Col. 1. 21-23; 1 Pet. 1. 18; Rom. 3. 19-21; Gal. 2. 16; 3. 11; Heb. 10. 19-22, 1 Peter 1. 18, 21.

Junior E. L. of O. E.

WHAT ARE OUR SINS AND HOW MAY WE GET RID OF THEM?—Jam. 4. 17; Rom. 3. 23-26.

HINTS ON CONDUCTING MEETINGS.

III.

Assign a simple topic each week in advance, and appoint a Leader, who, under the direction of the Superintendent, shall conduct the meeting. Questions may be asked each member on the topic, or previously-given Scripture verses bearing on it recited. The members, however, should be encouraged to express their thoughts, feelings, and experience in words of their own; and as far as possible let the Leaders open with brief talks, rather than recitations, readings, or essays. A short session of sentence-prayer, led by the Leader,

aided by the Superintendents, should always form part of each meeting, in which all should be prompted to take part. Have a select choir to lead in the service of song. Singing should form a prominent feature of each meeting. There should always be a five or ten minutes' address on the topic by the Superintendent or some one secured. The importance of the consecration meeting should be emphasized, and the pledge read and explained. The response to the roll-call should be seriously regarded as a re-consecration and renewal of the pledge. Begin with few committees at first, and increase the number as the Society grows in size and efficiency. As far as possible have every member on a committee, and endeavour to have each one "take some part in every meeting," by prayer, testimony, or otherwise. Let the members be called boys and girls, not children. Have no scolding, but maintain good order. Do not talk or pray too long, but insist on everything being short and to the point.

Always go prepared, be lively, child-like, and hopeful, and let the meetings be simple, natural and cheerful.

DEPARTMENTS OF WORK.

As in the Senior, so in the Junior, the "Christian Endeavour" department is essential and fundamental. The conversion of the children and the development of their spiritual life is the main purpose of the Junior League. The key-word is "Heart," and denotes that the work begins and is in the heart, and regular meetings specially for the promotion of spirituality should be held. To this department belongs the work of the Look-out and Prayer-Meeting Committees. Growing directly from heart-life is "practical Christianity," so the second department is "Religious Work," the key-word of which is "Hand," denoting helpfulness—a hand stretched out "doing good," and the Committees are Temperance and Missionary. Department third is "Literary Work." The key-word is "Head," meaning intellectual life and training—the head as well as the heart for Christ, since intelligent religion is as essential as fervent piety in the formation of Christian character. Bible study will form the chief and important part in this department, together with the history, doctrine, and catechism of our Church. The Committees are Sunday-school and Musical and Literary. Department fourth is "Social Work." The key-word is "Feet," and means a life of busy activity in proper recreation and entertainment, so as to win the children from sinful amusements. It is the children seeking the children for Jesus. The Social and Visiting Committee will carry on this work. The devotional meetings may be held on Sunday, but literary, social, and business meetings should be on a week-day afternoon, and

should rarely continue more than forty five minutes.

BADGE AND MOTTO.

The badge of the Juniors is the same as of the Seniors—a white ribbon with a scarlet thread woven through it lengthwise, emblematic of cleansing through the blood of Christ. The motto is:

"Look up, and not down!
Look out, and not in!
Look forward, and not back!
And lend a hand!"

The Silver Plate.

They passed it along from pew to pew,
And gathered the coins—now fast, now few,
That rattled upon it; and every time
Some eager fingers would drop a dime
On the silver plate with a silver sound,
A boy who sat in the aisle looked round
With a wistful face: "Oh, if only he
Had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be!"
He fumbled in his pockets, but didn't dare
To hope he should find a penny there.

He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes,
As the minister in a plaintive wise,
Had spoken of children all abroad
The world who had never heard of God—
Poor, pitiful pagans, who didn't know,
When they came to die, where their souls
would go,
And who shrieked with fear when their
mothers made
Them kneel to an idol-god, afraid
He might eat them up, so fierce and wild
And horrid he seemed to the frightened child.

And the more the minister talked, the more
The boy's heart ached to its inner core;
And the nearer to him the silver plate
Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate
That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed)
To give, that the heathen might hear of
Christ.

As they offered the piled-up plate to him
He blushed and his eyes began to swim.

Then, bravely turning, as if he knew
There was nothing better that he could do.
He spoke in a voice that held a tear:
"Put the plate on the bench beside me here."
And the plate was placed, for they thought he
meant
To empty his pockets of every cent.
But he stood straight up, and he softly put
Right square in the midst of the plate his
foot.
And said, with a sob controlled before:
"I will give myself—I have nothing more!"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

A.D. 58.] LESSON II. [Oct. 8.

REDEMPTION IN CHRIST.

Rom. 3. 19-26.] [Memory verses, 21-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.—Rom. 3. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. Guilty before God, v. 19-23.
2. Justified before God, v. 24-46.

EXPLANATIONS.

"The law"—God's law in the Old Testament. "Under the law"—The Jews, to whom the law was given. "Every mouth may be stopped"—The law shows that no person can boast of his goodness, because none have fully kept it. "No flesh be justified"—No person can be shown to be just or upright. "Knowledge of sin"—The law shows us that we are sinners. "Righteousness of God"—God's justice in dealing with men. "Without the law"—Since man could not be saved by the law, God saves him apart from the law by his mercy. "By faith of Jesus Christ"—On condition of faith in Jesus Christ. "No difference"—Jews and Gentiles are saved in the same way and on the same terms. "Come short"—Have failed to attain unto the standard God has given, as the law. "Redemption"—The death of Christ has purchased us and set us free from the law. "Propitiation"—The death of Christ, the one great sacrifice for sins. "His righteousness"—The death of Christ is here said to be the ground whereby God forgave sins before, as well as after, Christ's coming.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How are we here shown—

1. That we all need salvation?
2. The only way of salvation?
3. The breadth of salvation?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom does the law apply? "To those under the law." 2. Unto whom is the righteousness of God? "Unto all . . . them that believe." 3. By what have we come short of the glory of God? "By sinning." 4. By what are we justified? Golden Text: "Being justified freely," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Human depravity.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Man was made to know, love, and serve God. Have all men done so?
No; for all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God.—Rom. 3. 23.

Did our first parents continue in the state in which God created them?
No; they fell from that state into sin.

BE HONEST, BOYS.

Sit down and think about it, boys. Do you really want to be honest men? Men who can be trusted anywhere? And with any amount of money? Then you must begin by being honest now. Never allow yourselves to take or retain a single penny that is not rightfully your own. Take nothing without permission, or without giving something in return. Pick no berries that are not on your own side of the fence. Go into no orchards where you do not belong. Plunder no melon patches, nor gardens, nor cheat your little playmates in any trade.

God loves honest boys, and he loves honest men. He says that the man, or boy, "who is faithful in a little will also be faithful in much," and we know that none but the faithful ones will have a place in the kingdom. You stifle the voice of conscience when you allow yourselves to take what does not belong to you. You sear, or burn it as with a hot iron, so that it cannot feel; and if you keep on doing wrong, keep on being dishonest, you will, after awhile, not care at all, and will become, it may be, robbers and murderers, and lose all the bright things God has promised to the good. Be honest, boys!

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