

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1899.

No. 47.

THE SISTERS.

This is a pretty picture in itself, is it not? But it is still more pretty in that which it suggests—the love of two sisters for each other. For I think it must be that these two girls are very fond of each other. Their love for one another makes them happy, more happy than they could be alone.

It is very delightful when children are happy together. It is very sad when a family, where peace and love ought to reign, is made unhappy by quarrels and unkindness.

A while ago I spent a Sabbath at a friend's house where there was quite a family of children. What pleased me very much was that during all the time that I was there I did not hear any cross tones or any disputes between these brothers and sisters. They enjoyed each other's company, but there was not the suspicion of a quarrel. Perhaps you say there ought not to have been anything like disputing on Sunday anyway. That is true enough. The Sabbath ought to be a day of peace. But I judged from the manner of these children towards each other that they were never quarrelsome.

That is as it should be in families.

There is no reason in the world why brothers and sisters should not live together in harmony and peace. But sometimes we do not find this to be the case. In some homes there seems to be nothing but contention from morning to night. There is perpetual quarrelling. John will not let Jane look at his new geography, and so Jane tries to snatch the book. It is as likely as not that the book will be torn before they are through. That is no way for a brother and sister to act towards each other. By-and-bye John wants some stitching done on the sails of a boat he is making. But he was disobliging about his geography, and so Jane retaliates by refusing to do anything to "his old sail." Of course both are unhappy. Having our own way and being disobliging does not make us happy. Any boy or girl guilty of such conduct feels at heart the wrongfulness of it. When we know in our conscience that we are wrong we cannot be happy.

Now, the way to correct this evil when it exists in any family is for each one to firmly resolve to do all that he can to keep the peace. It always takes two persons to quarrel. So, John, you can make up your mind that no matter how disobliging Jane may be inclined to be, you will not retaliate by being ugly in return. You may be sure that when she comes to think of it she will be uncomfortable over it, and she will be all the more uncomfortable if you are not cross and resentful because of her conduct.

In the same way, Jane, if John teases you—and you know that boys are, as you girls say, "horrid teasers,"—the best way for you is not to mind it. Take the teasing good-naturedly. There is nothing that makes teasing fall so flat as to find that it don't tease. No boy will care to keep it up when he finds that you don't mind him. He will vote you "real jolly," and let you alone. So you see, boys and girls, that you have this matter in your own hands. So far as each one of you is concerned yours may be a happy and harmonious family. You can be kind and loving towards the others, no matter how they may be towards you. If you are found to be thus kind it will help to make the others kind too. At any rate, you will be far happier than if you yielded to the impulse to quarrel. Perhaps your example will work through the whole family, just as leaven works through the dough when bread is being made. The experiment is worth trying. And that you may not fail, you need the strength that God only can give. Ask

him for that strength every day; yes, ask him for it whenever the temptation comes to be disobliging or quarrelsome or unloving.

FIGHTING A GOOD FIGHT.

A preacher of the Gospel was resting in the house of a friend, when a man came to him and took his girdle or belt. The stranger bound himself about with the belt and then said, "Thus shall they do to the man whose girdle this is." The preacher knew that this meant that he would have a great many things to suffer if he went on preaching the Gospel. He had studied law, and was also a skilled mechanic. He might have made money and lived at ease, but he chose to do his duty if he had to give up all these things.

He was going up to the Capitol City for the fifth time since he became a preacher. Usually in this country it was considered

away as a prisoner. But this was better, the preacher thought, than not to go at all. For everywhere he went, even as a prisoner, he might find somebody to teach and to help.

He did not go very far at first, only over on the coast of his own country. Here he spoke before a Governor and a King, and though he was asked to do this so that they might judge whether he was really teaching things against their law, he contrived to say some things that made them wish to believe as he did, and he almost persuaded them to listen to him further, and to do as he wanted them to do. He saw though, that after all, because they were more desirous to please the people than to do right these men would do nothing for him. So, he said, I will go to Rome, where, if they do not let me go free, I shall at once meet with more people and be able to preach to those who have never heard of the new

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.

It was in 1574," writes Rev. E. P. Hammond, in his latest book, entitled, 'Roger's Travels,' that the Spanish forces, led by Vaser, held the town in siege for four months. During all that time the inhabitants of Leyden resisted these cruel invaders. At last, when summoned to surrender, Vanderdoea sent back word that when provisions failed they would devour their left hands, reserving their right hands to defend their rights and liberties. They were forced to eat all the cats and dogs to keep from starving. And, according to Motley, green leaves were stripped from the trees and shrubs, and every herb was used for food, but even then many died of starvation. Mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their infants in their arms, while in many houses the watchmen on their rounds found whole families—father, mother, and children—dead, for a plague went hand in hand with the famine. The inhabitants fall like grass beneath the scythe. Motley says that 'from six to eight thousand sunk beneath this scourge alone, and yet the people held out,' men and women mutually encouraging each other to prevent the entrance of their enemies, as being far more horrible than pestilence or famine. Some of the more faint-hearted were anxious to surrender. While Adrian Vanderwert (the Burgomaster) passed through the streets, crowds gathered around him, and there he stood on yonder spot, tall, with haggard visage, yet beautiful and commanding, and, as he waved his broad felt hat for silence, in a loud voice he said, 'My friends, why do you murmur that we do not forget our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? I have vowed to keep the city. I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not that of the city intrusted to me. I know we shall starve if not soon relieved, but I would rather starve than die a dishonourable death. Your threats do not affect me. Take my life, if you will, here is my sword, plunge it into my heart, and divide my flesh among you to satisfy your hunger, but surrender I will not so long as I live.' With these bold words he touched the hearts of the people, and they shouted to the enemy when they returned to the battlements of the city, 'You call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters; and it is true. So long as you hear the dog bark and the cat mew within the walls, you may know that the city holds out, and when all our resources are exhausted we will set fire to the city, and perish with the women and children in the flames rather than suffer our liberties to be crushed.'

"The Spaniards shouted in reply, 'As well could the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to Leyden to their relief.' But they little knew that God was fighting against them, and that he could and would do this, as we shall soon see.

"Finally, a carrier pigeon flew over the heads of their enemies, and brought the glad news that the Prince of Orange was coming, with two hundred boats loaded with provisions, that he had cut his way through the dykes, and, as Leyden was lower than the ocean, they would soon be floated to the gates of the city. But the water did not rise high enough. Away in the distance, beyond the walls, they saw bread and food in abundance, but this only maddened the starving multitude. Many cried to the Lord for help, and their prayers were answered. A wind rose, a storm from the ocean drove the water faster and faster through the broken dykes, on and on it rushed till it reached the haughty Spaniards, and drowned many of them in an unexpected moment. The flotilla of boats glided over them and carried food to the people."



THE SISTERS.

a great event in the life of a man to go to this city. But his friends begged him not to go, and the preacher himself was sad. He knew it was his duty to go, though, and he would go on even though he knew he might never return.

You would have thought that when he knew what was likely to happen he could have watched, or his friends could have, and prevented it.

He did not stop to think of his danger when once he was there. He went right on teaching, even though coarse men ran after him and stoned him, and he would have been killed had it not been for the police. Then he had word brought to him that more than forty men had agreed to plot to kill him. They had promised to eat nothing until they had killed him. I cannot tell you whether they all starved to death or not. The man who was at the head of the police force arranged to have the persecuted preacher taken away by night.

The chief of police could only send him

way of life that Christ taught. And if I can get but one man to believe in that great city where all the world comes, I shall be sure that the truth will spread.

He was shipwrecked, and was a long time reaching Rome. But in the meantime he had all the men who were with him to teach, and he was able to help them very much. When they arrived at the place where they left the boat no man among them all was so beloved as was this prisoner from the land of the Jews.

For two years in Rome Paul (for that was the preacher's name), lived in his own hired house, and many came to learn of him. He must have done a great deal of good, though he was all the while chained to a soldier, as he was still a prisoner.

We do not know just where he died or when, but it is quite sure that after six years he was put to death in a most cruel manner. Among the last words he wrote were those, "I have fought a good fight."

A Boy's Thanksgiving.

Thanks, dear God, for all the fun I have had throughout the year. For the smiling sky and sun. For the summer a glorious cheer. Thanks for every jolly game, I have played in field and wood, Thanks for lovely flowers that came. Blooming where the snowdrifts stood.

Thanks for all the luscious fruit, Apples red and purple grapes; Thanks for vine and tree and root, Melons of all sorts and shapes. Thank you for the winter days, Beautiful with ice and snow, Merry rides in jingling sleighs, Coasting, skating to and fro.

Thanks for Joyous Christmaside, And the pretty stories told, By the bright and warm fire-side, Safe from harm and wind and cold, So many thanks we need For your kindness, and I say, Thank you very much, indeed, For the gift of our days. —Youth's Companion.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including 'The Youth's Companion', 'The Methodist Magazine', 'The Christianian', etc.

WILLIAM KNIGHTS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COLEMAN, P. P. HERRICK, 216 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor. TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1899.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST STRONGER THAN REVENGE.

A native of New Zealand who had as a convert and professing Christian, come to the Lord's Supper, suddenly rose, leaving the communicants just before the taking of the bread, and took his seat in a distant part of the chapel, but almost immediately, as if a new thought darted into his mind, came back again to his former place, and received the bread and wine. When the missionary inquired the cause of this strange conduct, the heathen convert said, "When I went to the Lord's table, I had no idea with whom I was going to partake, but when suddenly I observed who was next to me, I saw a man whom but a few short years ago I had sworn to kill the very next time he crossed my path, for he had killed my father and had drunk his blood. Now, can you imagine what I felt when this unexpectedly I found him close beside me? An awful dread took possession of me, so that I could not stand, and felt compelled to go to a seat away from him but I got there the benches were all open before me, and I saw the last great Supper of the Lamb, and I heard a voice saying, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do' and then I returned to my seat with all my dread gone and peace in my heart."

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY.

Let me ask you a little about Sabbath-keeping, where you live, please. Remember. Do not forget the Sabbath day when it comes. You are very busy, I suppose, in your studies or in your sports. That is right. But when Sunday comes, remember that it is God's day. It is his day. Say the Bible says, "You shall observe it." You shall observe it. You shall observe it.

such have no business on the Lord's day. So remember the Sabbath day. It is the Sabbath, that is, it is a rest day. Young people do not feel the need of rest, beyond the ordinary sweet sleep of the night, or the grown-up people do. But still the Sabbath rest is a blessing to children. It would not be good for them to go on the year round with work and play, week after week, with no intermission. But rest does not mean mere idleness. Sleep is good in its place, but activity of body is needed as well as sleep. Rest is most truly gained through change of occupation. If you have been studying your usual lessons diligently during the school days, it will rest your mind if on the Sabbath you study the Bible. It will make your mind much fresher on Monday than you were simply idle all the Sunday through. So if your leisure hours during the week have been full of sport and play, it will rest your body to give over your running and jumping and all these various activities you are fond of, and take a more sober and quiet method for one day. Then the great thing is to keep the Sabbath day. It is God's day. It is not a holiday, as many make it. It is a holy day. It is a day for religious worship. We ought to be religious, of course, every day. But the Sabbath is the special day for religious worship.

A REMARKABLE JOURNEY OF A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

The Youth's Companion tells of a bright messenger boy in London who showed such unusual ability and faithfulness in his work that one of his employers, a well-known credit man of the Atlantic alone, carries letters to New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, deliver them, and returning on the same ship bring the answers back to London, with no other delay than that of the vessel. It is at starting. It was thought that he could beat the trans-Atlantic mails, and sure enough he did. The wager was accepted, and only the next morning the boy was but thirteen, and who had never been outside of London, started for Southampton; where he went on board the steamer St. Louis, bound for New York. On his arrival at that port he quickly found the location of the person to whom he was to deliver his first letter; he duly delivered it and took a receipt for the same. In two hours, he left New York for Chicago, where he delivered his letter, and then he started back eastward the same day. He stopped at Philadelphia, where he delivered another letter, and then hurried back to New York, reaching that city in time to sail back to England on the St. Louis. He was dressed in a messenger uniform, and attracted considerable attention because of his strange errand. He was not at all bold, but quiet the reverse. He kept readily his task, was bright and quick, without being conceited or "smart." He was modest, polite, spoke in a gentle tone and answered courteously any questions asked him. Why did "Little Jagers" succeed? Because he had clear, bright and quick perceptions, was not vain, did not bluster or swagger, but went on calmly about his business, and because he was well-mannered and polite. He readily won friends, and every one with whom he came in contact wished to do something to make his task easy. Said he, when he sailed away: "I have had much kindness shown to me, and many kind words, and I believe that my mother will be glad to hear them." You may be sure he was never seen with his hands in his pockets and a bag of money, as we have seen so many boys of even younger age than "Little Jagers."

"IF I WERE A BOY"

If I were a boy again I would certainly look on the bright side of everything, for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very bright and bright with it. If you laugh upon it it smiles back upon you, but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, it will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, ungrateful person: "He would have made uncommonly fine snuff, if he had happened to be born in that station in life!" Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. He differs from a miser's indifference that snuff, if such love out, in turn shall be shut out of love. If I were a boy again I would school myself to say no to others. I might say yes to the temptations of the world, but very early in life to gain that point

where a young man can stand erect, and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy. If I were a boy again I would demand respect and courtesy toward my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself toward strangers as well. The smallest courtesies, interspersed along the rough roads of life, will make the rough spots appear smooth and pleasant. I would be generous, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody. But I have talked long enough, and this shall be my closing paragraph. Instead of trying so hard, as some do, to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.—Journal of Education.

THE BEAR'S COMPLAINT

The other day a travelling showman went through our street leading two black bears. There were little bare spots on their hind legs where the hair had worn off. The showman said to one of the bears: "Oh, see where the moths have eaten their fur!" She was quite serious when she spoke, and I suppose really thought she knew the reason of the bald spots. You know what caused them, don't you? These bears were quite tame, and had been taught to do tricks that were rather clever for such clumsy creatures as bears to perform. They danced around when they were told to do so, and they were not at all graceful nor spry. The string that held the little bear somehow slipped from the keeper's fingers, and then the little creature showed how nimble and quick he was. For he ran off down the street, with the rope to which he was attached dragging after him along the ground. He was soon caught, and the man cruelly kicked him and beat him with a stick. I have grown, and I don't drink. I don't creatures often have to suffer when their masters drink. That scene made me think of some verses I once read entitled, "The Bear's Complaint." I hunted them up, and here they are. You will like to know what Bruin says for himself: "I've been a wanderer from a cub, When Carl, my master, bought me; And up to me he said I have grown, And he practices what he taught me. I'm muzzled, and around my neck An ugly chain I'm wearing; It's very hard a gentle bear Should be treated with such a beating. You can't admire my stately posture, When timed to pipe and tabor; But, oh, I'd scramble through a wood With less than half the labour. I'm not a Polar bear, good folks, And I'm not a pole, a powder. And on my hind feet stalk about, To please each rude beholder. From town to town I'm led and shown, To bring my master money; Ah! can you wonder at my woes, And taste the sweets of honey, Or clamber up the mountain sides, On tender herbage browsing, And sleep within some hollow tree, No ruthless keeper rousing me? But on my head a sounding wood Strikes all my dreams in ruin; And I must tramp away once more, A tame and patient Bruin."

JOHN KING, THE NEWSBOY. John King had been long known in Cincinnati. In his early life he was kicked by a horse and lost the use of one leg. Later he received an injury in the other leg, which, with rheumatism, made him lame for life. He came to Cincinnati in 1868, and had been here only a short time when he was taken with smallpox, and was carried to the pest-house. He had been so long in the pest-house that he had then, but while there his courage gave way. He recovered, however, and soon after became a seller of newspapers. He made an investment, after awhile, of a little money, which he had saved, and lost it all and incurred a debt besides. He managed to pay off this debt by the display of a perseverance and honesty which must command the praise of all honourable men. He lost at one time \$500 on the failure of a bank. Still he toiled on and accumulated a library of some thousands of volumes, and the books were so judiciously selected as to make them of more value than private libraries usually are. His career was one of the most remarkable on record. His courage and energy were almost unparalleled. His difficulties were such as would have made any other man being, but he never flinched. His taste for reading was as remarkable as his unconquerable courage. His career was more marvellous than the stories of romance, and if John King could succeed in America need despair. We have no personal acquaintance with this indomitable and eccentric man, but the story of his life, as related in The Commercial Gazette, is so full of interest and so full of encouragement to struggling young men who see before them no way to success.

A SINGULAR VILLAGE.

In the Cevennes mountains, in central France, there is a village named La Roche, the houses of which practically lie underground a great part of the year. It is 4,265 feet above the sea, and in the bottom of a pass where the snow is heaped up by the winds. As soon as the snow begins to fall in large quantities, the doors and shutters of the inhabitants retire indoors, and it is not long before the low-roofed cottages are buried, the only means by which air can reach the interior being down the single chimney, which in all the cottages is built very wide and substantial. The snow gradually mounts so high that the door will not open, and at last the windows are blocked up. The inhabitants say in the month of bread, cheese, and salt pork for themselves, and of hay and straw in the outhouses for their cow and horse, and, although the men occasionally go out by way of the chimney, they are all dead in the field atmosphere all the winter. They spend their time making cane chairs and baskets, doing a little rough wood-carving, and knitting stockings, and they are very busy. In the month of so, the people burrow tunnels from house to house, and so get a little society. Should a death occur, the body is roughly coffined, and laid upon the roof of the house, and the cemetery accessible.

JOHN KING, THE NEWSBOY.

JOHN KING, THE NEWSBOY. John King had been long known in Cincinnati. In his early life he was kicked by a horse and lost the use of one leg. Later he received an injury in the other leg, which, with rheumatism, made him lame for life. He came to Cincinnati in 1868, and had been here only a short time when he was taken with smallpox, and was carried to the pest-house. He had been so long in the pest-house that he had then, but while there his courage gave way. He recovered, however, and soon after became a seller of newspapers. He made an investment, after awhile, of a little money, which he had saved, and lost it all and incurred a debt besides. He managed to pay off this debt by the display of a perseverance and honesty which must command the praise of all honourable men. He lost at one time \$500 on the failure of a bank. Still he toiled on and accumulated a library of some thousands of volumes, and the books were so judiciously selected as to make them of more value than private libraries usually are. His career was one of the most remarkable on record. His courage and energy were almost unparalleled. His difficulties were such as would have made any other man being, but he never flinched. His taste for reading was as remarkable as his unconquerable courage. His career was more marvellous than the stories of romance, and if John King could succeed in America need despair. We have no personal acquaintance with this indomitable and eccentric man, but the story of his life, as related in The Commercial Gazette, is so full of interest and so full of encouragement to struggling young men who see before them no way to success.

The Screen Door.

BY HELEN S. BROWN. "Mamma, there's something I'd like to know." Said Archie McKee one day; "As up and down the streets I go, I notice at every single store— Where the sign says whiskey and gin— There's a curious-looking swinging door. So I can't get a look within. "I've tried and tried to catch a sight Of what goes on inside; The men go in, and the door shuts tight, As if there was something to hide. At the stores where clothing is sold, and And candy, and bread, and shoes, The doors are open on the street, We can look in as much as we choose. "Now, mamma, what is it they do in there, Where the whiskey and gin are sold, That needs such very particular care, Let the folks outside see? Why, then, should they be afraid? Why don't they do it in open sight, And not behind a shade? "It's true, my son, we need not fear, If we know we are doing right; We can drink our whiskey, cider, or beer, All out in the broad daylight. But you see the screen doors signify, Wherever they are hung, That the men who sell and the men who buy Are doing a fearful wrong. "And more, they know they are doing ill, What makes it a matter of sin? Ah! I deem and dark the gates they fill, Inside the bar-room screen. They keep their doings from sight of men, But they can do no more; God sends a screen door to be put in, As if 'twere an open door. Then said the boy, "Whene'er I see That curious swinging screen, I'm knowing on with an inquiry In doing on with an inquiry. And I'll set myself with a mighty will Against the liquor stores— Against the bars—against the still— And the evil behind the doors." The Methodist Magazine and Review seems to improve with each number. A New Scotland contributor writes: "I am delighted with the great improvement you have made in the past few years. As a Methodist I am proud of our handsome, able and interesting monthly. It is my only paper, and I have more than the high-priced American magazines. The latter are so intensely American that it is a relief to get something Canadian in sentiment. I am glad that our Magazine is so Canadian, as well as so moderate. It will be better than ever in 1900."

THE HEROINE OF LONG POINT.

The Methodist Publishing House issues in a neat booklet the story of a brave Canadian woman, Mrs. Abigail Becker, who rescued the lives of six sailors from the wreck of the ship Conductor, on Long Point, Ontario. She subsequently saved the lives of six other persons. She had a life of adventure, her arms having been broken four times. She brought up seventeen children; of her eight boys not one uses liquor or tobacco. She received for her valour a gold medal from the American Humane Society, and autograph letters from Lord Aberdeen and Queen Victoria.

"As long as man shall love to read of the heroism of Ida Lewis and Grace Darling, so long shall all Canadians love to dwell on a heroism far greater than theirs—the unparalleled exploit of good, strong-bodied, simple-minded, warm-hearted Abigail Becker."

The following stirring ballad was written by Miss Amanda T. Jones, a lady of old Puritan stock, whose great-grandfather was one of the officers with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham:

The wind, the wind, where Erie plunged,
Blew, blew, nor-east from land to land;
The waddling schooner dipped and plunged,
Long Point was close at hand.

The lowering night shut out the sight;
Careen'd the vessel, pitched and veer'd;
Raved, raved the wind with main and might;
The sunken reef she near'd.

She pounded over, lurched and sank
Between two sand-bars settling fast;
Her leaky hull the water drank,
And she had sail'd her last.

Into the rigging, quick as thought,
Captain and mate and sailors sprung;
Clamber'd for life, some vantage caught,
And there all night they swung.

And it was cold—oh, it was cold!
The pinching cold was like a vice;
Spoon-drift flew freezing—fold on fold,
It coated them with ice.

Now, when the dawn began to break,
Light up the sand-path drench'd and brown,
To fill her bucket from the lake,
Came Mother Becker down.

From where her cabin crowned the bank,
Came Abigail Becker tall and strong;
She dipped, and, lo! a broken plank
Came rocking close along!

She pois'd her glass with anxious ken;
The schooner's top she spied from far,
And eight she counted of the men
That clung to mast and spar.

And, oh, the gale! the rout and roar!
The blinding drift, the mounting wave;
A good half-mile from wreck to shore;
Eight human lives to save!

Sped Mother Becker; "Children, wake!
A ship's gone down! they're needing me!
Your father's off on shore; the lake
Is just a raging sea!"

Through sinking sands, through quaggy lands,
And nearer, nearer, full in view;
Went shouting through her hollowed hands,
"Courage! we'll get you through!"

Ran to and fro, made cheery signs,
Her bonfire lighted, steeped her tea,
Brought drift-wood, watch'd Canadian lines,
Her husband's boat to sea.

Cold, cold it was—oh, it was cold!
The bitter cold made watching vain;
With ice the channel labouring roll'd,—
No skiff could stand the strain.

On all that isle from outer swell,
To straight between the landings shut,
Was never place where men might dwell,
Save trapper Becker's hut.

Blew, blew the gale; they did not hear;
She waded in the shallow sea;
She waved her hands, made signals clear,
"Swim! swim, and trust to me!"

"My men," the captain cried, "I'll try;
The woman's judgment may be right;
For sink or swim, eight men must die,
If here we swing to-night."

There blindly whirling, shorn of strength,
The captain drifted, sure to drown;
Dragg'd seaward half a cable's length,
Like sinking lead went down.

Ah, well for him that on the strand,
Had Mother Becker waited long;

And well for him her grasping hand
And grappling arm were strong.
For what to do but plunge and swim?
Out on the sinking billows cast.
She toiled, she dived, she groped for him,
She found and clutched him fast.

She climbed the reef, she brought him up,
She laid him gasping on the sands;
Built high the fire and filled the cup,—
Stood up and waved her hands.

Oh, life is dear! The mate leaped in;
Himself he tries to save.
The goal seemed more than he could win,
For he was weak though brave.

Oh, Mother Becker, seas are dread,
Their treacherous paths are deep and blind,
But widows soon may mourn their dead,
If thou art slow to find.

She sought them near, she sought them far,
Three fathoms down she gripp'd them tight,
With both together up the bar
She stagger'd into sight.

Beside the fire her burdens fell;
She paused the cheering draught to pour,
Then waved her hands: "All's well, all's well!
Come on! Swim! swim ashore!"

Sure, life is dear, and men are brave;
They came,—they dropped from mast and spar;
And who but she could brave the wave,
And dive beyond the bar?

Dark grew the sky from east to west,
And darker, darker grew the world;
Each man from off the breaker's crest,
To gloomier depths was hurl'd.

And still the gale went shrieking on,
And still the wrecking fury grew;
And still the woman, worn and wan,
Those gates of death went through.

As Christ were walking on the waves,
And heavenly radiance shone about,—
All fearless trod that gulf of graves,
And bore the sailors out.

Down came the night, but far and bright,
Despite the wind and flying foam,
The bonfire flamed to give them light
To trapper Becker's home.

Oh, safety after wreck is sweet!
And sweet is rest in hut or hall;
One story life and death repeat,—
God's mercy over all.

Next day men heard, put out from shore,
Crossed channel-ice, burst in to find
Seven gallant fellows sick and sore,
A tender nurse and kind.

Shook hands, wept, laugh'd, were crazy glad;
Cried: "Never yet, on land or sea,
Poor dying, drowning sailors had
A better friend than she."

"Billows may tumble, winds may roar,
Strong hands the wreck'd from death may snatch;
But never, never, nevermore,
This deed shall mortal match!"

Dear Mother Becker dropped her head,
She blushed as girls when lovers woo;
"I have not done a thing," she said,
"More than I ought to do."

TRUSTING A FATHER'S HAND.

I happened to come down to my shop one day, and found my eldest boy, then about eight years of age, busily punching holes in a piece of leather with the instrument used for the purpose by shoemakers. The piece of leather was of little worth; but in order to prevent his trying the operation on something more valuable in future, he received a correction; and by the way of trying his confidence, he was asked to put out his little tongue, that it might, as it were, undergo a similar operation. As may be supposed, the request was not complied with, and the matter was likely to end there, when his sister, two years older than her brother, who had been eagerly watching the proceeding, said, "I will do it, pa," which she did without hesitation when requested. Resolved to put her to the test, the punch was laid on; but not showing the least appearance of flinching, it was pressed close; yet there she stood, even smiling in her father's face, who, feeling himself overcome, withdrew the instrument. Judge of his emotion when she exclaimed, "I knew you would not do it, pa." Has the Lord taught thee to trust a Father's hand?

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 3.

KEEPING THE SABBATH.

Neh. 13. 15-23. Memory verses, 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.—Exod. 20. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Sabbath Broken, v. 15-18.
 2. The Sabbath Kept, v. 19-23.
- Time.—Perhaps about B.C. 433.
Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS.

15. "Saw I"—Nehemiah is the person, the pious and faithful governor of Jerusalem. "In Judah"—The Persian province which had the kingdom of Judah. "Treading the presses"—The grapes were thrown into large vats and the juice pressed out of them by the feet of men. "On the Sabbath"—The Jewish Sabbath, the seventh day of the week. "I testified against them"—For Nehemiah, as a pious Jew, was an active opponent of those who used the Sabbath for gain.

16. "Men of Tyre"—Which was on the seacoast. These men were not Jews. "The children" means here the people. 17. "I contended with the nobles"—He proclaimed their guilt because they did not stop the evil. It is good to hold rulers to the duties of their office. They should be active to repress violations of law. "Public office is a public trust."

18. "Did not your fathers thus"—History is of moral value, and the example of ancestors ought sometimes to warn. Heed the lessons of the past. "Profaning the Sabbath"—The duty of keeping the Sabbath day holy is taught by the law and the prophets, and warnings and denunciations are given against those who profane the sacred day.

19. "When the gates . . . began to be dark"—The gates were closed at sunset on Friday evening, and as the ordinary officers had been remiss the ruler set some of his own servants to watch the gates. It is a pity that servants must be appointed to do the work officers of justice are appointed and paid to do.

20. "Merchants and sellers"—Generally of small wares which were portable. 21. "Why lodge ye about the wall"—As the merchants could not come within the gates on the Sabbath they exposed their wares for sale just outside the gates and along the walls. "I will lay hands on you"—In plain words he told them he would imprison them, or punish them in some effective way. As his threat was backed with power and a resolute will it stopped the evil. It is a mistake to parley long with lawbreakers.

22. "Should cleanse themselves"—The Levites were assistants of the priests, and the purification was a ceremonial one; it consisted in washings, and abstinence from wine and other things which on other occasions were lawful. Purity of soul, holiness, was expressed by personal cleanliness and white garments. "To sanctify"—To set apart from an ordinary to a holy use. Spiritual men are those whom God calls to spiritual work. "Spare me according to the greatness of thy mercy"—Not to be spared because of good works, but because the mercy of God is so great. "It is of the divine mercies that we are not consumed."

HOME READINGS.

- M. Keeping the Sabbath.—Neh. 13. 15-22.
- Tu. The Sabbath appointed.—Gen. 1. 26 to 2. 3.
- W. Sabbath to be hallowed.—Jer. 17. 19-27.
- Th. Sabbath-breaking denounced.—Ezek. 20. 10-20.
- F. Blessings in keeping.—Isa. 56. 1-7.
- S. Sabbath joy.—Isa. 58. 3-14.
- Su. Christ's teaching.—Luke 16. 10.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Sabbath Broken, v. 15-18.
How was the Sabbath broken by the Jews?
What did Nehemiah do when he saw this?
What foreigners profaned the day, and how?
To them what did the governor say?
What had the fathers of the "nobles" done?
What prophet had warned the fathers, and how?
Jer. 17. 21-23, 27.
What evil were these people bringing?
What commandment had they broken?
Golden Text.
2. The Sabbath Kept, v. 19-22.
What order was given about the city gates?

Why were the gates closed at dark? Lev. 23. 32.

Who were put in charge of the gates?
Who lodged without the walls?
What threat did the governor make?
What was the effect of his words?
What were the Levites told to do?
What prayer did Nehemiah make?
When was the Sabbath instituted?
Gen. 2. 3.

For whom was it instituted? Mark 2. 27.
How should the Sabbath be kept? Isa. 58. 13.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The duty of Sabbath-keeping?
2. The sin of Sabbath-breaking?
3. The blessedness of Sabbath observance?

OYSTERS ON TREES.

The other day I heard somebody speak of "oysters hanging upon the branches of trees on the borders of the Chesapeake Bay."

"That sounds like a fairy tale," thought I to myself. I determined to investigate. So I said, "I always supposed oysters grew under the water. I never knew they hung in clusters on tree branches like apples. Curious sort of oysters those must be which grow on trees along the Chesapeake?"

"Chesapeake Bay has the best kind of oysters," said the Talking Man. "The reason they are sometimes found growing on tree branches is this: The spawn of the oyster floats about on the water, tossed by wind and waves. It has the quality of attaching itself to any solid substance it touches.

"Now, the branches of the trees often droop into the water. They do so along the borders of the Chesapeake the same as on the banks of any other river or bay. At high-tide such branches will be covered with water, and when the tide goes back, the branches come to the surface again.

"The spawn sticks to those boughs when they are beneath the waves. In a few days the tiny oysters begin to develop, and before long, at every low tide, the branches can be seen hanging out, with little oysters growing all over them. Sometimes a branch which is often under water, will be nearly covered with small oysters. It looks very odd, of course, but it's a common enough sight down there.

"Grow? They don't grow very large to be sure. To attain perfection an oyster must be always under water, and these hang half the time out of it. When they are exposed too long to the hot sun they die. Their weight often causes them to fall off.

"Little oysters are sometimes transplanted. Not off tree branches, but from the beds at the bottom of the bay. They are planted in oyster beds in other places where in a couple of years they grow to maturity."

"It sounds funny to talk of picking oysters off of trees," said I, "or even to see them grow there."

"Funny enough. But they do grow there. I've seen them lots of times," said the Talking Man. "That's the way queer stories get about. Somebody hears of a thing and doesn't understand the sense of it. And most people never stop to ask what it means. They either repeat the story for a marvel, or say they don't believe it."—Harper's Young People

BROTHERS SHOULD NEVER QUARREL.

What a blessed thing, says a wise man, if all children could remember that brothers should never quarrel. God has made them of one blood and of one life, and they should always be kind and tender to each other. This meaning is illustrated by the following:

A little boy, seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," said he. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are brothers."

LOST-PUNCTUATION POINTS.

Here is a verse out of which the punctuation points have been lost. Let the boys and girls find them and put them in their right places.
A funny old man told this to me
(Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see)
"I fell in a snowdrift in June" said he
"I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jellyfish float on a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred the milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I ask you pardon for this" said he
"But 'tis true when told as it ought to be"



SIGNAL STATION, ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.

What I Live For.

I'm not made for idle play,
Like the butterfly, all day;
Shameful would it be to grow
Like a dunce, and nothing know;
I must learn to read, and look
Often in God's holy book.

Busy I must be, and do
What is right and useful, too;
What my parents, fond and kind,
Bid me. I will gladly mind
Never cause them grief and pain,
Nor will disobey again.

But to God I still will pray,
"Take my wicked heart away,"
He from sin can make me free,
For the Saviour died for me.
Oh, how happy, life to spend
With the Saviour for my friend.

"FATHER, DO LET ME BE WITH YOU."

A lady was once in a dreadful storm at sea. In speaking of it she says: "We were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks. The steam-engines would work no longer; the wind raged violently, and all around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves, as they broke over the deck.

"While we lay thus at the mercy of the waves, I was comforted and supported by the captain's child, a little girl of eight or nine years old, who was in the cabin with us. Her father came in several times during the lulls of the storm to see his child; and the sight of the captain is always cheering in such a time of danger. As the storm increased, I saw the little girl rising on her elbows and looking eagerly towards the door, as if longing for her father's coming again. He came at last. He was a big, rough, sailor-looking man. He had an immense coat, great sea-boots, and an oil-skin cap, with flaps hanging down his neck, streaming with water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the low berth of his child, and stretched his arm over her, but did not speak.

"After a while he asked her if she was afraid. 'Father,' said the child, 'let me be with you, and I will not be afraid.'

"'With me!' he said; 'why, my child, you could not stand on the deck.'

"'Father, do let me be with you,' she replied.

"'My darling, you would be more frightened then,' he said, kissing her, while the tears were rolling down his rough, weather-beaten cheeks.

"'No, father, I will not be afraid if I am only with you. Oh, father, do let me be with you,' and she threw her arms around his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome. He folded her in his arms, and, wrapping his huge coat about her, carried her with him. The storm was howling dreadfully, but, quiet as a lamb, the child knew no fear, because she was nestling in her father's arms."

And when the child had left the cabin, the lady passenger said to herself: "Let me learn a lesson from this child. She is not afraid of her father's arms. And have I no Father? Is not God my heavenly Father? Are not His everlasting arms around me? Then why should I be afraid?"

This thought took away all her fear. She felt that God was with her, and found peace and comfort in the thought till the storm was over.—Dr. R. Newton's "Pebbles from the Brook."

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

St. John's, Newfoundland, is one of the prettiest cities in the whole world, and its situation one of the grandest. The entrance to its magnificent harbour is by a strait which seems narrow because of the high bluffs which it pierces. Once through the strait, a beautiful, quiet deep water basin, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, comes into view, which is spacious enough to accommodate any fleet. The city lies across the basin, and on either side of it the arms of the coast are built up with fish drying and preserving establishments. Around the edge of the harbour are the great storehouses of the merchants. Back from Water Street, where an enormous business is annually done by wealthy business houses a century old, the splendid cathedrals occupy a commanding eminence, and back of the city, on ever-rising green slopes, are the villas of the merchant princes. For its size St. John's has quite a number of fine buildings, the Roman Catholic cathedral being an especially fine structure.

MISSION LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A hard working missionary in remote portions of Newfoundland describes well the nature of the work that the missionary is obliged to do there. In the summer the whole population seem busy with the occupation of catching fish, and in winter they retire to the woods for shelter and live comfortably, though with but little to help them either spiritually or morally. "The wind," he says, "and storm might howl without, and the snow-drift whirl in fury all around, and the deep ponds become almost solid blocks of ice; yet within, the little room was thoroughly warmed by a huge square-piled fire of wood, which sometimes half-filled the area of the floor; and as the flame blazed up the wide open wooden chimney, it mattered little if it caught fire, for a cup of water extinguished the flame as soon as it was caught, and a little clay repaired the damage."

During the fishing season, he says: "I have known men not to take off their clothes for a week together, or get more than a snatch of an hour's broken sleep with their clothes and boots on for the whole time. Except at this season, the men begin to come away from the fishing-ground a few hours before sunset; the splitting and salting are done shortly after dark, and then follow supper and bed. This is the opportunity of the missionary; when on his visits he arrives at one of the smaller of these settlements, where there is no school, and few families, he can occupy himself most profitably in teaching the children and women, or if they are not ripe for even this partial and occasional instruction, he has to wait patiently for the hour when the cod fishing has ceased, and his fishing of men can begin. Then he has his time; and, wearied as

they are, in most cases they willingly attend prayers, as soon as they have concluded their hasty meal; and, in many cases, though not so generally, they will also attend prayers in the morning before setting off to fish, if the missionary can be early enough on his ground.

In 1856 the Rev T Boland was frozen to death within a mile of his own house. Mr Le Gault, another missionary, was called in October, 1869, to visit a sick woman six miles away from him. On his return he was caught in a gale, his small open boat could not live in the stormy sea, and of himself and his companions nothing more was heard or seen. Such is the nature of the work that has to be done in this rigorous mission field.

BRICK OR CLAY?

When Dr. Charles H. Fowler (now bishop) left the pastorate to accept the presidency of Northwestern University a gentleman said to him: "Well, I hear you are to stop teaching men, and are going to teach boys!" The doctor paused a moment, and asked: "If you wanted to write your name on a brick so it would say, would you write it when the clay was plastic and impressible, or after it had been burned?" The gentleman saw the point, and replied: "Why, on the brick before it was burned, of course." Dr. Fowler did not apply the illustration. That was unnecessary.

Oh, Sunday-school teacher and Junior League worker, what an opportunity you have! The pastor and evangelist and worker among adults are striving to write truth upon burned and hardened bricks. It is difficult and discouraging work. But you have the unspeakable privilege of writing upon the soft and receptive clay. The marks you make upon youthful hearts will last. Be careful what you write!

BOY WANTED.

A merchant advertised for a boy. Many had answered the advertisement, but they had all been told that they would not suit. At last a bright-looking, honest-faced boy appeared. His answers to the merchant's questions were satisfactory, but when the merchant told him the wages he would receive, he said "That is twenty-five cents more than I have been getting." "When can you begin work?" "At once, sir. I brought an apron and a few things with me." The merchant laughed. "That was rather premature, was it not? You are one of hundreds after the place; do you know that?" "Yes, sir, but mother and I had it out before I came, and she very seldom goes far wrong, sir," said the boy. "'Had it out'? What do you mean, boy?" "Mother just prayed about it, sir; mother loves to pray." "Well, the son of a praying mother ought to be pretty good, so I'll take your name and that of your late employer."

The references were found to be quite satisfactory, and John Sears entered the merchant's office to do anything he was bidden. He did not leave that office until all under him did as he bade them. He became head of the firm and a successful Christian merchant.

ARE THEY IN YOUR LIBRARY?

BOOKS FOR BOYS.

- Snap Shots from Boy Life.
A Boy's Talks to Boys. By F. C. T. O'Hara. Illustrated by A. P. Cooper. Cloth..... \$0 75
- Architects of Fate; or, Steps to Success and Power. A book designed to inspire youth to Character-Building, Self-Culture, and Noble Achievement. By Orison Swett Marden. Cloth..... 1 25
- Success.
A book of Ideals, Helps and Examples for all desiring to make the most of life. By Orison Swett Marden. Illustrated with ten fine portraits of eminent persons. Cloth.. 1 25
- Pushing to the Front; or, Success under Difficulties. A book of inspiration and encouragement to all who are struggling for self-elevation along the paths of knowledge and of duty. By Orison Swett Marden. Illustrated with twenty-four fine portraits of eminent persons. Cloth..... 1 25
- The Secret of Achievement.
A book designed to teach that the highest achievement is that which results in noble manhood and womanhood; that there is something greater than wealth, grander than fame; that character is the only success. By Orison Swett Marden. Illustrated. Cloth..... 1 25
- What Shall Our Boys Do for a Living?
By Charles F. Wingate. Cloth..... 1 25
- Torch Bearers of History.
A connected series of Historical Sketches. By Amos Hutchinson Stirling, M.A., Edinburgh. First and Second Series, one volume. Cloth..... 1 25
- A Veteran of 1813.
The Life of James FitzGibbon. By Mary Agnes FitzGibbon. Second edition, with portraits and illustrations. Cloth..... 1 00
- Face to Face with Napoleon.
An English Boy's Adventures in the Great French War. By O. V. Calne. With two plans and six illustrations. By Enoch Ward. Cloth.... 1 25
- The Cruise of the Cachalot,
Round the World after Sperm Whales. By Frank T. Bullen, First Mate. Cloth..... 1 25
- "It is immense."—Kipling.
"The book is real, a piece of life."—London Academy.
- The Warden of the Plains and Other Stories of Life in the Canadian North-West. By John Maclean, M.A., Ph.D. Illustrated by J. E. Laughlin. Cloth..... 1 25
- Three Boys in the Wild North Land.
By Egerton R. Young. Cloth..... 1 25
- Walter Glubb, the Young Boss.
And other stories. By E. W. Thomson. Cloth..... 1 25

We Pay Postage.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
Montreal. Halifax.



QUEEN'S HIGHWAY, ST. GEORGE'S BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.