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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

[No. 45.]

Outside and Inside Weather.

BY JESSIE M. ANDERSON.

In the morning, when our eyes pop open early, very early,
And we creep and peep to watch the sun arise;
If he's hiding, and a cloudy sky a-glowing, grim, and surly,
Has no streaming golden beaming for our eyes—
Why, then, lightly as a feather,
Must our spirits dance together,
And our faces must be sunny all day long;
For as fresh as Highland heather
We can make the inside weather
When the outside seems to be so very wrong.

But if with the outdoor sunshine all the happy birds are singing,
And the trees are budding in the glad, warm light;
And the arbutus is peeping from its brown leaves' tender keeping,
And the face of day is fresh and sweet and bright—
Why, then, why not all together
Make our faces match the weather?—
Fresh and sweet and bright and sunny all day long!
For as fragrant as the heather
Is the charming outside weather,
And the inside cannot be so very wrong.

A BICYCLE IN INDIA.

BY MARY L. CORT.

It was a great day in the village—a festival day. The gay crowd of natives were dressed in their brightest colours. The sun shone clear and bright upon the sand of the roadway, and before the temple door stood the huge car with the idol upon it, ready for a ride.

But the sun was hot and the sand was deep—and the car was heavy—and the people were either tired or lazy, and so the temple priests and officers urged in vain, as they tried to have them drag the car, according to the ancient custom of India.

Just then a missionary went by on his bicycle, and the weary men no sooner caught sight of him than they all dropped the car chains and crowded about the strange vehicle.

This provoked the priests, and they tried to drive the people away. But the missionaries were good-natured, and the people were curious to see and hear new things, and they spent the whole afternoon listening to the preaching.

The car did not move an inch that night, and the next morning when the missionaries came back, it was in the same spot, I don't know how the old idol liked spending the night in the fresh air, instead of being shut up in the musty old temple. It did not say a word about it.

Again the bicycle drew a larger crowd than the car, and the priests said they were interfering with their procession.

The missionaries said, "We compelled no one to come, they can all go and draw the car if they wish."

But they did not go. Then the priests admitted that the little wheel was more of an attraction than the huge car.

We told them we did not come to stop the car, but to tell them of a better way of salvation through a living God; and if they would listen quietly for a while we would preach our sermon and go. They agreed to this, and after showing them Christ, we passed on.

And they, poor souls, from force of habit, dragged the car along its way, but with new thoughts in their hearts, and our prayer going up to God for them, that he would draw them by the cords of his love to Christ the Burden-Bearer and the Saviour of the world.

GIFT OF SPEECH.

What a great gift is the gift of speech? Have you ever thanked God that you were not born dumb? How ought you to use your gift of speech?

1. To praise God. All his works praise

him. Can a little child? Yes; for the Son of God says: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings he has perfected praise."

2. To pray to God. God has promised to hear prayer. He says, "Ask and ye shall receive."

3. We ought to use the gift of speech in a way honourable to God. Never let your tongue say naughty, foolish, idle words; never take God's name in vain. Be kind and obliging in your speech. Teach your little brothers and sisters to praise, and to pray to God.—Lutheran S. S. Herald.

which it runs with great smoothness. (See Fig. 1). This cable is stretched around large wheels in the engine-house (Fig. 3), and is continually kept in motion. All that now remains to be done is to supply the heavy car with something on the principle of a pair of pincers with which to grip the cable and let it go when the driver wishes to stop. The apparatus is shown in Fig. 2, and explains itself. Thus the cost, care and trouble of horses are all saved, and the cars are run at less expense and give more satisfaction to everybody concerned. Fig. 4 shows us an ingenious

ONLY A BOY.

More than half a century ago, a faithful minister, coming early to the kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

"I feel it all," he said. "I feel it. But God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon, "but 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems to be rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man; "but charity suffereth long, and is kind, beareth all things, hopeth all things. Aye, where you have it—hopeth all things. I have great hopes of one boy—Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but the fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the kirkyard.

He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest had gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his labours were no longer owned and blessed.

No one remained. No one? "Only a boy."

That boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert," said the minister.

"Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

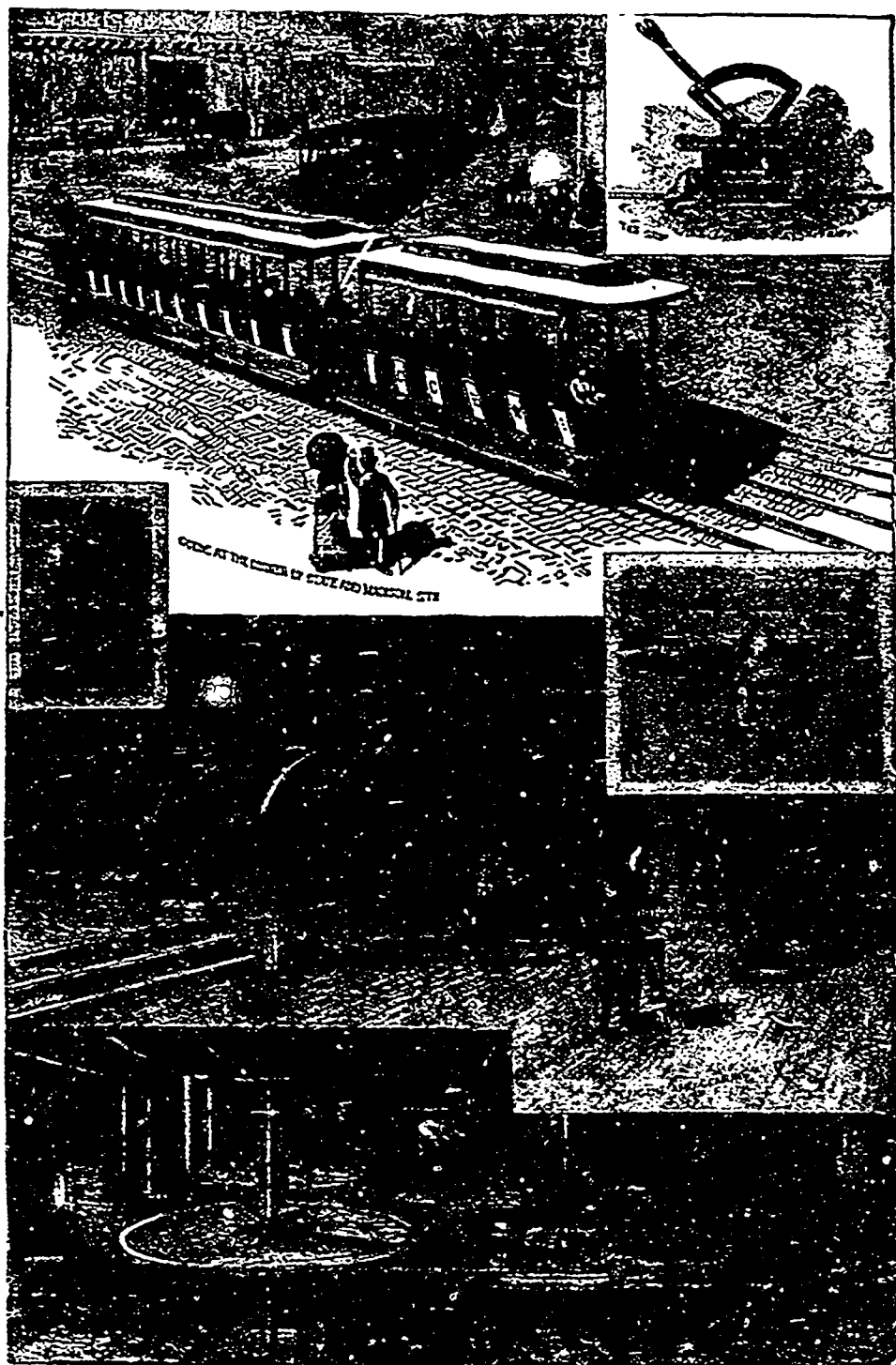
"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said: "This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy! Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some few years ago there returned to London, from Africa, an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth, and brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, and given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honoured the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvests of



CABLE CAR SYSTEM, CHICAGO.

CABLE CAR SYSTEM.

To those who are used to see the street cars of our cities drawn exclusively by horses it is a curious sight, on coming into a strange city, such as Chicago, to see them running, as it were, of themselves, being set in motion and stopped by the driver with very little effort and in a very few seconds. The secret of this is that they run on moving cables, which are set in motion and regulated from a single engine-house at one end of the track. The method is simple and interesting. Just half way between the tracks a little channel is dug about a foot deep; it is in this little channel that the cable—a strong, thick wire rope—is laid along little rollers on

the lower points of a metal fork, to which a bell is attached, run along the smooth surface of the wire, and if the slightest flaw is present the warning note of the bell at once gives notice of the fact.

In the year 1849 quarrymen at Monsummano, Italy, discovered some hot caves. In these the air, which was very moist and heated to a temperature of 88 degrees Fahr., circulated freely. It was a sort of natural Turkish bath, and caused violent perspiration to those entering the place. It is said that both Garibaldi and Kossuth tried the caves and found relief from sickness.

idea for detecting a flaw in the cable; the lower points of a metal fork, to which a bell is attached, run along the smooth surface of the wire, and if the slightest flaw is present the warning note of the bell at once gives notice of the fact.

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right intentions are sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labours, but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy and what that one boy was to the world.

"Only a boy!" *Christian Messenger*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

A correspondent writes us asking an answer in *Pleasant Hours* to certain questions concerning crime and its punishment. We do not think this paper the proper medium to answer these questions, but if the writer will send his name and address we will write a personal letter.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 14, 1897.

MISSIONS.

The morning light is breaking.—Hymnal, 319. *Methodist Hymn-Book*, 743.

THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

The world has been redeemed by Christ. He gave the command for the disciples to make known this fact everywhere. An infidel once said, if he believed his as Christians profess to do, he would go round the world and tell it. All cannot go and preach the Gospel, but those who cannot go should send. There are many who have gone, at their own expense, and are sustaining themselves, while there are those who are supporting some who are thus labouring. More of both kinds might still be thus engaged.

THE AGENCIES ARE NUMEROUS.

At no period of the history of Christianity were there ever so many agencies at work as at present. Holy men and women are lifting up the standard of the cross in almost every nation. In India alone, the Methodists are preaching the Gospel in thirteen languages.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

There are more openings than all the churches can fill. Places formerly renowned for barbarism and idolatry, have been evangelized. Look at Fiji. Sixty years ago the people were cannibals. Now thousands of them have become Christians. Recently they sent a subscription, exceeding \$4,000, to the Lord Mayor of London on behalf of those who were suffering from the terrible famine in India. Several of the Fijians have also gone as missionaries to New Britain, and schools have been established and churches built. A greater number of the Chinese and Japanese have embraced the truth, and are living Christian lives, than ever before.

LIGHT IS SPREADING.

Within the past fourteen years two translations of the New Testament have been made into Hebrew, of which three editions have been published, making a total of 200,000 copies. During the last five years, fifty-two new versions have been added to the list of languages and dialects in which some portions of the

Bible are printed. During the year ending April, 1, 1896, the British and Foreign Bible Society issued 3,970,439 Bibles, Testaments and portions. Since its formation in 1804, the Society has issued 151,142,802 copies of the blessed book.

WHAT ARE WE DOING?

We should all pray and give. You know the petition, "Thy kingdom come." Prayer is to be made to him continually. Do we talk to others about becoming disciples? Within the last few years the Leagues of Canada have undertaken the work of supporting certain missionaries. Some Sunday-schools are also sustaining their own particular missionaries. We need to pray for the baptism of power to rest upon all agencies.

HOW THE BOYS MINISTERED.

"I'm going to be a merchant," said Tom Ashley.

"I'm going to be a doctor," declared Will Humphreys.

"And what are you going to be, Fred—a minister, like your papa?"

"I guess so," replied Fred, seriously. He had told his papa time and again that when he was old enough he intended to be a minister.

"A long time to wait, though, isn't it, boys?" complained Will. "I wish we could begin right away. How long will we have to wait?"

"I guess until we are men," answered Fred.

"You can begin at once," said Mrs. Swain in answer to Fred's eager inquiry.

"You mean me," replied Fred—"not the other boys. I've heard of boy preachers, but I never heard of a boy doctor or a boy merchant."

"I don't mean to be a 'boy preacher' like the one who was advertised in the papers this winter," answered his mother. "But I mean a boy minister; for to be a minister is a far different thing than to be a preacher."

"But how can I begin at once?" eagerly asked Fred.

"Do you know what it is to minister?" inquired his mother.

"Why, I suppose it means to teach people, and to preach, and sort of be over them," he replied, his mind filled with the idea of the greatness and dignity of the office.

"It means just the opposite," replied his mother—"to be their servant. To give a penny to a poor beggar would be to minister to him."

Just then they heard the rattle of a stick on the pavement, and around the corner came old blind Jimmie Sexton. The boys put their hands in their pockets and pulled out some pennies they had been saving to buy candy with and tossed them into his hat as he came up.

"There!" said Fred. "I guess we are all ministers now as well as papa."

"Yes," answered his mamma, "as far as it goes. In the spirit you have shown you are truly ministers of Jesus Christ, although you may not be able to do all the kinds of ministering this world needs.—Our Morning Guide.

THE GIANT OF THE SEAS.

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

The first time I saw a whale when I was quite a boy, and I shall never forget what a surprise it was to me. It looked more like a wrecked ship than anything else I could think of.

This whale had been stranded on the Long Island shore, and for some moments I gazed at it, endeavouring to make out its features. I knew that the cavern in front must be the mouth, but this was all I felt sure of.

When the whaler in charge came along, I questioned him about the huge monster.

"Yes," he said, "the big opening in front is the mouth; just wait till I give you an idea of how large it is." And with that he crawled inside and sat upon the top of the great tongue.

"You see," he called out from his unique position, "three or four men could sit in here easily; and so they could."

When the old whaler returned I suggested that perhaps the two protuberances on top of what looked like the nose were the eyes.

"Oh, no," he said; "that part you call the nose is what we call the 'bonnet.' Come with me; I'll show you the eyes." And he started off in the direction of the tail. After he had walked about ten feet from the nose I suspected he intended to play a joke on me, and tell me that the eye was in the tail.

Suddenly, however, he wheeled about and exclaimed triumphantly, "There's the eye!" I was beginning to laugh

good-naturedly, when I saw to my surprise that it really was the eye, but, just think of it, twenty-two feet distant from the tip of the nose! How could the whale have seen where it was going? Then, again, the eye was quite small, being not much larger than a goat's, and, strangest of all, it was situated in a slight depression. I don't see how it was possible for the whale to have known where the tip of its nose was, twenty-two feet away. No wonder they run ashore so often, as this one did.

Going back to the head again, I learned from the whaler that the tongue contained at least ten barrels of oil, and that what seemed to me like the sides of a ship falling apart were the "great lips," as he called them. When this species of whale wishes to feed, it drops these lips, which, now that they are spread, measure twenty or twenty-four feet from tip to tip. Rushing through the water with wide open jaws, the whale collects into this great mouth vast quantities of jelly fish and other small marine animals upon which it feeds. When it has gathered a sufficient quantity, it closes the lips and blows the water from its mouth through the whalebones which hang in great fringes from each side of the upper jaw. This whalebone serves as a sieve, and is so closely knit as to keep the food from leaving the mouth when the water is forced out.

Although the whale has large flippers, it is the tail which makes it go. With its flukes it can drive itself along with such enormous force that in one instance a whale, seeing the keel of a ship near by, charged on it with all its might, crushed beams and planks like straws, and sank the ship. Though of such gigantic size, the whale is very peaceful, and will do no harm unless molested; but once its fury is aroused its vengeance is often terrible.—Our Animal Friends.

ABOUT A PARROT.

Parrot tales are nearly as endless as the poet's brook, which "goes on forever," and certainly these birds either have a knack of noticing and commenting on what happens near them, or they are very lucky in their little remarks.

A dear, old, gray parrot lately died, after a long sojourn with different members of the writer's family. The bird had the doubtfully pleasant gift of imitating the voices of its various masters and mistresses, and it was sometimes painful to hear the tones well known of old reproduced in startling succession. It also often made such suitable replies that it was hard to believe that these were all matters of accident. On one occasion, when I was staying with its last mistress, the parrot was on its stand, and the lady desired to move it to its cage.

"How shall we get this bird in?" said its owner, who had often felt the sharpness of its beak.

Being less well-informed in this matter, I answered, "I'll put it in fast enough," and forthwith I laid hold of Mrs. Polly. She was clearly too much taken aback at my boldness to think of biting me at first, but she held on to the bar. "You must come, Polly," I said, tugging harder.

Polly held on, turned her head on one side, and looked at me with a very bright eye. "Let me alone," she said, solemnly, and I let her alone.

On another occasion, when sitting at the midday meal with her mistress, I made the remark that the worst of taking luncheon was that it was apt to make one sleepy. "Go to bed," remarked the parrot, with the gravity of an elderly physician.

One day its mistress was leaving a hotel, and Polly's cage had been taken down into the hall with the baggage, while the lady awaited the carriage in the drawing-room above. Suddenly she heard her own name called, "Gertrude! Gertrude!" in higher and higher keys. "That is Polly," she thought, and she ran down-stairs. There she beheld, seated upon the cage, a very large cat, who was trying to seize the parrot through the bars. Instead of wildly flying about and shrieking, as a commonplace bird might have done, Polly had gathered herself up very small in the middle of the cage, and was calling her mistress to the rescue.

Poor old Polly! It was quite a family calamity when a fit carried her off.—Christian Uplook.

Science claims that only one person in every fifteen has eyes of equal strength, and that only one in every ten has a left eye which is stronger than the right one.



HELEN KELLER'S WORK.

An affecting story is told by William T. Ellis, in the October *St. Nicholas*, under the title of "Helen Keller and Tommy Stringer." Mr. Ellis says:

A little child lived in black silence. There never was midnight so dense as the darkness that enveloped his mind. Sight and hearing were gone utterly and for ever. The child knew absolutely nothing, except that sometimes from somewhere something put food into his mouth, and moved him about when necessary. His world was limited by as much of his little crib as he could feel with his hands, and by the touch of this something that cared for his wants.

The merest babe knows the sunlight and its mother's voice and face. Five years had passed over this little boy as he lay on his hospital cot, but he knew less than a month-old infant—less, indeed, than the least of the boasts of the field. He was completely shut up in a living tomb of flesh, with no communication between himself and the great world about him. Yet within that prison was a healthy brain, open to all the possibilities of life.

Since the terrible sickness that had come to him in infancy, little Tommy Stringer had lain thus among strangers. His mother was dead; his father could not help him. From his birthplace in Washington, Pennsylvania, the helpless sufferer had been removed to a hospital in Alleghany. But no institution wanted this troublesome charge, who would require the constant attention of a teacher. So the almshouse secured the only haven for Tommy. There at least he could find a shelter.

But it was not to be so. Light was ahead—the glorious light of knowledge. One who had been similarly shut in by the walls of a triple affliction was to lead Tommy Stringer out into the bright light that she herself enjoyed. It was during the summer of 1890 that the news of Tommy's sad plight came to Helen Keller. The sensitive soul of this ten-year-old-girl was deeply affected. She, if no one else, would save the poor boy.

Thenceforth Tommy became the burden of Helen's thought and conversation. She talked about him to her friends; she wrote letter upon letter asking aid for him. At this time occurred a pathetic incident that was the means of turning toward the little blind boy the kindly interest and generous gifts that accomplished his rescue.

In every direction Helen sent this message, always in a specially written personal letter that was marked by the sweet simplicity and remarkable ability of the author. For a long time these letters averaged eight a day, and a marvellously versatile and eloquent little pleader Helen showed herself. She also wrote for newspapers articles addressed to children, as well as general appeals—never any two precisely alike. Helen instituted for herself a rigorous course of self-denial (abstinence from soda-

very much to tell you. I am studying every day, and learning all I can about plants, and numbers, and the beautiful world our father has given us. I am so glad that we shall live always, because there are so many wonderful things to learn about. Father sends love, and little sister sends a kiss.
Lovingly, your little friend,
Helen A. Keller

water and other prized luxuries), that she might save money for her one great object. The result of all this effort was the securing of sufficient funds to insure Tommy at least two years of education at the Kindergarten for the Blind, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

They were separated soon after the education of the boy began, and Mr. Ellis gives the following account of their recent meeting. Helen had been for weeks longing to see her little friend, and to many verbal messages had added her own written invitation to Tom and

his teachers to visit her at her Cambridge home.

Her swift-moving fingers began to spell messages of affection into Tom's chubby fist. All this time she was running her other hand over his face, or lifting up his hands to her own face and curls. The two blind and deaf children, by some subtle instinct, seemed to know at once their community of interest, and together they sat in a wide window-seat, talking with eagerness and ease, and absorbed in each other.

There they sat, neither having seen since babyhood a ray of light, or having heard the slightest sound, and yet speaking together in articulate, audible words that all present could understand, yet which were not heard by either of the speakers!

One finger of Helen's delicate hand touched Tom's lips, and her thumb rested lightly upon his throat near the chin. He spoke to her sentence after sentence, and she repeated aloud after him the words that he uttered, answering them with her fingers. The significance, the marvellousness of it all, was overwhelming. I doubt if the world has ever seen a greater triumph of education.

Thanksgiving.

Hand in hand through the city streets,
As the chill November twilight fell,
Two childish figures walked up and down—

The bootblack Teddie and Sister Nell,
With wistful eyes they peer in the shops,
Where dazzling lights from the windows shine,

On golden products from farm and field,
And luscious fruits from every clime.

"Oh, Teddie," said Nell, "let's play tonight

The things are ours, and let's suppose
We can choose whatever we want to eat;
It might be true, perhaps—who knows?"
Two plucked little faces press the pane
And eagerly plan for the morrow's feast,
Of dainties their lips will never touch,
Forgetting their hunger awhile, at least.

The pavement was cold for shoeless feet;
Ted's jacket was thin; he shivered and said,

"Let's go to a place and choose some clothes."

"Agreed!" said Nell; and away they sped

To a furrier's shop ablaze with light,
In whose fancied warmth they placed their hands,
And played their scanty garments were changed
For softest furs from far-off lands.

"A true Thanksgiving we'll have," cried Nell;

"Those make-believe things seem almost true;

I've most forgot how hungry I was,
And, Teddie, I'm almost warm. Aren't you?"

O happy hearts, that rejoice to-day
In all the bounty the season brings,
Have pity on those who vainly strive
To be warm and fed on imaginings.

—The Congregationalist.

THE STATION-MASTER'S STORY.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

Across two fields I could see the little station peeping through the crimson and gold of the maples, half a mile away. I had no idea as to whether I should come near to train-time; I had not been living by the clock for a month past. But of one thing I was certain; I was not going to spoil this last stroll on this last day of my vacation by hurrying after a train that might have no existence.

So I loitered along, drinking in the glorious October air, lounging beside fences, and now and then stopping to add another view to those which were later to provide me with an illustrated record of my outing, and finally came out upon the platform, to find, to my satisfaction, that there had been no train for three hours, and would be none, going my way, for two more.

I was not in the least discomposed by this latter information. On the contrary, nothing could have been more to my mind. I should thus waste none of the splendid day, and should be able "to take" several of the beautiful bits by which the station was surrounded.

"I think I never saw a finer piece of wood," I remarked to the station-master, as I set up my camera, nodding down the line which stretched away in magnificent perspective, straight as a die, for five miles, with a perfect arch, which carried over it an intersecting road, to frame it in.

"You're right, sir," he replied, with evident pleasure at my appreciation; "there isn't another such bit for thirty miles."

"That straight run, together with one of the bravest men God ever made, saved a lot of lives a while back," he added a moment later.

Why, this was something like! I seated myself on a truck, clasped my hands about my knee, gave one comprehensive glance over the lovely landscape upon which the westerling sun was casting long shadows, then turned to my companion.

"Go on," I said.

"Well, sir," he said, tilting back the box on which he was sitting, and folding his hands behind his head against the side of the baggage-room, "well, sir, it was this way. It was just about such a day as this, and just about this time of the day, too, strange to say. I was in the baggage-room, here, looking over some little matters, when Jim Pollock, a great chum of mine, and one of the finest engineers on the road, came strolling along up the platform.

"I laughed to myself when I saw him coming, for I knew in a minute it wasn't me he wanted a sight of, but that line there. Jim was a funny fellow in some ways. As clean and straight a chap as you ever met, and the best driver of an engine in the company. He was going to marry the prettiest little girl—but one—within ten counties, and was head over heels in love with her, if ever a man was; but, bless you, if I don't think he was almost as much in love with the sight of a track or the smell

was dreadful sorry to hear that, but that I guessed Nanny wasn't the girl to find any fault, when I saw Jim suddenly give a great start and fix his eyes like a cat away down the road; and the next instant he was saying in a hoarse whisper, 'God help us, Dan, what's that?'

"I had been standing with my back to the track, but at that I wheeled around like a flash.

"'A train!' I cried; 'but what train, Jim?'

"He didn't answer, only made a bound for the ticket-office, snatched a glass from the shelf, and was back in a twinkling. One glance was all he needed.

"'Dan,' says he, still in that strange, hoarse voice, 'Dan, it's a runaway engine, coming up backwards at sixty miles an hour! Think what will happen if it isn't stopped!'

"I knew well enough what he meant, and my blood grew cold. I knew he was thinking that the four-o'clock accommodation would be coming in at the Junction—the Junction is two miles up, round that curve, sir—just then, and that the runaway would catch it up and smash into it as sure as fate. And besides that, the track all the way along after leaving here would be covered with school-children; for they know, as well as we, just the time for every train, and couldn't see the engine coming, for that curve, till it was upon them.

"Well, it's taken a lot longer telling this than it all was in happening. The moment he had slung down that glass Jim made a jump and caught up a light ladder which was lying somewhere about, and dashed away with it down toward

stances, if she had been coming head on. I mean, the risk would not have been so great, for, if he missed, most likely he would have fallen behind, getting little more than a good shaking up and a few bruises. But as it was—! I can tell you, sir, that though four minutes could not have passed from the time Jim first sighted her till she came dashing up, it seemed an eternity; and as I watched her come thundering on I was as though turned to stone, till I tottered back, as she went whizzing by, with my hands before my face to shut out—what?

"But hardly for a second could I have stood that way; I must know what had happened to him. Bringing all my strength to bear, I glanced after the flying thing!

"Thank God! there he was, but not yet out of danger, for he was clinging to the roof of the cab by the ends of his fingers! Could he hold on? Was it possible for him to draw himself up and get his legs inside the window before he was shaken off?

"But I ought to have known the iron muscles better than to have fear for him; he could always make his arm rigid as steel, and he did it then.

"Yes, that is all, sir. He stopped her before the curve was reached, and saved, no man knows how many lives.

"And the company? Well, Jim did not have to wait to marry Nanny, after all."—The Golden Rule.

The Thankful Mouse.—A Fable.

It was a hungry pussy-cat,
Upon Thanksgiving morn.
As she watched a thankful little mouse
That ate an ear of corn.

"If I eat that thankful little mouse,
How thankful he should be,
When he has made a meal himself,
To make a meal for me!

Then with his thanks for having fed,
And his thanks for feeding me—
With all his thankfulness inside—
How thankful I shall be!"

Thus "mewed" the hungry pussy-cat
Upon Thanksgiving Day;
But the little mouse had overheard,
And declined (with thanks) to stay

WANTED TO DIE FOR HER FATHER

The following touching story is told by a minister who some years ago was called to see a girl, seven years old, who was dying. She lived in a back street. When the minister got there, a woman showed him where the child was and he sat down to talk with her.

"What do you want, darling?"

"Well, sir, I wanted to see you before I died."

"Are you dying?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you like to get well again?"

"I hope not, sir."

"Why not?"

"Oh, sir! ever since I became a Christian I have been trying to bring father to church, and he won't come; and I think if I die, you will bury me, won't you?"

"Yes, darling."

"Yes; I have been thinking if I die father must come to the funeral; then you will be able to preach the Gospel to him, and I should be willing to die for him to hear the Gospel once."

She died as she expected, and just before the time she was buried the minister was himself taken sick, and could not attend the funeral. But some time after, a rough-looking man called upon him, and held out his hand.

"You don't know me?"

"No, I don't."

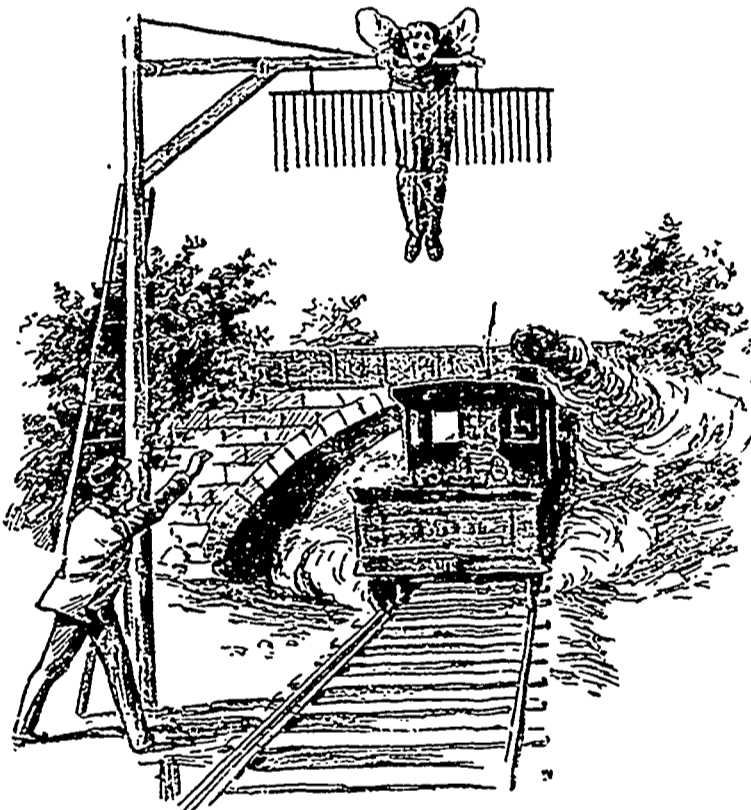
"I am the father of Mary—the father she died for. I heard as how she said she would be willing to die, if I could hear the Gospel once. It nearly broke my heart. Now I want to join the inquirers' class."

He did join, and, in time, became a true friend of Christ. The little girl was truly walking in the footsteps of Jesus, because she was willing to die even, in order that her father might be saved from sin.

In the November Weather.

BY CORA STUART WHEELER.

Billy and Tilly
Went nutting together,
All in the crispy
November weather.
The leaves were red,
And the leaves were brown,
The little Nut-men
Shook the chestnuts down,
Little Nut-men in coats like fur,
Made of prickly chestnut burr.



"THINK OF NANNY!"

of an engine's smoke! I used to plague Nanny about it, but she didn't object, not she; she held she loved them as well as he, and I believe she did. Any way, she knew every engine and the time of every train as well as he did; was regularly cut out for a road-man's wife.

"She lived here, up the hill yonder; and, as he had a day off, Jim had come up to spend it with her. And yet he couldn't be content that long without coming down to cast his eye up and down the road.

"'Hello, Jim!' I called out, 'come down to see if I was all right? Well, I am.'

"'That's it, Harry,' he answered; but then he laughed. He couldn't help it, for he knew that I knew what he was up to.

"'How's Nanny? I haven't seen her since last night,' said I.

"'She's all right.' But at that his face sort of clouded over, and he sat down on the edge of the platform yonder, and looked away down the line.

"It wasn't like Jim to look glum. He was the cheerfulest, most good-natured fellow I ever came across. So I couldn't but wonder what was up, and presently I asked him.

"Well, it seemed that he and Nanny had been counting on getting married soon; but, through helping out his sister's husband, he'd lost a lot of money he had saved to go to house-keeping; and as he'd always held that no man ought to marry a girl till he could make her comfortable, with a little something laid by for a rainy day, he'd just been telling her they'd have to wait a bit longer.

"I was just going to tell him that I

the arch, to that post there, with the whips hanging to warn freight-hands to look out for the bridge.

"For an instant I couldn't make out what he was about, but then it all flashed upon me, and racing after him I cried out: 'For God's sake, Jim, don't do that! Think of Nanny!'

"Now, wasn't I the worst fool to say a thing like that? As if I'd be apt to think of Nanny before he did!

"He had the ladder against the post and was up it before I got there, but as he hoisted himself along the arm he just glanced down at me, and never till my dying day will I forget the look in his face. There wasn't a bit of himself in it,—not a mite of fear at the thought that he might not have two minutes to live in this world, or dread of what was coming to him after, and he didn't need to have, for if ever a man lived ready to face his Maker, that man was Jim Pollock. No, his one and only thought was Nanny.

"Be good to my little girl if—I shouldn't calculate right, Dan,' says he, 'and give her all the love of my heart. She will know there was nothing else for me to do.' Then for one instant he bent his head and closed his eyes, just one instant; and after that he looked up again and—waited.

"You understand the plan, sir? Yes, that was it: to take the one chance out of a hundred of dropping on the cab roof as she passed under him! If he made no mistake—dropped at the right instant and was able to hold on, the rest would be easy enough—the climbing in at the window and stepping her.

"Of course, under ordinary circum-



THE OWL.

Owls may be recognized by their short and bulky form, with head disproportionately large, fully feathered, and often furnished with tufts like the ears of quadrupeds. The eyes are very large, and in most forms for seeing in twilight or at night, presenting a vacant stare when exposed to daylight. The wings are broad, and rounded, adapted for vigorous and noiseless but not rapid flight in pursuit of living prey in morning and evening twilight. The plumage is soft and downy.

Owls are great benefactors to man by destroying mice and other noxious animals, but from their nocturnal habits and dismal screeching cry, they are generally regarded with superstitious fear.

In Scripture the owl is almost always associated with desolation; painters, poets, and story tellers introduce it as a bird of ill omen, and as the companion of ghosts, witches, demons, and magicians; almost all uncultivated nations look upon it as an unwelcome visitor; the ancient Greeks and Romans, however, made it the emblem of wisdom, and accorded to Minerva, and indeed its large and solemn eyes give it an air of wisdom, which its brain does not sanction.

Lord Tennyson in the following lines gives his impressions of this strange bird:

When cats run home and night is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the
thatch,

Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

A STONE AGE HOUSE.

On St. Kilda's Island which lies in the Atlantic Ocean, eighty-two miles west of the main island of the Hebrides, a house belonging to the stone age has been discovered, with a number of stone weapons, hammers and axes. There are only seventy-one inhabitants on the island, which is four thousand acres in extent. The minister is at the same time the doctor and the school-teacher. He sails to the mainland once a year to shop for the whole island.

STRANGE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

In the West Indian Islands, says an exchange, there are trees that bear a pod with a split or open edge, the wind blowing through, this makes a whistling noise that is not agreeable. When the trade-winds blow, this whistle is loud and continuous. In a certain valley there are many such trees. The natives call them whistling trees. In the Soudan there is a species of tree the leaf of which, when stung by certain insects peculiar to the region, who use the leaves as a home for their eggs, swells and forms a bladder. When the insect leaves this bladder through a hole, it makes it a musical instrument. When the wind blows through the trees, these leaves give out a sound like a flute.

THE CURFEW.

Does everyone who has read the beautiful poem, "Curfew must not ring to-night," know just what the "curfew" means? For those who do not we print the following account from the "Encyclopædia Britannica":

A signal, as by tolling a bell, to warn the inhabitants of a town to extinguish their fires and lights and retire to rest. This was a common practice throughout the various countries of Europe during the Middle Ages especially in cities taken in war. In the low Latin of these times it was termed "ignitignium," or "pyritignium." The curfew is commonly said to have been introduced into England by William the Conqueror, who ordained, under severe penalties, that at the ringing of the curfew at eight o'clock in the evening all lights and fires should be extinguished. It seems probable, however, that he merely enforced an exist-

ing and very common police regulation to that effect. The absolute prohibition of lights after the ringing of the curfew bell was abolished by Henry the First in 1100. The practice of tolling a bell at a fixed hour in the evening, still extant in many places, is a survival of the ancient curfew. The common hour was at first seven, and it was gradually advanced to eight, and in some places to nine o'clock. In Scotland ten is not an unusual hour. As a precaution against conflagrations the curfew was a most useful regulation at a period when it was the custom to place the fire in a hole in the middle of the floor, under an opening in the roof, to allow the escape of the smoke. When a family retired to rest for the night the fire was extinguished by covering it up, and hence the term "couvre-feu," or curfew. But this salutary regulation served another important end, since by obliging the people to keep within doors, nocturnal brawls in the street were in great measure prevented. There is a popular tradition, for which no historical authority can be assigned, that the severity exhibited by William the Conqueror in enforcing obedience to the curfew was particularly designed to prevent the English from assembling in secret to plan schemes of rebellion against himself. The ringing of the "prayer bell," as it is called, which is still practiced in some Protestant countries, originated in that of the curfew bell.

A LESSON FROM A LILY.

At a teachers' convention lately, a lady, in speaking about the influence of beautiful objects upon the character and conduct of pupils, told a pretty story of an occurrence which took place in New York. This is the story as told by The News-Tribune:

"Into a school made up chiefly of children from the slums the teacher one day carried a beautiful calla lily. Of course the children gathered about the pure, waxy blossom in great delight.

"One of them was a little girl, a waif of the streets, who had no care bestowed upon her, as was evinced by the dirty, ragged condition she was always in. Not only was her clothing soiled, but her face and hands seemed totally unacquainted with soap and water.

"As this little one drew near the lovely flower, she suddenly turned and ran down the stairs and out of the building. In a few minutes she returned with her hands washed perfectly clean and pushed her way up to the flower, where she stood and admired it with intense satisfaction.

"It would seem," continued Mrs. Coffin, "that when the child saw the lily in its white purity, she suddenly realized that she was not fit to come into its atmosphere, and the little thing fled away to make herself suitable for such companionship. Did not this have an elevating, refining effect on the child? Let us gather all the beauty we can into the school-room."

Thanksgiving.

BY LIZZIE CLARK HARDY.

November comes with chilling wind,
And hint of snowflakes in the air;
The streams in icy fetters sleep,
The forest trees are brown and bare,
And yet our hearts are warm and glad,
Our hearthstones glow with hearty cheer,
We open wide the welcome door,
For, lo! Thanksgiving time is here.

GEN. CUSTER AND HIS MOTHER.

Mrs. Custer, in her "Boots and Saddles," tells this beautiful trait of her husband's character: "The hardest trial of my husband's life was parting with his mother. Such partings were the only occasions when I ever saw him lose entire control of himself, and I always looked forward to the hour of their separation with dread. For hours before we started I have seen him follow his mother about, whispering some comforting word to her, or, opening the closed door of her room, where, womanlike, she fought out her grief alone, sit beside her as long as he could endure it. She had been an invalid for so many years that each parting seemed to be the final one. Her groans and sobs were heartrending. She clung to him every step when he started to go, and, exhausted at last, was led back, half fainting, to the lounge. The general would rush out of the house, sobbing like a child, and then throw himself into the carriage beside me, completely unnerved. I could only give silent comfort. My heart bled for him, and in the long silence that followed as we journeyed on, I knew that his thoughts were with his mother. At our first stop he was out of the cars in an instant buying fruit to send back to her. Before we were even unpacked at the hotel, where we made our first stay of any length, he had dashed off a letter. I have since seen those missives. No matter how hurriedly he wrote, they were proofs of the tenderness, most filial love, and full of the prophecies he never failed to make of the reunion he felt would soon come."
—Michigan Christian Advocate.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 14.

PAUL'S MINISTRY IN ROME.

Acts 28. 17-31. Memory verses, 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—Rom. 1. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Promptly at Work, v. 17-22.
 2. Proclaiming Jesus, v. 23-29.
 3. Preaching the Kingdom, v. 30, 31.
- Place.—Rome, the capital of the empire, the centre of the world.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Paul's ministry in Rome.—Acts 28. 17-22.
Tu. Paul's ministry in Rome.—Acts 28. 22-31.
W. The words of Isaiah.—Isa. 6. 5-10.
Th. Christ in the Scriptures.—John 5. 39-47.
F. Hearing without profit.—Rom. 10. 13-21.
S. Ingrance of unbelief.—Heb. 3. 7-19.
Sa. Shut out.—Heb. 4. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Promptly at Work, v. 17-22.
Why did Paul summon the Jews at Rome?
Into whose hands had he been delivered prisoner?
To whom had he appealed?
For what hope was he bound?
What had the Jews heard about him?
2. Proclaiming Jesus, v. 23-29.
What was the theme of Paul's teaching?
By what witnesses did he prove Jesus to be the Messiah?
How long did the service continue?
How were his words received by the Jews?
What was the message to such as believed? Rom. 1. 16.
3. Preaching the Kingdom, v. 30, 31.
How long did Paul remain in Rome?
To whom did he preach?
Who hindered him in his work?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson have we an illustration—

1. Of Christian zeal?
2. Of manly candour?
3. Of faithful service?



A Loving Friend.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

Loving friend, the gift of one
Who, her own true faith hath run
Through thy lower nature;
By my benedictions said,
With my hand upon thy head,
Gentle fellow-creature!

Underneath my stroking hand,
Startled eyes of hazel bland,
Kindling, growing larger,
Up thou leapest with a spring
Full of prank and curveting,
Leaping like a charger.

But of thee it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unwearied—
Watched within a curtained room
Where no sunbeam broke the gloom
Round the sick and weary.

This dog, if a friendly voice
Called him now to blither choice
Than such a chamber keeping,
"Come out," prying from the door,
Presseth backward as before,
Up against me leaping.

Therefore to this dog will I
Tenderly, not scornfully,
Render praise and favour;
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said,
Therefore, and forever!

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