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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1895.

[No. 37.]

THE TEMPERANCE GOAT.

THE picture shows how these wicked men were trying to impose on the good nature of a goat. The pet followed them into a saloon, and thinking they would have some fun, offered the goat some "bock beer." He got a taste of it, and to their surprise, he broke for the door as fast as he could run, not thanking them for such stuff as that. They tried to catch him back, but his dignity was so shocked at the bitter stuff they wanted to give him, that he turned away in disgust. Does not this goat show good sense, and does he not teach a good lesson for boys and young men when they are tempted to drink? All can afford to be goat-like in this respect, and a boy had better be a goat than a drunkard. Indeed, if I knew one of my boys would be a drunkard, I would prefer to see him a goat.

You know there are many temptations for boys to become smokers, chowers and drunkards in one day. Let these boys make up their minds that they will have as much sense as the goat, anyhow. Turn your back to the "bock beer" and keep it in your rear, and never let it get to your mouth.

POPPIES AND CORN.

BY SAMUEL GREGORY.

"Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley."—Job xxi. 40.

ONE day I was walking with a Cornish farmer. There was a field on a hill-side in front of us, and yellow corn stood there in the sunshine. Great red spots dotted the field. In one place the red spots were so many and so close together that they made an unbroken patch of scarlet. I said, "How lovely that patch of red is!" "Lovely?" said the farmer, "I don't like to see the field so red."

What were the red spots? Poppies! The farmer did not want them. It would have been very spiteful if any one had said of his fields: "Let poppies grow instead of corn!" That would have been much the same as to say, "Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley."

This world which we live in is like a field where corn and poppies grow together. Some people are attracted by the poppies, and some prefer the corn. It is like going through the world,—that walk among Cornish cornfields.

I.—POPPIES ARE SHOWY.

The poppy is very pretty. Its usual colour is not the favourite colour in nature. Nature likes yellow things. There is more yellow in the fields than any other colour. Green is but yellow with blue in it. But red colour is very showy. It "strikes the eye," we say. Lamps at the fire-engine station are red, and danger signals on the railway are red because these "hit" the eye like a stone. A red flag shows a long way off. Soldiers' coats are red, because red is imposing and grand. If a painter wants people to fix their eyes on one spot in his picture, he contrives to put a red thing there. You are forced to look at the red. The field poppy is red. It will be seen. It makes you look at it.

Now there are poppies that talk and walk about. There are people who always will make you look at them. They are always "showing off"—acting. It is as unpleasant to see "affected" people as it

is to a farmer to see poppies. The farmer says "You poppies think something of yourselves, but I wish you knew how little I think of you." Burns once said he wished we had the gift to see ourselves as others see us. We should then leave off playing at being poppies.

A curious poppy once grew in England. It was able to talk and change its clothes. It lived at the beginning of this century,

is another boy with Macaulay's *History* in his hand. That book contains some poppies, but corn as well as poppies. Don't read books that are all poppies.

In the same way learn to dislike a character that is all poppies. Smart, showy people are very pleasant, but these who are always taking people off or talking nonsense tire you, just as red tires your eyes. They are like some tumblers I saw in a

people making a display of what they gave away. He told us to be simple, and to remember that God sees us, and not to think much of others seeing us. That is what Lady Jane Grey thought of when she said, "O God, make others great, but make me good!" That is what Charles Kingsley thought of when he wrote: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever!"

II.—POPPIES DO NOT LAST LONG.

How long is it before a poppy begins to droop? Burns says: "Pleasures are like poppies spread; you seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

In our National Gallery there is a picture called "Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm." It is the picture of a boatful of people who care for nothing but pleasure. But that sort of boat lasts but little longer than one of the paper boats you make and put on the sea.

You cannot make the voyage of life in a pleasure-boat. The storm will soon smash and sink it. Of course we like pleasure, but we must not be so fond of it as to care for nothing else. Pleasure is like a bath, it refreshes you, but you cannot live in water like a fish. Pleasure is a poppy that soon fades.

Some kinds of ambition are poppies too. Napoleon Bonaparte's life was full of poppy-gathering. He called his poppies "glory." French people were fond of "glory." As you enter the Palace of Versailles there is an inscription which tells you that the rooms are a museum of the glories of France. What do you think the glories of France are? Well, the museum is full of battle pictures. War is what they called glory. Napoleon was a great hunter of glory of that sort. But he died at last on a lonely rock in the sea. His poppies withered away. The true ambition is to be good and useful.

There are many other things of the world that are perishable things. The Book of Ecclesiastes is about a man who loved the world too much, and he said: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." His poppies withered.

In the life of Jesus, who went about doing good, and in the life of Paul, who said, "I have fought a good fight," we see what the lasting things are,—a good conscience and the good we can do while we live. The world passeth away, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

III.—POPPIES ARE POISONOUS.

The pretty poppy is poisonous. Opium is taken from the head of that flower. One nation—the Chinese—is so fond of opium that it is a great curse to that people. Chinese

men who drug themselves with opium are worse than Englishmen who drink strong drink. Solomon said: "Look not on the wine when it is red, for it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Better keep away from things that bite like serpents. I took some boys and girls to look at an animal and bird shop, and the man opened a cage and took out a snake. He had some monkeys, and he held the tail of the snake, and let the monkeys pull it. He said, "You need not be afraid of this snake!" But I kept away. Don't touch even the tail of a snake—let the monkeys do that if they like.

Poppies are emblems of idleness. A poppy is the drowsy flower. Poppy-juice makes people sleep, and if much of it is taken, people who take it never wake again. Drowsy, lazy people are in a bad



THE TEMPERANCE GOAT.

and was named George Brummell. This man poppy had plenty of money and nothing to do, and he determined to make everybody talk about his clothes. Beau Brummell they called him, and no peacock ever spread out his tail to be seen as this man walked about in London. I think Brummell is one of the most pitiful of all characters of history. He died in France as poor as a beggar. I have a book which tells the story of his life, and at the end there is a little picture of a burning candle, and beside it on the table is a pretty spotted moth lying on its side. No doubt you could guess what the picture means.

Some of you like books with poppies in them. So do I. But a book full of poppies is a poor thing. Here is a boy with a book full of poppies. It is a book of wonderful adventures or comic cuts. But here

poor street in the "East-end" of Paris. They had a carpet laid down, and wore wonderful spotted and spangled clothes, and a crowd gathered and gazed. But when the show was over we walked away and forgot the tumblers and their spangled clothes. Showy things tire you. Red poppies tire your eyes. It would be awful to live in a world full of poppies. The planet Mars is red, as if its vegetation were poppy-colour, but God has made a green world for us to look at, because green is quiet and restful.

Poppies: Jesus warned us against acting and making a show. You know what he said about people taking so much thought about raiment. You know what he said about people saying their very prayers to be looked at while they were praying. You know what he said about

way. Be alive! Work hard! Play hard! Some one has said of idleness that it is "the burial of a living man." In one of their proverbs our grandmothers used to tell of a dog that was so lazy that it used to lean against a wall to bark. When you are lazy at your lessons or your work think of that "lazy dog."

People who are left to themselves and fall into careless ways go on thinking more of the poppies in the field than of the corn. It is the wise who care most for the corn, that is, for useful, enduring, wholesome, and noble things. The poppies in the field of life are what we call temptations. We need the grace of God to guard us against having these. It is much as it is with Chinese opium smokers. When once the habit of taking the opium is formed it is not enough to take away the opium. The craving for it still remains. What is needed is that the craving should be destroyed. In our sinful hearts there are hot cravings and desires, and the Spirit of Christ can cure these, and fill us with desire for and love of all that is pure and true and lovely and of good report.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO SEPTEMBER 14 1895

HOME, SWEET HOME.

BY E. S. GORDON.

It was a cold, raw evening in mid-winter. The wind which had been blowing all day in fitful gusts had by this time increased to a gale. It roared and howled in the chimneys, rattled at the doors and window-shutters, whistled through the key-holes and shrieked and moaned among the leafless branches of the trees; and not content with wreaking its fury on inanimate objects, it sent the sleet with stinging force into the faces of those unlucky pedestrians whose duty or business called them abroad on that night. But while the storm raged outside in all its fury, there was one house in the village of Belmont where warmth and comfort reigned supreme, that was the "bar" of the "Green Man." A bright fire burned in the polished grate, the gas-light gleamed from the pendant chandeliers, which shone and sparkled, while heavy crimson curtains hung before the window, shutting out the sight and sound of the pitiless storm and helping to give an air of warmth and home-likeness to the place. Outside, by the door of the "Green Man" stood a little boy of about twelve, evidently watching for some one. Crowds of people were passing into the bar-room; there were the thriving tradesmen and the well-to-do mechanics who only went in to have a glass with a friend, "just in the way of business, you know," or to talk over the times of "Auld Lang Syne." Side by side with them passed the drunkard and the debauchee, young men and women on pleasure bent, mothers with babies in their arms, and even little children, sent perhaps to fetch father's beer or mother's gin.

Still, no one appeared to gladden the eyes of the weary watcher outside. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, peeped out from the belfry of a neighbouring church.

"Nine o'clock," said the lad, "and still no sign of father coming home, and poor mother does so want him to come home." Noiselessly pushing open the spring door, he made his way to where his father sat with his pipe in his hand and his pot of beer on the table before him. "Father," he said, in a weak, trembling voice, "mother sent me to ask you to come home. She is dying, and she wishes to see you before she dies. Please, father, do come home."

"Dying is she?" said the man. "Well, she has been a precious long time about it; three months ago she asked me to stay at home with her for she was dying, and she is not dead yet. Be off home with you and tell her that I'll come when I'm ready and not a moment sooner. And take that for disobeying your father's orders," and so saying he dealt the little boy a stinging blow in the face, which sent him staggering against the door.

Billy hurried home as fast as his legs could carry him, longing, yet fearing, to appear before his dying mother without his father. As he made his way cautiously up the ricketty stairs he paused and listened. Was that someone speaking? Then mother is not alone; perhaps the good minister is with her. She must be better, said he to himself, for she is speaking nice and loud. Hark! she is singing.

"In the Christian's home of glory,
There remains a land of rest,
Where my Saviour's gone before me
To fulfil my soul's request.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming
There is rest for you."

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you."

"Yes, mother is getting better," said Billy, "she will soon be well again. But what was his astonishment to find on opening the door that his mother was alone in the dark. "Why, mother, I thought you had some one with you," he said, going up to the straw pallet on which lay his mother. "I heard you speaking and singing as I came upstairs."

"Yes, Billy," said his mother, "I was talking to my mother. She came in and I said my hymn to her before I went to sleep, but then it grew dark and I could not see her, but I know she is not far away; she said she was come to take me home again to the bonnie home far away in the country where the roses and the honeysuckle climb over the roof and the birds sing all day in the old elm tree. Oh, that will be nice to be at home again!"

"Mother, mother, don't go away and leave your Billy," sobbed the lad, as he threw his arms round his mother's wasted frame and laid his cold cheek to hers. "Oh, mother, take me with you. I cannot stay behind you." The sobs of her boy seemed to rouse the poor woman; she opened her eyes and looked round the miserable attic she called home and saw her boy kneeling beside her.

"Oh, Billy, my boy, is that you?" she said, "you have been gone a long time; have you brought your father?"

"No, mother," said the boy, "he would not come."

"Did you tell him I was dying and wished to see him once more?" asked the dying wife.

"Yes, mother, but he would not come."

"Oh, Jack," she murmured, "once you were a loving husband and father, but drink has closed your heart against your wife and son but I pray God that he may give you a new heart and that when I am gone you may learn to love my Jesus. And I want you to promise me before I go that you will never touch a drop of drink. Will you promise me this, my boy?"

"Yes, mother, I will."

"And I want you, for your mother's sake, to be good and patient with your poor father, for oh, my boy, he once loved us dearly; look after him and do not leave him as long as he is alive. Will you do this, Billy?"

"Yes, mother, I will."

"And now, my darling, I am going; I shall never see father again, but tell him

that I forgave him with my dying breath. Kiss me, Billy, and be a good boy and meet me in heaven."

"But, mother, I do not know the way," said Billy.

"God forgive me for my neglect," said the dying woman. "I thought you were too young to understand these things, and now it is too late. I am going to leave you. Oh, Lord, teach my Billy the way!" And with this prayer on her lips she passed away to her home on high to receive a welcome.

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

CHORUS.

They'll sing their welcome home to me,
They'll sing me a "welcome home,"
The angels that stand on the hallelujah strand,
And sing me a welcome home.

RECHO.

Welcome, welcome home,
Welcome, welcome home.

FULL CHORUS.

The angels shall stand on the hallelujah strand
And sing me a welcome home.

The shades of evening were softly falling, and night was covering the earth with her mantle of darkness, when a long one of the busy thoroughfares of a busy seaport town came Billy Lewis, foot-sore and weary, the dust of the wayside clinging to his tattered garments. Poor boy! Since we saw him last, ten months ago, the world had gone hardly with him. True, his father had managed to keep sober for a whole week after his wife's funeral, but, alas, alas! after this he only went faster and faster down the road that leads to death and destruction. Billy tried his best to keep him straight, but his efforts were unavailing. Eight months after his wife's death he fell down a chalk pit and was taken up dead. He died as he had lived, without a hope and without a God in the world.

JACK'S OPINION.

AN earnest Jack Tar was once called upon to address an audience composed of sailors and soldiers, when he used the following illustration:

"My friends, the drinker is, as it were, on the Niagara river. The river is bright and attractive. Down the stream he glides, all in full trim. But hark! a voice is heard from the shore. What is it? 'Young man, ahoy! Beware, the rapids are below you!' 'What care I for the rapids? Time enough yet to steer ashore!' 'Young man, ahoy! ahoy! ahoy! You are nearing the rapids!' 'I'm not such a fool as to get there—time enough yet. I'll steer out of danger when danger comes. I cannot give up my pleasure.' See now, he persists in his so-called pleasure; he has passed the point—his bark is now on the current of danger—he cannot escape. See how fast he goes now! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! Set the mast in the socket! Hoist sails! Ah! ah! it is too late! He would have it so!

"Now, my friends, thousands of drunkards go over the rapids. Hoist your sail in time, boys! Catch the breeze while it is high. Steer for Temperance Port. Give your hearts to Christ. Out of danger, out of trouble. Soldiers and brother sailors, prevention is better than cure!"

A wise and holy rule for our neighbour's faults is this: To speak of them to God, and forget them before men.

THE women do well to watch legislation, and they can watch nothing more profitably than liquor legislation. Fifty women were present when the Delaware house of representatives voted to repeal the act allowing saloonkeepers to sell liquor by the glass; and we do not wonder, even if it was unparliamentary, that they started up the doxology, led by the wife of Chancellor Wolcott. Nor is it strange that the legislators were so taken by surprise that they did not rebuke the violation of the rules. Let the women keep up this crusade and shame the men into joining it.

En Voyage.

BY G. A. M.

WITCHYWAY way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favouring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to wait me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or spend me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my barque will sail with me
Thro' storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering haven at last.

Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

September 22, 1895.

SERVE HIM ALONE.—Exodus 20. 3.

There seems to be an idea in man wherever found that he must perform worship to some God. No nation has been discovered, no matter how barbarous and degraded, but had some form of worship. Altars, no matter how rude, are found among all nations, whether civilized or pagan. The Israelites, like the nations by which they were surrounded, were much addicted to the worship of idols. It seems amazing how prevalent idolatry has become and how shocking are some of the practices which exist in certain nations where there are thousands of strange gods. India, Africa, and China may be mentioned in illustration.

God here commands his people not to have any other god but himself. A good reason is assigned in the preceding verse. "I am the Lord thy God," etc. The word Lord you will perceive is in small capitals, which means Jehovah, the most august word by which the Maker of the universe is known. The people, too, were under obligation to him. He brought them out of the house of bondage. Verse 2.

We have not been born in pagan lands, but we had our birth in a land of religious privileges and Gospel ordinances, where the true Gospel light shines. No nation has been so highly favoured, hence surely we should serve him who has done such great things for us, and should serve him alone, not serve ourselves, but him to whom our more than all is due.

THE JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

THE Junior League should be more generally introduced into our churches. After organizing three Junior Leagues in as many different churches successively, we have reason to believe that the society is adapted to all our churches, large and small, in city or country.

Many Junior Leagues have not prospered because they have run out of work. In meetings once a month for missions or temperance the whole League can be instructed together, but in literary work there should be a division of the League according to age; the divisions containing boys and girls from eight to ten, ten to twelve, twelve to fourteen or sixteen, according to the decision of the cabinet concerning age of graduation into the Senior League. These divisions are numbered "one," "two," "three," beginning with the youngest. Work in the catechism and Bible can then be graded, and interest will not be lacking. A Junior League that holds only a prayer-meeting for children of all ages for a short hour once a week has made a good beginning toward a real Junior League, but only a beginning. Boys and girls from twelve to sixteen can be found to take charge of the lower divisions; the pastor or superintendent should take the advanced division.

Comfort One Another.

BY MRS. MARGARET K. HANOSTER.

Comfort one another;
For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad
There is heavy burden bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the looks of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken;
While life's daily bread is broken,
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another;
There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choirs above.
Ransomed saint and mighty angel,
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,
Where forever they are praising the Eternal
Love.

Comfort one another;
By the hope of Him who sought us
In our peril—Him who bought us,
Paying with his precious blood;
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting strength that shall not falter,
Leaning on the One divinely good.

Comfort one another;
Let the grave-gloom lie behind you,
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the home beyond the tomb,
Where no more is pain or parting,
Fever's flush or tear-drops starting,
But the presence of the Lord, and for all his
people room. —Independent.

PROSPEROUS, RIGHTEOUS,
UPRIGHT & CO.

By E. Donald McGregor.

CHAPTER IV.

OWNING a coffee-stall was by no means playing at work, at least so thought three boys, named Jinks, Tom, and Pete, when their first day's work was over and they began to pack up for the night.

"Everything has gone upside down," Jinks said dejectedly. "The first coffee wasn't hot, an' the next was too weak, an' I don't reckon we'll have any one for breakfast to-morrow."

"Indeed, an' we will," Tom answered heartily. "Folks knows as we're new at it, an' they'll give us another chance, you see if they don't; but," he added seriously, "we must get things right to-morrow, or we will lose customers."

"Where do you buy them buns, Jinks?" Pete asked, as he packed a lot of cups into a basket.

"Jinks looked up from the tiny charcoal stove he was clearing.

"You're a smart youngster," he said approvingly. "I couldn't have fixed them cups no better myself—the buns? Oh, Mr. Spence got 'em from Mrs. Andrews, as lives round the Square. She's kept a big coffee-house there fer as long as I can mind, an' she's rich, too; she was awful kind to Mr. Spence. She let him wheel the stall inter her place every night, an' then she sold him the buns for just what she got 'em fer in big lots."

"Will she do the same fer us?" Tom asked anxiously.

"Oh, I guess so," Jinks answered with confidence. "She knows me, an' she's always good to them as has just set up."

"My! but I'm tired!" Pete said, stretching out his legs and leaning hard against a can of coffee.

"An' my head's sore, just with worriting," Jinks added mournfully.

"An' I feel like as though I'd never done a day's work afore, I'm that done out," Tom concluded. "Still," he added, "it's cause we was scart we wouldn't do things right. To-morrow we'll be all chirk."

"Ready!" Jinks announced, locking the little stall sliding window, and then the three boys leaned hard against the stall and its wheels turned slowly over the hard pavement.

Mrs. Andrews received them in a kindly, hearty way.

"So you're goin' to set up," she said, "an' poor Joe has gone. Well, that's the way we'll all have to get out of the way some day. Help you? Of course I will. What's the good of living if we can't help other folks?" She laid her hand on Jinks' shoulder. "I s'pose you're head; mind you come every day for the buns, an' I'll give you your coffee any way, too!"

The boys couldn't thank her, for she refused to be thanked, so they left their stall in the little back yard and set out on Mr. Black's. Jinks carried the money bag under one side of his jacket, and Scraps under the other, while Tom had, as usual, charge of the Chart. Mr. Black had cleared a small table in his back room, and everything was in readiness for the boys when they arrived at eight o'clock.

"Do you mean to work?" he asked, looking rather hard at each boy.

"Why, yes, sir!" Tom answered in surprise; "we want to learn to read the Chart, an' we're in an awful hurry."

"Very well," Mr. Black said quietly, "to work then at once."

Two hours later three tired but eager boys said:

"Good night, Mr. Black, can we come to-morrow night?"

"Yes, you may come to-morrow night," Mr. Black answered, and the three lads went out into the chilly night.

They slept in a corner of a porch, not far off, and awakened stiff and cold for their day's work.

"Shake yourselves an' make believe it's roasting," Tom said laughingly.

"It's hot 'nough to smother a feller," Jinks added, fanning his cheeks while he spoke,

"We might run!" Pete suggested, and right away quick the boys set out on a wild scamper down the street.

Mr. Spence had chosen a warm, sheltered corner of a bridge for his stand, and the two little coal-oil fires over which the coffee was heated, served to warm people as well. Then his coffee was royal, and he was never known to sell a stale bun, so that, everything counted up, it was no wonder his stall became a favourite one.

He had \$2.38 in his small print bag when he died, so the new firm started with both capital and customers. Their second day's work was much more successful, and more than one rough workman said, as he turned away from the stall:

"I hope they'll get on—they're plucky little fellows."

Tom was, by general consent, soon made treasurer of the firm; in fact, before long, he became the real head of affairs. Jinks had had experience in the business, but he lacked Tom's energy and push, so with the best of good nature he gradually stepped aside, and Tom became head manager. Jinks, however, filled a place that was neither small nor unimportant. His plodding, cautious self served as a holdback upon Tom's rushing, impulsive way of doing things, and more than once he verily saved the firm from disaster.

Pete's place was never questioned; he was errand boy, dish washer, and general help, and the men who patronized the stall often patted him on the head, and said kindly:

"He's a knowing little chap; it wouldn't seem right, here, without him."

Sometimes, too, they tried to smooth Scraps' shaggy little head, but he had hair that wouldn't be smoothed, and so they only succeeded in making his little terrier lordship wiggle with delight.

Thus gradually the new firm became established, and the boys found that by hard work and energy they were able to squeeze into a tiny spot in this rushing, crushing, old business world.

They slept where they could, until one night Mr. Black said briefly; "You can creep in under the counter if you like."

After that they had a warm, dry spot that was theirs, and even when the nights became warm, it was right good to feel that they were no longer waifs of the street. One evening, five months after they first became Mr. Black's pupils, a very exciting matter came up for discussion. Jinks grew so interested in it that he pushed his fingers through his mop of hair, and actually talked fast, while as for Tom, he rose to his feet, and worked his arms as he spoke, thereby rousing Scraps into a state of furious barking. Pete didn't say much, but he was as interested as any one in the settlement of the question.

CHAPTER V.

MR. BLACK had absolutely refused to have the Chart opened until every boy could read fluently. "You will only get incorrect ideas, and I will not be responsible for that," he had said with decision, and so right manfully they laded worked, and rather impatiently they waited, until—well—until the evening I am going to tell you about.

"At last the Chart had been declared open, and the point for discussion was, where should they begin to read? Tom said "of course at the first." Jinks objected, declaring that there were too many hard names there, and that they ought to begin at an easier place.

Pete put in a plea for Matthew's Gospel.

"I just peeped now," he said, "an' Jesus' name is in big letters right on the first page."

"Let's open the book and see where it happens," suggested Jinks.

"No," said Tom, "that wouldn't be square."

"Well," Jinks asked in his meditative way, "what's you goin' to do?"

"We'll take it to Mr. Black," Tom answered impatiently. "I can't wait another moment," he added, picking up the Chart, which all these months he had never allowed out of his sight.

Mr. Black was seated at his table reading. And when he was asked to open the Chart he hesitated, then with a sudden movement he took the book, and carelessly opened it wide.

Tom carefully carried it over to the side table where he and his companions studied, and amid great excitement announced to his eager followers:

"We are to begin at the Gospel according to Luke."

"It don't make no difference 'bout Mr. Black hearin', does it?" Jinks whispered.

"Oh no," Tom replied, "he never hears nothin' when he's readin' anyhow."

That was at eight o'clock, and all through the evening Mr. Black heard Tom's sturdy little voice, and when he looked up he saw Jinks and Pete listening as though they dared not miss one solitary word. He tried to read, but he could not. Someway or other the sight of these boys listening for the first time to the Christ message, worried him. They were so eager and interested. Pete's blue eyes filled with tears, as he heard how the Lord Jesus was shamefully treated by the soldiers. "How could they?" he said. "It was real mean," Jinks declared, while Tom's little fist was clenched as he muttered—

"I wish I'd been there, an' I'd have knocked him down, so I would."

"But there's worse than that a-comin'," he added, glancing over the page, and then with his voice very queer and shaky, he read the old sad story of the Crucifixion.

"They aren't really goin' to kill him?" Pete whispered.

Tom didn't answer—he read on, his voice growing lower and lower. Jinks picked Scraps up from the floor, and almost crossly told him to "be still," and then after a moment Tom put the Chart down, and looked straight at Jinks and Pete.

"He's dead," he whispered.

"Then he aint gone to prepare a Place," Jinks said slowly.

"An' there aren't any Place," Pete added. The world had grown suddenly very dark for these boys—there was no Lord Jesus, and no Place.

"Read on." It was Mr. Black who spoke.

"It aint no use, Mr. Black. It's a dreadful thing to have the Lord Jesus dead."

His eyes lit upon a fresh thought. He read a few verses, and lo! the clouds began to lift.

"He's a-goin' to come to life again," Jinks exclaimed.

Pete slipped up beside Tom, and in a moment, his little voice sounded shrill and clear—"He is alive."

"An' he's gone up to heaven," Tom added, as a few moments later he closed the book.

"That must be the name of the Place," "Yes," said Tom thoughtfully, "I s'pose it's just like the big lords in England has places, only this must be a very rich, fine Place. I shouldn't wonder if he keeps a hundred servants." "An' if his dishes are solid gold," Pete added.

"But we aint found out how to get there," Tom said in a troubled fashion.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

It was Mr. Black's voice. The boys turned suddenly and looked at him. He was still sitting at his table, but he was not reading. His hands were tightly clasped, and his lips were pressed close together.

"Why, Mr. Black?" Tom said in great surprise, "do you know 'bout the Place?"

"Yes," Mr. Black answered slowly, "I know about the Place."

"Then why don't you go there?" Mr. Black made no answer. He put his head down on the table in front of him, and the boys saw that he was sobbing like a child.

"Come with us to the Place," Pete said, putting his arms round Mr. Black and lovingly trying to offer the best comfort he knew.

"We could all go together," Tom said in a business-like way, "an' maybe they'd let us in easier, 'cause you was with us,—anyhow we do want you to come."

Mr. Black seemed to crush back his feelings. He sat up, and said in a low, strained voice: "Boys, I've got something to tell you, I must tell you, no matter what it costs me, for perhaps it may save you, but not to-night. Go to bed now, and when you go start off in the morning, remember I don't want you to return for a month. One month from to-night you may come back. I want to be alone for a season."

"Good-night, sir," the three boys said, in

low, subdued tones. They felt they were coming very near some great sorrow, and they tried as it were on tip-toe.

(To be continued.)

DON'T TOUCH IT.

"WHAT a thar!" asked Johnny, pointing to a queer looking thing he had never seen before.

"That's a rat-trap," said his mother.

"Don't touch it."

"What's it for?" inquired Johnny.

"To catch rats," replied his mother.

"How?" asked Johnny.

"I put the cheese in for a bait, and when Master Rat comes prying about in the cellar he smells it, and says to himself, 'Well, what's all this somebody has been getting ready for me? Very kind of somebody.' So he puts his nose in this little hole, and says, 'Ah! that smells good. He puts his nose in a little farther, and takes a good nibble. But, just as poor Master Rat is making up his mind that it tastes as good as it smells, pop goes the spring!"

"And then what?" asked Johnny.

"Then he never finds his way into the collar again to gnaw the bread and pies."

His mother carried the trap into the cellar and set it down, again saying, "Don't touch it."

Johnny stood and watched it for a while, hoping that Master Rat would come and try the cheese, so that he could see the trap pop. But, as Master Rat seemed in no hurry, Johnny began to wonder what made it pop.

He put his finger a little way into the hole. Yes, there was the cheese all ready for Master Rat. How tiresome of him not to come! Johnny wondered more and more where the pop was. Perhaps he could feel it. A little farther in his finger went.

"Snap!" went the trap.

"Oh!—ooh! Let go!" went Johnny. He had found the pop.

If rat-traps had any sense that trap would have known that it was a little soft finger, and not a rat, that it had hold of. But we all know traps have no sense, so that one held Johnny's finger with a cruel grip of its sharp teeth.

"Ow! oh! mamma!" screamed Johnny. If he had kept still he would not have been badly hurt. But he tried to drag his finger out, and it was sadly cut and scratched before his mother ran and let out the poor little rat.

"I don't like rat-traps," said Johnny, with sobs and whimpers as mamma carefully bound up the poor finger.

"Rat-traps never hurt little boys," said mamma.

"That one hurt me," said Johnny.

"Not until you turned it into a little boy-trap," said mamma.

WENT TO REVENGE A 'RONG.

Few tales from the oriental countries are without their moral. The following from Arabia is no exception.

A haughty favourite of an Oriental monarch, who was passing along the highway—so runs the story—throw a stone at a poor dervish or priest. The dervish did not dare to throw it back at the man who had assaulted him, for he knew the favourite was very powerful. So he picked up the stone and put it carefully in his pocket, saying to himself: "The time for revenge will come by-and-by, and then I will repay him for it."

Not long afterward this same dervish, in walking through the city, saw a great crowd coming toward him. He hastened to see what was the matter, and found, to his astonishment, that his enemy, the favourite, who had fallen into disgrace with the king was being paraded through the principal streets on a camel, exposed to the jests and insults of the populace. The dervish, seeing all this, hastily grasped at the stone which he carried in his pocket, saying to himself: "The time for revenge has now come, and I will repay him for his insulting conduct."

But, after considering a moment, he threw the stone away, saying: "The time for revenge never comes, for if our enemy is powerful, revenge is dangerous as well as foolish, and if he is weak and wretched, then revenge is worse than foolish, it is mean and cruel. And in all cases it is forbidden and wicked."

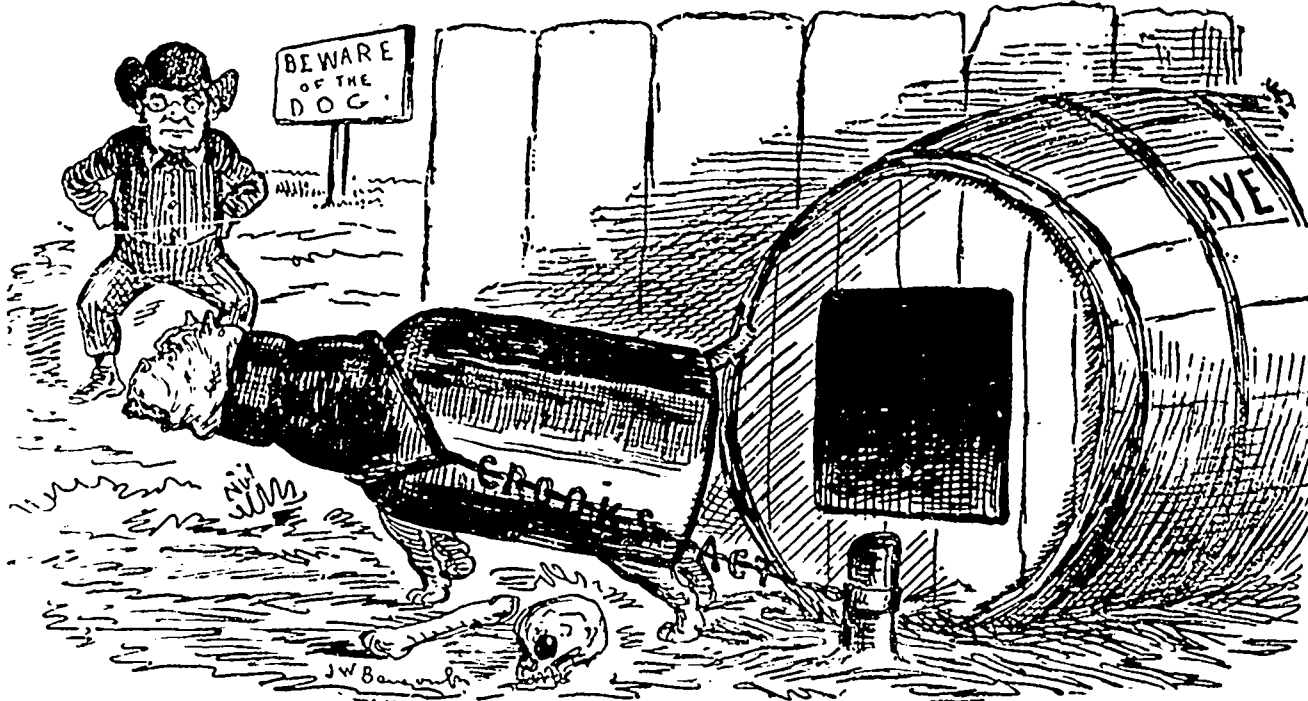
The Workman's Song.

"I AM poor, I know, I am very poor,
As poor as a man need be;
But my Saviour was poorer still than I,
I am never so poor as he.
I toil for my bread, I toil for my wife,
I toil for my children three;
But hard as I toil, he toiled as hard
In the valleys of Galilee.

"My raiment is coarse, and I'm rude of
speech
Of learning, full little have I;
But I think that he loves me no less for that,
And I'll tell you the reason why
His carpenter's tunic was coarse as mine,
His hand with the tool as rough;
For of leisure, away in his Nazareth home,
I guess he had little enough

"But soon as he taught on the mountain slope,
With the grass for a pulpit floor,
He lifted on high his toil worn hands,
Saying, 'Blessed shall the poor,
And blessed we are, for he cares for us.
Stoops low to be one with us all;
So I love him, and trust him, and go my
way,
Until I shall hear him call.

"Then I'll climb the ladder of gold, I ween,
While the angels are looking down;
And my God, my Saviour—the carpenter's
Son—
Shall give to me mansion and crown.
Come much, then, come little, to spend or
to spare,
I tell you it matters not which,
For Jesus, in love to me, made himself poor,
That I in his love may be rich!"



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1427.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 22

JOSHUA RENOVING THE COVENANT.

Josh. 24. 14-25. Memory verses, 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.—Josh. 24. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Appeal, v. 14, 15.
2. The Promise, v. 16-21.
3. The Testimony, v. 22-25.

TIME.—B.C. 1427.

PLACE.—Shechem, between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Joshua renewing the covenant.—Josh. 24. 14-25.
- N. The stone of witness.—Josh. 24. 26-31.
- W. Occasion of the covenant.—Josh. 24. 1-13.
- Th. Joshua's exhortation.—Josh. 23. 1-10.
- F. Warning against disobedience.—Josh. 23. 11-16.
- S. Persuasion to faithfulness.—1 Sam. 12. 20-25.
- Su. The better covenant.—Heb. 8. 7-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Appeal*, v. 14, 15.
Where did Joshua gather the Israelites? Verse 1.
What history did he recite to them? Verses 2-13.
Who made this appeal and to whom was it made?
To whose service were the people called? What were they asked to put away? What were they called upon to decide? Between whom must the choice be made? What was Joshua's decision?
What patriarch had won praise for doing this? See Exod. 18. 19.
2. *The Promise*, v. 16-21.
What promise of fidelity did the people make?
What four great things had God done for them?
To what service did they pledge themselves?
What service did Joshua say was impossible?
What reason did he give?
What penalty would fall on such as forsake God?
What reply did the people make?
How many times did they make this promise?
3. *The Testimony*, v. 22-25.
Whom did Joshua call as witnesses?
What two demands did he make?
What renewed promise did the people make?

How did Joshua bind them to this promise? (Golden Text.)
Where was the covenant made?
Where did Joshua record the covenant? Verse 26.
What memorial did he set up?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That we must choose some service?
2. That we ought to choose God's service?
3. That we should be faithful in his service?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Joshua call upon the people to do? To fear and serve the Lord. 2. What did the people say of the Lord? "He is our God." 3. What did Joshua then command them to do? To put away the strange gods. 4. What did Joshua and the people make in Shechem? A covenant to serve the Lord. 5. What resolution did the people make? Golden Text: "The Lord our God," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The holiness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

To what are you bound by your baptism? My baptism into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, obliges me first to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; secondly, to believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and, thirdly, to keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.

EDWARD VI. AND THE BIBLE.

KING EDWARD VI. has been called "the Josiah of England." When he came to the throne, at the age of ten, the people were glad, as they knew he had been taught to love the Holy Bible.

A few weeks after the death of his father, Henry VIII., the coronation of Edward took place; and when the three swords of state, which are borne before the sovereign on that occasion, were brought to him, Edward asked for the fourth. The noblemen, in wonder, inquired what he meant, and he replied, "The Bible; that is the Sword of the Spirit, and is better than these swords. That book ought to govern kings, for without it they are nothing and can do nothing. All we have of grace and salvation and divine strength comes from the Bible." The wise words were repeated everywhere, and the people in England who loved the truth looked now to see the kingdom of God soon set up on earth, since the king, although so young, knew so well the worth and the power of the Word of God.

It is also related of young Edward that on one occasion he ordered an attendant to get a book from a shelf in the library. The page was not tall enough to reach it, and took a large Bible which was by his side to stand upon, when the youthful king stepped forward and cried, "Not that book! that is God's book."

But the early promise of his reign was soon blighted. He was seized with disease, and died after a short reign of about six years.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?

It is an ugly brute, isn't it? But not a bit uglier than the hideous whiskey traffic it represents. The picture reminds us of Bunyan's description of Giant's Pope and Pagan sitting at the mouth of their cave among the bones of their victims, and growling with rage that they cannot get at the pilgrims in the king's highway, as they used to. The best thing that can be done with the vicious beast in the picture, which has destroyed so many lives, and ravaged so many homes, would be to cut its ugly head off. This we hope that total prohibition of the liquor traffic will shortly do.

TOBACCO EXAMPLES.

If tobacco be injurious, leading not only to the almshouse, but to the hospital, death and hell, how great the sin of smoking, chewing, snuffing and raising tobacco. "What should it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Friend, parent, Christian, what is the worth of a soul? Ask heaven! Ask Calvary! Estimate eternity! If you cannot find the answer, beware how you lead men down to death!

The sums paid for tobacco are the price of blood; the pieces of silver which you pay for the abominable privileges of offending the Church, betraying the Lord Jesus, committing physical and spiritual suicide, and crimsoning your hands with the blood of souls. These are the talents which you have worse than wasted,—talents which you have prostituted while in possession of the highest moral power in the universe, viz.: example. By this you lead men and women, yes, innocent children and youth into abominable slavery and idolatry, into the living death of carnal appetite, perilling their souls' eternal interest, and making them, like yourself, agents of the devil, to multiply the seed you are sowing. The higher your position in society, the greater your influence; the more evil you are producing. Are you a professing Christian, claiming to be a living epistle, the light of the world, to do all things, whether you eat or drink, to the glory of God? Are you a minister of Christ, an example to the flock of God? How infinitely harmful is your example! In the great day of God you shall reap the fruits of your doings. What a harvest of loss and corruption must spring from the seed which has been increasing since you commenced this filthy practice, and shall increase with the manifold productiveness of sin, unto the end of time. Oh, repent! "Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh." Cleanse the temple of the Holy Ghost. O thou

stolful and wicked servant! What good you could have done with this tobacco money! How much hunger, nakedness, mental and spiritual want, sorrow and guilt you might have prevented and relieved, preached the Gospel through tracts, Bibles, etc., and thus have saved many souls from the eternal burning, and gladden earth and heaven! From these little fountains of benevolence, what streams of life and blessing might have flowed on, deepening and widening into mighty rivers down to the shores of time, bearing on their shining bosoms out into the broad ocean of eternity, rich treasures of joy to crown the Giver, and honour him who hath promised to reward him who "gives a cup of water only," and who hath said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

May God help each intelligent reader into whose hands these lines may fall, to make a wise use of time, talents and property, that the final reckoning may be with joy and not with grief.

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