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### Autumn Fires.

by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires,
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over,
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

# INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

BY THE EDITOR.

The most notable of the churches of Rome is, of course, St. Peter's. I shall not attempt to describe what defles description. Its vastness awes and almost overwhelms the beholder. Its mighty dome swells in a sky-like vault overhead, and its splendour of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vistas. The interior effect is incomparably fine than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation

sweep of the corridors and of the portico in front the church quite dwarf the dome which the genius of Angelo hung high in air. But the very harmony of proportion of the interior prevents that striking impression made by other lesser piles.

"Enter: the grandeur overwhelms thee not:

And why? it is not lessened, but thy mind,

Expanded by the genius of the spot, Has grown colossal."

It is only when you observe that the cherubs on the holy water vessels near the entrance are larger than the largest men; when you walk down the long vista of the nave, over six hundred feet; when you learn that its area is 26,163 square yards, or more than twice that of St. Paul's at London, that the dome rises four hundred feet above your head, that its supporting hillars are 230 feet in circumference, and that the letters in the frieze are over six feet high, that some conception of the real dimensions of this mighty temple enters the mind. It covers

half a dozen acres, has been enriched during three hundred years by the donations of two score of popes, who have lavished upon it \$60,000,000. The mere cost of its repair is \$30,000 a year.

No mere enumeration of the wealth of bronze and various coloured marbles, mosaics, paintings and sculpture can give an adequate-idea of its costly splendour. The view, from the summit of the dome, of the gardens of the Vatican, of the winding Tiber, the modern city, the ruins of old Rome, the far-extending walls, the wide sweep of the Campagna, and in the purple distance the far Alban and Sabine hills, is one that well repays the fatigue of the ascent.

It was my fortune to witners the celebration of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul in this very centre of Romish ritual and ecclesiastical pageantry. The subterranean crypts, containing the subterranean crypts, containing the shrine of St. Peter, a spot so holy that no woman may enter save once a year, were thrown open and illuminated with hundreds of lamps and decorated with a profusion of flowers. Thousands of persons filled the space beneath the dome-prissis, harefooted friars of orders white, black, and gray; nuns, ballitary officers, soldiers, civilians, peas-

ants in gala dress, and ladies—all standing, for not a single seat is provided for the comfort of worshippers in this grandest temple in Christendom. High mass was celebrated at the high altar by a very exalted personage, assisted by a whole collegs of priests in embroidered robes of scarlet and purple, and of gold and silver tissue. The acolytes swung the jewelled censers to and fro, the aromanc incense filled the air, officers with swords of state stood on guard, and the service for the day was chanted in the sonorous Latin tongue. Two choirs of well-trained voices, accompanied by two organs and instrumental orchestra, sang the majestic music of the mass. As the grand chorus rose and swelled and filled the sky-like dome, although my judgment could not but condemn the semi-pagan pageantry, I felt the spell of that mighty sorcery, which, through the ages, has beguiled the hearts of men. I missed, however, in the harmony the sweet tones of the female voice, for in

of her Redeemer.

The bronce statue of St. Peter in the nave, originally, it is said, a pagan statue of Jove, was sumptuously robed

the holy precincts of St. Peter's no wo-

man's tongue may join in the worship

enough. His father was a shoemaker, and both of his parents were devoted. Christian people. One day he begged his father to cut him out a pair of little shoes that he might make them. At first his father put him off with a laugh, but persevering in his application, the father at length cut the leather into shape for him and gave him awl and thread. Thus equipped, the little fellow, instead of going to play as usual after school hours sat down by his father's side and worked away day after day at the tiny shoes until they were finished.

Having sold them to a lady, he made a little bag for the money and hung it over his bed, intending to take it to school on the following Sunday and put it in the box. But when Sunday came he was very sick, had caught the scarlet fever, and the doctor said he could not live. His throat was very sore, and he had a gargle to take that hurt him very much. The use of it caused him so much pain that he refused to take it any more. At evening his father coaxed him to try it once more, and offered him a dollar if he would do so. He consented, and taking the dollar in his hand, pointing to the bag at the head of the bed, said to his father. This shall

'I am willing with all my heart.' said he."

Jesus is the "Man at the gate," and he it is who accepts the praises of the children and says, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Glad Tidings.

### WHAT SHE FOUND IN THE BOOK-CASE.

A native physician living in the country of Bingo, in Southern Japan, has a relative in Osaka. This relative is an earnest Christian, and takes every opportunity to spread the knowledge of the truth. Some time ago, when the four Gospels and the Acts were all the Japanese had of the Word of God, this Christian relative gave to the physician these five books, and he put them away in his book-case.

He had a little daughter named O Tadzn, to whom he gave, what is quite uncommon among Japanese women a good education. She became fond of reading, and in searching her father's book-shelves one day she came across the five books, which had lain unnoticed

for a long time. She was intensely interested in them, and read them through and through, and often lay awake at night wondering how she could receive the joy and peace that she felt sure was for her.

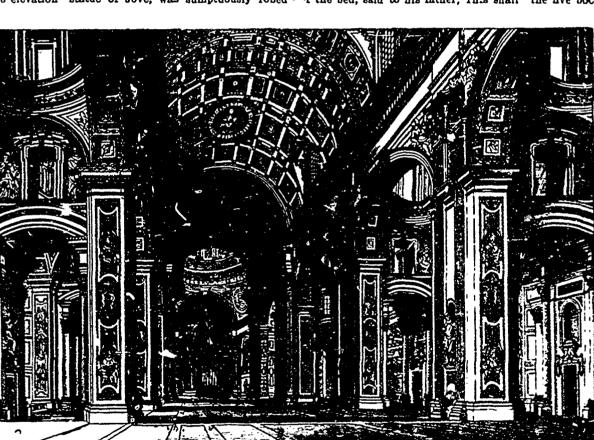
When she was fifteen years old her father took her to Osaka, to receive better advantages than she could get at home, and procured board for her in this relative's family.

lative's family.

When the family assembled for prayers the good man began to explain to her the meaning of what he read, thinking her wholly ignorant, when, to his astonishment, she began to question him in a way that showed her to be well acquainted with the Gospels He asked her where she had learned about the Bible, and she told him of the books he had given to her father years ago. A Chinese Bible was procured for her, and she read with intense in terest the Old Testament history, which was all new and wonderful to her.

She soon gave her heart to Jesus, and understood for herself the

joy which the Christians, of whom she had read in the Acts, had possessed When she wrote to her parents of her desire to be baptized, they sent her a complete suit of new clothes, telling her to wear them at her baptism, for which her soul was cleansed the body too must be clean.—Foreign Missionary.



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, BOME.

in vestments of purple and gold,—the imperial robes, it is averred, of the Emperor Charlemagne—a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed.

# A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

This simple story may serve as an inspiration to the children in their work for Jesus, and as an encouragement to parents and Sunday-school workers in seeking to implant in minds that are infantile a desire to love and Libour for Its scene is the Prince Street others. Methodist Sunday-school, Charlottetown. This school has always been characterized by its earnest missionary spirit, and there have gone forth from it more than a score of ministers to carry the glad tidings of salvation to different parts of the world. To-day it supports a native missionary in Japan. The missionary To-day it supports a native money is placed by the children in boxes and purses, and there is quite a little rivalry between the boys and girls which shall have the largest sum at the end of the year. A dear little boy, about five years of age, in one of the junior classes, thought that he was not contributing

be for the missionaries too. Then as he was dying he pulled his weeping mother's face down to his and whispered. "He died for all mankind, mother. I am going to Jesus. How sweet it will be to be in heaven," and so after leaving the beautiful lesson of self-denial and suffering for the sake of Jesus and his work, he entered into rest. Precious truth. Jesus accepts the little ones and their services!

There is a beautiful hymn which represents the man at the gate in the Pilgrim's Progress, receiving the pilgrims as they come to enter the celestial city. The man says to the way worn travellers making application for admittance, "I am willing with all my heart." Presently a little child comes.

I am only a little child, dear Loid, And my feet already are stained with

sin, But they say he hath sent the children word

To come to this gate and enter in.

And the man at the gate looked down and smiled,

A goodly smile and fair to see, And spoke as he looked at the trusting

# TWO WISHES.

"I wish," said Jennic, "that Clara liked me well enough to do the thing I want to do, and to give me things some times, then we could have such nice times together, and now we don't agree"

I wish," said Jennie's mother "that my little girl liked her friend Clara well enough to do the things her friend wants to do, then I think you would have nice times together"

Jennie thought it over, and then said "I believe your wish is best, mamma. I'll go right over and tell Clara that I'll go to her picnic in the orchard this afternoon instead of to my doll party that I wanted to have"

And (would you believe it 7) when she went to Clara she found her quite willing to come to the doll party, so they had the picnic first, and then the doll party.

The Stream

Yes, build your dam as high as you can You think I m-small, but-I'll tell-you all I'll get over it over just so And make your wheel buzz down below You can't stop mo while water flows, I may be a river yet—who knows ?

The Acorn.

The Acorn.

See how the brown mould over me slits.
Bury me deeper 'neath leaves in drifts;
Forget 'I'm-here, deep out of slight,
Where it is dark—as dark as night,
You can't hide-me while acorns grow—
I'll be an oak tree the next you know

The Boy.

Keep me in dresses, and play I'm a girl; Keep my long hair nicely in curl, liut. I'm a boy, doubt that who can, And some bright day I'll be a man, The world will know me—that's what I

For I've a thinker in my head

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# Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899.

SOME QUEER CUSTOMS OF THE JAPANESE.

BY MRS. RICHARDSON.

In making-their clothes the costliest material is often put in for lining, and the largest-patterns, widest stripes, and brightest colours are used for the bables. It used to be the custom for a married woman to keep her teeth blackened. But as we see only old women with black teeth now, I think the custom is not followed now-by women when they marry. The women do not have their hart combed more than twice a week. The women are round-shouldered and pigeon-toed, not from any physical cause, but when the control of the see that the seed of the arms. They do not when the seed of in the arms. They do not when the seed of the seed BY MRS. RICHARDSON.

foreign.

In addressing a letter it is not Mr
John Smith, No — Street, — City,
— State, but, State, city, street, number, Smith John Mr And the writer's
nddress and the postage stamp are
placed on the back of the envelope.
Directions are not north-east and southwest, but cast-north and west-south. In
writing a column of accounts the price
comic before the names of articles. Books
been at the back and so the finis is come before the names of articles. Books begin at the back, and so the finis is where our title-page is. Each line reads from the top to the bottom, and the pages from right to the left. The footnotes are put in at the top, and the bookmarks are placed in so that they show at the bottom. They think fordiguers very filthy because they do not bathe each day, they have public baths where men, women, and children bath to together, and any number will use the same bath during the day. So you can imagine how clean the water is by night—but they have bathed every day, and the foreigners do not.

the water is by migut—out each nave bathed every day, and the foreigners do not.

When a person wants to buy land, or When a person wants to buy land, or do other business, he does not go to the a high partition around it, and pushing

man and make his own bargain, but gets some one to go for him; and usually the go-between," as he is called, gets some one else to go for him. So that by the intent he business is finished, it has passed through a number of a highest had occurre, for event wants a place-he ends some one else to see about it instead of going himself.

When a woman marries and takes a man's name she must go to his home to be married. No matter if he does live in a distant city, he does not go for her Often, if there are no boys in the family help and they are the some one else to see about it instead of going himself in a distant city, he does not go for her Often, if there are no boys in the family help and they are the some and good her her does live they adopt a some beautiful and arrangement for marriage are not carried on by the young people themselves, but they have their go-betweens do all that.

Japanese pull their boats up on the shore stern first, and they are rowed sculled) from behind instead of the side. Carpenters work the lumber while it is wet. Should it happen to get dry before they want to use it they sook it have to be fore they want to use it they sook it have before they want to use it they sook it have before they want to use it they sook it have before they want to he they have the hist with the trining do not shrink in their houses, for all the heat they have is a little charcoal fire, and the houses are cold and many. The saws and planes are pulled toward one instead of being pushed from one. The kitchen of the house is in the front next to the street, the best room at the back, and the front yard at the back of the bous. In the barn, the brees are backed into

of the house.

in the barn the horses are backed into
the stalls and tied by ropes from each
side of the head out to the sides of the
stalls, and fed from a bucket suspended
in what to them is the front, but what to
us is the back-of the stall. The men
mount from, the right side, and the
horses' manes are on the left. Instead
of reining the horse's head up, they rein
It down, and the horses are led, not
driven. driven.

They pick and eat fruit and vegetables green, and let fish-lie around until it is stale before eating. One kind, however, they always eat fresh, for they cat them

they always eat fresh, for they eat them alivo just as they catch they act them alivo just as they catch they act them alivo just as they catch and the second second in the second second in the second seco

In summer they wash their clothes and hang them on bamboo poles to dry the winter kimono are lined and wadded with cotton; these they rip up before washing; as each plece is washed it is stretched upon a board while wet, and then it needs no ironing. Even in nature some things are reversed. Most of the maples are more like shrubs than trees, and have delicate leaves, many of them mere skeletons. Some have bright red leaves all summer. On the other hand, the oleanders and Some have bright red leaves an summer.
On the other hand, the oleanders and camelias are like trees. Muskmelons are more like big cucumbers, while persimmons are as large as oranges and lemons. Instead of the peach and cherry bearing juscious fruit they spend chery bearing juscious fruit they spend. cnerry bearing juscious fruit they spend all their strength in blossoming. The flowers are large, double, fragrant, and from pure white to dark red in colour. —Our Church Record.

#### "GUMPTION" AND A FILE.

"GUMPTION" AND A PILE.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty," it it comes to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature—"gumption." It is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quito so well as it served a man who tells this story in the Cleveland Plain-bealer. He-opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

"When I was fourteen years old," he says, "it became necessary for me to go out into the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two,

out into the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window: Boy wanted.

"I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"Do you want a boy?" I asked of the

open the door, which I noticed was silethly siar, cap in hand, I stepped in. "It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch It had shrunk so that it souldn't latch It had shrunk so that it socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too ligh I was a boy of some mechanical genile, and I notice what the trouble was immediately. "Where did you learn to close doors? said the man at the desk." It turned around quickly.

"I turned around quickly.

"I turned around quickly.
"At home, sir."
"Well, what do you want?"
"Well, what do you want?"
"Oh! said the man, with a grunt.
He seemed rather gruf, but somehow.
his crisp speech didn't discourage me.
"Sit down,' he added, 'I'm busy."
"I looked-back at the door.
"If you don't mind,' said I, 'and If a
little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix
that door while I'm walting."
"Eh I' he said, quickly, 'All right.
Go ahead."

Go ahead.

That deep sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all right. When I put my file back in my-pocket and turned round, the man at the desk was staring at me.

"Any parents? he asked.

"Mother, I answered.

"Have her come in here with you at two o'clock, he said, and turned back to his writing.

his writing.

his writing.

"At twenty-five I was a partner—in the house, at thirty-five I had a half interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my-possession—the file."—Youth's Companion.

#### A HASTY WISH.

BY IDA BUXTON COLE.

Jessie seated at the table, pouting; Nannie and Carrie enter. Nannie-Why, Jessie, you look cross. Jessie-No wonder, I am cross. Carrie-That is too bad, for we came to take you with us. But what is the matter ?

matter?
J.—Oh, everything; I just wish I was in China, so I do.
C.—And do you think you would be happler there?
J.—I don't know, but I should hope I wouldn't have to run on errands all the

time.

N.—Perhaps your feet would be so crippled that you couldn't. I am glad I live in a country where girls are well cared for and loved.

J.—I don't care, I hate to—
C.—Yes, Jessle dear, you do care; you are out of temper now, but come with us and learn of the children who are less

are out of temper now, but come with us and learn of the children who are less favoured than we are.

1—Where are you going?

N—To our Gitre' Missionary Band.

1—I don't want to go, there isn't any fun, is there? Besides, I've heard papa say that this missionary talk was a big-smoke over a very little blaze.

N—We don't want smoky blazes, only the pure, clear light of Jeaus' love shining into all hearts, and that is why we meet to pray, work and learn.

C—If you had been with us last Saturday, you wouldn't want to be in China.

N—No indeed, our teacher told us all about it; if you were there your much because you are a girl, and you wouldn't be Jessic Cornell either, you would be No. 2, and Allie would be No.

1, for the Chinese don't think girls worth.

J—How still! I am as good es

naming.

J.—How silly! I am as good as

J.—How silly! I am as good as fred, any day.
C.—But the Chinese wouldn't think so, sometimes, they kill the girl bables.
N.—And your father would say he had only one child, meaning Fred, for you and Alile wouldn't count.
C.—And Fred would go to school, but there are not many schools for girls. Then if your father should die, your mother would have to obey Fred just as he minds her how.
J.—The idea of my dear, good mother obeying her soo.

J.—The idea of my dear, sood mother.
obeying her son.
C.—That is Chinese; now don't you
wish you were in China?
J.—If I was a woman I would go there
and teach them better.
N.—That would be running on a big
errand, would it not, Jessie, and you
manted to be in China to escape errands,

you know.

J.—That isn't fair, Nannie, to tease
me so; I didn't know about Chinese girls
when I made that hasty wish. I do
wish I was big enough to help.

...rou don't have to walt in big you can help now.
J.-How? What can I do?
N.-Come with us to come C .-- You don't have to wait until you

J.—How 7 What can I do 7.

N.—Come with us to our meeting; we give our prayers, and besides we arrining monoy to nay part of the expenses of a dear massionary woman when left her home and gone to foreign laded to teach the people of our Saviour state.

Saviour.

J.—I should like to go. I'll ask mam
ma if I may give my half-dollar I was
saving for a doll. I don't need a new
doll as much as the Chinese girls need

doli as much as the Canese gais-need to be taught.

C.—I-am so glad our teacher says that if we cannot go abroad ourselves we can send these Gospel tidings-to-"every creature."

Let us sing:

Christ to-day is giving thee Harvest work beyond the se Harvest work beyond the sea.
White aiready is the field,
Fruit eiernal it shall yield.
All the fields of earth are white,
Hosts are crying, "Give us-light,"
Spread the truth and ceaseless pray,
Christ will haste his promised day,"

### JUNIOR SUGGESTIONS.

JUNIOR FINANCES.

Train the Juniors to give systematically. Youth is the time to learn the grace of giving, so that when they are older it will be a "habit crystallized." The open meetings of the Junior society may be made an opportunity for parents to help—but do not let the Juniors rely on this, but rather emphasize the systematic gifts of money by the Juniors themselves.

### CONSECRATION SERVICE.

Concert repetition or chanting of the pledge is a good exercise for the con-secration service, or some gems sugges-tive of the thought of such a service, as.

"I will go where you want me to go, Lord

Over river or mountain or sea; will say what you want me to say,

Lord, I will be what you want me to be. Whenever you speak I will listen, I will read your sweet words every

day,
And belong to you only and always,
At my home, in my work, in my
play."

### THE DAILY BIBLE-READING.

MRE PARIN BIBLE-READING.
Make prominent in your talks about
the daily life of the Juniors the importance of their private devotion. To encourage the Juniors ask all to study the
same portions of Scripture. For variety
or extra work, take something beside the
topic readings. The study of some one
book for a time would liven the interest
and gather concentration of attention as
studying individual verses will not do. and gather concentration of action to studying individual verses will not do. As this is considered to be the model way for Bible students of older years, why not try it for the Juniors?

### MISSIONARY ROLL-CALL

In answer to the froll-call ask the Juniors to bring some missionary fact-about the workers in their own church fields. This will help to make them familiar with the names of the missionaries and of the fields in which they to those brought to notice during this meet-

### ONE NEW THING.

ONE NEW THING.

The interest in your meetings will depend on whether you teach the Juniors at least one meetings the property of the property

### THE PLANS OF THE JUNIORS.

Ask the Juniors for suggestions.—He minutes at ousiness meetings might be profitably used for this purpose. Sometimes have it as an open parliament, and occasionally announce it the week previous, and have the Juniors bring their suggestions written on slips of paper and drop them into a basket. Then have some one read them and adopt one or two feasible plans to be carried out the next week. The Juniors will be more interested in their own plans, and it will help to make them ingenious.—Epworth Herald. Ask the Juniors for suggestions

It is always safe to take it for grante that, as yourself, so others are trying to do their best. Shortcoming is no sign of shortwilling. Sweetness is never whipped in. Ware.

### In Memory of "Don."

Our Don-only a dog! Yes, only a dog, you say, With a large, warm heart, And a bright, brown eye, With an earnest bark. And a warm caress.

For you and me and The friends he loved best. O how we shall Miss him, you and I, His noisy welcome and Rough good-bye!

Some time, somewhere, Some day, I trust. We shall meet again; O yes, we must! And the joy of that meeting I dare not say.

Aye, mock, ye aceptics. And laugh to scorn The faith I hold Of all life that's born; It cannot be wasted, Nor can it be lost.

And O for the faith, And the Indian's trust, That Don and his mistress Will meet some day-Just over the river, Not far away!

-Our Dumb Animals.

# A BOY OF TO-DAY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

### CHAPTER XV.

LIVING-AS A PROFESSION.

"Schoolmaster," said Heman, "you're going to have a new scholar next term, Robert Corrie, from up where we used to He's got through all they teach out there, and his father's been trying to

make a farmer out of him, and he can't. Bob don't know anything at all."
"Oh," said the schoolmaster, but there was something in that little syllable that seemed to put Heman upon the defensive.

"I mean he's just the kind you'll like; he don't know anything but books, hasn't any common-sense, you see."

"Oh," said the schoolmaster again, and Heman felt still more at a loss, and ..oundered into further explanations.

"Rob don't know any useful things, nothing that's worth knowing. ou see ?'

"No, I don't see," said the school-master severely, "but I was taught early that there is no balder proof of our own ignorance than to decry the knowledge which we do not possess."

Hemen looked so mortified at this unusually sharp rebuke that he hung his head and his face reddened.

The schoolmaster laughed. Corrie stopped to see me to-day about Robert; he seems to be really disappointed that the boy wants to go through college and study a profession. him he had no more right to quarrel with Providence about the turn of the lad's mind, than he had to quarrel about the colour of his eyes or hair, or that he was a boy and not a girl. The Lord knows what kind of people he wants in the world, and what he wants them to do in it."

The Corries haven't much property. said Uncle 'Rias, "an' maybe they feel it'll be a heavy strain to send a boy through college. It costs a mint of money, I hear tell."

"That depends largely upon the boy, and whether he has wasteful habits. A lad can help himself by teaching, or by work in vacation, or taking years off for work. It makes him slower in getting through a course, but it is no real minry, for he values what he learns in proportion to the effort to attain it; and what we study in severer branches, when we are past the first years of early youth, may perhaps be better assimilat-I carned much of the money that was spent on my education. I believe the earning was good discipline for me." "Elder Corrie's father was tol'ble rich," said Urias. "When I was a

little shaver terrible poor, I thought old Si Corrie was about as rich as folks need to be. He lost most of his money, one way or another, before he died. D'rexy's uncle, the deacon, allowed that Si Corrie hadn't gone partners with the Lord, had never given to the Lord's work, hadn't any salt of givin' on his gettings; and it stood to reason they wouldn't keep."

"I've made a long call," said the schoolmaster, "I only stopped to tell you, Heman, that I have another book for you, it is on your list 'Tales of the Remember, every word Covenanters. of it is true, and it is a record of the sufferings and courage of men who were trying to act according to conscience. Read some of it aloud to your family. They'll enjoy it, I am sure."

Having that list, and marking from it each book he secured, made Heman more eager for the books and more interested in them. Acsop's Fables had been read through, and now the family were much more delighted with these tales of wild heath and craggy glen, of the mountain and the flood, and the hardy sons of the soil, who tolled and bled and died for their faith. Uncle 'Rias became much enraptured with stories of conventicles wrapped in thick mist as in a mantle, while the Claverhouse dragoons swept by; of caves where good men lay, secretly fed by the hands of little children; of hours when God's people prayed, and the hunted wanderers were, by blown branches, or soft falling snow, or marvellous murkiness of some night. as if in God's pavilion, or und the blessed shadow of his outstretching

"Don't it make one wish that he had lived in those days," cried Heman to Mr. Renfrew, when he was sitting with them as he often did, for Master Renfrew looked after his boys closely, and not by halves. "It would have been worth while to have lived then, one could have really been a hero !"

"Why not be a hero in any age one is

born in?"

"'Cause you can't," said Heman romptly.

"There's nothing to be a what's going on now, hero about. What's going on now, schoolmaster, to make heroes?"

Just the same that has always gone on, Heman; the constant strife between good and evil, the battle with tempta-You think the only hero is he tion. who bravely affronts death. But the greatest heroes may be those who dare bravely to affront life. Perhaps you think also that only the young and strong are heroes, only men; some of the noblest heroes have been the aged, or children, or women. The living sacrifice is often more precious to God than the sacrifice lying dead on the altar; the heroism of daily holy living is a nobler sacrifice and perhaps a costller martyrdom than the sacrifice by fire. We can lay ourselves as a sacrifice on the altar of self-surrender, and then we have fellowship with our Lord, indeed, for this is what he did."

Heman was too young and inexperienced to fully grasp this discourse, but Uncle 'Rias and Aunts D'rexy and Espey had learned its weight in many life lessons. Uncle 'Rias said, "Schoolmuster, it's always surprised me that you are not a preacher. You'd be very powerful in the pulpit. 'Pears to me you ought to take that callin'. Why don't

"I think I have certain real gifts for teaching, and for helping the young,' said George Renfrew;" and, besides that, my throat is not fit for the sustained labour of the pulpit. My voice becomes rough and loses itself, and I lose control over it, if I say more than a few sentences at a time in a tone above conversational."

"That's a pity," said Aunt D'rexy, terrible pity; nat'rally weak?"
"Oh, no; my voice was remarkably

strong, but I overstrained it singing. I was quite a famous little choir singer, and my voice broke down entirely spoke cheerfully, and did not add that the destruction of a remarkable voice, the renunciation of a longing desire to be a preacher, was a sacrifice laid on the altar of self-surrender. If he had, Heman might have seen before him a hero. George Renfrew did not consider himself in that light. He had knowingly sacrificed his voice, because so doing he pro-cured the comforts of life for a sick mother, and made it possible for her to die in her own home, and not among eacrificing far ther opportunities of study for himself. in order to complete the school education of two young sisters, and enable them to support themselves. He did not consider this at all heroic; he loved He did these sisters, they were his mother's legacy to him; this was doing with his might the work that his hand found to do, as his Master had commanded.

The remarks of the master did not bring Heman to think that the heroism that is apart from swords and pistols or vigorously used fists, is the finest herolsm. To him a battle of any kind had a charm, though as he remarked, "He wanted to be on the right side."

One noon, the schoolmaster, returning from his dinner, found Heman planing with all his might. He sat down on a line beats you on the platform. If you're

burdle of shingles and asked, "In it well for you to work your noon hour, Heman?"

"Not as a general thing, and I don't do it except when I have time to make up. I was ten minutes late beginning this morning Uncle Rias always has us count our time, and if we lose five or ten minutes beginning, To have to make it up somewhere. Jem Dako proposed to make lost time up by hurrying after we began, but Uncle 'Rins said, 'No; for we were bound to work as fast as we could work well, any time.' I stopped to polish off Peter Forbes, as I came along to-day, and so I got here late. But I

thrashed him, though."
"Oh!" said the schoolmaster. "Oh !" always disturbed Heman, it had a singular potency in bringing up both sides of a question. Invariably Heman was by it collared, dragged to the bar of his own judgment, and made to plead his

case.
"You see, I and Peter Forbes have had tins all along; we never could get along together well; and when he began on me again this morning. I thought I might as well have it out with him then and

"Oh!" said the schoolmaster.

"He's one of the kind I never could abide, and it seemed it would be time well spent to give him a lesson about what I'd stand. He's done me more'n one mean turn, with his tongue and other ways. Ho's played right mean tricks on me."

"Francis Quarles says," quoth the schoolmaster, "that he is below himself

who is not above an injury."

Heman meditated on this sentence until he ended the fifteen minutes' work

he had assigned himself.
"Why fifteen?" asked the master, as
Heman looked toward the town clock.

"Mucle 'Rias says we ought to give good measure when we work over timebecause we are not so fresh, and don't do as hearty work as when we begin the

day."
" I see. You are a boy that can take advice when you see sense in it. How about Peter Forbes? He's a bright fellow. I account that he'll be one of our future politicians and public speakers."

"He can't get me to vote for him if he

is," said Heman with marked animosity.
"I see that you are not as entirely right in the difficulty as you wish to think yourself, and that you did not thrash him as completely as you would like to have done."

"How do you know that?" asked He-

man, with a sidelong grin.

'If you had been entirely free from blame, you would find it easier to forgive, and would not carry your rancour through life. If you had really thrashed Peter, you would also have felt ready to

forgive; generosity is easy to victors."
"Well," said Heman, "I was getting
the best of him; could have thrashed him handsomely, I know; but town marshal Perry came along, and says, 'You boys, stop that; if I see any more of that, I'li have you both before the mayor."

"As for thrashing him handsomely, if he don't look any handsomer than you do after the encounter," said the master, "I don't see where the handsome comes in; that blue mark on your cheek, that torn sleeve. I don't consider really handis it lawful to tell me what opened the battle this morning?"

"Why, schoolmaster, just as you said, Peter can speak; he's got the gift or gab, and I haven't, and don't pretend to have. As far as I can see it isn't his praise nor my blame; but Peter is so proud of his speaking that he's always running the rest of us that can't speak, and make blunders in club and break down. This morning he was guying me for not being able to do anything worth while at club last night. I didn't need to have him tell me I made a fizzle, and I don't lay out to stay at home from club because I can't speak fluently and can't take prizes."

"It is true," said the master, "as Lavater said, 'that not every one who has the gift of speech understands the value of silence. You are quite right about the club work, although speaking is not your forte; to learn in the main thing, not to take prizes or get admiration.

"Fred told me Peter made fun of me to the boys.

"Fred should never have told that; the Bible says, 'A whisperer separatem chief friends,' and also, 'Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people.' 'The words of a talebearer are as wounds.' After all, is Peter's offence so great? Turn it around; you are as proud of your strength as he of his speech. You laugh at boys who cannot do feats of strength, as he laughs at those who can't speak well. You beat him in the gymnasium,

going to be bad friends with a boy, sixit up, and see what there is after all to quarrel over"

Heman began to smile a little, then with that winning ingenuousness which was his shining natural trait, and en drared him to people he said. Mr Renfrew, last Sunday afternoon we were talking at our house, and Aint D'rexy said she didn't see how people got on who begun the day without having prayers. She said prayers to begin with helped folks over hard places, and started them on the day right. So I spoke up, I didn't see as prayers 'd do much good if a fellow's mind was wandering away from them till he never knew what was read about or prayed for. Aunt Espe; allowed our minds were our own, and we were bound to keep them in proper order, and not let our thoughts go wandering like fools eyes to the ends of the earth. this very morning, all the time Uncle 'Rias was reading and praying, my mind was off contriving about making me a nice little book-case next fall, like one I saw in Mr. Pauli's shop window Well, sir, just as soon as ever I was off from the house, I got my eyes on Peter Forbes; my dander rose right up, and it didn't take us two minutes to square off at each other, dropping our things wherever they'd lie, and then we sailed into each other-like a pair of 'dlots, I suppose."

Yes, I reckon you looked like a pair of half-grown Shanghai chicks, trying a battle. Your aunt is right about the value of prayers, we are much more likely to pursue our profession honourably if we have for our manners and morals a solid foundation of religion.

The schoolmaster rose and walked away, leaving Homan to his reflection. Simon Fleicher came back with the

"Can I have five or six of those board

ends, to make a dog kennel?" asked He man. "Certainly; you can have any from

that pile of pieces. Didn't know you kept a dog."
"I don't," said Heman; but later in the afternoon he might have been heard hailing from the roof of an le-

he was shingling:
"Oh, ho! Peter Forbes, hold on; I've got some boards for you to make a kennel for your dog. Carry 'em down kennel for your dog. Carry 'em down to my shop and I'll show you how after tea, if you will come round."

(To be continued.)

### LIGHTS IN POLAR REGIONS.

People living in the more favoured parts of the earth where day and night are so nearly equally divided and where they enjoy the many modern improvements in the way of lights have little idea of the dismal existence oked out by the inhabitants of the far-away North during the long winter nights. In a country where nothing can be produced from the soil, food, clothing, fuel. and lights are principally obtained from the animals and birds which inhabit and frequent the waters. After the hunting and fishing season is over little remains to be done save the simple indoor occupations for amusement and the struggle to keep from suffering in the intense cold. Necessarily much artificial light is used, and a very interesting practice has been brought to the notice of recent travellers.

There is a kind of fish found in great numbers in the Northern seas which is so fat as to be serviceable in the place of It is caught and dried whole candles. and stored away in quantities for the time of darkness. With a long needle they are pierced from tail to head and a wick of cotton, bark, or rushes in drawn through from end to end. When the stiff tall is stuck into a crack or hole made for the purpose, and the end of the wick lighted at the fish's mouth. standing upright about eighteen inches. tall, it makes no bad substitute for a lamp. It continues to burn and sputter to the whole length of the body, and will last for hours.

# Your Gifts.

BY EMMA C DOWD.

If you have the gift of seeing, ever look for beauty; Noting faults in all your friends is plainly not your duty

If you have the gift of hearing, list to what is meet; Shut your ears to everything that is not good and sweet.

If you have the gift of talking, use but pleasant words; Let your speech be glad and cheery as

the songs of birds.

way?

# Nobody Knows but Mother.

RY MARY HORRISON

How many buttons are missing to-day ? Nobody knows but mother How many playthings are strewn in her

Nobody knows but mother

How many thimbles and spools has she missed?

How many burns on each fat little flat " How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?

Nobody knows but mother

How many hats has she hunted to-day? Nobody knows but mother.

Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay? Nobody knows but mother.

many handkerchiefs strayed?

How many ribbons for each little maid? How for her care can a mother be paid? Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother's heart know?

Nobody knows but mother. How many joys from her mother-love flow :

Nobody knows but mother. How many prayers by each little white

bed? How many tears for her babes has she shed ?

How many kisses for each curly head? Nobody knows but mother.

-Housekeeper

# LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 8. HAMAN'S PLOT AGAINST THE JEWS. Esth. 3. 1-11. Memory verses, 5, 6. GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us ?-Rom. 8. 31.

### OUTLINE.

1. Hatred, v. 1-7.

2. Revenge, v. 8-11.

Time. Perhaps between 485 and 425 B.C.

Place.-Susa.

### LESSON HELPS.

The story of Haman's plot against the Jews and its complete defeat is given in the Book of Esther. The event made a deep impression on the Jews, which will never be effaced in their history. To this day is celebrated annually the fast of Esther and the feast of Purim, which is the Persian word for lots, because Haman cast lots to fix the time for the destruction. The Book of Esther is read in all the synagogues, and the cry is heard, when the name of Haman is

lead, "Let his memory perish."

1. "After these tungs"—Which are related in the preceding chapters.

"King Ahasucrus"—The Roman name for the Persian king called by the Greeks Artaxerxes. Haman the Agag-ite — Perhaps a descendant of that Agag whom Samuel destroyed, certain it is that he had Agag's spirit of hatred for the Jows.

2. "The king's servants"-Higher servants or officers who came to the gate, around which was an open place, where the king met his officers and gave commands "But Mordecal bowed not"-Why not? It was not for lack of respect for the king, but he could not prostrate himself and offer to him that adoration which belonged to God only.

3. "Why transgressest thou "-Because there is a limit to the commands of a ruler. Passive resistance may be a religious duty. God is above all earthly rulers. Conscience is to be consulted.

4. "They told Haman"—Because they

did not like a Jew in the court. Envy works great herm. Class, race, and religious prejudice are even now a bar to higher civilization.

5. Then was Haman full of wrath Too much wrath for so slight a cause. Pride is exacting. Pride takes great offence at trifles.

7. Wherefore Haman sought to destroy all the Jews - Wounded pride prompted to crackty. To destroy innocent multitudes because one of their number bowed not was to commit a terrible crime. That crime was a small cont. Man proposes, God dis-That crime was not poses.

7. In the first month "-Of the civil year of the Jows. The month Nisan, a part of March and April, as we recken.
"They cast Pur"—A Persian word.
"The lot"—Cast repeatedly to find out self?

the lucky day for the proposed destruc-

tion.

8 "A certain people scattered"—Scattered by the hand of war and conquest Their laws are diverse from all people" Perfectly true; and that fact shows the glory of the Jews, whose laws came from

Golf Other races were idolatrous
Not for the king's profit. This is a
falsehood or a mistake The Jews added
wealth to the empire Notice that Haman spake, not from patriotism, but from offended pride.

9 'I will pay"—A bribe, or else to

show the king that he would make up the loss to the revenue 10. "His ring"—Symbol of royal au-

thority, delegated when the ring was given to another. The decree was to given to another. The be scaled with the ring.

11. "As it seemeth good to thee "-A dangerous gift of power to a dangerous

### HOME READINGS.

Esther made queen -Esth. 2. 15-23. Yu. Haman's plot against the Jews.— Esth. 3. 1-11.

in what superstitious way did he try to find out the best time for his plot?

2. Revenge, v. 8-11. What did Haman say to the king about the Jews ?

Were they in all the provinces? Were their laws diverse from all peo-

Was it unprofitable to have them prosper in the kingdom?
What did Haman ask?

What did he offer to pay for the privi-

What old the king give to Haman?

What did that mean? What did the king say to Haman? What comfort is there in the Golden Text?

### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught-1. That the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel?

2. That prejudice against race is wicked?

3. That there never is a time so dark that we are justified in losing our hope in God?



MUEZZIN.

One of the most frequent and curious cries heard in the East is the muezzin's call to prayer. In the very early morning it wakes the stillness with the words, "There is no god but God. Come to prayer, come to prayer. Prayer is bet-ter than sleep." And at the canonical hours for prayer devout Mussulmanswherever they are, or whatever they are their wants and requests known unto God.

doing—on ship or shore—in market or street—in the desert or on the house-top—prostrate themselves, and, with their faces turned toward Mecca, offer their prayers to God. Their fidelity to their prayers to God. Their fidelity to this duty is a lesson to many careless, so-called Christians, who neglect the sacred privilege and obligation to make

W. The decree of death.—Esth. 3. 12, to

Th Sorrow in the palace. - Esth. 4. 4-17. Pride discomfited.—Esth 6 1-11. The enemy punished.—Esth. 7.

Su. Danger of pride.—Prov. 16. 5-19.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY. 1. Hatred, v. 1-7.

Whom did King Ahasuerus promote? What did all the king's servants do when ney saw Haman

Way did they do this?

What exception was there? What question was asked of Mordecai?

Wh was told about Mordecal?
Why were they all so interested in

Morde ai's fate? How did Haman feel when he heard about Mordecai's conduct?

How did he propose to revenge him-

# THE POWER OF FORGIVENESS.

A soldier was about to be brought be-A soldier was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some
offence. He was an old offencer, and
had often been punished. "Here he is
again," sain the officer, on his name being mentioned, "flogging, disgrace, soliand mentoned. Hogging, disgrace, soft-tary confinement, everything has been tried on him." Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and, apologizing for the liberty, said. "There is one thing that

liberty, said. "There is one thing that has never been done with him yet, sir."
"What is that?" said the officer.
"Well, sir." said the sergeant, "ho has never been forgiven."
"Forgiven!" exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He respectively. flected a few minutes, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only I am sorry for what I have done."

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of the offence, the colonel addressed him, saying, "Well, we have tried everything with you, and

now we have resolved to—forgive you. The soldier was struck dumb with amazement; the tears started in his eye. and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust, and, thanking his officer, he retired—to be the old, refractory. incorrigible man. No i from that day forward he was a new man. He who told the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the Queen's colours.—The Standard.

### THE CRIMEAN HEROINE.

You have all heard of Florence Night ingale, who nursed the sick soldiers in the Crimean war, but you may not know this fact relative to her, told by an exchange: After the close of the Crimean war a dinner was given to the military and naval officers who had served in the campaign, and it was suggested that each guest write on a slip of paper the name of the person whose services during the of the person whose services uning and Crimea would be longest remembered by posterity. Hundreds of slips were handed in, but only one name was mentioned, Florence Nightingale. She is now seventy-eight years old, and lives at the home of her nephews in England. She was named Florence after the Italian city, in which she was born while her parents were staying there.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

Teacher-"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?" Smart Scholar—"He has cold feet, ma'am."

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