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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899.

No. 39.

## 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 defies 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 finer than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation of the portico in front of 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 pillars 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 witness 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 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—priests, barefooted friars of orders white, black, and gray; nuns, military 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 college 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 aromatic incense filled the air, officers with swords of state stood on guard, and the services 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 the holy precincts of St. Peter's no woman's tongue may join in the worship of her Redeemer.

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

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 Tadz, 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.

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 interest 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.

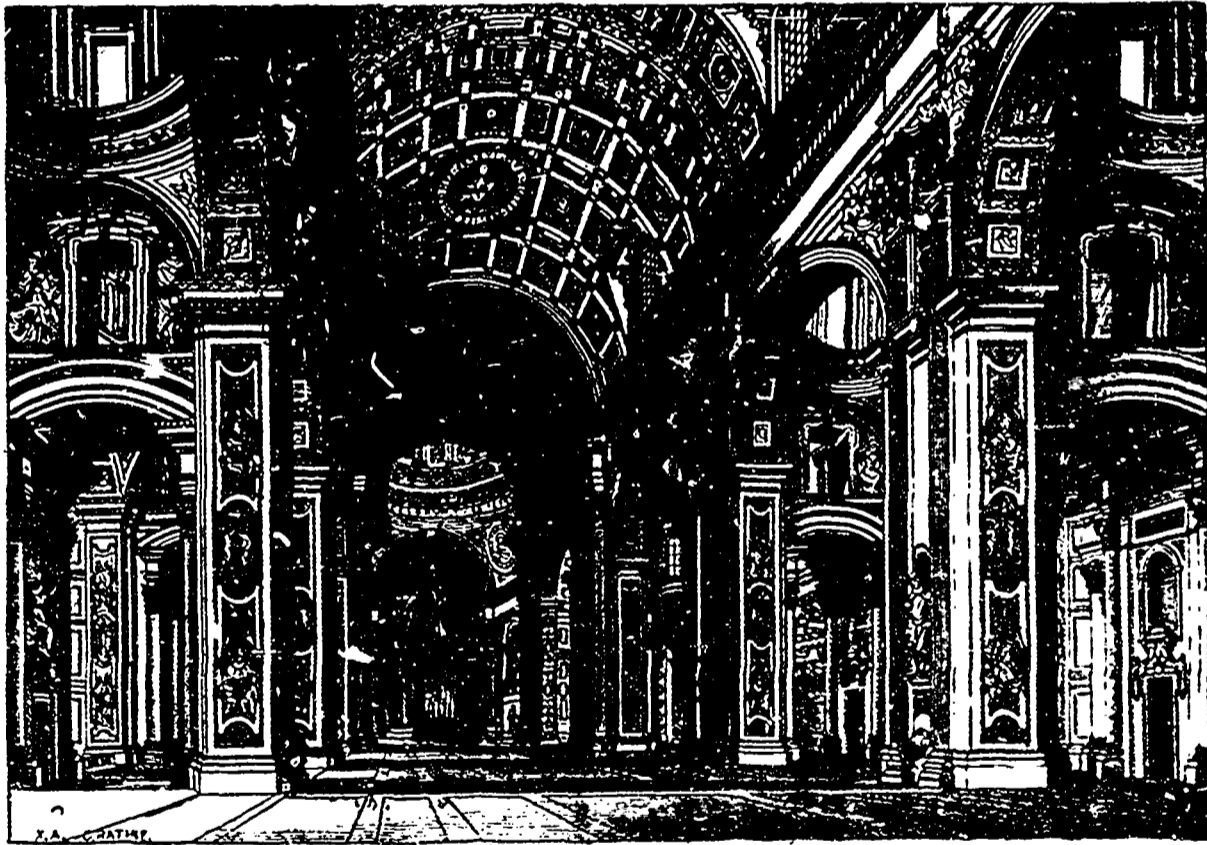
## TWO WISHES.

"I wish," said Jennie, "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?) 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.



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

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 labour for others. Its scene is the Prince Street 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 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

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 Lord,  
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 child,

Growth.

The Stream
Yes, build your dam as high as you can.
You think it is small, but I'll tell you all
I'll get over it over just now.

The Acorn.

See how the brown mould over me sits.
Bury me deeper 'til leaves in drifts.
Bury me here, deep out of sight.

The Boy.

Keep me in dresses, and play I'm a girl;
Keep my long hair nicely in curl;
But a boy, doubt that who can,
And some bright day I'll be a man.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including 'The Best, the cheapest, the most entertaining', 'Christian Guardian', 'The Wesleyan', etc.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. Coats, S. F. Hagar,
2115 St. Catherine St., Windsor, P.O. Box 80,
and Central, Halifax, N.S.

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 babies.

In addressing a letter it is not Mr. John Smith, No. — Street, — City, — State, but, State, city, street, number, Street John Mr. And the writer's name and the postage stamp are placed on the back of the envelope.

They think foreigners very filthy because they do not bathe each day, they have public baths where men, women, and children bathe together, and any number will use the same bath during the day.

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 time he has got to the door, he has passed through a number of hands, and, of course, each wants some pay for his work.

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, she must go for him. Often if there are no boys in the family, they adopt a son by marrying him to one of the daughters, and then he takes her name and goes to her house to be married.

Japanese pull their boats up on the shore stern first, and they are rowed scullped 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 soak it in water before working it up into furniture or building material.

In the barn the horses are backed into the stable 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 man mounts from the right side, and the horses' manes are on the left.

A HASTY WISE.
BY ADA DUTTON COLE.
Jessie sat at the table, pouting; Nannie and Carrie enter.

Custom and location determine who are one's neighbours. Some places, one on either side, the three opposite; in other places the number is as high as twelve.

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 piece is washed it is stretched upon a white wet, and then it need no ironing.

Even in nature some things are reversed. Most of the maples are more like shrubs than trees, and have delicate leaves, many about the size of skeletons. Some have bright red leaves all summer. On the other hand, the oleanders and camelias are like trees. Muskweelons are more like big cucumbers, while persimmons have large orange skeletons.

"GUMPTION" AND A FILE.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty," if it comes to him to use tools, let him be thankful. It is sometimes called—"gumption." It is a gift of nature, and will be cultivated.

"When I was fourteen years old," he says, "it became necessary for me to go out into the world and earn my share of a good living, and walked in."

"I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in." "Do you want a boy?" I asked of the clerk.

open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped and it was a child's 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 the window had sprung so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high.

"I came to see about the boy wanted," I answered. "Oh!" said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me.

"I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was so blunt that it didn't cut a minute." 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.

"At twenty-five I was a partner in the house, at thirty-five I had a full interest; and I have always attributed my success to my father's advice to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file.—Youth's Companion.

G.—You don't have to wait until you are big; you can help now.

J.—How? What can I do? N.—Come with us to our meeting; we give our prayers, and besides we are earning money to pay part of the expenses of a dear missionary woman who has left her home and gone to foreign lands to teach the people of our Saviour.

Christ should like to go. I'll ask mamma 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 to be taught.

Christ to-day is giving thee Harvest work beyond the sea. White already is the field, Frost eternal 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.

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."

CONSERVATION SERVICE.

Concert repetition or chanting of the pledge is a good exercise for the conservation service, or some genus suggestive of the thought of such a service, as:

"I will go where you want me to go, Lord, Over river or mountain or sea; I will say what you want me to say, Lord, I will be what you want me to be. Whenever you specially 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.

Make prominent in your talks about the daily life of the individual the importance of the 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.

MISSIONARY ROLL-CALL.

In answer to the roll-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 toil.

ONE NEW THING.

The interest in your meetings will depend on whether you teach the Juniors at least one new thought at each meeting, or give them only some kind of act to put into practice through the next week.

THE PLANS OF THE JUNIORS.

Ask the Juniors for suggestions, five minutes at business 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.

It is always safe to take it for granted that, as yourself, so others are trying to do their best. Showcoming is no wise thing. Sweetness never whipped in—Wara.



**Nobody Knows but Mother.**

BY MARY HARRISON

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

the lucky day for the proposed destruction.

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 God. 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 spoke, 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 authority, delegated when the ring was given to another. The decree was to be sealed with the ring.  
 11 "As it seemeth good to thee"—A dangerous gift of power to a dangerous man.

**HOME READINGS.**

M Esther made queen—Esth. 2. 15-23.  
 Tu. 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 people?  
 Was it unprofitable to have them prosper in the kingdom?  
 What did Haman ask?  
 What did he offer to pay for the privilege?  
 What did 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?

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 eyes, 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! 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 Nightingale, 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 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."

**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 read, "Let his memory perish."

1. "After these things"—Which are related in the preceding chapters. "King Ahasuerus"—The Roman name for the Persian king called by the Greeks Artaxerxes. "Haman"—the Agagite—Perhaps a descendant of that Agag whom Samuel destroyed, certain it is that he had Agag's spirit of hatred for the Jews.

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 Mordecai 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 transgresseth 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 harm. 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 cruelty. To destroy innocent multitudes because one of their number bowed not was to commit a terrible crime. That crime was not wrought out. Man proposes, God disposes.

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



**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 better than sleep." And at the canonical hours for prayer devout Mussulmans—wherever they are, or whatever they are

doing—on ship or shore—in market or street—in the desert or on the housetop—prostrate themselves, and, with their faces turned toward Mecca, offer 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 their wants and requests known unto God.

W. The decree of death.—Esth. 3. 12, to 4. 3.  
 Th. Sorrow in the palace.—Esth. 4. 4-17.  
 F. Pride discomfited.—Esth. 6. 1-11.  
 S. 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 they saw Haman?  
 Why did they do this?  
 What exception was there?  
 What question was asked of Mordecai?  
 What was told about Mordecai?  
 Why were they all so interested in Mordecai's fate?  
 How did Haman feel when he heard about Mordecai's conduct?  
 How did he propose to revenge himself?

**THE POWER OF FORGIVENESS.**

A soldier was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had often been punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned, "flogging, disgrace, solitary confinement, everything has been tried on him." Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and, apologizing for the 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, "he has never been forgiven."  
 "Forgiven!" exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected 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."

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