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# PLEASANT KNOWERS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1900.

No. 42

## Grown Up Land.

Tell me, fair maid, with lashes brown,  
Do you know the way to Womanhood  
Town?

Oh, this way and that way—never stop  
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will  
drop.

'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,  
'Tis learning that cross words never will  
pay.

'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents  
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the  
pence.

'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to  
frown;

Oh, that is the way to Womanhood  
Town.

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment I  
pray;

Manhood Town lies where—can you tell  
the way?

Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that  
land—

A bit with the head a bit with the hand  
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work  
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street  
Shirk.

'Tis by always taking the weak one's  
part,

'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,  
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions  
down;

Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.  
And the lad and the maid ran hand in  
hand

To their fair estate in the grown-up land.

## FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Frankfort is, after Rouen, the most quaint old city I saw in Europe. It dates from the time of Charlemagne, who held here a convocation of notables of the Empire in 794. It was a rallying-place for the Crusaders, and the trade emporium of Central Europe. Here, for centuries, the German Emperors were elected and crowned. Its great fairs, in which merchants from all parts of Europe assembled, have, through the growth of the railway system, lost their importance; but it is still one of the great money-markets of the world, with a population of 100,000.

I lodged at the magnificent Hotel Schwann, in which the final treaty of peace between France and Germany was signed by Jules Favre and Bismarck, May 10th, 1871. I was shown the handsome salon in which this historic act took place, the inkstand and table used, and Bismarck's room. The city abounds in splendid streets, squares, public buildings, art galleries, and gardens. But to me its chief attraction was its ancient, narrow alleys with the time-stained timbered houses, with their quaintly-carved fronts, with grotesque figures supporting the projections and roof; the old historic churches and halls, and the mouldering gates and watch-towers of its walls; and the old inn courtyards, with huge, long-armed pumps.

One of the most picturesque of these streets is the Judengasse, or Jews' Quarter. Though much improved of late, it is still very crowded and squalid. Hebrew signs abound—I saw that of A. Rothschild, the father of the house—and keen-eyed, hook-nosed Shylocks were seen in the narrow shops. 'Till the year 1806 this street was closed every night, and on Sundays and holidays all day, with lock and key, and no Jew might leave this quarter under a heavy penalty. They had to wear a patch of yellow cloth on their backs, so as to be recognized. In the Romerberg an ancient square, was the inscription "Ein Jud und ein Schwein darf hier nicht herein"—"No Jews or swine admitted here." Such were the indignities with which, for centuries, the children of Abraham were pursued.

I tried to get into the old Jewish Cemetery, a wilderness of crumbling mounds and mouldering tombstones, but after crossing a swine market and wandering through narrow lanes around its walls, I could not find the entrance, and

could not comprehend the directions given me in voluble German gutturals. There are now 7,000 Jews, many of them of great wealth, in the city, and the new synagogue is very magnificent.

The most interesting building, historically, in Frankfort, is the Romer, or town hall, dating from 1406. It has three lofty crow-stepped gables toward the Romerberg. I visited the election room, decorated in red, where the emperors were chosen by the electors, and the Kaisersaal, in which the newly-elected emperor dined in public, and showed himself from the windows to the

preached when on his way to Worms. It bore a curious effigy of the Reformer. The quaint corner oriel was very striking.

## SERVING HIS COUNTRY STILL.

The fact that suffering often tries the gross out of a human life is no novelty. But we seldom hear of a human being whose affliction actually blots out of his memory all the evil of his past and leaves the good. Something like this appears to have been true in a case lately reported to us by a lady correspondent

army during the Civil War, the injuries that kept him for months in the hospital, "not much better than a dead man"—were all forgotten history, known to him only by others' testimony.

"I came to myself," he said, "with mind and body badly twisted, and pretty much everything gone."

The loss was never made up, for he was too weak to study. The only thing restored to him was a gleam of the innocent life of his childhood.

"Day after day," he said, "it kept coming back to me—what I'd learned when I was a little fellow—till I could repeat all my Bible lessons and hymns."

With this simple equipment, and a patriotic instinct that never left him, the broken-down veteran was unwilling to sit still. He felt like serving his country. This he did in the only way he knew of, by limping from place to place and preaching his child-reigion, a religion that "the wayfaring man, though a fool," could understand.

His pension kept the old man from actual want, but everywhere on his slow journeys he was more or less dependent, and his idea of his own value was very humbly phrased. To the lady who gave him more than the "disciple's cup," he said:

"All I can give you back is my story and my texts. It's all I can do for my country now. I gave her my youth, and I want to give her what's left of me. I go about and repeat my Scripture verses, and tell everybody to be good and learn the Bible and never say bad words. I'm just one o' God's birds. I hop to folks' doors and pick up crumbs, and pay for 'em with my song."

The lame pensioner was a patriot-eyangelist, although he did not know it; he told of two whom he often went to see, and whom he called his "helpers"—one a nurse among the sick, and the other "a blind old woman sitting in the sun." Both, like himself, had filled their minds in childhood with sacred texts, and the treasure made them ministers of benediction.

It gave the worn-out veteran—a physical wreck of a man—the power to sow germs of peace, good-will and religious hope. And the same God who matured to fruit and shade the scatterings of humble Johnny Appleseed "by the waysides, will bring good harvest out of the poor soldier's last work "for his country."—Youth's Companion.

## PROMPT DECISIONS.

Sir Arthur Helps has said: "The great labour of life, that which tends more to exhaust men than anything else, is deciding. There are people who will suffer any pain readily, but shrink from the pain of coming to a decision."

But on this power of speedy and correct decision peace and success largely depend.

Daniel Webster used to speak of one who lacked both precision and decision as a man who went neither forward nor backward, but simply "hovered," and the "hoverers" are always a band of peevish, disappointed men.

It is far otherwise with the men who rise to the height of a great occasion, either public or private. These are prepared men, prompt men, men of the single, watchful eye, and the quick and steady hand.

Young Astley Cooper saw a lad fall from a cart and wound his thigh in such a manner as to sever the femoral artery. The spectator—only a boy himself—immediately took his handkerchief, and in a good, workmanlike fashion applied it so as to successfully control the bleeding. The opportunity brought out the genius which was soon to make Astley Cooper a great surgeon.

The power of swift decision must be part of the outfit which makes a man equal to the occasion. It does not do to waver before odds on the field of enterprise. General Von Moltke's motto—"First weigh, then venture"—is the one to adopt.

Many "kind to a fault" are only kind to their own faults.



FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

people in the square. On the walls are portraits of the whole series of emperors for over a thousand years—from Charlemagne, Friederichs, and many another, famous men in their day; long since turned to the dust and almost forgotten.

The Roman Catholic churches are decorated in a wretched florid manner, and everywhere we read, "Heilige Maria, bitt fur uns"—"Holy Mary, pray for us." Livid Christs, stained with gore, harrow the feelings and revolt the taste.

Of special interest to me was a very picturesque carved house in which Luther lodged, from whose window he

A one-legged old soldier, on crutches, stopped at her house for a drink of water, and while enjoying the glass of milk she gave him, expressed his thanks with such a flow of Scripture language that she remarked:

"You must be a great Bible reader."

"Bless your kind heart," said the cripple, "I can't read a word: I don't even know my letters."

Of course explanations followed. The old soldier was the only child of a Christian minister, now long dead. The obliquities of his youth, the anxieties of his parents, his education received at school, his enlistment and life in the

**Autumn Leaves.**

What are the leaves all saying,  
Yellow and red and brown,  
As they go flying through the air,  
Falling here, and falling there,  
Softly, silently down?

The leaves are telling you, children,  
Beautiful stories true  
Of how the seasons come and go,  
How winter is coming now, you know,  
With its joys for all of you.

The leaves are telling you, children,  
That everything here must die;  
But in God's beautiful heavenly home,  
No death nor sorrow will ever come  
In that "Sweet by and by"

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1900.

**SOME CHINESE CUSTOMS.**

Chinese buildings are not remarkable. The houses are slender and frail. Usually high walls surround the dwellings of the better class, and no windows look outward; therefore most of the streets have a dreary look. The only breaks in the long walls are the front doors, which are generally closed. The window frames are of wood, and on these calico or paper is pasted. The floors are generally stone or cement, irregularly laid, carpets are seldom used. Furniture in China is hard and very uncomfortable. Chairs of black wood and of angular shape, and carved divans with hard cushions, are the only seats known. The beds are scarcely more than comforts. The grotesque shape in which the Chinese ladies dressed their hair would be ruined by sleeping on the soft pillows which we use; therefore the Chinese ladies who follow the fashion sleep with the nape of the neck resting on a block of wood, thus keeping the head free from contact with anything.

**A GOOD DEED CHARMINGLY DONE.**

A small act of kindness sometimes thrills the heart of the beholder, especially if the act is performed without thought of observation and quite without the hope that it will be known and applauded. A correspondent of The Companion, a physician of Minneapolis, has sent us—"not for publication," he says, "but simply that you may know it"—the story of a very touching deed of humanity, which it surely will do nothing but good to tell of.

In front of the Masonic Temple in Minneapolis, in which building the physician has his office, a little cripple is accustomed to sell newspapers. He is a sufferer from infantile paralysis of a cerebral type, and also has a harelip. He seems at a sad disadvantage in this eager and bustling world.

The other day a horse attached to an ash-cart was standing on the street, opposite where the crippled boy stood on his crutch selling papers. Somehow the boy discovered that the horse had a galled shoulder.

As the doctor watched him from his window, the boy cast about for something with which to relieve the poor horse. Finding nothing else, he ripped

off from the top of his crutch the cloth stuffed with felt which eased the crutch on his own armpit, and tied it with two loops to the horse's collar, so that it would cover the place where the collar bore upon the raw shoulder.

"I had just time," the doctor says, "to see him finish the work and hobble away on his depleted crutch with a haste that made me think he feared the owner might catch him at it."

**A COURAGEOUS LAD.**

In one corner of a crowded fair in Boston a correspondent of The Youth's Companion noticed a group of small boys who appeared to be immensely interested in the contents of a showcase. Under the glazed cover of the case were combs of honey and live bees at work. By and by one little fellow leaned over too far and broke a pane of glass with his elbow.

The accident alarmed the boys, though no one but the unobserved witness knew of it beside themselves. Pretending to be quite absorbed in other objects, the man watched them and overheard all they said.

"I'm going to find the superintendent and tell him," insisted the little offender. "Oh! come on! He'll make you pay. I'll take more money than you've got. Let's get out, and say nothing. You didn't mean to do it, and nobody'll know."

The culprit seemed to be in a minority of one; but he held to his resolution without flinching.

"I'm going to find him," he said, stoutly. "Will you wait for me?"

The gentleman who was noting the conduct of the boys expected a stampede as soon as the glass-breaker started on his errand; but one boy, more heroic than the rest, whispered, "Let's hold on."

A good many impatient minutes passed before the little fellow who broke the glass came back with the superintendent.

The man was kind-hearted, and when the awful question came, "What shall I have to pay?" he refused to charge anything for the damage.

"You're an honest lad, and we'll call it square. Only be more careful next time," he said.

Was he an "average boy"—of Boston or of any other American city? If we could be certain that each of the other little men in that group would have done as he did in the same case, it would help answer the question, and quite relieve the mind of an unpleasant uncertainty.

Every small boy who reads this shall have the benefit of the doubt; but remember that the courage of honour and truth is surer to become a habit if it is exercised early in life.

**I KNOW A THING OR TWO.**

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid for me, father," replied the boy, laughingly; "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the "old man's notions."

A few years later, and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced, he addressed the court, and said, among other things:

"My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back upon my home, temptations came upon me like a pack of hyenas, and hurried me into ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it.

**ROUGH, BUT HEALTHFUL.**

It is said that four boys at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, stole several hundred horseshoes from a blacksmith. They were compelled to carry them back to the shop one at a time. The whole town turned out to see the ordeal. When the last shoe was returned, the four boys were laid hold of by their fathers, and made to feel the force of the rod recommended by Solomon, the wise man.

This was done in the presence of the crowd. The treatment was rather rough on the boys, but it may save them a term in the penitentiary.—Gospel Messenger.

**The Perfect Playmate.**

BY H. L. RICARDO.

In a far-away country, so long ago,  
The boys and girls of that olden time  
Had the very best playmate that ever  
was known,  
Better, I'm sure, than yours or mine.

His face grew sad for another's woe,  
Or was wet with tears for another's pain;  
But never a blow nor an unkind word  
Was answered by him with its kind  
again.

A gentle, warm-hearted, generous boy—  
The one perfect pattern for you and  
me,  
Let us try this year to grow more like  
This perfect playmate of Galilee.

**Slaying the Dragon.**

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

**CHAPTER XVII.****ENTRAPPED.**

"Spin, spin, spin!  
The finest thread will do,  
The finest thread of the spider's web  
Will make a net for you.  
Weave, weave, weave!  
The fabric with dainty care;  
The warp and the woof, from all good  
aloof,  
Will make a tempting snare."

Clang! clang!  
The town-house bell gave forth the  
alarm of fire. The citizens of Fairport  
slept very soundly, else they would have  
started at this unusual noise.

Clang! clang! clang!  
Yes, the alarm has been heard. Several  
watch-dogs begin to bark, and a few  
half-dressed men and boys are running  
down the street.

Ding, dong! ding, dong!  
The sexton has pulled the bell rope,  
and the mournful tones of the church-  
bell mingle with the harsher ones of the  
alarm-gong. This proves effectual, and  
the men and boys congregate, in large  
numbers, about the new fire-engine, and  
with rapid movements prepare for the  
scene of action.

"Where is it?" passed the eager in-  
quiry from lip to lip.

"It's the academy!" said some. But,  
no! There was the old belfry towering  
above the surrounding buildings, and no  
appearance of fire or smoke was visible  
in that neighbourhood.

"It's the Maypole!" said another.  
But this story was soon proved to be in-  
correct.

"It looks off in the direction of Judge  
Seabury's," exclaimed Tyler Matthews.

Yes, Judge Seabury's barn was afire.  
The flames had already begun to leap  
from the windows. Everything was as  
dry as tinder, and the fire had gained  
considerable headway before it was dis-  
covered. A smart breeze had sprung  
up from the south-east, and the flames  
were fanned into fiercer heat. The en-  
gine was speedily equipped for action,  
and the hose was attached to the cistern  
in the house cellar. The fire crackled  
under the engine, the cylinders began to  
work, the joints of the hose trembled as  
the suction forced the water through,  
and the tube became a living thing in  
the hands of the fireman, requiring his  
skill to guide it aright. A fine stream  
of water was soon playing upon the  
flames.

Suddenly a cry of dismay broke from  
the crowd. The water in the cistern  
had given out! The fireman standing  
on the ladder, with hose in hand, found  
that the stream of water stopped, but he  
did not realize what the difficulty was.

"Play away! Play away!" he shouted,  
and the flames bursting through the  
window, caused him to beat a hasty re-  
treat. The hose was put in communica-  
tion with the well, and the impatient  
order of the fireman was obeyed.

A knot of boys might have been seen  
on the outskirts of the crowd with con-  
sternation depicted on their faces.

"Who'd 'a' thought there would hev  
been sech a breeze," whispered Charlie  
Chapman to Joe Chase.

"We'd better 'a' waited another night,  
I reckon," was the smothered reply.  
"But we must scatter, or we shall be  
suspected." A loud cry from the by-  
standers startled the boys. The new  
engine, the pride and joy of the town  
fathers, had failed in this time of need.  
Some part of the machinery had broken,  
and it was a useless hulk, at least as far  
as the present necessity was concerned.

The barn was nearly consumed, while  
the greedy flames had attacked the out-  
building which stood near the house.

The Judge tore around like a crazy man  
in his frantic endeavours to save his  
beautiful home. The citizens took hold  
nobly, carrying the water from the well  
in buckets, and pouring it over the roofs  
of the house and the adjoining buildings.  
None were more assiduous in their la-  
bours than the Chapman boys and Joe  
Chase. This fact was mentioned more  
than once, and good Deacon Ray said  
that he "always knew there was good  
in those boys, if it could only be  
reached."

All had now been done that could be  
done to save the buildings, and the fire-  
men had about given up in despair, when  
a fresh gust of wind brought with it  
large drops of rain. Faster came the  
drops, and in a few moments the rain  
came down in torrents and the fire was  
effectually quenched. Had it not been  
for this providential interference, all of  
Judge Seabury's fine buildings must have  
been consumed.

The Judge, grateful for the services of  
the citizens, told Landlord Chase to open  
the doors of the Maypole and treat the  
crowd handsomely, and he would cash  
the bill. Three lusty cheers for the  
Judge arose from a hundred throats, and  
the crowd dispersed.

And now the sport is ended. The  
members of the Silver Skulls steal away  
to their homes, feeling quite satisfied  
with the night's work. The Judge re-  
tires, smarting with the sense of his in-  
juries, and vowing vengeance upon the  
offender. The citizens go to their homes  
determined to investigate this matter,  
and, if possible, to break up the clique  
of youthful marauders, who have wrought  
considerable mischief during the past  
season. The rain has ceased. The  
ruins smoulder, and occasionally a jet of  
flame appears, only to be succeeded by  
puffs of smoke. The village is once  
more wrapped in slumber. A double  
ruin has been accomplished this night—  
the ruin of a commodious building, and  
the blackening of a reputation!

**CHAPTER XVIII.****THE INVESTIGATION.**

Quite early the next morning, Judge  
Seabury was seen walking into Squire  
Brown's office. His appearance indicated  
great excitement.

"Guess he's got an inklin' es ter who  
sot his barn afire," said Reuben Palmer.  
"Poor feller! he'll hev ter smart. The  
Judge is orful hard on a feller what's  
fast in his clutches," and Reuben sighed,  
as he called to mind sundry experiences  
he had had with the Judge.

"He's a right ter he mad in this  
case, and I hope he will make the  
scoundrel smart fur last night's doin's,"  
replied Tyler Matthews.

"We intend to make an example of  
the culprit if we find him," added one  
of the selectmen.

The Judge now appeared with Con-  
stable Davis. After a few moments'  
conversation the former walked rapidly  
away. The bystanders immediately  
pressed about Davis and questioned him  
in regard to the affair. After rousing  
their curiosity to the highest pitch, the  
constable finally told them that he had  
a justice's warrant for the arrest of the  
one who was suspected of having set the  
fire.

"Who is it?" asked several eager  
voices.

"Maurice Dow!"  
In the meantime, what had become of  
young Dow? In order to answer this  
question we must go back to the evening  
on which the fire occurred. Just as he  
was about to leave the store that night,  
Deacon Ray said to him: "You are  
working too hard at your books, Maurice.  
Do not come back again to-night, but  
take a walk down to the beach and see  
if you cannot get some colour into your  
cheeks."

The boy gladly accepted this invita-  
tion, and walked towards home with a  
lighter heart than he had carried for  
many a day. After telling Phoebe that  
he should not be back till quite late, as  
he was going to take a long walk, he  
started on his favourite walk toward  
Magnolia. He reached this beautiful  
place just as the new moon was rising  
over the waters. He strayed far down  
on the rocks, where he could command a  
fine view of old ocean. The scene was  
truly grand.

To-night Maurice had no eye for the  
grandeur of the scene. He was think-  
ing of the mystery which surrounded his  
birth, which seemed likely to hang over  
his future, and this burden seemed  
greater than he could bear. "Why was  
my lot so different from that of other  
boys?" he cried bitterly. "There's  
Ralph Seabury, surrounded by luxury,  
his every wish gratified, proud family  
connections, while I am a penniless cut-  
cast, not owning even the name I bear."

It is more than I can endure" and the boy covered his face with his hands.

For a long time Maurice wrestled with these gloomy thoughts. Then the words came to his mind, "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee." And with a prayer for help the boy rose with another victory gained over self and sin. The sea looked so tempting that Maurice went down to the boat-house and procured a row-boat, and thought to row quite a distance around the Point. He had not been out half an hour when the wind changed, and heavy clouds began to gather on the horizon. Accustomed to note these danger signals, Maurice immediately rowed to the landing, and after taking the boat back, he sat down to rest a few moments before starting for his long walk home. Fatigued by his exertion he dropped to sleep. He was awakened suddenly by the wind which was blowing quite a gale, and which swept some dead leaves across his face. Hastily striking a match, he discovered to his surprise that it was about eleven o'clock.

He started for home, and walked at a rapid pace. Thinking to shorten the distance a little, he cut across Judge Seabury's orchard, coming around back of the barn. Had he been more intent on what was around him, he might have seen several figures dodging behind the trees and fences on the same premises, but neither party was aware of the other's presence.

Phoebe had left the side door unfastened, and Maurice stole quietly to his bed in the loft, without waking any one.

The next morning, just after breakfast, the Kinmons were surprised by a knock at the door. On opening it, Tom discovered Constable Davis. This man had never honoured Tom with a visit, and what brought him here now was a question which the honest fisherman could not solve.

"Good morning, Mr. Kinmon. Is Maurice Dow in?"

"Yes," replied the fisherman, "but what on earth d'yer want of him?"

"I am sorry to state," replied the officer, "that I have been sent to serve a warrant against the boy, as he is suspected of firing Judge Seabury's barn. I wish to see the boy at once."

Tom was dumbfounded. It took some time for him to grasp so unwelcome a statement. At last he stammered, "There's been a terrible mistake made, a terrible mistake! Maurice is a likely cove, honest an' square in his dealin's. He never fired the Judge's barn. Come, Davis, you're only chaffin'." You don't raly mean ter arrest the lad?"

"I have a warrant to do this very thing," answered Davis, "and what's more, I can't be fooling round here at this rate. Let me see the lad."

The constable was ushered into the room where Mrs. Dow and her adopted son were sitting. They were a little surprised at their visitor's early call, but having clear consciences, neither suspected the man's errand, until in plain language he told his purpose in coming to the Cove. The news came like a shock to both Phoebe and Maurice.

"It is a lie," cried the boy. "I never did the dastardly thing. It is a contrived plan to ruin me."

"Sir, you surely have made a mistake," said Mrs. Dow, with whitening lips.

"Young man," pursued the constable, without heeding Phoebe's remark, "did you ever see these?" taking the handkerchief and harmonica from his pocket.

"Yes, sir, they are mine."

"Can you tell me how they came back of Judge Seabury's barn, caught in his hedge?"

"No, sir."

"You see," said Davis, addressing Mrs. Dow, "we don't arrest folks without some evidence. Judge Seabury found these himself back of his barn this morning, and he desires this matter to be investigated. It now becomes my duty to take this young man with me. If he's innocent, all he's got to do is to tell a straight story."

Mrs. Dow came forward, and taking her Bible, said to Maurice, "Can you place your hand on God's Holy Book, and say, I am innocent?"

"Yes, mother," replied the lad, looking into her face with clear, honest eyes. "I am satisfied," replied his foster-mother. "Go now, my son, and fear nothing. The truth will appear sooner or later."

Great excitement prevailed in the village when the news went from lip to lip that young Dow was arrested for arson. Some scouted the idea as absurd; others declared that "they had never liked the boy, and had known from the beginning that his bad blood would show itself in time."

Maurice was taken to Squire Brown's

office, and the latter proceeded to question him in the presence of Judge Seabury.

"Well, Dow, where were you last night?"

"I took a walk to Magnolia, sir."

"Did you go by way of the road or across lots?"

"By the highway, sir."

"What time was it when you reached Magnolia?"

"About half-past eight."

"What did you do while there?"

"I walked awhile on the beach, and then took a row-boat and went out a little way."

"What time was it when you came off the water?"

"About ten, I should think."

"What time did you start for home?"

"A little after eleven, sir."

"What were you doing from ten to eleven?"

"I sat down in the boat-house to rest and being tired I dropped to sleep."

"What time did you reach Fairport village?"

"About twelve, sir."

"Did you go home by way of the road, or did you go across lots?"

"I cut across the fields, sir."

"Did you go through Judge Seabury's orchard?"

"I did, sir."

"Can you tell us how these articles came caught in the hedge back of the Judge's barn?" producing the handkerchief with the boy's name marked thereon, and the harmonica.

"No, sir."

"Tut, tut, lad! Tell the truth now. It will fare easier with you if you make a clean breast of the whole affair. Things look very suspicious, as you see. If you confess at once, I am sure the Judge will be considerate."

"I have nothing to confess," and Maurice drew himself up proudly. "How these articles of mine came where they were found is a mystery to me. But this I do know, other hands than mine did this wicked deed. I have said all I can, or shall say."

"Do you intend to deny this thing, or are you going to confess?" cried Judge Seabury, in a passion at what he deemed the boy's obstinacy.

"I have told you all I know in regard to the matter," replied Maurice.

"Then the law shall take its course," said the Judge. "I intend to catch the rascal who fired my barn, and make an example of him."

"One month from to-day," said Squire Brown, "the court meets at Salem. I will bind this young man over to that court."

Deacon Ray kindly furnished the necessary bail, and Maurice was dismissed from the presence of these gentlemen; and it was with a heavy heart that he plodded his way home. The case looked dark, and all the circumstances were against him. He felt sure that he was the victim of a plot, but he saw no way to prove this satisfactorily, and thus extricate himself from the difficulty. In this time of sore need the lad found strong friends. Deacon Ray grasped his hand, and said, "My boy, I believe you because you have never told me a lie. Let me see you in your accustomed place in the store."

Mr. Strong also told him to keep up good courage, and time would prove his innocence. The St. George League opened its doors to receive him as of old, and nearly all its members treated him with cordiality. Notwithstanding all this, Maurice grew pale and anxious as the month rapidly slipped away, and no solution was found to the mystery.

During this month of suspense, Tom Kinmon was not idle. He suspected foul play, and he determined, if possible, to ferret out the real culprit, and clear Maurice from suspicion. He talked the matter over with Rob, and after finding out what boys disliked young Dow, he commenced to watch these boys with the sagacity of a detective.

One day, as he was down on the rocks, preparing to cast his line for cunners, he heard the sound of voices. Peering cautiously over a large boulder, he saw Peter and George MacDuff lower down on the rocks, engaged in the same pursuit. To creep nearer the boys, in order that he might listen to their conversation unobserved, was the work of a moment.

"Now, drive ahead, my hearties!" muttered the old fisherman, with one of his silent laughs. "Praps you'll leak out somethin' 'bout the fire. Anyhow, 'tain't no harm ter listen."

(To be continued.)

The little touch may hurt the most—  
A harsh or kind word spoken  
May light another's darkened way  
Or pierce a spirit broken.

From the Monkey's Point of View.

The ostrich has wings, but he cannot fly.  
The horse has only one toe;  
Have you noticed the size of the elephant's eyes?  
Or the pitch of the rooster's crow?

The fox has a brush, but he does not paint,  
And I think it a capital joke  
That the goat has horns which he cannot blow,  
And a beard that he cannot stroke.

I think this is the quite the funniest world  
That over a wight could see,  
But the most ridiculous things of all  
Are the people who laugh at me!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 28.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Luke 15. 11-24. Memory verses, 20-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will arise and go to my father.—  
Luke 15. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. The Prodigal's Folly, v. 11-16.
  2. The Father's Love, v. 17-24.
- Time.—Winter of A.D. 29-30.  
Place.—Perea.

LESSON HELPS.

11. "And he said"—"If there could be only one page in the Bible I should choose that the single page should contain this parable."—Horace Greeley. "Two sons"—"The two sons undoubtedly represent the two classes whose presence led to the discourse: the scribes and Pharisees (the elder son), and the publicans and sinners (the younger son). Both classes were Jews, nominal members of God's family. All men are represented by these two classes."—Schaff.

12. "The younger"—"The most light minded, and as such the most easily led astray."—Lange. "The portion"—"The elder son had a legal right, on the death of his father, to two portions of the movable property. The younger son was entitled to one-third, but it was impertinent to demand it during the father's lifetime. "Divided unto them"—"But, evidently from the rest of the story, he retained his own authority over the eldest son's share."

13. "Gathered all together"—"The collecting, on man's part, of all his energies and powers, with the deliberate determination of getting, through their help, all the gratification he can out of the world."—Trench. "A far country"—"Forgetfulness of God."—Augustine. "Riotous living"—"The original signifies greatest wastefulness. "Sin wastes the body, wastes the health, wastes the soul."—Taylor.

14. "And when"—"This seems to have happened very soon; the enjoyment of sin is brief."—Riddle. "Mighty famine"—"Famines were as frequent incidents of ancient civilization as railroad accidents are of ours. "Want" "is characteristic of the far country." Excess always leads to suffering. (1) No soul that goes into the far country ever escapes the famine.

15. "Joined himself"—"The word means glued himself. He "stuck" against the citizen's will. "To feed swine"—"Jews so loathed pigs that they never mentioned them, but always called them "those other things." Swineherds were accursed; but the prodigal had no other resource.

16. "Would fain"—"Desired, but did not dare to. "Husks"—"Carob pods. Cattle like them, but they are unfit for human food. "The swine did eat"—"He who would not feed on the bread of angels petitions in hunger for husks of swine."—Trench. "No man gave"—"Satan cares not to alleviate the distresses of his victims."

17. "He came to himself"—"The first step in his repentance is to wake as out of an evil dream, and to be conscious of his better nature."—Ellcott. (2) Sin is a dream; repentance is the awakening. "Hired servants"—"In ancient times the hired servant was far worse off than the slave, for the slave was always sure of his food, his clothing, his lodging, his attendance when sick; whereas the hired servant had simply his day's wages, and when these were paid he went off to his hovel, and there was an end of all care for him."—Sadler. "To spare"—"Literally, abound in loaves. "I perish"—"I have played the fool; I see it now, and I

will hasten to confess it."—Cowley. "The prodigal is moved by hunger, in the first instance. Any motive that actually leads the soul to repentance suffices, no matter what it is."—Remoraio avails nothing without practical repentance. "I have sinned"—"A man must be awake to tell his dream; and the acknowledgment of our faults is a proof of a right mind."—Seneca. "Against heaven"—"Against the divine authority of God as the Creator, and against the law of right in nature."—Whedon.

19. "No more worthy"—"The prodigal makes no excuse for his sin, but acknowledges his unworthiness."—Schaff.

20. "He arose, and came"—"A despondent, shiftless son of despair, intent on a miserable journey. "A great way off"—"From the home of peace. "Saw him"—"Knew him, as with a father's eye, before the servants had recognized him."—Whedon. "Had compassion"—"The divine tenderness is infinite. "Fell on his neck"—"An oriental custom. "And kissed him"—"In full reconciliation. "God pardons like a mother, who classes the past into everlasting forgetfulness."—Beecher.

21. "The son said"—"He begins the mournful statement he had memorized, but is cut short by his father's demonstrative affection. His father's love smother's his words."—Whedon. "Against heaven"—"This includes and surpasses all other guilt."—Farrar.

22. "The best robe"—"Eastern robes" are as easily transferable as are ladies' shawls with us.—Cuyler. "A ring"—"Worn only by freemen."—Schaff. A token of sonship. "Shoes"—"Slaves went barefoot."—Vincent. "The sense of the whole verse is: God will restore the penitent, and give him, out of love, all that is necessary to mark him as a son."—Schaff.

23. "The fatted calf"—"Literally, the well-known fatted calf. "Reserved, by the father's hospitality, for some special occasion, as the delicacy of the season."—Whedon.

24. "Dead"—"Sin is death. "Alive"—"Holiness in life. "Merry"—"The feast indicates the joy of a forgiving God over a forgiven man, and the joy of a forgiven man in a forgiving God."—Arnot. (3) If you are such a prodigal, return to the Father's house and his welcome.

HOME READINGS.

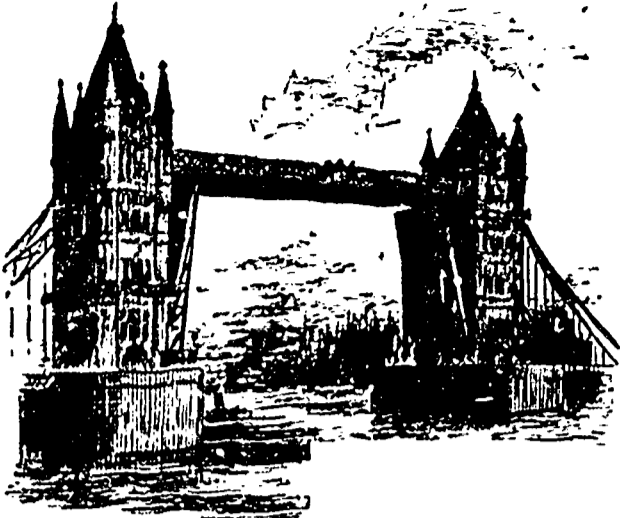
- M. The Prodigal Son.—Luke 15. 11-24.
- Tu. Lost and found.—Luke 15. 25-32.
- W. The world unsatisfying.—Eccles. 2. 1-11.
- Th. The way of transgressors.—Prov. 15. 1-15.
- F. Learning by adversity.—2 Chron. 33. 13.
- S. Returning and weeping.—Jer. 50. 1-7.
- Su. Return!—Hos. 14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Prodigal's Folly, v. 11-16.  
What does the younger son leaving his father's house typify?  
Where did he go?  
How did he spend his time and money?  
What was the result of his folly?  
When trouble came did he find his worldly companions helpful?  
Do worldly pleasures ever satisfy?  
What work was the prodigal forced to do?  
Why was this specially distasteful to a Jew?
2. The Father's Love, v. 17-24.  
What decision did the son make?  
Golden Text.  
In what spirit did he return?  
What does his return typify?  
When did the father see his penitent son?  
How did he receive him?  
What lesson do you draw from his "running to meet him"?  
What did the shoes and ring signify?  
What further honour was shown him?  
What kind of forgiveness was this?  
Is loving mercy or just punishment the attitude of God to us?  
If it was not for his mercy could any of us stand before him?  
Is it possible for the human heart to forgive to the uttermost?  
Although forgiven, was the prodigal punished?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That wickedness leads to want?
  2. That the truly penitent soul forsakes sin?
  3. That God welcomes the returning wanderer?
- "What is your definition of the word 'fad'?" "A fad," said Miss Cayenne, candidly, "is something which somebody else enjoys and I don't."



LONDON'S NEW TOWER BRIDGE.

"Come"

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Who stands outside my door to-night,  
And calls me by my name?  
Because I am not true to him,  
My heart is full of shame.  
Why has he such persistent love,  
That will not pass me by?  
He has a host of other friends,  
All worthier than I.

And yet I want him more and most,  
Because I am not strong;  
I have let slip the days of joy,  
And half forgot their song.  
And when he calls me to his side,  
He knows I am not wise;  
There is a hunger in my heart,  
And tears are in my eyes.

He tells me in my Father's house  
Is bread enough to spare;  
Why should I perish in my need,  
When he invites me there?  
I will arise and go with him,  
Who is himself the way—  
And, lo! it is no longer night,  
But dawn of perfect day.  
London, England.

## LONDON'S TOWER BRIDGE.

The highway over the Thames takes rank with the great engineering feats of the world. The bridge consists of three spans. The roadway is a lifting bridge on the bascule principle; that is to say, the two leaves rise in a vertical direction and are counterpoised on their inner ends. When ships are about to pass, the leaves of the lower bridge are raised, as shown in our cut, and the upper bridge is used. When ships are not passing the leaves are let down, and the lower bridge is used. The opening between the piers is two hundred feet. The leaves of the bascule or roadway bridge are moved by hydraulic machinery placed in suitable chambers in the piers. The centre of the pivot is thirteen feet three inches inside the face of the pier. The total length of each lifting part from the centre of the pivot to the end is 113 feet 3 inches. The short end is 49 feet 3 inches.

The steel skeleton of the bridge-towers is encased in masonry, that it may harmonize, so far as possible, with the neighbouring Tower of London. For foot-passengers, the two towers are connected at the top by two fixed spans; each of these spans is 237 feet in length, and consists of two cantilevers and a centre girder. The height of the columns of the towers is 119 feet 3 inches. There are three landings to each tower, the floors being of steel. The approaches to the piers are on the suspension principle, each chain being in two segments of unequal length. There are two hydraulic passenger-elevators, or "lifts," as our English cousins call them, in each tower, in addition to staircases. The ties forming the vertical wind-bracing have been put in such a manner that when the bridge is fully loaded with its dead weight all over, each tie has an initial strain corresponding to three and a half tons per square inch of section.

The weight of the opening roadway, added to that of the high-level footway and the towers supporting them, renders the load upon the foundation unusually heavy for a bridge of such moderate span. The foundations are carried down to the London clay, which forms the bottom of the bed of the river at this point, with a slight layer of gravel or river-mud above it. As it was determined to limit the load to the very moderate amount of four tons per superficial foot, the dimensions of the foundations work out to 100 feet in width and 204 1-4 feet from end to end of the cut-waters. Sir Benjamin

Baker has said that he does not know of any other bridge-foundations with such dimensions as those of the Tower bridge, except in the case of the Brooklyn bridge. The two main foundations in the latter bridge support a roadway of 1,600 feet span, or about the same as that of the Tower bridge.

In sinking the foundations for piers, eight rectangular iron caissons were used for each pier. The central bridge, as before stated, consists of two fixed and one opening span; the two fixed spans forming the high-level footway. The distance between the two piers is a little over 230 feet and the height in

the clear above high water is 140 feet. This limits the height of vessels passing under at high water; it is, however, sufficient for the purpose, for the Tower bridge is only a short distance from London bridge, which defines the navigable limit of the Thames for shipping proper—that is, vessels with masts that will not lower.

The bridge is near the famous old Tower of London, and connects Bermondsey, Walworth, Camberwell, and Peckham, on the south bank of the Thames, with the western part of the old city, on the north bank. According to the Lord Mayor of London, the bridge has cost the corporation over £1,000,000. It was begun in 1886.



BISHOP CROWTHER.

## BISHOP CROWTHER.

As a boy the future bishop was a worthless little negro, living as best he could in the Niger Territory, in the wilds of Africa. His name was Edjal. He was carried off by Mohammedans in 1821 and was made a slave boy, and that meant a very hard life for him. But when people have a hard life to live they should live it cheerfully and try to be content with their position, however trying it may be. And especially is this the case with regard to slaves. It is not of much use for them to be obstinate or to fight against their position. It only brings fresh grief for them and harder blows. A slave that won't work cheerfully has a very hard life. And this was the case with Edjal. He was so cross and naughty all the time that his master got rid of him, but his new master found him no better, and he, too, was glad to sell him. And so he was passed on from one person to another. He was traded away once for a horse, and was returned a bad exchange, and another time was sold for a little rum and tobacco. Then the poor lad tried to kill himself, but God preserved him self from that great crime and his hard

life continued. He was sold to some Portuguese traders who made it much harder than it had ever been before. Slaves on board ship are packed away in the hold like pigs or sheep, and in this way poor Edjal was found by the British ship "Myrmidon" when looking for slave ships. He was rescued from the Portuguese and put on board the "Myrmidon," where he was treated kindly by the officers and crew. Poor Edjal! It was a new thing for him to be treated kindly. He was taught to be a Christian, and was baptized in 1835, under the name of Samuel Crowther, a clergyman living then in London, England. He was educated by the Church Missionary Society, ordained in 1848, and sent to do missionary work in Africa. Here he proved himself so successful that, in 1864, he was appointed and consecrated bishop of the Niger Territory.

While travelling about in his diocese, preaching the words of Jesus, he unexpectedly found his mother and sister, from whom twenty-five years before, he had been sold into slavery. This was a happy meeting for those two poor African women! Their poor little slave boy had become a bishop in the church of God.

Many people will feel great regret at the death of Bishop Crowther, for he had a great many friends in England. Whenever he visited there the people, some of the highest in the land, made a great deal of him; but the bishop was always modest and retiring, showing to all that wherever he might be his heart was in Africa among his benighted countrymen. In his work he was always brave, and would meet savage kings and chiefs like a true apostle. More than once he was seized, and his life placed in great danger, but God preserved him

through it all, till at last, on the 31st of December last, it pleased Him in his infinite wisdom to call him to Himself.

## MOON MYTHS.

Many curious fables are told about the moon; one of the quaintest stories is found among the Greeks. A moon maiden, so the story goes, loved a shepherd lad, and often went to see him when he was tending his flocks. But he was taken away from the sky world one day, and though she sought everywhere she could not find him.

Being a brave, true-hearted maiden she did not spend the time in crying, but said, "Here are his sheep and lambs left without care. I will watch them, feed them, and give them water from the fountain until he comes."

So to this day, the Creek boys and girls say, you can see the shepherdess in the moon.

Among the Hindus they tell a moon story which is quite as pretty. One of their gods was said to have come to earth in the form of a poor man. While walking one day he lost his way and became very tired and hungry.

Finally he met a rabbit and asked food of him. The rabbit said, "I eat only grass, which is not fit for you." "I am very hungry," said the man; "but I cannot eat grass." Whereupon, the rabbit, in pity for the hungry man, said, "I am only a little rabbit, but you may eat me."

Then the man took the rabbit in his arms, saying:

"Little friend, you have offered yourself to a god; great shall be your reward."

And holding the happy little animal on one arm, he drew a picture of a rabbit upon the moon, and restoring the creature to the earth, said:

"There is your picture in sight of all men for all time, and you shall be remembered for ever as the unselfish rabbit."

And there he is still, at least so the Hindus say.

Bob White.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

There's a plump chap in a spockled coat,  
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,  
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing  
morn,

When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked  
the corn;

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as  
he?

Now I wonder where Robert White can  
be!

O'er the billows of golden and amber  
grain,

There is no one in sight—but, hark  
again:

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls: in the stubble  
there

Hide his plump little wife and babies  
fair;

So contented is he, and so proud of the  
same,

That he wants all the world to know his  
name:

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Many would be cured of sore eyes if  
they would wear their glasses over their  
mouths.

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