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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

[No. 41.]



HOW SHALL WE DIVIDE?

HOW SHALL WE DIVIDE?

It is a rather difficult problem to divide one orange among three people. I am inclined to think that the little girl will get the largest share. I want to call attention to the admirable quality of the engravings that are being given in our Sabbath-school papers. How well the dark eyes and rounded cheeks, and the very texture of the large white sleeves of these Italian dresses are given!

THE FROG SCHOOLMASTER.

BY W. K. MILLER.

A frog one day was sitting on a log in the middle of a swamp. It was a very warm day, and he sat there snapping busily at all flies and insects that came

his way. He was a very conceited fellow, and used to say, "Cro-dunk, cro-dunk," which, translated into English, meant, "I am a very wise old frog. I don't think that there is a wiser frog in all this swamp. By my outward appearance you might think that I am very green. But I know all about the great world in which I live." So he sat there soliloquizing. "You know that I have a very large school. I have got together quite a number of pupils. The school consists of six half-grown frogs whom I teach to dive, and nine tadpoles whom I am showing how to swim. After the exercises we sing a temperance hymn, for pure water is all that good frogs need." He then dived into the water and swam to an open place not far off. Here six or seven frogs were swimming

around, and also some tadpoles. As soon as the teacher came in sight they all swam toward him. "Now, then," said he, "take your places, and see if you can dive and swim the way that I told you to. They all went through their exercises perfectly, especially the tadpoles, who did excellently for such young creatures. "You may go now," said the frog. He then went back to the log, and said: "I think that I will go to my nice wife. We never fight nor quarrel, as people sometimes do—kerchug!" In England this last word means that he is a model frog in all respects."

Many a boy has missed a big opportunity by neglecting a little duty.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

When the grand old missionary, Judson, was one day laid aside from his work, his wife thought to divert him by reading some newspaper sketches of himself.

One compared him to Paul, another to John, and so on.

The modest old hero was amazed, and exclaimed: "I do not want to be like Paul, or Apollo, or any other man. I want to be like Christ. We have only One who was tried in all points like as we are, yet without sin. I want to drink in his spirit, to place my feet in his footprints, and to measure their smallness and shortcomings by Christ's footsteps only. Oh, if I could only be more like Jesus!"—Selected.

From Bud to Fruit

The bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed;
Then selck, O youth, the present hour—
Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always—do it now;
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown.
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap.
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

NEW SERIES OF PLEASANT HOURS

We are sure our readers will be pleased with the improvement in the size and make-up of Pleasant Hours. The page will be seen to be much longer. The additional matter amounts to over two columns in each number, over one hundred columns a year an increase of more than an eighth of the contents of the paper. Although this addition costs a considerable amount of money, yet no change in the price of the paper will be made, from the very low cost of twenty-five cents a year, or for over twenty copies, twenty-four cents a year. We are determined that our papers shall continue to be "cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best."

Onward, the companion paper to Pleasant Hours, is also enlarged about three columns a number, and a new paper is shortly to be issued for the primary department, which I am sure will be particularly attractive to the little folk.

THYSELF FIRST.

A minister relates that after preaching on the text, "He brought him to Jesus," his little daughter said she liked it.

"And whom do you propose to bring to Christ?" continued the father.

"I think I will bring myself first," was the reply.

Go thou, and do likewise. Bring yourself. The Lord will not refuse other offerings, but no other will be complete without yourself. Religion is a personal consecration, and all efficient work has its root in a deep personal experience. Give yourself to the Lord, and he will show you what more to do, and how to do it.

WHISKEY DID IT.

At the Tombs one morning, says the N. Y. World, John Hardy, a comparatively young man, was a prisoner. His young wife and a pretty flaxen-haired girl of four years, stood by his side. The little one seized the young man's hand, and said pleadingly:

"Oh, papa! please, papa, come home."
"What a wretch I am to bring my wife and child to such a place as this," said the man in a choking voice. "Go

home, Jennie, and leave me. I am only disgracing you, and you can get along without me."

"I couldn't go home if I tried," faltered the young wife, "for I am a prisoner like yourself."

"Is this more of my work?" said the young man, bitterly.

"I was using persuasion to get you home, and so was baby. You tried to push us away to get back to the saloon, but I held your arms and screamed, and we were both arrested."

"Judge," said the husband, "please give me six months and discharge my wife. Drink gets the better of me at times and I make a brute of myself."

"I want six months, too," if he gets it," spoke up the wife, for it's more my fault than his that we stand before you to-day."

"Your fault?" gasped the husband.

"No, no, Jennie, it's mine, it's mine."

"I say it's mine," remarked the wife, "Don't you remember, John, what you said to me yesterday morning as you started for your work? 'Jennie, be sure now,' was what you said, 'and be at the shop at six o'clock and induce me to come home, or else it will be like other Saturday nights, and I will come home penniless.' I met a woman and we got to talking and before I knew it it was ten minutes past six. I hurried to the shop, but it was too late."

He was discharged.

It was whiskey did it, and whiskey keeps doing it; and politicians license men to sell the whiskey, and so set traps for the unwary, and lead them down to death and hell. Wee to the men who lay stumbling blocks in the paths of the weak! Woo to the world because of offences. When God maketh inquisition for blood, men will find that it was better that millstones be hanged around their necks, and they cast into the depth of the sea, than that they bear the guilt of stumbling and destroying souls for whom Jesus shed his blood!

THE ROADSIDE PLANTING.

"There's Uncle Bion!" shouted Charley, catching up his schoolbooks and lunch basket; and Uncle Bion, on his way to mill, said, "Whoa!" to old Kate, while Charley climbed up beside him.

"You're a lazy little chap, to rather ride than walk this fine morning," said Uncle Bion, pinching his nephew's rosy cheek.

But Charley only laughed at his uncle's teasing, and the two fell into a happy chat.

It was a pleasant road that wound toward the schoolhouse, and just now the air was filled with the sweetness of many blossoms.

"I wonder how these apple and pear trees came here," said Charley, gazing at the flower-covered branches, as they passed along.

Uncle Bion laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the boy. "They are splendid apples, and the pears are as good as any in our orchard."

"I know that," said Uncle Bion, with a chuckle. "But I was thinking of the day when your father and I planted these trees."

"Did you and papa set them out?" cried Charley. "Oh, tell me about it, do!"

"There ain't much to tell," said his uncle. "Your father and I had been teasing our father to let us plant some fruit trees along the road to school—"

"Oh, on Arbour Day?" interrupted Charley.

"No," said his uncle. "there wasn't any Arbour Day then; but we took it into our heads that it would be a fine thing to be able to pick apples and pears on our way to school. We were little chaps, about as big as you—perhaps not quite; but we knew a good deal about farm work, and we could set out trees, and finally father said that we might have some saplings, up in the orchard, that he did not care for, if we would plant them ourselves. So one morning he took them up for us, before we were out of bed, and leaving word that we could do what we pleased with them, he went off to the city to be gone all day. You see he lifted them for us to make sure that we should not get hold of anything valuable; but, oh, didn't we make a mess of it?" and Uncle Bion laughed aloud.

"Why what did you do?" asked Charley, all eagerness.

"Well, we found a bundle of young trees out in the barn, that had been set into a pile of moist earth to keep the roots damp, and although we ought to have had more sense than to think that father would let them up for us in that fashion, we were too impatient to set them out to think much about anything else. So into the ground they went, along the road, halfway to the school-

house. The next morning father went to get some young fruit trees which had just been sent him from a nurseryman, but which we knew nothing about, and to his dismay they were not to be found."

"Oh, Uncle Bion! you hadn't—"

"Yes, we had! We had planted those trees that father had just bought."

"Did he make you dig them up?"

"No; he said that they were in the ground, and they might as well stay there. But he sent and got some more for the orchard, and he took as good care of those on the school road as he did of the others at home. And they grew wonderfully fast, and bore when they were quite young; so we had the happiness of picking apples and pears on our way to school, and we congratulated ourselves that they were a good deal better than if we had planted the trees which father took up for us."

"I am glad that you made the mistake," said Charley. "And I am going to ask papa if he will let me have some nice apple trees to set out by the schoolhouse on Arbour Day. Do you suppose that he will?"

"I will," said Uncle Bion. "It is a capital idea."—Youth's Companion.

GIRLS IN CHINA.

Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder, and, therefore, not to be punished. Where parents are too poor to support the girl-children, they are disposed of in the following way:

"At regular times an officer goes through a village, and collects from poor parents all the girl-children they cannot care for, when they are about eight days old. He has two large baskets, hung on a bamboo pole and slung over his shoulder. Six little girl-babies are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighbouring village, and exposes them for sale. Mothers, who want to raise wives for their sons, buy such as they may select. The others are taken to government asylums, of which there are many all through the country. If there is room enough, they are all taken in; if not, they are drowned!"

Will not the little girls who read about this, save their pennies to send the Gospel to China? Jesus died for the fathers and mothers and children in China as well as for us.—Gospel in All Lands.

THE CHEQUE OLD TOM SIGNED.

"I'll fill out this cheque for you, Tom, if you will wait a moment. It is signed and father told me to fill it out for the amount if he wasn't here. Two and a half, isn't it?"

Old Tom took up the cheque in his trembling fingers and looked at the straight, business-like signature.

"Just to think that his name is good for thousands of dollars," he muttered half to himself, and half to the bright faced boy who stood beside the desk with his pen in his hand, ready to fill out the cheque. "And yet when we were boys together, I was as good as he was, any day; and my chances in life were just as good. It is drink that has made all the difference. Well, it's too late to help it now."

"No, it isn't too late, Tom," said Hugh Evans, earnestly. He knew the sad story of this man's gradual descent from an honourable, respected life to the level of a common drunkard, and he felt an intense desire to help him, boy though he was.

"I heard father say, only today, that if you would sign the pledge he would trust you to keep it, and he would give you steady work and good pay. Do sign it, Tom. I have a blank one here. It will make such a difference, not only to you, but to your wife and children, if you will."

A gleam of hope lighted up the dim eyes, but it died out in an instant, and Tom shook his head.

"Some other day, Hugh; some other day. Some day I will, but not now."

"Don't put it off," pleaded Hugh, putting the pledge before the man, and offering him the pen. "Why, don't you see, it's as good as a cheque? Sign it, and it means health, comfort, and a good living which you would make well enough if you would let drink alone, and also respect from every one that knows you. Why, my father's signature could not mean more than that."

Old Tom was won by the boy's enthusiasm.

"I'll see what my signature is good for," he cried, with sudden resolution; and grasping the pen firmly, he wrote his name on the pledge.

"There, I've done it; and, God helping me, I'll keep it," he said solemnly. "Low as I've fallen, I never broke my word yet."

An hour later he entered his home, with the cheque in one pocket and the pledge in the other. The cheque was a proof to the poor wife of his intention to keep the pledge, for she knew it must have been hard work to come home sober with money in his pocket.

Need I tell you that the signature on the pledge was never dishonoured? It wrought a happy home, new hope for the despairing wife, respect, prosperity, and God's blessing.

And Hugh, he felt as if he had done the grandest temperance work of his life (though he lived to be a successful temperance worker) when he persuaded old Tom to sign that pledge.—Sunday-school Times.

THAT'S MY BOY.

I remember once standing by the surging billows all one weary day, and watching for hours a father struggling beyond in the breakers for the life of his son. They came slowly towards the breakers on a piece of wreck, and as they came the waves turned over the piece of float, and they were lost. Presently we saw the father come to the surface and clamber along to the wreck, and then saw him plunge off into the waves, and thought he had gone; but in a moment he came back again, holding his boy. Presently they struck another wave, and over they went; and again they repeated the process. Again they went over, and again the father rescued his son. By-and-bye, as they swung nearer the shore, they caught on a snag just out beyond where we could reach them, and for a little time the waves went over them till we saw the boy in the father's arms, hanging down in helplessness, and knew they must be saved soon or be lost; and I shall never forget the gaze of that father. And as we drew him from the devouring waves, still clinging to his son, he said, "That's my boy, that's my boy!" and half frantic as we dragged them up the bank, he cried all the time, "That's my boy, that's my boy!" And so I have thought in hours of darkness, when the billows roll over me, the great Father is reaching down to me, and, taking hold of me, crying, "That's my boy!" and I know I am safe.—Dr. Fowler.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 18, 1896.

"I love thy kingdom, Lord."

THE KINGDOM.

Christ said, "My kingdom is not of this world." Christ's kingdom is spiritual, the subjects of it are spiritually minded, though they live in a world of sin. Still, they are not of the world. Their conversation, or citizenship, is in heaven. Christ gains subjects, not by means of war, but by the preaching of the Gospel, which brings peace to the world, and spreads those principles which destroy anarchy and confusion, and unite the family of man in the bonds of harmony and love.

THE ATTACHMENT OF THE PSALMIST.

Read Text. The house of God is the sanctuary where the truths of the Gospel are taught, and men learn how they may become subjects of Christ's kingdom. All such persons feel increasing attachment to the sanctuary because they hear of heaven and learn the way. Like the maker of the hymn, they sing,

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saves
With his own precious blood.

"I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thine hand."

The tune of this hymn is St. Thomas, and the author's name is Timothy Dwight. Commit the two verses here given to memory, and remember the names of the author and the tune.

SUBJECTS OF THIS KINGDOM.

The kingdom of God is within you. It does not consist of meats and drinks, but it means, "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Christ lives in the hearts of all those who belong to this kingdom. He dwells in them by faith, and reigns in them and rules over them as the Lord-God of every motion. They reciprocate his love by saying: "Whom having not seen we love, in whom, though ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."—I Peter 1:8, 9. Commit this beautiful passage, and receive Christ into your hearts.

Only a Boy.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun,
As brimful of mischief, and wit, and glee,
As ever human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as—ah! ah, me!
'Tis hard to toll,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, but must be led;
Who troubles the neighbours' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes and spoils more hats
Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours or busy days;
With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant, for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled
From the planet world.

Only a boy, who will be a man
If nature goes on with her first great plan—
If water, or fire, or some fatal snare
Conspires not to rob us of this, our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy,
"Only a boy!"

—Selected.

TOWED BY A WHALE.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

The story which I am going to relate is true, and it has often been told to me by one of the lads with whom the recital deals.

Some years ago the whale was hunted by dwellers on the Newfoundland coast, and the weapon taken against the mighty beast was the harpoon, or the "slow match." Upon the western part of Newfoundland, several fishermen had banded together, and provided themselves with a pair of sturdy whale-boats, and all the necessary hunting gear.

Each boat carried twelve rowers, a helmsman, and a harpooner. When there was a favouring wind the broad sails were hoisted.

One Sunday morning, while the whaler fishermen lay sleeping in their tilts, two lads—aged seventeen and eighteen, got into one of the whale-boats, hoisted sail, and steered toward a cape that loomed vaguely six miles distant. Having passed the cape, and while "lying" alongside the shore, they espied three grampuses, or rorqual whales, spouting in a bight about a half-mile distant in their course. As they drew near, they observed that the whales were fishing in the bight, for each beast rose within fifty or sixty fathoms of where he had gone down.

The boat was very close to the monster trio, and the opportunity was one that would have made the heart of a whaler thrill.

"Why, there would be no trouble in getting a throw at one of them," the eldest lad remarked. "Here, I'll have a trial, anyway. Steer for that piece of plank—the big fellow will rise not far from that."

"But suppose you strike him. What then?"

"Why, if he runs before the wind, I do not see why we can't hang on. If he doesn't, there is no harm done, for we can let him go."

Fixing himself in the bow, he seized his harpoon. To this weapon was fastened about three hundred fathoms of light rope, and this was so arranged that it might be let out or drawn in as the manoeuvring of the grampus might require.

He was barely settled when the whale arose, not more than twenty feet distant, his great jaws wide open. The boys instantly saw that he was an old veteran, for his sides were patched with barnacles, like the bottom of a soggy ship. As the beast balanced himself to descend again, the harpoon left Martin's hand with a whistling sound, and lodged with a faint quiver in the side of the whale.

Martin's shot surprised himself, and he held his hands out for many seconds in the posture they had assumed when the harpoon left them.

"Where will he rise?" anxiously inquired the other boy.

"It is hard to say. The pain will make his movements irregular."

Meanwhile the cord went out so rapidly the cog sung, and the boys began to look seriously at the diminishing coil. The whale soon arose, and not far from the boat; then, turning his head before the wind, he launched himself with a desperate lunge under the water. The line now began to move out more slowly,

and while plenty of spare line remained, there was a chance of the monster's drowning. What, they both thought, if they should actually capture a whale? For three weeks all the fishermen had caught but two. Then the whale arose, some distance ahead, and plunged again under water. But in going down this time he headed across the wind. This troubled the boys; for about three-quarters of a mile beyond lay an ice-floe, which had drifted hither with the southern tides. Once again the line, in its outward going, began to sing; and before the rorqual rose again not more than a dozen fathoms remained.

"We shall have to cut it," the elder one said.

Then the whale arose, showing no sign of exhaustion. The sun was now disappearing below the sky-and-water line in the west, and ugly clouds brooded low. Night would speedily wrap the sea, and they were many a league from home in this open boat. Again the prey dived, and this time directly for the ice, which was now not a quarter of a mile distant.

There was only one course for the boys, and that to cut the rope. But there was no knife, or axe, or thing capable of severing it; and when Martin sought to untie it he found—as indeed he had known—that the end was fastened through an auger hole in the keel three feet under water! The cord was now tight, and the whale was still heading vigorously toward the ice. To add to the terror of the situation, the wind began to rise, and the adventurers saw that the cubes and pans of ice began to toss wildly with the rising sea.

"Merciful heaven, what is to become of us?"

These were the words that could be seen upon the mute, bleached lips. The suddenness of nightfall on this coast might be described by Coleridge's lines:

"The sun dropped down, the stars rushed out—
At one stride came the dark."

And before the whale rose again the hapless boys could only see the foaming water and the ghastly face of the ice-field spread before them. They did not speak, but sat there, unheeding tiller or sail, waiting for whatever must happen.

Presently they were in the midst of roaring water and rumbling ice, expecting each instant that the ribs and planks of their boat would be crushed; but she withstood the pounding—how they could not say—and each minute was forced farther into the ice. Martin caught the line with a gaff, and found that it suddenly grew slack; nay, in a little, he drew fifty fathoms of it on board. Thereafter it sometimes became slack, and was again drawn out; and while the fish was so moving, the boys were working with all their might to get the boat farther into the floe, because here was little or no commotion. The wind roared, the ocean thundered against the ice, and the spray drove over them in a continuous shower.

But they were safe from the tempest, and spreading several skins that they had brought away in the bottom of the boat, they coiled themselves up and went to sleep as if they were moored in the safest haven on the continent. When they awoke, the sun was rising and the sea was calm. What was that which they saw floating, "long and large," at the edge of the floe? It was the whale, dead, with the harpoon clinging remorselessly in his side!

The wind freshened from an opposite point, the ice opened, and the wanderers sailed home, wing and wing, with their magnificent prize in tow. Judge the wonder and the joy of the fishermen, of their mothers and sisters, as they rounded Shell Drake Point, and luffed up at the tilts!—Our Youth.

QUEER CHANGE.

Shells, beans, pumpkin seeds, postage stamps, and scores of other things have been, and still are, used to make change; but it seems, if we may credit the report of a recent traveller, that Mexico has a "coinage" more odd and original than any of which we have yet heard.

In one of the small towns I bought some limes, and gave the girl one dollar in payment. By way of change she returned me forty-nine pieces of soap the size of a water cracker. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police officer, who witnessed the incident, hastened to inform me that in small sums soap was the legal tender in many portions of the country. I examined my change, and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town and of a manufacturer authorized by the gov-

ernment. The cakes of soap were worth one and a half cents each. Afterwards in my travels I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the wash-tub; but that I discovered was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them."—Selected.

A GOOD RECORD.

Major-General O. O. Howard tells the following story in The Temperance Banner:

"One of our ablest officers of the army, who has been in service thirty-five years and filled the most important positions in the country, told me a story of himself. He said: 'When I was a small child, one day our Sunday-school listened to an excellent offhand address from a great temperance orator.' It might have been John B. Gough. 'When he had finished, our superintendent asked us to sign a pledge. I was so little that I did not realize what a pledge meant, but I was proud to show to the children that I could write my name. A printed copy of that pledge was given me. My parents explained to me the promise I had made. A little later I made up my mind that it was a good promise, and determined in my heart to keep it sacredly. For more than forty years since the day I wrote my name in boyish style I have honestly kept that pledge. In the midst of drinking in all sorts of society, wherever the post of duty has called me to be or to act, I have abstained from the use of liquor. In brief, I have never tasted wine or strong drink in my life.'

"This appeared to me a grand record. That officer has been superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, New York. He has not only executed the regulation to forbid drinking, but he has added to it double strength—the force of high example."

HE LEARNED HOW.

This story was told of a dog the other day: He was very fond of one member of the family in which he lived, and was never so happy as when near him. He would lie outside the door of his favourite's room, though there was a rule against his being in the house. Again and again he was driven out of doors, but managed to get back to the rug outside this particular door. To get to this door the dog had to cross a piece of oilcloth. Whenever he was heard crossing this oilcloth, whoever heard him would at once drive him out of doors. At last it was found that he would get to this door without being heard. He was watched. It was found that he would walk naturally until he came to this piece of oilcloth; then he would walk on the ball of his foot, so that his nails would not touch the oilcloth and make a noise. Was he not clever?

DID SHE NOT?

BY HELEN T. WILDER.

"I don't care," thought some one disdainfully, as she failed on the lesson she should have studied, while her time was spent writing notes. But her cheeks were flushed, and her lips quivered as she took her seat.

"I don't care," she announced, with a toss of her head, as, after school, Sue Wallace went driving with May Kells, when she well knew that she might have gone had she not poked fun at Cora Ware's clothes the day before. She had forgotten that Cora was May's cousin. Yet she was barely civil to May the next day.

"I don't care," she said, when, on account of her popularity, Lou Cabot was elected class president; yet her pillow was wet with tears of chagrin that night as she remembered how boldly she had said, not long ago, that she couldn't bear Lou Cabot and Ray Morse, they were so goody-goody.

"I don't care," she snapped at home in vacation time, when Aunt Lois, who was an invalid, sent for sister Amy to spend a fortnight in the city; yet she slouched out of the house, leaving Amy sitting letter in hand, looking very grieved. She knew she had lost her chance of a second invitation by her thoughtless behaviour last summer, and her heedlessness of Aunt Lois' weak nerves; and for all she did not care, she went down into the orchard and cried half the afternoon.

And we wonder, sometimes, if she were not deceiv'g herself.

SINGULAR CLOCKS.

In an answer to a correspondent who asks, "What is the most curious material out of which a timepiece has been made?" a London journal prints the following rather interesting item: "Bread, we think, is the most curious material out of which a clock has ever been constructed. There was, and may still be, in Milan, a clock made of bread. The maker was a native of Milan, who devoted three years of his life to the task. He was very poor, and being without means to purchase the necessary metal for the making of a clock, he set apart regularly a portion of his bread each day, eating the crust and saving the soft part. To solidify this, he made use of a certain salt, and when the various pieces were dry they became perfectly hard and insoluble in water. The clock was of good size and kept fair time. Another strange clock was exhibited some years ago in Liverpool. It was constructed of pins, buttons, and all sorts of odds and ends, by a pauper named Mercer. The maker of this extraordinary timepiece thus describes it himself: 'The back and front of the clock were made from iron bed laths, while the barrel was part of a large brass ferule, the ends being brass buttons hammered out. The barrel arbor had originally been the blade of a shoemaker's awl; the main and several other wheels were nothing more nor less than suspender buttons from the maker's own trousers, while the cog teeth were portions of bygone knitting-needles. The teeth of the centre wheels had been boot rivets. In the dial there were one hundred separate pieces.'—Harper's Round Table.

DAY BY DAY.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" her mother asked.
"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply. "One has got to overcome so much, and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told all about it last Sabbath."

"How did your brother get all that big pile of wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once, or little by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way we live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them.

"Of course, there's a great deal to be done in a Christian's lifetime, in the performance of our obligations to God and the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us; but that work is done just as Dick moved the wood—little by little.

"Every day we should ask God for strength to take us through that day. When to-morrow comes we will ask again. He will give all we ask for, and as we need it. By doing a little to-day, a little to-morrow, and keeping on in that way, we accomplish great things. Look at life in its little-by-little aspect, rather than as one great task to be done all at once, and it will be easy to face it.

"A little gain in patience to-day, a little more trust to-morrow—that's the way a Christian life grows."—New York Observer.

FOOLISH RIDER, FAITHFUL HORSE.

This story of a horse is quoted from Bayard Taylor's incidents illustrative of "Animal Nature." It also illustrates the depravity of human nature.

"When a boy of fourteen I was walking along a lonely country road with a companion of the same age, and came upon an old gray horse, standing in the middle of the track over a man who was lying upon his back. We hastened up to give assistance, but presently saw that the man, instead of being injured, was simply dead drunk. He had tumbled off, on his way home from the tavern, and a full bottle of whiskey, jolted out of his pocket in falling, lay by his side. The fore-feet of the horse were firmly planted on each side of his legs. The position seeming to us dangerous for the man, we took the animal by the bridle and attempted to draw him away; but he resisted with all his strength, snorting, laying back his ears, and giving every other sign of anger. It was apparent that he had carefully planted himself so as completely to protect his master against any passing vehicle. We assisted the faithful creature in the only possible way, and left him until help could be summoned. His act indicated not only affection, involving a sense of duty, but also more than one process of reasoning."

If I Could Only Know

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you"—1 Peter 5:7
 If I could only surely know
 That all these things that tire me so
 Were noticed by my Lord—
 The pang that cuts me like a knife,
 The noise, the weariness, the strife—
 What peace it would afford!

I wonder if he really shares
 In all these little human cares,
 This mighty King of kings:
 If he who guides through boundless space
 Each blazing planet in its place,
 Can have the condescending grace
 To mind these petty things!

It seems to me, if sure of this,
 Blent with each ill would come such bliss
 That I might covet pain,
 And deem whatever brought to me
 The loving thought of Deity,
 And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
 Not loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt
 That thou dost compass me about
 With sympathy divine;
 The love for me once crucified
 Is not the love to leave my side,
 But waiteth ever to divide
 Each smallest care of mine.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 18.

SOLOMON'S WEALTH AND WISDOM.

1 Kings 4: 25-34. —Memory verses, 29, 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Them that honour me I will honour,
 and they that despise me shall be lightly
 esteemed.—1 Sam. 2: 30.

Time.—B.C. 1014.

Place.—Palestine, especially Jerusalem.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (1 Kings 4: 25-34). Prepare to tell the Lesson Story.

Tuesday.—Read how wisdom invites us (Prov. 8: 13-21; 32-36).

Wednesday.—Read an account of where wisdom may be found (Psalm 119: 97-104). Learn the Golden Text, Time, and Place.

Thursday.—Read of a kind of wisdom that falls (1 Cor. 1: 20-31). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read some marks of true glory (Jer. 9: 12-24). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Saturday.—Read other instances where God gave wisdom (Dan. 1: 11-20).

Sunday.—Read of a wisdom that excels (1 Cor. 2: 1-13). Answer the Questions.

QUESTIONS.

I. Solomon's Wealth, verses 25-28.

25. Did Judah and Israel keep distinct? Where are grapevines and fig trees grown in the East? What was meant by the people dwelling under these? 26. For what purposes did Solomon use horses and chariots? 27. How was the royal table supplied? 28. What animal was meant by the dromedary?

II. Solomon's Wisdom, verses 29-34.

29. To what was Solomon's wisdom compared? 30. Mention some of the people that he exceeded in wisdom. For what was Egypt renowned? 32. How many of his proverbs are supposed to have come down to us? What songs are attributed to him? 34. Mention one who sent to hear of his wisdom. Give the name of one who came in person.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

We ought to be grateful for peace in our time. Fidelity will not lose its reward. We shall be remembered longest by the good we have done. It is God's blessing which maketh us to differ from others. No one is without some degree of influence. The more we have received the greater our responsibility.

OVERHEARD AT NOON ON THE LAWN.

"Say," said the Lawn Mower to the Lawn Roller, "I'm as hungry as a bear. Give me a roll, won't you?"
 "Can't do it," said the Roller. "They're too heavy to eat. The Rake tried to eat one the other day, and broke two of his teeth short off. Why don't you ask the Sickle for a pear?"
 "I'd rather go to the Axe. I don't want any fruit."
 "What can the Axe give you?"
 "A chop, of course."

That's so—didn't think of that. If he falls you, you might go down to the garden and get a Stake. By the way, what's the matter between you and the Weeds? They tell me you cut them whenever you pass."

"I do. I don't like the Weeds. They intruded themselves into a lawn party I was at last summer and spoiled the whole thing. Did you get off to the mountains this summer?"

"No, I went down to the seashore to see my relatives."

"Relatives? I didn't know you had any down there."

"Oh, yes, the Rollers are famous all along the Jersey coast. You get away?"

"No, I've been right here, attending to business. I didn't feel that I could afford to get off this summer. I've been pretty poor, and I had to do a good deal of cutting down to pull through the hard times as it was. I hear that Hose is going to be married."

"Yes, he met one of the Faucets at a watering place up here, and they got much attached to each other. It's a good match."

"I think so myself, but for lighting a lamp I think I'd rather have a parlour match."

"Ha! ha! How cutting you are!"

"Yes, that's my business."

And then, as the hired men had finished their luncheon, the Roller and Mower had to return to work.—Harper's Young People.

the title, and dropped it, a second time he picked it up and read,

"We are travelling home to heaven above; Will you go?"

and then threw it down again. Soon after, he picked it up again and read it through, and then he thought, and finally wrote on it, "By the grace of God I will go," and he signed his name. Some months later he was killed in battle in Virginia, but he was saved by the tract.

It is often the case, when a man will not enter a church and will not listen to the preaching of the Gospel, that he will read, when alone, a tract, and that tract may be more effectual for his salvation than a sermon.—Advocate.

HOW TOM WON A SOUL.

Tom said, "It won't do to keep all this blessed news to myself," so he thought how he could bless others with it. His bed stood close by the window sill, which was low, and somehow he got a pencil and paper and wrote out different texts, which he would fold and pray over and drop into the noisy street below, directed, "To the passer-by—please read."

He hoped that by this means some might hear of Jesus and his salvation. This service of love faithfully rendered went on for some weeks, when one evening he heard a strange footstep, and im-

mediately afterward a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the room and took his seat by the lad's bedside.

"So you are the lad who drops texts from the window, are you?" he asked, kindly.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, brightening up.

"Have yer heard as some one has got hold of one?"

"Plenty, lad, plenty. Would you believe it if I told you that I picked up one last evening, and God blessed it to my soul?"

"I can believe in God's word doing anything, sir," said the lad, humbly.

"And I am come," said the gentleman, "to thank you personally."

"Not me, sir. I only does the writin'; he does the blessin'."

"And you are happy in this work for Christ?" said the visitor.

"Couldn't be happier, sir. I don't think nothin' of the pain in my back; for shan't I be glad when I see him, to tell him that as soon as I know'd about him I did all as I could to serve him? I suppose yer gets lots of chances, don't yer, sir?"

"Ah, lad, I have neglected them; but, God helping me, I mean to begin afresh! At home in the country I have a sick lad, dying. I had to come to town on pressing business. When I kissed him good-bye, he said, 'Father, I wish I had done some work for Jesus; I cannot bear to meet him empty-handed,' and the words stuck to me all day long, and the next day, too, until the evening, when I was passing down the street, your little paper fell on my hat. I opened it and

read, 'I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work (John 9: 4).' It seemed like a command from heaven.

"I have professed to be a Christian for twenty-five years, my lad, and when I made inquiries, and found out who dropped these tracts into the street, and why it was done, it so shamed and humbled me that I determined to go home and work for the same Master that you are serving so faithfully."

Tears of joy were rolling down the lad's face. "It's too much, sir," he said, "altogether too much!"

"Tell me how you managed to get the paper to start it, my lad."

"That warn't hard, sir. I jest had a talk with granny, and offered to give up my ha'porth o' mill she gives me most days, if she would only buy me paper instead. You know, sir, I can't last long. The parish doctor says a few months of cold weather may finish me off, and a drop of milk ain't much to give up for my blessed Jesus. Are people happy as has lots to give him, sir?"

The visitor sighed a deep sigh. "Ah, lad, you are a great deal happier in this wretched room, making sacrifices for Jesus, than thousands who profess to belong to him, and who have time, talents, and money, and do little or nothing for him."

"They don't know him, sir. Knowin' is lovin', and lovin' is doin'. It ain't love without."—Selected.

HOLD MY THOUGHTS.

A little boy taught himself to write by copying the letters from a primer. He would ask his mamma how to spell a word, then copy the letters one by one, making a very creditable letter for a six-year-old. Finally he wanted to write long letters to his friends; and one day he said: "Mamma, dear, I want to write a real grown-up letter to auntie."

"What do you wish to tell her?"

"I want to say: 'Dear auntie, I love you. Come and see us next Sunday. I learn all my Golden Texts. The dog catches hens, and killed one. White puss gets so many mice that she coughs.' There, mamma, dear, that's what I want to say; now you hold my thoughts while I write them."—J. L. Spicer, in Picture World.



LOST IN THE SNOW.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

This picture tells its own story. The little shepherd lad, such as they have to watch the flocks in Scotland, has become benumbed and lost in a sudden snowstorm. So he huddles with the sheep in the snow, and, let us hope, will be found safe when the morning comes, though he seems ill-prepared to endure a night's exposure on the bleak hill-side. May He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb protect this poor boy.

WHAT A TRACT DID.

Dr. Coke, in 1785, gave a tract to a family in Virginia named Cowles. The family numbered fourteen, and that tract was the instrumentally used in the conversion of the whole family.

A tract distributor, passing through a sparsely settled country, gave away many tracts; one of them, entitled, "Repent or Perish," was found floating in the Fraser River. Perhaps some careless hand had tossed it there. A man saw it, took it out, dried it, and then read it, and by it was converted to God.

A preacher invited a man to attend a meeting. The man refused; but he consented to take a tract. A few weeks after, he stood up in the meeting and confessed that the tract had led him to Jesus.

During the war, a chaplain was passing through the hospital, and he left in an empty bed a tract, which was a copy of the hymn, "Will You Go?" The soldier came to his bed, picked it up, read

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