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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

## QUAINT SCENES IN FOREIGN LANDS.

ONE of the pleasures of travel is the variety of quaint customs and costumes one meets with in foreign lands. In many parts of Europe the peasants still keep up the customs of hundreds of years ago. Their holiday garb is made up of bright colours, often strangely embroidered in gold or silver tinsel. In passing through Bulgaria, on the confines of Turkey, last May I saw a village fair in which the men and women wore a dress remarkably like that shown in the upper picture. The blending of light and dark colours, the brilliant gold embroidery, and the cut of the garment was something very odd and curious.

Another characteristic of travel in Europe and Great Britain is the number of crumbling ruins of old castles and churches, stained by the storms of a thousand years and gnawed by the tooth of time, speaking most emphatically of the long dead past to the living, active present. In one of our lower cuts one of these is shown, with a queer native calache drawn by its diminutive donkey in the foreground. You will observe the brake handle at the left side indicating that the roads are very steep and that a brake is required.

One of these steep roads leading up to the top of the mountain is shown in our third cut and also the queer way the peasants have of bringing tourists down, on a sort of rough sleigh the friction of which upon the rock makes a sufficient brake. I well remember viewing this same mountain from the top of an old Roman tower at Martigny, and trying to get a little lad to tell us its name. He spoke French with such a queer accent that we had hard work in making out what he said.

## PEARL.

THE substance known as pearl is a product of certain shell-fish, some being marine and others belonging to fresh water. These mollusks are provided with a



SLAVONIAN PEASANTS—EASTERN EUROPE.

incurred in this work, as sharks abound in these seas; but it is a singular fact that accidents seldom happen. This immunity from an apparent danger is attributed by the divers themselves to the incantations of shark charmers who are employed during the fishery; but Sir E. Tennant is of the opinion that the bustle and excitement of the water while the men are diving has the effect of frightening away those much-dreaded creatures.

Among the Romans pearls were highly valued, enormous prices being paid for those of a fine shape or large size. Admirable imitation pearls are made by blowing thin beads of glass and pouring into them a mixture, of which the white matter from the scales of some fish forms an ingredient. The French and the Germans in this way produce imitation pearls so fine that the most practised eyes can scarcely see any difference between them and the genuine pearls. Roman pearls differ from other artificial ones by having the coating of pearly matter placed on the outside, to which it is attached by an adhesive substance. The art of making these was derived from the Chinese. In many of the rivers of Wisconsin, pearl-bearing clams are found, and in the last few years many magnificent gems have been discovered and sold for high prices. Indeed, pearl-fishing has become quite an important and profitable industry. It is said that some of the most perfect pearls on sale in the great jewellery houses of Tiffany of New York, or Giles Brothers of Chicago, were found in the Wisconsin rivers.

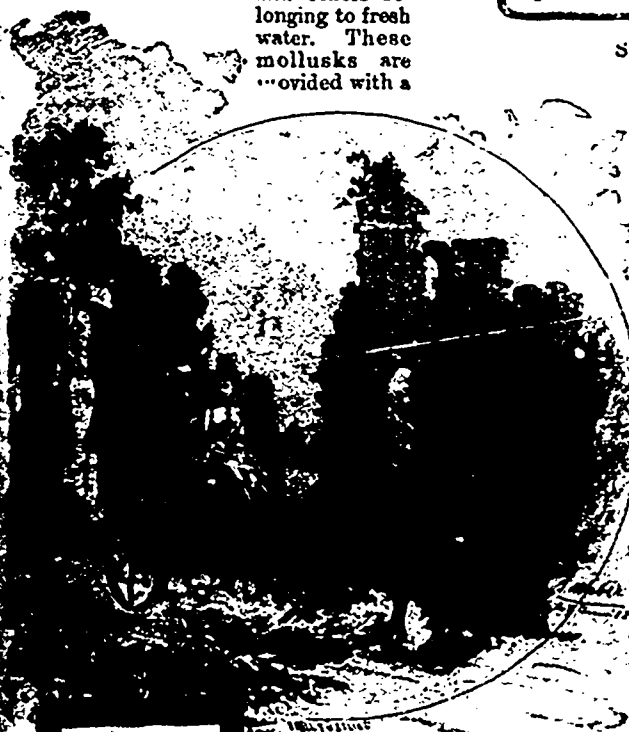
## NEVER SWEAR.

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal as swear.
2. It is vulgar altogether too low for a decent boy.
3. It is cowardly, showing a fear of not being believed or obeyed.
4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.

fluid secretion, with which they line the interior of their shells in order to prevent friction of their tender bodies against anything rough. When this secretion is hardened it is known by dealers as "mother of pearl." Besides this pearly lining, small rounded portions of this material are often found within the shell; and it is generally supposed that these are the result of accidental causes, such as the intrusion of a grain of sand, which the mollusk, not being able to expel in self-defence, covers over with the secretion, thus forming what is known as a "pearl."

The clever Chinese avail themselves of this knowledge to compel one species of fresh-water mussels to produce pearls. They keep a large number of mussels in tanks, introducing small pellets of lead into each shell; and in course of time they reap their expected harvest.

The particular oyster which produces the largest pearls is only found in tropical waters, Ceylon being from the earliest times the principal locality of the pearl fishery. On a certain bank, about twenty miles from the shore, these oysters are found in prodigious numbers, adhering to one another, and all of a very large size. Divers are employed to bring them up to the surface of the water, where boats are waiting to receive the shells. Some danger is



DONKEY CALACHE—CENTRAL EUROPE.



PIERRE A VOIR, WITH MODE OF DESCENT.

None of All.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"Lord, I will follow thee," I said,
"And give to thee, my heart,
And for the world and self will keep
Only a little part
A little part what time my soul
Grows weary, worn, and sad;
A little spot where earthly joys
May come to make me glad."
But on my ear it seemed to me,
I heard a whisper fall:
"I cannot halve thy heart with thee;
Give none to me—or all."

"But, Lord, the world is fair," I said,
"I would not go astray;
Yet sometimes may I pluck a flower
Outside the narrow way?
Yet sometimes may I sit serene,
Nor spirit conflicts share,
Just shifting, for a space, the cross
I am content to bear?"
Yet once again it seemed to me
I heard the whisper fall:
"I cannot halve thy heart with thee;
Give none to me—or all."

"Ah, Lord, my every hope," I said,
"On thee my soul doth rest,
And I am sure the very way
Thou leadest me is best;
And if I've thought too strait the path,
Too slow the limbering pace,
Teach me that naught of real bliss
Thy service disallows."
More softly still, it seemed to me,
I heard the whisper fall:
"I will not halve my heaven with thee,
Then give to me thine all!"

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Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR 1893.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the announcement on our last page of the programme of this Magazine for the coming year. It is, we believe, by far the best and most interesting and instructive announcement that that periodical has ever presented. Many of its articles will be of special interest to Sunday-school teachers, senior scholars, and, in fact, all Bible student and Bible readers.

The Rev. J. G. Bond, whose "Vagabond Vignettes" of travel have been read with such interest, will also discuss the important question of "The Site of

Calvary—the Traditional and the True," "The Rock City of Petra," and other important Biblical questions. These articles will be illustrated with numerous and striking pictures of the sacred sites and scenes of the Lord's land.

The editor's paper on "What Egypt can Teach Us," will also be copiously illustrated with fac-similes of the ancient wall pictures and hieroglyphics.

Many schools, instead of library books, have taken from two to forty copies of this Magazine, as being fresher, brighter, cheaper and more interesting and attractive reading than can be procured in books, or in any other way for the same amount of money. It will be furnished to schools for this purpose at the rate of \$1.00 each (for six months 80 cents) instead of \$2, the regular price, a great reduction, which is only warranted by receiving large orders from one address.

A special feature of this Magazine will be its beautiful illustrations. If these, some of which are reprinted in this number, will be compared with Harper's, Scribner's, or the Century, they will be found to be much clearer, better engraved. They are specially made for us by a great house at Zurich, in Switzerland, where some of the best engraving of the world is done. These engravings are very costly and cannot be furnished in a periodical of such a low price as this, but we borrow from the forthcoming volume of the Magazine a few to indicate the style of illustration.

UNIQUE MAGAZINE PREMIUM FOR 1893.

OLIVE WOOD FAULT JERUSALEM.

ANY subscriber to the Methodist Magazine who will remit his own subscription for one year, accompanied by another subscription to the Magazine for one year at full rates, will receive, postfree, a beautiful section of olive wood from the Mount of Olives near Jerusalem, polished to perfection by native workmen showing the grain and dark concentric rings, surrounded with its fragrant bark, and stamped with the name of the sacred city in English and Hebrew—a most valuable and interesting souvenir of the Lord's land. About three and three-quarters of an inch in diameter and three-quarters of an inch thick, it makes a beautiful paper weight or parlour ornament. A more beautiful or appropriate holiday present cannot be conceived than a section of olive wood from sacred Mount Olives, where the Master taught his disciples the Lord's Prayer, and at the foot of which lies the Garden of Gethsemane, with all its sacred memories. What could be more attractive to any Bible reader than a section of this beautiful olive wood, cut and polished in Jerusalem and shipped by way of Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, to Canada? Teachers will find it of great interest to exhibit to their classes and friends.

We are not aware that any sections of olive wood like these have been imported into Canada, except a few specimens procured by the Editor of Pleasant Hours when in Jerusalem. That enterprising editor, Dr. Talmage, found these so popular a premium for his paper that he ordered 50,000 pieces. It was received with the greatest favour. Mr. E. C. D. McMillan, of Brooklyn, N.Y., on receiving a section, writes: "I would not exchange it for a nugget of gold, knowing that it grew on that mountain, where beyond any spot in Palestine God was manifest in the flesh, where the great Intercessor was wont to pray, where Jesus wept over Jerusalem—on whose slopes he blessed the apostle band, and sent his message of mercy to mankind—the mount at whose base lay Bethany and Gethsemane—on whose gentle turf his feet last stood and where they will yet stand again!"

Others speak as follows: "Coming as it did from that holy hill makes it doubly dear." A. M. Cox, Phillipsburg, Pa.

"I will take great pleasure in showing it to our Sunday Bible class." Osborne Reilly, New Albany, Ind.

Some subscribers may not be able to secure another subscription to remit with theirs, and to such we offer this premium for ten cents, post-paid, this amount to be remitted with their subscription for a year. The price is less than cost even when imported by the thousand. We

would much rather dispose of the stock we have ordered in the manner first indicated, but we wish every subscriber to have an opportunity to secure for himself one of these unique premiums. A limited quantity only available. Specimens may be seen at the Book Room. Send orders promptly to William Briggs, Publisher, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

A SERMON IN WOOD.

BY J. VAN TARELL.

The following verses were written upon one of the sections of olive wood described here:

Only a beautiful block of wood,
From the branch of an olive tree;
Whose leaves kissed a spot where Jesus stood
In the garb of humanity.

I place it upon my open palm,
And gaze on its radiant face:
Till my heart o'erflows with joyous psalm,
To the praise of redeeming grace.

It tells of the Mount most sacred made,
By the pressure of holy knees,
Bending in prayer in the silent shade,
Of its friendly old olive trees.

It tells me of yonder sunlit height,
Last touched by the wounded feet
Of him who thence took homeward flight,
To the city with golden street.

But He is coming to stand some day,
On Olivet's sunny slope;
And I for its dawning fervently pray,
While watching and waiting in hope.

Blessings upon the reverent hand,
That brought it from over the sea;
Souvenir dear of the Holy Land!
Sweet sermon in wood to me!

A CHEERFUL TEMPER.

SOME one has remarked, "It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness." We should add, especially if the straw be not in the hands of a mischievous boy, and becomes a means of provocation rather than of amusement. The thought, however, is, that even the smallest things can become sources of pleasant feeling, of sunny humour, of merry laughter.

The possession of a cheerful disposition is doubtless in part nature's gift in birth. And a rich inheritance it is. Its value is above rubies and gold. The latter may deck the person of a snarl, who seldom contributes anything to the sum of general happiness. The former, like the sun, brightens everything it touches. But it is also in great part a fruit of cultivation. One may cultivate a sunny disposition, and also a morose temper. Each will grow and strengthen by practice. Hence it follows that every one is responsible in no small degree for the kind of tempers that are indulged in, whether sunny and sweet, or sour and forbidding.

We are always glad to meet people of sunny and cheerful disposition. Their presence is an inspiration and source of gladness. They brighten not only their own lives, but the lives of others as well. They are among the truest benefactors of the race.

MEXICAN CHILDREN.

IN Mexico a group of lads from seven to twelve will meet, and each boy will decorously lift his hat, and salutations of extreme courtesy will be exchanged, and then comes the boyish chatter, the fun, and the laughter, the same as anywhere. Boys here treat their elders with respect. An old man or woman is not the butt of the youth in Mexico; but rather for the old people are reserved the shaddest seats under the trees in the park. A Mexican boy or girl on entering a room walks around among the company, shaking hands with all, and on leaving the room does the same. Urbanity is taught in the public schools as arithmetical at home. There is no one jostled on the streets; the best seats in the horse-cars are promptly given up to the ladies, who never fail gracefully to acknowledge the favour. I have never seen a Mexican gentleman fail to give his seat to a woman, whether she was richly or poorly dressed.—Rural Home.

THE BOY WITH A GOOD HEAD.

BY J. J. BOWAN.

Along the hillside the boys followed a broken-down and grass-grown embankment which resembled, in some respects, a miniature railroad grade.

"Wonder who took all the trouble to make such a path as this?" muttered John, half to himself; "I wouldn't have done it!"

"Ho! I guess you wouldn't," retorted James; "you're not that fond of making paths. But you see this doesn't happen to be a path: it's the old mill race."

The boys were cousins and John was on a visit and did not know the exact lay of the land as well as James. There was another difference between John and James; both were bright and capable, but where James was full of push and activity, John was indolent and slithery.

"I don't need to be poking over that old book," he had said to James only that morning; "I'll be all right in some way when I come to recite. Haven't I heard people say that I have a good head, and I guess a boy with a good head will come out all right?"

"John, you are getting very careless about your hands," his mother had said to him; "I want you to be a gentleman, if you are in the country."

And John had answered: "Oh, I'm all right: I am aware of every boy in the school in mathematics; the teacher said I had the best head for arithmetic of any boy in the school."

"... you sure you are telling the exact truth about the matter?" his grandfather had been obliged to ask him of a certain report he was giving that morning.

And John's answer had been, in rather a careless tone; "Oh, guess that's near enough; surely I imagined part of it: you know Mr. Williams said once that I had imagination enough to make a success as a story writer. He said I had a good head on me."

And every day John had grown more and more arrogant about his good head, until things had gone about as far as grandpa thought they ought to go.

"Where's the mill?" John asked of his cousin after they had gone a little farther.

"Tumbled down long ago; they have a steam mill over in town that does twice the work in half the time."

"But it isn't as cheap, is it?" suggested the other boy.

"Cheaper, because the water mill didn't have head enough."

"Head enough! What in the world do you mean?"

"Why, I mean there wasn't fall enough in the water: the stream didn't come from high enough up, and so there wasn't head enough, you see."

John did not see after a little more explanation, and he went home thinking about it, and asked lots of questions about the water mills of the days gone by.

"Why yes," said grandpa by the fireside that evening; "there are no water mills that are a success; but a water mill is like a boy; it takes a good head to run it and make it pay."

"Haven't I a good head?"

"No, not the kind of a head that is carried around under the hat; but the head that gives strength and persistence to every good purpose—the power that comes from on high."

"From 'on high,' grandpa?" questioned John.

"Yes, it's only the streams that rise way up in the mountains nearest the clouds that can afford a good head of water to turn a mill wheel."

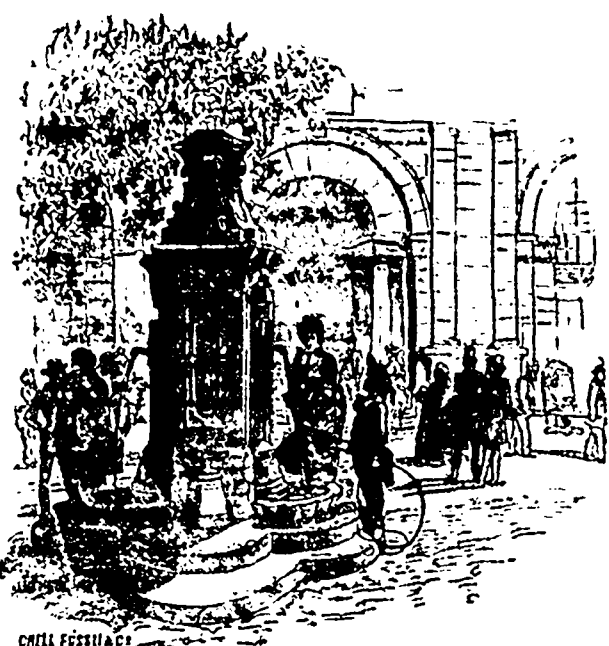
"But couldn't the Mississippi do it, or the Hudson?"

"No, they have water enough, but they have not the head. It has to come from above: that is the only way."

John was silent the rest of the evening, but by and by when he was ready to go to bed, he stopped a minute by grandpa's chair, and said:

"Do you think, grandpa, that I could get that kind of a head that I don't wear under my hat—the head that comes from 'on high,' I mean?"

"I'm sure you could, boy," said grandpa; "and it's better than being a smart boy—having a good head under your hat. Remember, a small stream that has the head is better than the river without it."



FOUNTAIN AT AIX LES BAINS.  
(A favourite Health Resort of Queen Victoria)

The Story of a Hymn Book.

CHAPTER XII.

HOSPITAL AND BATTLEFIELD.

I ACCOMPANIED my owner across the mountains, and again found myself at home on the banks of the Delaware. We had often fallen upon stirring and awful times. The trumpet of war—alas! of civil war—had been sounded, and North and South were arrayed in unbrotherly strife.

Neither time nor space will admit of many details in reference to that season of fire and blood through which the American nation was now called to pass.

Shortly after the commencement of the war, Mark Hobday volunteered for service in the military hospital, which were a terrible necessity of the hour. By and by he was attached to a column of the army, and moved of camped with it in all its operations.

It was not in Mark's nature to minister to the suffering bodies of men and to neglect their souls. In the intervals of his duties among sick and wounded he was ever reading, praying, and exhorting with the men. He was soon dubbed, by universal consent, "Doctor," a title intended rather to be expressive of his supposed qualifications in divinity than of his skill in medicine. But while Mark could take cheerily the good-natured act of the men, who by general consent had installed him as their spiritual adviser, he was certainly distressed and well-nigh appalled when he found himself announced in general orders as chaplain to the battalion. But there was no help for it; "Dr. Mark" and "Chaplain Hobday" he remained, by an induction in which neither bishop nor presbytery had any part.

What a change for the young man who but a few years before was a wild rough lad, frolicking on the shore, or sporting on the waves! How little his teacher had imagined that of all his class, this boy, perhaps outwardly the least promising, was to become so useful a man, in very deed a minister of righteousness and salvation!

In camp and hospital work I was Mark's constant occupation. How many a time he gathered the men around him on a Sunday afternoon by lifting up his strong, manly voice in the song—

"Soldiers of God arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son:

"Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror!"

One hymn Mark called his "hospital hymn." How many a time he recited it by the bedside of men whose bodies were maimed and mutilated by shot and bullet!

supervened, and life was ebbing away. Mark scarcely left the side of the boy—for the sufferer was hardly more than that.

It was hard, dying before he was nineteen, away from home and mother! It was a dark day for that southern home when its firstborn joined the flag of the Confederacy; and now on the banks of the Potomac he lies a-dying, nursed at the hands of the very army from which he received his death-wound.

Mark was alone with him, save the orderly and an orderly who was at hand to assist in moving weary and helpless men when they groaned for a change of posture.

Tim Dooley, the orderly, was Irish born, but, like many others of his countrymen, a naturalized citizen of the Stars and Stripes, and a soldier in the Federal ranks. Tim professed to be a Roman Catholic, but he often caught himself listening to the words which Mark spoke to sick and dying men. He had watched his intercourse with this poor lad. He had seen how the boy had learned to smile at death, and how, amid wounds and suffering, he rejoiced, like the Virgin of old, in God his Saviour. And yet no beads were counted, no crucifix was seen, no Ave Marias were said.

But that the soldier's peace and hope were real and satisfying Tim could not doubt.

Listen! what is that which Chaplain Mark is repeating now, while the dying lad's eyes, beaming with emotion, are fixed upon him?—

"Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,  
Alone thou hast the wilderness trod;  
In me thy strengthening grace be shown,  
O may I conquer through thy blood!"

It is a verse of Mark's "hospital hymn." "Alone!" faintly murmurs the sufferer. "Alone,"—Jesus was alone, and then with stronger intonation, "But I am not alone."

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," said Mark.

The soldier put out his hand, and took hold of his friend's, and clasped it fervently.

"Yea, though I walk," whispered the soldier. He could not complete the verse, but said, "Thou, Thou!"

"Yes, 'Thou art with me,'" said Mark; "and Jesus says, 'Where I am, there shall ye be also.'"

"So when on Zion thou shalt stand,  
And all heaven's host adore thy king,  
Shall I be found at thy right hand,  
And free from pain thy glories sing."

The eyes were fixed on Mark's face, a soft sigh, and the hand that Mark grasped was lifeless and still.

The tears streamed down Dooley's face. Mark closed the soldier's eyes, and then turned aside and left the dead to the good officers of the nurse. As he was leaving the ward, Tim Dooley stepped up to him, and, raising his finger to his forehead, said, "And, sure, would yir riv'rinced lend me the poetry?"

"Oh, say it again!" would burst from the parched lips of some weary sufferer as he rolled his uneasy head, whose crimsoned bandage showed a startling contrast to the deadly pallor of the pinched features.

"Oh, say it again!" And then again, and yet again, Mark would softly say:

"When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;  
When grief my wounded soul reveals,  
In lowly meekness may I rest."

How well I remember the last evening that I was Mark's companion on his hospital rounds! A poor young fellow lay very near to death. Amputation had been skillfully and successfully performed but exhaustion had

Mark abstractedly placed me in the orderly's hand, and I saw him no more.

The very next day Dooley, now quite convalescent, was taken from the hospital and sent into the ranks for active service. His regiment receiving urgent orders, he was miles from Washington before Mark probably even remembered that the Irishman had his hymn-book.

Tim was but an indifferent scholar. But the death of Christian soldiers had made a deep impression upon him, and he eagerly opened my pages to try and discover the secret which had given men patience in pain, and fearlessness in death.

He had only spelt through the ten verses of my first hymn when he was called to the front. But as verse by verse he went through that epitome of the Gospel, new light broke in upon his soul. Nothing about priest or penance or purgatory.—"Jesus only."

"His blood can make the foulest clean.  
His blood availed for me."

Could it be true?

"See all your sins on Jesus laid:  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His blood was once an offering made  
For every soul of man."

These were the words that haunted the memory of Tim Dooley as he marched southward. Then came a sudden alarm, a sortie, a skirmish; and in the dark night a bullet pierced Tim Dooley's bosom, and his life blood flowed over my pages, for he had placed me in the breast of his tunic. Oh, had it been my blessed privilege to be once more an instrument of comfort and salvation?

(To be continued.)

A FAMOUS HUNTING-PLACE FOR WHALE, AND ITS DANGERS.

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

From the northern part of Hudson's Bay, already Arctic in character, stretches far towards the pole a deep inlet, which some early navigator of those desolate polar shores has termed Roe's Welcome—as if anything within that ice-bound and lonely coast could be welcome to a person just from civilization! The name, no doubt, was given in memory of some escape from the drifting ice-packs, when the inlet furnished refuge from one of the fierce storms of that polar region.

Roe's Welcome is a famed hunting-place for the great polar whale, or "bow-head," as the whalers call it. This huge whale, which is indeed immense in size, often makes his home among the great ice-packs and ice-field of the polar seas, and a goodly quantity of these it finds in Roe's Welcome. But these ice-packs, swinging to and fro with the tides, currents, and winds in such a long narrow inlet as this, render navigation dangerous even for the staunch whaling-ships, and they generally make their fishing grounds off the lower mouth of the great inlet, where the cruising is much safer if not always so profitable. Occasionally, when some exceptionally good ice-master is in charge of a whaler, he dashes into the better fishing grounds for a short cruise; another less skillful, lured by the brighter prospects, or discouraged by a poor catch outside, enters the inlet, and either reaps a rich harvest of oil and bone, or wrecks his vessel. Or he may even escape, after an imprisonment in the grip of the merciless ice fetters for a year or two longer than he had intended to stay.

Such was the fate of the good ship "Gladiator," from a well known whaling port in southeastern Massachusetts. She sailed to the northernmost end of the "Welcome," as the whalers call it, and, after a most profitable catch of "bowheads," had the ill fortune to remain firmly bound in the ice for two years. During this long time—much longer than that for which the vessel had been provisioned—the crew were dependent on the many Eskimos who clustered around the ship. The natives supplied them with ample quantities of reindeer, musk-ox, seal and walrus meat in return for small quantities of molasses and coffee. There companionship, too, rude as it was, did much to while away the dreary, lonely hours of the two years' imprisonment.—St. Nicholas.

Chief Bread Baker to the King.

With I was very small indeed,  
And even younger than my sire,  
I went out walking by myself  
To gather facts to make me wise.

I came unto a baker's shop  
Where I beheld the strangest thing;  
A great gold sign whereon I read,  
"The Chief Bred of Baker to the King."

I went within and asked the man,  
In all respect, "Can this be true?  
Does ever any King eat bread,  
The same as all the poor folk do?"

The baker was a hoary man,  
As most men are who talk and bake,  
And said, "It is a fallacy  
To judge that King's consume but cake."

"Not only does the King eat bread,  
But history states, and does not cheat,  
There have existed certain Kings  
Full glad to have some bread to eat!"

And while I stood a-wondering  
Whatever fallacy might mean,  
Behold I saw another sign  
Whereon was "Hatter to the Queen."

I sought the hatter 'mid his plumes  
(Not knowing he was mad thereat)  
And asked, "Can it be really true  
That any Queen puts on a hat?"

The hatter said, indignantly,  
"It is an error fit for towns,  
To think that Queens array their heads  
Exclusively in golden crowns."

"Indeed there have existed Queens,  
As in the chronicles 'tis said,  
Not only glad to have a hat,  
But still more glad to have a head."

A sadder and a wiser child,  
I heed no home to think of things,  
It seems so strange that Queens wear hats,  
And bread is good enough for kings!

THE MAN WHO WILL BE WANTED.

If we could only get the ear of that boy in school or that young man in college, we would say most earnestly to him that the time is coming, and perhaps not far distant, when you will be wanted. The opportunity is ready to develop when you will be needed, a most important opportunity, when if you are ready, you can enter into a great life work, a time which taken at its flood will lead on to fortune and to fame. This is a broad and populous country, and opportunities for eminent achievement and large usefulness are constantly occurring in religious work, in educational work, in business, in professional life, or in politics, and the service of the country possibly in war. You may be wanted ever so much but if you are not ready when wanted you will be passed by. The opportunity, just the one you would most like, will not wait for one not ready. Somebody else will take the place. You will certainly be wanted and you should be ready to respond at the right moment. The important places require men of character, fixed principle, education, power. No man gets mental power and discipline without hard, stern work and years of it. And no weak, undisciplined and unprincipled person is fit for command, or can ever expect to hold a commanding position. There is no lack of important positions for those competent to fill them. But it should be remembered that important positions can always find those able to fill them and the world will not wait for you if you are not ready.

Many an old man to day is looking back to see another in just the one place which was designed for him, and in which he might have been perfectly content, happy and useful, in which he might have done a great and important life work, and achieved distinction, but, when opportunity's hour struck, he was not ready, and he now feels that his life has been a failure, because he neglected to prepare himself for the time when he would be wanted. The late Professor H. B. Smith used to say to his students, "Young gentlemen, have a hobby, have a hobby, i. e., have some one line of study of which you will be master, where you will stand *fa de princeps* and when opportunity calls you will be the one wanted. Always study with this thought in mind, that before long the opportunity will occur when you will be wanted."



EASTERN MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

## WEDDING IN PALESTINE.

It has been well said that the lands of the Bible are the best commentary on the books of the Bible, that the unchangeable manners and customs of the Orient explain a great many allusions and descriptions of the sacred Scriptures. This is especially so of the marriage and funeral customs, of which we saw many illustrations in our recent visit to Egypt and Palestine, and which we will describe fully in our article in the *Methodist Magazine* on "Tent Life in Palestine." These processions generally take place at night, with great illumination of the houses and brilliant array of torches or lamps, and a loud din of rather discordant music. The bride is thickly veiled and carried in a closed carriage or palanquin. Indeed, most of the women wear veils or strange mufflings like nosobags, and even the little children, as shown in the picture at the right hand side, wear them. Sometimes this veil is so thin that the features can be seen through, but that is only among the fashionable Turkish women. The peasant people sometimes wear figured veils over their entire faces, so that you cannot get the faintest glimpse of their features.

The use of lamps and torches in these marriage processions will explain the allusion in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. While the bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept, but when at midnight the cry came "Behold, the bridegroom cometh," those that had oil in their lamps went out to meet him, but those that had no oil had no time to buy, and were shut out of the marriage feast. How solemn is the lesson that our Lord conveys to those who in time of youth and health and strength make no preparation for the coming of the heavenly bridegroom, for at such an hour as they think not the summons may be heard, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

One of Tennyson's sweetest, yet saddest poems is founded upon this parable of our Lord. It is the song of the little novice in the convent to the hapless Queen Guinevere:

Late, late, so late and dark the night and chill!  
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.  
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;  
And learning this the bridegroom will relent.  
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!  
O let us in that we may find the light!  
Too late, too late: ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?  
O let us in tho' late, to kiss his feet!  
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER - REVIEW.

## LESSON XII. - December 18.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him.—Dan. 7. 14.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

God is guiding his Church to fuller truth and larger conquests.

## QUESTIONS.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

## I.—The Extension of Christianity into other Regions.

Over how much time do these lessons extend?  
How long had the Church been in existence?  
In what places had the Gospel been preached?  
To what places did Peter go?  
Name the places where Paul went on his mission.

Trace out their journey on the map.  
What city had a large Gentile church?

## II.—Progress in Gaining Disciples.

How many became Christians on the day of Pentecost?  
Did the number increase very fast?  
How was it at Antioch?  
In what other places were many disciples gained?  
What great man was wonderfully changed?  
What army officer became a Christian?  
What governor?  
What kind of people did the Gospel make those who believed?

## III.—Divine Forces in the Development.

What great power was working these changes?  
What were some of the works of the Holy Spirit?  
Name the miracles that aided the Gospel.  
What influences came from God to Peter?  
to Cornelius? to Paul? to Ananias?  
On what two occasions were angels sent?  
What answers to prayer do you find?

## IV.—Hindrances and Difficulties.

What Jew was a great persecutor?  
What king persecuted?  
Whom did he kill?  
Whom did he put in prison?  
In what cities was Paul persecuted?  
In which one was he stoned?  
How did some Jewish Christians make trouble?  
Why was it hard for Jews and Gentiles to live together?

## V.—Era of Progress.

What change was made by Saul's conversion?  
Why was the receiving of the Gentiles a forward step?  
What council was held in Jerusalem?  
What new step started at Antioch?  
What lessons do you learn from this review?

## Special Magazine Prizes.

To the person sending the largest list of subscribers to the *Methodist Magazine* for 1893, counted in the manner described in the terms of the competition below, the choice of the following two prizes will be given:

**First prize.**—The new and revised edition of *Chamber's Cyclopaedia*, illustrated, now passing through the press, brought up to date, ten volumes, averaging over eight hundred pages each. Price \$30.

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One new subscriber for one year as..... 1  
Two new subscribers for six months as.... 1  
Two old subscribers for one year as..... 1  
Four old subscribers for six months as.... 1

Subscriptions for less than six months will not be counted.

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