

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1889.

[No. 22.]

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

## Glad Autumn Days.

The magic voice of spring is gone,  
Her emerald blades are turning brown,  
The dandelion ball of lace  
Has given place to thistle-down,  
The violets that caught the dew  
To hide beneath their bonnets blue,  
And orchard blossoms pure and sweet,  
Have long since withered in the heat.

The sickle, sharp and keen, has reaped  
The meadow flowers, rows on rows,  
The barley lies in winnowed heaps,  
And aftermath luxuriant grows;  
The sunachs tall, all touched with change,  
Form crimson hedge around the grange,  
And floating, now my path across,  
On gauzy wings, is milkweed's floss.

O maples, all in scarlet dressed;  
O spike of fiery golden rod;  
O purple asters everywhere  
Upspringing from the sere-grown sod;  
O blue-fringed gentian, growing tall,  
Thou comest when the leaflets fall,  
Sweet flowers to bloom 'neath golden haze  
That glorify glad autumn days.

## CHINESE BARBER.

The picture shows a very common street scene in China, or in any place where the Chinese abound. These strange people are forever shaving or washing themselves. The beard movement has no favour among them. They shave not only the face but the greater part of their heads; and this is done not only in barber shops but in the public street, as shown here.

## FACTS FOR BOYS.

The chief official in a railway office in one of our largest seaboard cities, recently advertised for a copying clerk, at a salary of thirty dollars a month. He received over five hundred answers to his application—the large majority of which were from married men, the graduates of colleges, sons, in many cases, of working-men, but young men whose dress, habits, and tastes, were those of the wealthy and leisurely class.

At the same time, in the same city, "boss" builders were advertising in vain for carpenters, masons, and painters, to finish work for which they had contracted. These workmen, when found, were paid from three to four dollars a day. Even the skilled cooks, *chefs* in the hotels and wealthy private families of the same town, were paid one hundred dollars a month.

These are significant facts, worthy the attention of such boys among the readers of *Pleasant Hours* as have not yet chosen their profession or trade in life.

What do they prove?

Not that the work of a man with an educated brain is less valuable and more poorly paid in this country than that of one with skilled fingers, but that the market is overstocked with the first class of labourers, and not supplied with the last.

The chief reason for this is, as we all know, the action of the Trades Unions, in barring out apprentices from their shops. The great industrial schools

force of his mind and body, and brings him into contact with nature and his fellow-men.

Among more thoughtful people, this silly prejudice against manual labour is fast disappearing. Hundreds of thoroughly educated men are now herding sheep, or growing wheat, in Texas and Dakota. The sons of ex-presidents, bishops, and the foremost professional men in the country, having finished their college course, are now working at forges, or in mines, side by side with day-labourers, fitting themselves to be practical electricians, and mining and mechanical engineers.

It will be long, we fear, however, before all the boys of republican America recognize the fact that it is not his occupation which gives a man his true place in life, but something for which the occupation is but an outer garment.

The real nobleman is never denied his rank, no matter how coarse his coat may be.

## HUNTING WITH A LASSO.

A GENTLEMAN who tells his adventures "In a Brazilian Forest," gives, in an English magazine, this account of how a hunter uses the lasso:

The woods are full of wild animals and game of every kind; the wild boar, tapir, and the buffalo are hunted without regard to the season of the year. The *guacho* has no need of a gun; his horse and lasso are sufficient for him. As soon as he perceives his animal he gallops up with the utmost boldness, and when he has reached within a few strides he throws his redoubtable lasso, turns round immediately, and urges his horse back at its full speed. The fearful roaring and the twisting of the cord warn him that his aim has been sure and that the strangled

animal is in the agonies of death. As soon as its cries have ceased, the hunter returns, jumps off his horse, and, drawing his cutlass from his belt, finishes off his victim. But with all this address there is sometimes an accident. One day while I was out I perceived a horse running away, while the rider, fastened by the lasso, was turning over and over, unable to touch the ground with hands or feet. Trusting to his strength, he had had the imprudence to tie the lasso to his belt as well as to the saddle, and having lost his balance, was thus at the mercy of his beast. Happily, those standing near caught the bridle, and he was rescued without further harm than a few bruises.



A STREET BARBER, CHINA.

which have been, or are about to be, established in most of our large cities, will soon, it is hoped, remove this difficulty.

But the second difficulty will not be so easily disposed of. It is the silly prejudice among boys against labour with their hands as being "ungentle." The clerk, who copies letters for a dollar a day, with no possibility of ever rising to higher work, is nearer their ideas of "a gentleman" than the mechanic who designs and originates work, who controls other men, and for whom a wide path to usefulness and success is always open; or the farmer, or ranchman, whose work demands all the

## Londonderry.

BY EMMA SCHILLING.

How slow, how slow, the vessel moves !  
Haste ye, oh, haste, ye winds !  
Blow ye o'er sea, and mount, and vail ;  
Haste ere it be of no avail.  
Arise, arise ; your circuit make ;  
Blow for brave Londonderry's sake.  
Onward brave, bark, and steady,  
For hearts and hands, though brave, are ready  
Now to die, if we but fail ;  
Haste, haste, brave bark, 'twill yet avail !  
Awake, but for one hour, oh gale !  
We're little use if thou dost fail.  
Dash, dash, ye waves, the shore you laved !  
Londonderry must be saved.

The Stuart army is without ;  
The road is guarded by their scout.  
The river's blocked, and so it may ;  
We'll find through James's block a way !  
James Stuart and his hirelings, too,  
E're setting sun shall deeply rue  
The day they marched this northern way,  
To meet an Orangeman in fray.  
And thus a loyal captain spake ;  
And every effort did he make  
To save that city of renown,  
To save brave Londonderry town.

As wind and waves obey the will  
Of their Almighty Maker still,  
As when on Galilee's broad lake  
To these same elements he spake ;  
So now they rise, at his command,  
To aid a faithful seaman's hand.

Along the Northern coast they bear,  
And tide and breeze alike are fair ;  
Now 'twix the river's banks they steer,  
When lo ! the wind begins to veer.  
Northward, northward tends the gale,  
As soon a north wind fills their sail.  
Up the river fast they go,  
And strike the block a heavy blow,  
But with the force thereof rebound,  
And now the ship's keel grates the ground ;  
But soon they loose her from the shore,  
And to their work they set once more.  
Regaining speed they give a stroke,  
And lo ! the accursed boom is broke ;  
And now through waters calm they glide,  
And reach the valiant city's side.

King James looked on in wild amaze,  
To see his work of weeks and days  
Destroyed in one short hour to be,  
And set the doomed city free.  
But ere the sun descended west,  
That day, of every day the best,  
Saw James's men in full retreat,  
Acknowledging entire defeat,  
His fate decreed, his doom was sealed,  
No royal sceptre could he wield.

The men of Derry overthrew  
As great a tyrant Britain knew.

## SKETCH OF WILLIAM GOODERHAM'S LIFE.

THE *Faithful Witness* of October 6th, 1888, contained the following sketch of Mr. Wm. Gooderham, whose death is so greatly lamented: Mr. William Gooderham, whose name is well known throughout the Dominion as a Christian philanthropist, was born in the village of Scole, in the county of Norfolk, England, on April 14th, 1824. He is one of a family of twelve—six boys and six girls. When William was eight years of age his father emigrated to America and took up his residence in Toronto (then York), where he entered business. William did not, however, feel drawn to the business in which the father had embarked, and when about eighteen years of age he started from home to earn a livelihood for himself. He entered into the service of a merchant in Rochester, N. Y., and his visit to that city was fraught with the deepest interest to him, for there in 1842 he was led to see himself a sinner and to accept of

Jesus Christ as a Saviour. For several years he walked in the light, and was found ever at the work of striving to lead others to a knowledge of the truth. But unhappily his love grew cold, and for many years he lived as most men live who seek to advance worldly interests. In speaking of this time, he ever expresses his regret that he allowed temporal things to take the place of spiritual, and, while during those years he prospered in business and rapidly accumulated a large fortune, still he says, "I count that much of my life has been a failure."

For many years past he has laboured unceasingly and devotedly for the Master. His one motto seems to be, "Redeeming the time," or more literally, "Buying up opportunities," and those opportunities are never allowed to pass unimproved.

Mr. Gooderham was never weary in well-doing, but was ever ready to extend a helping hand to any who might be in need. He was a living example of what a Christian worker should be—sowing beside all waters—for it mattered not where he was travelling, by land or water, walking the streets or seated in the street cars, he was sure to find some person to whom, ere he separated from them, he had spoken a word for the Master. In this work God has greatly owned his labours to the conversion of souls. To the inmates of the hospital his visits (with his quartette of singers, two boys and girls) came as gleams of sunshine, and as he told in his own special way the "old, old story," several have been won as trophies of Divine grace, and have either passed away rejoicing or have come forth with restored health and renewed life to tell what the Lord hath done for them. In this and many other ways he was a living example to others as to how they should walk, and we believe that for generations after he was called away, his memory will be blessed, and his works will follow him.

The latest act of benevolence and wise expenditure of money was the erection of the beautiful building of the Toronto Christian Institute at a cost of \$25,000.

While holding unswerving allegiance to the Church of his choice (Methodist), he was a man of most liberal views, believing that true religion is hedged in by no sectarian prejudices, and willingly assisted to the utmost of his power, alike by personal effort and by liberal contributions, all efforts to advance the interests of mankind; and he laboured with all irrespective of creed.

There are few churches in the City of Toronto in the pulpits or upon the platforms of which he has not stood, and to the congregations of which he was not a welcome speaker.

Of his wealth he gave with no stinted hand to help every good cause, and with his money, as with his influence, he knew no sect. The mission field found in him a warm supporter, and at his own expense he maintained seven men in the mission field—some labouring in India, others among the Indians of the North-West, and one in the South Sea Islands.

When Mr. Hudson Taylor recently visited Canada, he decided to organize and maintain a Canadian Board of Advisers, to which Board should be entrusted the selection of associates for the China field, and the first name on said Board was that of the subject of our sketch.

Although retired from active business life, Mr. Gooderham's counsel and valued experience was much sought after, and therefore we were not astonished to find his name upon the list of officers of several of the largest financial institutions. But where his name appears, there he was sure to be found when duty called, for his rule in business, as

in his church work, was, not to lend his name simply, but to fulfil faithfully any duty which the connection entered into might demand.

It is refreshing in these days, when there appears to be an almost universal race for riches to find such men as the subject of our sketch looking upon themselves merely as stewards of the Lord's money.

## BAD COMPANY.

A young lady of sixteen, who had been piously brought up, was invited to a party, at which certain persons of undisguised infidel sentiments were expected to be present.

Her father objected to her going.

"I know, papa," she said, "that they speak against the Bible and against Jesus; but you can be quite sure that they will do me no harm. I will be in the room where they are; I can't help that; but I shall not allow them to affect me in the least."

"My child," said her father, inventing an excuse for the sudden request, "my work can't be interrupted; I have need of a coal; will you be kind enough to fetch me one?"

"Do you want a live coal?" she asked.

"No; one that is dead—burnt out," was the answer.

The coal was brought. The young lady had brought it in her hand.

"Didn't it burn you, child?" asked the father.

"Why, no, papa. How could it? It's dead!"

"Of course it couldn't. But look at your hand, Florence."

"O papa! how black my fingers are. I must go and wash them right away."

"Wait a moment, Flossie," said her father; "here is a little lesson for you while you are washing them. It is this: Companionship with the wicked and worldly may not necessarily burn you and destroy you, but it will certainly soil you. Remember what the apostle says as long as you live: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

## A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

In a railway car a man about sixty years old came to sit beside me. He had heard me lecture the evening before on temperance. "I am master of a ship," said he, "and have just returned from my fiftieth voyage across the Atlantic. About thirty years ago I was a sot—shipped while dead drunk, and was carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain asked me, 'Do you remember your mother?' I told him she died before I could remember. 'Well,' said he, 'when I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune. My boy, she said, I don't know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea; but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards. Now, promise me you'll never drink a drop of liquor.' He said, 'I laid my hand in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, and have seen the worst kind of life and men. They laughed at me as a milk-sop, and wanted to know if I was a coward. But when they offered me liquor I saw my mother's pleading face, and never drank a drop. It has been my sheet-anchor; I owe all to that. Would you like to take that pledge?' said he."

My companion took it; and he added, "It has saved me. I have a fine ship, a wife and children at home, and, I have helped others."

That earnest mother saved two men to virtue and usefulness—how many more! He who sees all can alone tell.

Lines in Memory of Dear Johnnie Flock,

A SCHOLAR IN QUEEN'S AVENUE METHODIST SABBATH-SCHOOL, LONDON, ONT.

Who fell asleep in Jesus, June 22nd, 1889.

"And he was not, for God took him."—Genesis v. 24.

STRICKEN Mother! sore distressed,  
Of thy darling dispossessed,  
Thinkest thou he's gone from thee,  
Never more his face to see?  
Not so, dear one! 'Tis not far—  
See, by faith, the gates ajar,  
And the loved ones, gone before,  
Greet thy precious child once more;  
Bid him welcome to the rest  
That remaineth to the blest;  
Lead him to the Saviour's side,  
There forever to abide!

Dost thou ask, in doubting mood,  
If the loving Lord is good  
Thus to rob the parent nest  
Of its brightest and its best?  
Take the father's pride and joy—  
Take the mother's only boy—  
Blight their bud of promise rare,  
(Nurtured with such tender care),  
Till it wither, day by day,  
Slowly ebbing life away?  
Then, in silence of the night,  
Angels speed the upward flight;  
While the watchers scarce can tell  
When he breathed his last farewell—  
Snapped the fetters clay had given,  
Burst his bonds, and entered heaven.

Mourning parents, God is nigh,  
Heeds thy anguish, hears thy sigh;  
Sees thee in the furnace heat,  
Notes thy heart with trembling beat,  
Longs to whisper, "Peace, be still,  
'Tis according to my will  
That thy cherished lamb should come  
Early to his heavenly home;  
Sparkle as a precious gem  
In the Saviour's diadem,  
Wondrous beauty to unfold,  
Garnered in the upper fold."

Be it thine to follow on,  
Till thy last great victory won,  
Both thy spirits, glad and free,  
Shall thy boy in glory see!

E. H. G.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act, that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

MOTTO:

BAND OF MERCY—GLORY TO GOD—PEACE ON EARTH.

KINDNESS: JUSTICE: MERCY TO ALL.

We have given much prominence in this paper to the work of the Humane Society, and have pleasure in printing the accompanying offer of Geo. T. Angell, Esq.—Ed.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over four hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.—"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes, can cross out the word "harmless" from his or her pledge. M.S.P.C.A. on our badges, mean "Merciful Society. Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send, without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information, and other publications.

Also, without cost, to every person who writes

that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signature of thirty adults, or children, or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge; also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address of the president:—

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, full of interesting stories and pictures.
2. Copy of Band of Mercy Information.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on *Kindness to Animals*, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures, and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers, and Sunday-school teachers, should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl, fourteen years old, can form a Band, with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are: For badges—gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn-books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The Twelve Lessons on *Kindness to Animals*, cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody—old or young—who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

THE WORK OF A TRACT.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

A FEW evenings since I was in a little country prayer-meeting where, in response to the pastor's request for testimony, a bright-faced boy of ten, who was on a visit to his grandmother in the vicinity, arose and said,

"We don't have prayer-meetings at home; we go to a church that don't have them; but I want to be a Christian, and I will tell you how I first happened to think about it. One Sunday afternoon last winter a little boy opened our kitchen door and threw a tract in. He lived on our street, and is a good little boy, not a bit selfish, but and is a good little boy, not a bit selfish, but awfully bashful, and I suppose he didn't dare to come in; but he wanted us to read the tract, and so he threw it in that way. It was a nice little story about Jesus being a friend always ready to help us in trouble, and was real interesting, and made me long to have Christ for my friend.

"A few days after that a girl in our school lost her hood; and because I had passed through the girls' entry that forenoon she said I stole it. But I didn't know anything about it. There was a great time over it, and I tell you it was a pretty hard thing to be accused of stealing before a large school like that, and I felt bad. Then all at once I thought of what it said in that tract, and I prayed for all I was worth that it would all come out right. And it did; for the girl went home, and when she took off her cloak, there was the hood in the cloak sleeve where she had dropped it. She came straight back and owned up. Some girls would have been ashamed to do it after making such a fuss, and perhaps she might not have come if I hadn't prayed. That made me believe as I

never had before that Jesus is my friend, and I always mean to trust in him and serve him."

I have told the simple, straightforward little story in the child's own words, as nearly as I can remember them. When, a week later, his father heard that he had been speaking in meeting—for he had both spoken and prayed at other times—he said, "That is all nonsense; that child has never been taught anything about conversion. I don't approve of his taking part in such meetings or even in his going to them."

"The child is ahead of you, my son," said the grandmother. "The seed of truth in the little tract has taken root in his heart and nothing can eradicate it."

DOWN STREAM.

THE stream was not a very wide or a very swift one. It was a lazy, easy-going sort of stream that sung its way along through happy fields down to the wide, hurrying river.

The pretty little pleasure-boat, set adrift that summer day by a careless hand, went dancing gayly on. The pleasant breezes played with it; bees and butterflies hummed and fluttered around it; the long arms of the drooping willows touched it gently, and it rocked and idled and sported on its winding way.

And all the time it was moving a little faster and a little faster.

A strong, firm hand now might easily seize and pull it to the shore. But let it drift a little farther down stream, and it will be too late! For—can you not see it?—the stream is growing broader and swifter, and not many miles away are the rapids and the falls!

Must the gay little boat go drifting on to its fate? Must it be tossed about in rapids, and go to pieces in the mad rush of waters as they fall from the rocks? Yes, it must be so; for there is no one to reach out a helping hand!

Thank God, it is only a boat that is going to its doom! It might be a life, bright and fair and gay. It might be a dear girl, the darling of some sweet home. She greatly loves the taste of pleasure; the moonlight strolls are delightful; so are the gay little parties; the foolish nothings spoken in her ear; the glances full of meaning. O, it is all childish nonsense, you say. But wait. It may be the story of the singing stream over again.

The stream of pleasure grows always broader and swifter, and there are rocks and rapids and deadly falls as it goes down its course. It might be a manly boy, the pride and hope of fond hearts. He finds it so easy to drift down stream. The "other boys" lounge about the street corners. The words which he would not speak in mother's presence become familiar to his ears. The cigarette seems a very harmless little thing.

Is there not some friendly hand to stop the downward course of the bright little pleasure-boat? Alas! for the wrecks strewn all along the shores of the swift-flowing stream of self-indulgence! It looks a safe and beautiful stream at first. But rocks and rapids are surely waiting for the bark that suffers itself to go with the tide.

The publishers of *St. Nicholas* announce that that popular children's magazine is to be enlarged, beginning with the new volume, which opens with November, 1889, and that a new and clearer type will be adopted. Four important serial stories by four well-known American authors will be given during the coming year.

TEARS, like raindrops, have a thousand times fallen to the ground, and come up in flowers.



"Where Thou Goest I Will Go."

BY DELLA ROGERS.

I WILL go with thee, my Saviour,  
Where thou leadest I will go,  
Where the way is dark and dreary,  
Where the living waters flow.  
Where the path is rough and toilsome,  
And the goal seems hard to gain;  
Where the April flowers are blooming  
Or where falls the Autumn rain.

I will go with thee, my Saviour,  
Leaving friends and home behind;  
Travelling to a better country  
Where a mansion shall be mine,  
Where the walls are all of jasper,  
And the streets are paved with gold.  
To that home, whose nameless glories  
Still to mortals are untold.

I will go with thee, my Saviour,  
For I know thou wilt be near,  
When I reach the vale of shadows,  
And the shades of death appear.  
I will follow then, my Saviour,  
Till the angels bear me o'er,  
There to dwell with thee forever  
On the bright eternal shore.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 98 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100 per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 60c. per 100.....	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

29 to 33 Richmond St. West and 30 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES,

3 Bleury Street,  
Montreal.

S. F. HURSTIS,

Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

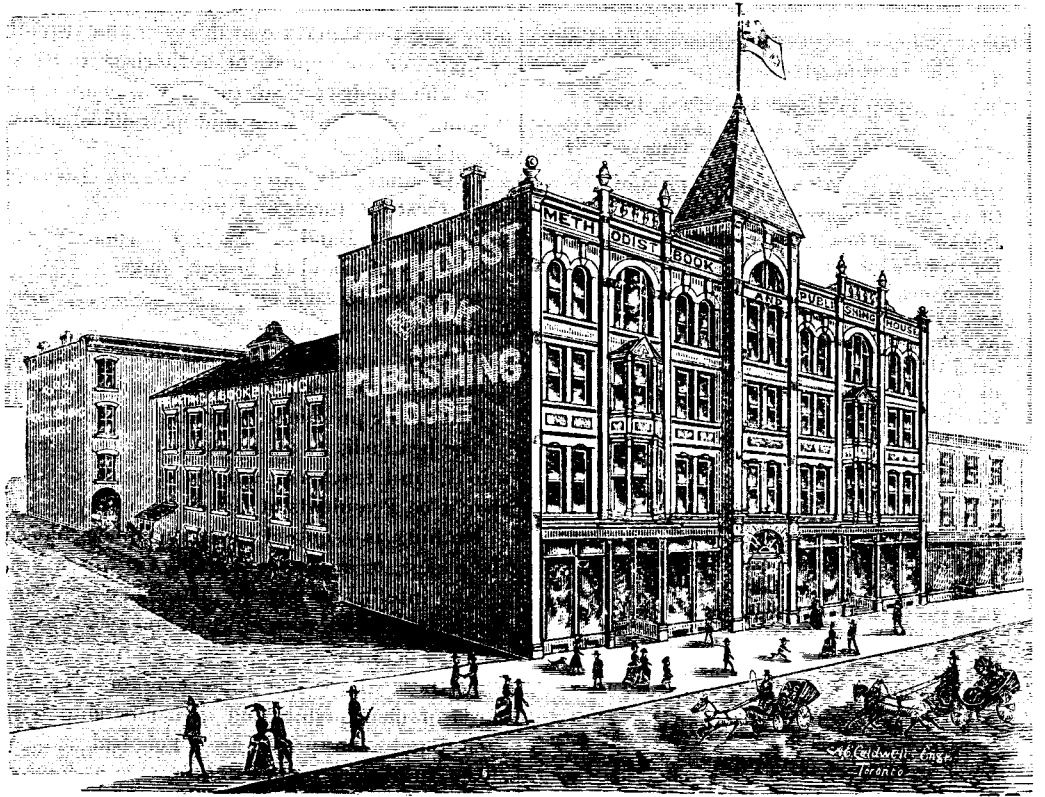
A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1889.

OUR NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE.

THIS month marks a new era in the history of our Publishing House. We have taken possession of the commodious premises afforded by the time-honoured Richmond Street Church, and by the erection of large and important additions thereto, we now possess the most amply-equipped establishment in the Dominion, for high-class book publishing, as well as for the growing circulation of the numerous periodicals of the House. The new departure has entailed a large amount of labour upon the indefatigable Book Steward, upon whom has fallen the chief burden of financing for the heavy outlay that has been necessary, and otherwise arranging for the transfer of a great business interest from old to new environment. In this he has been well seconded by efficient committees on building, finance, legislation, sale of old premises, and rental of spare space in the new. The small army of employees have also worked with a will, and the entire establishment, printing, presses, bindery, and machinery have been transferred without the interruption for a day of the manifold processes of printing and publishing half a score of periodicals and other issues from the press.



METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, WESLEY BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

The facilities furnished for doing a very large business in book-selling and publishing are now of the very first order. An immense stock of books in general literature, and especially in religious, theological, and Sunday-school literature, will meet the utmost needs, not only of the "people called Methodists," but of the general public. In addition to the large stock on hand, any book published in any part of the world can be promptly ordered and furnished at the lowest possible rates.

While the wants of the general public will be sedulously met, the establishment appeals especially to the patronage of the Methodist people of the Dominion. It is their house. Its profits are devoted to an interest of paramount importance—in ministering to the support of aged and worn-out ministers and their widows and orphan children.

The Methodist people, upon whom it especially depends for its patronage, should, therefore, rally more strongly than ever to its support. It should command, we think, the entire patronage of our hundreds of Sunday-schools—except those which draw their supplies from the Montreal and Halifax Methodist Book-Rooms. By far the largest supply of Sunday-school requisites of every sort, and especially of the newest, best, and most attractive Sunday-school libraries, will be found in stock, and sold at lowest rates. From this new era, under the blessing of God, a period of unparalleled growth and development in all our publishing and bookselling interests may be anticipated. Not less directly than ever, and far more widely, the old Richmond street premises shall be a centre from which shall issue pure streams of religious influence—spreading "Scriptural holiness throughout the land."

Another advantage of our new premises is that they furnish ample accommodation for all the Connexional offices—the Missionary, Educational, Superannuated Fund departments, as well as a large room for Connexional Committees. Without leaving the building, visiting brethren can attend to all Connexional business—and with great saving of time and trouble.

SUCCESS does not santify services; many of the best undertakings do not succeed.

A DEADLY DISEASE.

A CORRESPONDENT in Newfoundland writes:—"Down here in Newfoundland, in the capital (St. John's), there is a very bad disease—diphtheria of the worst kind—taking hold on all classes, and carrying away people, young and old, rich and poor. The medical men are trying all in their power to stop this disease from spreading; and also, in the outports, they are trying to prevent it from entering the places.

"But, Mr. Editor, while all this is going on, there is a far worse disease than this that has hold on the people, but still they let it go on: it is the trade in intoxicating liquors. Men are allowed to have licenses to sell this accursed stuff. Diphtheria will destroy the body, but it cannot destroy the soul, if it is right with God. But it is not so with drink, because drink destroys both body and soul, and ruins and leaves children orphans.

"Arouse, ye temperance workers! and see if nothing can be done to stop this accursed stuff from being sold and from being imported."

CHINESE RELIGION.

ISAAC TAYLOR says, "In truth it can hardly be said that there is anything of religion in China, if we deduct, on the one hand, what is purely an instrument of civil polity, or a pomp of government, and on the other, what is mere domestic usage, or an immemorial decoration of the home economy. Ages have passed away since any mind or feeling or passion animated the superstitions of the people. The religion of China is now not absurdly gay, but as dead at heart as an Egyptain mummy, and is fit only to rest where it has lain two thousand years. Touch it or shake it, it crumbles to dust. Let but the civil institutions of China be broken up, and we might look about in vain for its gods."

THE large excursion personally conducted by the Rev. Dr. Withrow, has returned, after a most successful trip through Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, and Belgium. It comprised, when in Paris, forty-five persons, more than half of whom continued their journey into Central Europe. It is fortunate that in so large a company not a single case of illness, accident, or serious mishap occurred.



THE PALM-TREE.

THIS strange-looking tree is the Doub-palm, very common in the East. It will grow in the most arid desert, where scarcely anything else will grow, and, by its fruit, sustain men and camels where hardly any other sort of food can be obtained.

DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

THE news of the sudden death of Mr. William Gooderham, of heart-disease, came like a startling shock upon the whole community, to whom his name was familiar, and by whom he was most highly esteemed for his Christian liberality and practical sympathy with every good cause. He had been quite unwell for a few days, but on Wednesday and Thursday he seemed to have regained his usual health. He took the members of his family to the Industrial Exhibition on Thursday afternoon, and left them there, and returned to the city to conduct religious services at "The Haven," intending to drive back and bring them home after the meeting. At the Haven he gave out a hymn and prayed, and then asked the Rev. James Matheson to read a portion of Scripture, as he felt tired. While Mr. Matheson was reading, he was attracted by a peculiar sound from Mr. Gooderham, who sat beside him, and, on looking around, found him struggling for breath. A doctor was called immediately, but he was beyond the reach of earthly help. He sank rapidly, and in a few minutes his spirit passed home to God. The manner of his death was a beautiful and fitting end to his life. He died while ministering to the spiritual wants of those who are more largely the objects of the world's unfeeling scorn than of its sympathy or aid.

He was a public-spirited citizen, holding a number of offices which must have drawn heavily upon his time and care. He was formerly President of the Nipissing Railway Company. He was a director of the Bank of Commerce, a member of the Board of Regents of Victoria University, a director of the Great North-Western Telegraph Company, a member of the General Hospital Trust, a

Director of the Willard Tract Depository, a member of the Directorate for the Home for Incurables, and prominently connected at different times with many mercantile and insurance companies. He acted as liquidator for the Central Bank, and was connected with the management of nearly every public charity in the city. And yet in spite of all these responsibilities, he devoted a great deal of time and energy to visiting the sick and the prisoners, and holding religious services for the neglected classes of the city. The little friendless waifs of society were the objects of his special interest and care. It would be hard to find a man who had so many cares to occupy his time and thought who did so much actual benevolent and evangelistic work. It was one of the most marked features of his character that he was both a liberal giver to every good cause and an earnest and untiring personal worker.

Like every cause that enlisted his sympathy, the Salvation Army shared his personal labours as well as his liberal gifts. The fact of

his being an old-fashioned Methodist did not restrain his benevolent sympathy from other Christian workers. It is not too much to say that in the death of William Gooderham, the needy and suffering classes of our city, and the benevolent institutions which are organized to relieve and help them, have lost their most liberal and sympathizing friend.

The funeral of Mr. Gooderham was an occasion of great interest. Before the public service, according to arrangement, members of the Salvation Army, and many hundreds besides, passed through the church and took a last look at the pulseless sleeper. It was very significant and touching to notice the deep interest manifested by persons representing all classes and creeds. Hundreds of those who with tearful eyes looked upon his face, knew him as a kind-hearted benefactor. Nothing was more affecting than to see the little children from the Boys' and Girls' Homes take their last look, weeping as they passed along. After the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, the doors were closed, and the religious service was begun. The Rev. Dr. Stafford took charge of the service, and read the Scriptures. The 855th hymn was announced by the Editor of the *Guardian*, after which the Rev. LeRoy Hooker led in prayer. Three brief addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. H. Johnston, Mr. Coombs of the Salvation Army, and the Rev. Dr. Potts. These addresses were eloquent and touching tributes to the godly character of the departed, and deeply impressed the large audience, because all who knew Mr. Gooderham felt that what was said of him was true. The closing hymn (852) was given out by Rev. Mr. Milligan, of the Presbyterian Church. The large congregation within the church made but a small proportion of the immense crowd that gathered around the church and followed the remains to the cemetery. Old citizens said it was the largest ever seen in Toronto. It revealed how widely Mr. Gooderham had touched the hearts of people of all classes.—*Guardian*.

Among the bequests of the late Mr. William Gooderham were \$10,000 to the Salvation Army;

\$10,000 to the Home for Incurables; \$30,000 to the Methodist Missionary Society; \$10,000 to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund; \$125,000 to the building fund of Victoria College, and \$75,000 for the endowment of the College—payment of the two latter sums being made contingent upon the removal of the College to Toronto. These splendid gifts to the College will, we presume, cause the University Federation scheme to be accomplished with all possible speed.—*Globe*.

Indian Summer.

AN Autumn sun, a golden haze,  
The last of bright October days,  
In a calm radiance shining,  
A meadow, stretching broad and green,  
And on its breast in silver sheen,  
A ribbon streamlet twining.

Nature lies quiet, with hushed breath;  
That life most glorious in its death  
Its hectic flush is showing;  
A crimson tint on wood and hill,  
A golden light, and all so still,  
So wondrous in its glowing.

In brighter robes than those of May  
The fair year burns her life away,  
As if, for summer morning,  
Like Eastern bride on funeral pyre  
She sinks to rest in shroud of fire,  
Exulting in that burning.

ON GUARD.

IT is a great mistake to think that with safety to yourselves you can read improper books or listen to improper talk, or countenance unseemly jests, or associate with people of doubtful behaviour. You often hear people say—young people, perhaps, more especially: "Oh, yes! I read so-and-so for the beauty of the verse, or the power of the story, or the elegance of the style. I enjoy all that, and what is wrong in it does not hurt me."

They are mistaken, and, it may be, fatally mistaken. Wicked and impure thoughts, words, stories, songs, are so many unbarred lanes along which your great enemy comes to tempt you.

There is a painful story told of a man who, having been once a great sinner, was saved by the power of God and brought to a Christian life. He truly repented of his sins, and strove to bring forth the fruits of repentance, but it was a thorny path. When he sought to pray or to meditate, instantly his mind was flooded with impious and irreverent and unclean pictures and phrases from the experience of his former ungodly years. The purity that he would he could not secure; and the evil that he despised—that was constantly present with him.

Be warned by this sad experience; turn resolutely from all things in your daily life that are not pure and lovely and of good report, remembering that character, like cloth when white, can easily be dyed black, but when once blackened can never be made perfectly white again.—*Forward*.

MR. M. R. TUTTLE, who went to Japan on the "self-supporting" plan, and is teaching in one of the Government schools, writes: "I noticed in the *Outlook*, you would like the names of missionaries or teachers wishing back numbers of papers. I can use very well in this academy *Pleasant Hours*, *Home and School*, and *Sunbeam*. The students appear to like them; and as there are three hundred, quite a number of papers could be distributed. The native pastor, and a teacher in another school, would be very glad to get a few numbers of the *Methodist Magazine*." Address Ohu Gakko, Matsumoto, Nagano ken, Japan. The Rev. J. Hayfield, Moreton's Harbour, Newfoundland, also writes: "Any surplus papers or tracts you may be able to send, can be put to good account on this extensive mission."

**A Modern Heroine.**

Not every heroine needs must do  
Some gallant thing,  
That thrills a nation through and through,  
All wondering.

Not every heroine needs must stand  
In blaze of glory,  
Talked of, and praised by all the land,  
In poem and story.

Felicia is my heroine's name,  
And brave is she,  
As any maiden known to fame  
Or chivalry.

Dark, truthful eyes, a loving mouth,  
A sweet fair face:  
A very maiden of the South,  
With all its grace.

And she was loved as she should be,  
By one good, true;  
No fitter, worthier mate than he,  
As well she knew.

But a great trust was hers to hold  
With courage rare;  
A mother crippled, yet not old,  
Must be her care.

And brothers, sisters growing up,  
Asked all her love;  
And she—she gladly took the cup  
From God above.

And with a brave heart, said "Good bye"  
To him so dear,  
And followed duty earnestly,  
With scarce a tear.

Since then full twenty years have sped,  
And from the nest  
The little ones in turn have fled  
On many a quest.

But the old mother still remains  
Her daughter's care.  
And lo! my heroine finds her gains  
All centered there!

The dear old face oft at her wiles  
Glow like the sun;  
I fancy then the Master smiles  
And says, "Well done!"

An old, old story this, you say,  
Thank God, it is!  
We meet such heroines every day;  
Just such as this!

**PILGRIM STREET:****A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.**

BY HESBA STRETTON.

**CHAPTER XXI.****TOM GOES HOME.**

THE morning light was just breaking in the dull east, and the lamps in the infirmary ward were burning dimly, when, with a faint sigh, Tom's consciousness returned. The nurse who was watching beside him saw his eyelids tremble and his lips move, and when she stooped down to listen, he was murmuring the word "Father!"

"What is your father's name?" she asked, softly.

"He has no other name," said the boy; "or I've forgotten all the other names."

He spoke with difficulty, and he opened his eyes languidly upon the strange room. It was a long and lofty chamber, with several beds in it—four or five of which were occupied; but the other sufferers had fallen asleep again after the disturbance of his arrival at midnight. It was very still, and the solemn light grew stronger gradually and calmly, with a kind of peacefulness which soothed him,

while it slowly awakened his memory. First of all there came to him a sweet and profound feeling that his Heavenly Father was regarding him, from moment to moment, with perfect and faithful tenderness, which could never lessen or grow weary; and that Christ, his Elder Brother, knew all, and felt all that he had suffered, either in body or spirit. These thoughts were so pacifying that when, very gradually, the events of the past night were allowed to come back to his mind, and, last of all, even the awful moment when just as he seemed upon the point of saving his father, he found himself falling from the ladder, he was not so shocked and horrified as he must have been had not God so comforted and strengthened him.

It seemed almost as if God, to hide it from the boy's heart, placed Himself between the terrible memory and his aching brain; and so, as he lay there—so languid as to be unable to move his head from side to side, yet feeling no pain—the chief thought of his peaceful spirit was of God's infinite love and compassion towards him.

After awhile the doctor made his round of the ward, and the soft-voiced and soft-footed nurse came with him to Tom's bedside. He smiled up into their faces with a sweet and strange smile, and the nurse took his hand in hers, and laid her fingers gently upon his pulse.

"Do you feel any pain, my boy?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir," whispered Tom; "no pain at all. I'm very happy."

"Could you get up out of bed and go home?" said the doctor.

Tom's eyes opened widely, and there was a bright light in them—such a look as those eyes sparkle with which have looked upon happy scenes.

"I'm going home," he murmured; "but it is to heaven."

The doctor and the nurse were silent for a minute or two, looking down upon his bright face, from which the gloom and misery of his life and privation and ignorance had quite passed away; and then the nurse spoke in her gentlest and clearest tones.

"Are you sure you should go to heaven if you died?" she asked.

"Aye," said Tom, with more strength; "where else could I go to? When I woke, Jesus was saying, 'In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you.' It is time for me to go home at last."

"No, no," said the doctor, cheerfully, "it is a fancy you've got into your head, my boy. We're going to set you up again here, and turn you out a strong man yet. Where do you feel yourself ill?"

"I don't know," answered Tom, closing his eyes with weariness, "but I feel tired of living; and I think my Father will let me go home. I have no other father now, you know;" and his eyes opened again, with the deep, glad light in them, clouded for a moment, but brightening again as every other thought was lost in the thought of God.

"Is there anything you would like me to do for you?" asked the nurse, bending her ear down again to his lips, for his voice sank into a broken whisper.

"I should like to see little Phil," he murmured, "and Nat Pendlebury, and Alice, and Mr. Banner. Could they come and see me here? They'd be very sorry never to see me again, specially little Phil. I'm little Phil's elder brother."

"I will send for them all," answered the nurse, in her clear, distinct tones, which entered into his languid brain easily and soothingly, "and they shall come at three o'clock this afternoon. It is

ten o'clock now, and you must keep yourself quiet and go to sleep. The doctor will send you some medicine, and you must take it without giving any trouble."

"No," said Tom, "you're all very good to me, and I've no pain at all. I'm happier than I was at Alderley."

They left him then, and went on to the other beds; but it seemed to Tom as if some one was still beside him, speaking from time to time very softly and gently. He slept, perhaps, for the nurse found him with his eyes closed, and his lips just parted, with the feeble breath fluttering between them; but his heart was awake. Never before had it been so wakeful to the thoughts which God's Holy Spirit sought to teach it. It was as if until this time his heart had been heavy, and closed against the sweetest lessons which his Heavenly Father had been willing to give to him; but the stone had been rolled away, and his soul had been set free, and now, with a new and trembling delight, he was listening to what God the Lord would say. He was standing like a child at the footstool of his Father, and learning from him the first syllables of the wisdom which he was to gain during an endless life. It mattered nothing to him that he had had to pass through many troubles and temptations, which every now and then had the mastery over him. They lay all behind him now—passed over and conquered—every one of them having been a step by which he had climbed up nearer and nearer to God; and the lesson he was beginning to learn was to read the history of his life aright. It was all good—evil as it had seemed while he suffered it; and now he heard a voice saying, a voice which sounded far off and yet was near, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

So the hours of the morning glided on; and the nurse came back again and again to his bedside, asking if he were still without pain. He lay motionless, and, as it would seem, without the power to move; but his answer always was that he felt no pain. Even when the hour of the afternoon drew near, when his dear Phil, and Alice, and Nat, and Banner were to come to see him, his profound peace was not broken by any unrest of expectancy. He heard their coming footsteps in the corridor, and his eyes turned towards the door at which they entered, smiling a welcome; but the deep calm of his soul remained untroubled.

They gazed upon him with questioning looks. Certainly it was their Tom, with his pinched face, so well known! But who had ever seen a glad light like that which shone in his eyes, or the smile of triumph which lay like sunshine upon his features? Nat and Banner stood still, as if struck dumb with amazement; but Alice sank down on her knees, and laid her face upon Tom's hand, while little Phil sprang forward with an exceedingly sorrowful cry, and climbed upon the bed, and pressed his rosy face against Tom's white one.

"Hush thee, Phil," said Tom, soothingly; "I'm very happy, my little lad, and I feel no pain. Hush thee, Phil!"

"Thee'r't not going to die, Tom!" cried Phil, clinging to him.

"I'm going to heaven!" answered Tom; "why, it's better so a hundred times, Alice, and Mr. Banner, and Nat. If I stayed here, I should be nought else but a poor, ignorant, sickly man. I've been a thief, and father was a thief, and when Phil grew up, folks would cast it at him; but now it'll be forgotten by the time little Phil is a man. I shall be forgotten, and father; and there'll be nobody to keep Phil back. He'll be a learned man, will Phil, and a good man, please God. I'll tell God



all about him. But, oh! he knows better than me, and he loves us all better than we love one another."

"Have you no fear of going to be judged by God?" asked Banner, who stood erect at the foot of the bed, keeping down his sorrow with a stern self-command, though he could have knelt down with Alice beside Tom, or, like Nat, have hidden his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. The other patients were sitting propped up, and listening eagerly to all that was said, for they knew well that Tom must die, and already the shadow or the light from the next life had fallen upon him. The nurse bathed his forehead, and moistened his parched lips, which parted again with a smile, and he opened his eyes, and looked brightly at Banner.

"Why should I be afraid?" he asked, in a tone of gentle reproval. "He sent his Son into the world to take away our sins, and be our Elder Brother. Jesus has taken away all my sins, and I'm not going to judgment. Or, if there is a Judge and the angels take me to stand before him, I shall look into his face, and it'll be my Father smiling at me. Why should I be afraid?"

"But we're all miserable sinners," said Banner, fearful lest Tom should have a presumptuous confidence in the love of God.

"Aye!" answered Tom, humbly, "but God knows all that I have done. I shan't need to tell him anything, and yet he is my Father in heaven. I'm glad he knows all about me."

His trembling voice failed him again for a while, and Banner's erect head sank a little, as if he could not long keep his self-control. One or two of the men in the other beds sighed heavily, as they heard Tom say he was glad that God knew all. Phil lifted up his face from the pillow, and looked wistfully into Tom's eyes.

"Tom," he said, "thou'rt not glad to leave me, and Alice, and everybody? Mr. Banner has given thee another cart, and thou'lt not be so poor and starved again. If thou'lt get well, and live till I grow up, we'll have a nice house together somewhere. Oh, Tom, Tom! thee should not wish to die!"

Tom made a great effort to lift up his hand and place it fondly on little Phil's, and his eyes looked lovingly at Alice, and Nat, and Banner. But he could not answer immediately, and when he spoke it was in a very faint yet steady voice.

"If I had everything I could think of," he said; "if we were all rich, and could go and live at Alderley, and never have any more trouble, I'd rather go away, and see God, and hearken to his voice. Oh! little Phil, I love thee dearly, and thee, Alice, and all of ye. I wish ye were all going with me. But I'd rather go to God. I am not unkind towards any one, but he is my Father, and I hanker after seeing his face. I have no other father now."

For the last time there was a tremor and a chill over his peace as he said these last words sadly; but then his voice grew stronger, and his face more joyous, after a moment's silence.

"I haven't words to tell you," he said, "but it seems like as if, could I hearken a little more, I should hear him speak; and there's a light all about me, as if, could my eyes look at it more steadily, I should see his face shining through it. But my eyes 'll be dim and my ears dull a little longer. As soon as I can't see you, and hear your voices, I shall see and hear God. I love him best. Who ought I to love best, save my Father?"

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" cried Banner, sinking down upon his knees, "you know God better than me. It is true what you say, and I believe it now. He is our Father more than our Judge. I'll not be

afraid of him, and I'll try to be like a little child before him. I see it all now! I could only love him a little because I thought he was a strict Judge, and I was fearful of him; and I myself have been judging people all my life. But I'll love him more, and love them, because he is the Father! Oh, Tom, my boy, I love you dearly!"

"Aye," murmured Tom, "we need'nt be afeard of loving God."

He lay speechless for a while longer, looking from one to another, with eyes that almost spoke the loving words his lips could not utter. The nurse laid her hand softly upon his cold temples and upon his wrist; and he understood well that his heart was beating slowly towards its last throb. The smile upon his face grew more solemn, but not less happy. Alice was there, and Nat, and Banner, and he was looking upon them for the last time; and little Phil, who had lain nearest to his heart all his life, was closest to him now—hand in hand with him, as the last moment of his earthly hours crept onwards. He stretched out his feeble hand towards them, and they clasped it fondly in their own, one after another, while he whispered "Good-bye."

Then another stillness and silence fell upon them all—not one of painful sorrow, though it was full of tender regret for the loss of Tom, until it was broken by a coming footstep, and Tom opened his eyes once more, though they had been closed as if the light they looked upon was too bright for them, and he saw Mr. Hope standing by Banner at his side.

"Little Phil," he whispered, twisting his fingers in Phil's fair curls for the last time.

"Yes, Tom," said Mr. Hope, "I will take charge of little Phil. He shall be well cared for, my poor boy."

Tom could not speak again for some minutes, but lay still, gathering up all his strength. Then he lifted up his head a little, and looked round him eagerly upon the men who, propped up in their beds, had their faces turned towards him with intent earnestness, and upon all the dear friends who were watching with him till he should go beyond their companionship. All his face was lit up, not so much with a smile, but with some glory coming whence they knew not; and they could hardly tell whether it was the pinched and toilworn face they had learned to love, or the radiant and peaceful face of an angel.

"I didn't know that I had any father, save him in jail," he said, in a clear, triumphant tone, "but God is our true Father. The body dies, and is buried; but if we are born of God we shall live forever and forever. The children of God can never die. I was a thief, and the son of a thief, but Jesus gave me power to become one of the sons of God."

His voice faltered as he uttered the last sentence, and the word God was spoken in a whisper; but so still were they all that it could be heard like the last sweet sound of some quiet strain of music, which we hold our breath to hear. The glory died away softly and gradually from his face, but the peace and gladness remained, mingled with a solemn awe.

Mr. Hope lifted up little Phil from the bed, and carried him away gently in his arms; while Alice, and Nat, and Banner, bending over the dear face, kissed the cold and silent lips, which still wore the smile with which they murmured the last words, "Jesus has given me power to become one of the sons of God."

(To be continued.)

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.

Thanksgiving.

The beautiful summer is cold and dead,  
She has passed away like the rest—  
The other fair summers, long since fled,  
From the woods and the meadow-crest,  
The blossoms of spring were white and sweet,  
But they paled and shrank from the touch of the heat.  
The fields are shining yellow and dun,  
Where the autumn gathered its tale of grain.  
We thank Thee, Lord, for the blessed sun,  
We thank Thee for the rain.

Our beautiful summer is passed and fled,  
We are older grown, and gray;  
The spring is gone from the youthful tread,  
The laugh from the lips once gay;  
The childish hope in the childish eyes  
Is darkened by many a sad surprise.  
But the promise stands sure, as then it stood;  
We can smile in loss, as we smiled in gain.  
And we thank Thee, Lord, for the year, for the good,  
And we bless Thee for the pain.

BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

BY BELLE CHISHOLM.

LET two boys equally endowed physically and mentally enter life under precisely the same circumstances, and the chances for success are always in favour of the one in possession of the most genuine courtesy.

A few years ago, in a flourishing Western city, an old-fashioned elderly lady was a frequent customer in one of the leading dry-goods stores of the place. No one knew her by name, and all the clerks but one avoided her, preferring to give their attention to persons more elegantly attired.

The exception was Evan Rogers, a young man who was conspicuous in the discharge of his duty in every circumstance, and, although he never left another customer to wait upon the plain-looking stranger, when he was not engaged he served her with as much politeness as if she had been of royal birth. She was quick to observe the courtesy shown her, and made it a point quietly to wait until he was at leisure, though in no way did she refer to the treatment which she received from his companions.

The lady came and went in this manner for a year or two, and then, having in some way learned that Evan had reached his majority, she startled him one morning by asking, unceremoniously:

"My friend, how would you like to go into business for yourself?"

"Very well," was his reply; "but I have neither money, friends, nor credit, and so must be content to plod on alone for awhile."

"Here is my address," said the lady, handing him her card. "Select a desirable situation, inquire the amount demanded for rent, and then report to me."

The young man found a good location, but without security, the landlord would not lease his property. Reporting the state of affairs to the lady, she replied, quietly:

"Tell him I will be responsible."

The name was as good as the cash, so the bargain was closed at once.

"Now go and select your goods, and give this note to Mr. Marlow."

The merchant glanced over the paper a moment, and then looking into Evan's honest face, said:

"Mrs. Willard's promise is a bond that no man in the city would refuse. Select goods to whatever amount you choose."

Evan's store was soon stocked with the best in the market, and his courtesy and honesty were not long in building up a lucrative trade. He is now a wealthy, influential man, noted for his generosity and rare kindness of heart; while not one of the clerks who made sport of the plainly-dressed customer has risen above the rank of a hireling. They are willing now to acknowledge that politeness pays.



The Cross and the Crown.

THE cross for only a day,  
The crown forever and aye;  
The one for a night that will soon be gone,  
And one for eternity's glorious morn.

The cross, then, I'll cheerfully bear,  
Nor sorrow for loss or care,  
For a moment only the path and the strife,  
But through endless ages the crown of life.

The cross till the conflict's done,  
The crown when the victory's won.  
My cross never more remembered above,  
While wearing the crown of his matchless love.

His cross I'll never forget:  
For marks on his brow are set,  
On his precious hands, on his feet and side,  
To tell what he bore for the Church, his bride.

My cross I'll think of no more,  
But strive for the crown set before;  
That ever through ages my song may be  
Of his cross that purchased my crown for me.

The work of redemption done,  
His cross and his crown are one:  
The crimson and gold will forever blend  
In the crown of Jesus, the sinner's friend.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1024] LESSON V. [Nov. 3  
DAVID'S REBELLIOUS SON.

2 Sam. 15. 1-12. Memory verses, 4-6.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

Honour thy father and thy mother; that  
thy days may be long upon the land which  
the Lord thy God giveth thee. Exod. 20.  
12.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Policy, ver. 1 G.  
2. Conspiracy, ver. 7-12.

TIME.—1024 B.C.

PLACES.—Jerusalem. Hebron.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Prepared him chariots and horses*—Probably those that David had captured in war, and of which Absalom could take possession without attracting great notice. *Fifty men to run before him*—As heir-apparent to the throne he began to assume these ostentations of royalty. *The way of the gate*—The way leading to the gate where judgment would be declared in cases at issue. *Stole the hearts*—Gained their affections by the insinuations against his father mentioned in vers. 3-5. *After forty years*—This is plainly an error in early transcribing. Josephus says after four years from the time of his restoration to royal favour. *Absalom sent spies*—Or, better, messengers to sound the people, and prepare them for his intended revolt. *Went in their simplicity*—That is, not knowing anything at all of the purpose which Absalom cherished. *While he offered sacrifices*—While Absalom offered the sacrifices in connection with the festival which he was celebrating at Hebron.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What does this lesson teach us about—

- 1. The evil of flattery?  
2. The sin of hypocrisy?  
3. The wickedness of impiety?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Absalom? "David's oldest living son." 2. What purpose had he formed concerning his father? "To dethrone him and become king." 3. What course did he pursue with the people? "He turned them against the king." 4. What step did he take to complete his purpose? "He began a civil war." 5. Into what sins did his course lead him? "Hypocrisy, lying, adultery, and murder." 6. What one of God's commands did he notoriously break? "Honour thy father," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Ingratitude to God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

49. How was man the chief creature on earth?

Because the Creator made man in his own image.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.—Genesis 1. 27.

B.C. 1023] LESSON VI. [Nov. 10  
DAVID'S GRIEF FOR ABSALOM.

2 Sam. 18. 18-33. Memory verses, 32, 33.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him.—Prov. 17. 25.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Evil Tidings, v. 18-32.  
2. Great Grief, v. 33.

TIME.—1023 B.C.

PLACE.—Mahanaim, where David waited the issue of the battle.

EXPLANATIONS.—*A pillar*—A monumental column inscribed with his own name. *In the king's dale*—Probably in the lower part of the valley of the Kedron, near the pool of Siloam. *Thou hast no tidings ready*—That is, no good tidings. He had always before been a messenger of good, and Joab seems to have hesitated to have him bear evil tidings. *Between the two gates*—Perhaps a city with a double wall, and at its main entrance an outer and an inner gate. *If he be alone*—If there were many running there would have been defeat, but only one runner meant news. *The chamber over the gate*—A room in the upper part of the watch-tower over one of the gates.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

From what in this lesson are we taught—

- 1. That sin brings weakness and defeat?  
2. That sin brings dishonour and death?  
3. That sin brings great sorrow?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was the decisive battle between the king and Absalom fought? "In the wood of Ephraim." 2. What was the result? "The triumph of the king." 3. What had been his command concerning his rebel son? "That his life be spared." 4. Was his command obeyed? "No; for Joab slew him." 5. What truth did David prove in his old age? "A foolish son is a grief," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Personal responsibility.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

50. In what part of man is the image of God? In his spirit or soul, which was breathed into him by the Creator. Gen. 2. 7.  
51. Is, then, the soul of man created to live forever? It is immortal, and will not die as the body dies. Ecclesiastes 12. 7.

DRINKING IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE Indians of Central America are natural drinkers, and they do not know what moderation is; they drink until they can hold no more. The whiskey of the country is always new; it is never allowed to age, the demand is so great. They drink this raw spirit, nearly all alcohol, in such vast quantities that it soon kills them. Much of the revenue of the government is derived from the tax on this liquor, but it is death of the people. Down along the western coast if an Indian finds himself short of money, he goes to some store-keeper and says:—"Master, I am going to get out some rubber, how much will you pay for twenty-five pounds?" The answer is anywhere from \$4 to \$8. The Indian returns in a week, receives his money, and is able to drink and idle away his time for a month. Or, if he regards rubber working too hard, he has only to look around for the "Zapote" tree. This has a gum or

resin, resembling molasses candy, which is known in New York and other large cities as "chicle gum," and is used by confectioners to give that peculiar and pleasant flavor to "tutti-frutti" ice-cream. It is a very light-weight gum, and he may gather so many pounds of it in a day that in eight hours he has enough money to live on for two weeks. He sleeps under an open straw shelter, in heavy fogs and miasmas, breathing in death vapors from the swamps, and soon passes away. Whiskey is his curse, and though the race is dying out, it will be a blessing to the country. And no surer or happier method could have been chosen for these people than the one which they have adopted, of "improving" themselves off the surface of the earth with whiskey. Had Central America been conquered and colonized by the Anglo-Saxons instead of the Spaniards, the Indians would have been pushed to the mountains; barbarism would have given way to civilization; the land would have been peopled by an educated and enlightened race, which would have strongly resembled the United States, and would not be almost lost to the world as it now is.

THANK YOU.

WHEN you receive a gift or a favour, even if it be a small one, be sure to say, "Thank you!" This little phrase is a good small coin to put into constant circulation, and so take care to have a good stock of it on hand to use at a moment's notice.

Suppose the gift is a trifling one—only a pin. But if you asked for a pin, say "Thank you," when you stretch out your hand to take it, or else do not stretch out your hand.

Be polite in little things, for thereby you show a well-trained character, and that is surely not a little thing. Do not act as if all your friends were bound to do you favours; as if you were a king and they only obedient subjects. If you fail to express kindness for favours shown, your friends may get tired of your constant demands, and raise the standard of rebellion.

It does not always follow that one lacks heart who fails to show gratitude for gifts received. He may lack thought, or his education in the home circle may be faulty. If you have failed in the past, improve without delay, and thank the giver in a pleasant voice and with an unstudied smile. And as this is a bit of advice, so put it into instant practice, and say to the writer of it, as though he were by your side, "Thank you!"

SCHOLAR! Do you know the value of your soul? Just think of it. Our Saviour placed a very high estimate upon the soul. He asks us a question: "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" What is the profit?

Engravings—Cheap.

We have the following pictures, which, being slightly soiled, we will send post-paid at the following reduced prices.

- Mother's Errand. Artotype engraving. Size, 12 x 16. . . . . 40c
- Summer Rambles. Artotype engraving. Size, 12 x 16. . . . . 40c
- The Butterfly Chase. Artotype engraving. Size, 12 x 16. . . . . 40c
- Patience is a Virtue. Artotype engraving. Size, 12 x 16. . . . . 40c
- At the Table. Artotype engraving. Size, 12 x 16. . . . . 40c
- Steel Engraving of Rev. Robert Newton, in his day the great preacher of the English Conference. Size, 12 x 16. . . . . 25c
- Photo. of Wesleyan Conference held in Toronto in 1870 . . . . . 25c

As we have only one copy of some of the above, order early.

A New Dialogue Book.

GOOD TIMES.

A BOOK OF

Dialogues for School Entertainments.

12mo., paper, 104 pages.

Price 25 cents.

The Newest Pansy Book

CHRISSY'S ENDEAVOR.

12mo., cloth, 374 pages.

Printed from original plates—unabridged

PRICE 50 CENTS.

G.L.S.C. BOOKS

FOR 1889-90.

- Outline History of Rome. Vincent and Joy . . . . . \$0 70
- Political Economy. Ely . . . . . 1 00
- How to Judge of a Picture. Van Dyke . . . . . 0 60
- The Bible in the Nineteenth Century. Townsend . . . . . 0 40
- Preparatory and College Latin Course in English (in one Vol.). Wilkinson . . . . . 1 30
- Chautauqua Course in Physics. Steele . . . . . 1 00

The Complete Set Mailed post-free for \$5.

WE SELL AT PUBLISHER'S PRICES! NO ADVANCE FOR DUTY.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

29 to 33 Richmond St. West and 30 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que. S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.