



# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1900.

No 33.



EASTERN SHEPHERDS.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the pathetic passage in Isaiah, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way" (Is. 53. 6), so exquisitely interpreted by the plaintive music of Handel's immortal "Messiah," and in Ps. 119 and 176, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep," we have a touching description of mankind wandering from the fold.

Over and over again, among the shepherds of Palestine, have I seen striking illustrations of the beautiful passages in Isaiah 40. 11, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young;" and of Psalm 80. 1, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock." In the loose folds of the abba, or outer garment, the weak or weary lambs are still tenderly carried almost as a mother would carry her babe.

I remember once seeing a shepherd with seemingly intense solicitude counting his flock as they were folded by night. As this is not always done it would seem that he was fearful that one of them had gone astray. It brought vividly to my mind the beautiful passage, "If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?"

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay

In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold—  
Away from the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:

Are they not enough for thee?  
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine  
Has wandered away from me:  
And altho' the road be rough and steep  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

The yearning pity of our Lord for the lost sheep of the house of Israel is shown in the tender words of Matt. 9. 36, "But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd." And should not this be our true attitude of soul to the erring and sinning?—not one of harsh condemnation, but of tender sympathy. The crowded thousands in the slums are more like dazed and bewildered sheep than like ravening wolves, to be hunted to their destruction as they often are by the relentless hand of power. They should rather be shepherded, and fostered, and gathered into the fold.

No words in any literature of any land are more beautiful and touching than those in that sweet Hebrew idyl of which

the world will never grow tired, the twenty-third Psalm. Lipped by the pallid lips of the dying throughout the ages, it has strengthened their hearts as they entered the valley of the shadow of death. To this our Lord lends a deeper tenderness by the parable of the Lost Sheep. Small wonder that to the persecuted flock of Christ in every time, to the church in



A SYRIAN SHEPHERD.—"HE GOETH BEFORE THEM AND THE SHEEP FOLLOW HIM."

the Catacombs, to the little flock in the midst of ravening wolves, to the harried Covenanters, to the great multitude "of whom the world was not worthy, who wandered about in sheepskins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented"—small wonder that this was the favourite type of that unwearied love that sought the erring and wandering and brought them to his fold again. In the dim, dark crypts of the Catacombs, those "dens and caves of the earth," with reiterated and manifold treatment the tender story is repeated over and over again, making the gloomy crypts bright with scenes of idyllic beauty, and hallowed with sacred associations.

This symbol very happily sets forth the entire scope of Christian doctrine. It illustrates the sweet pastoral representations of man's relationship to the Shepherd of Israel who, adeth Joseph like a flock, and his indual dependence upon him who is the Shepherd and Bishop of all souls. But it especially illustrates the character and office of our Lord, and the many passages of Scripture in which he represents himself as

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

who forsook his eternal throne to seek through the wilderness-world the lost and wandering sheep, to save whom he gave his life that he might bring them

to the evergreen pastures of heaven.

The Good Shepherd is generally represented as a youthful, fearless figure, in a short Roman tunic and buskins, bearing tenderly the lost sheep which he has found and laid upon his shoulders with rejoicing. This is evidently not a personal image, but an allegorical representation of the "Lord Jesus, the Great Shepherd of the Sheep." He is generally surrounded by a group of fleecy followers, whose action and attitude indicate the disposition of soul and manner of hearing the Word. Some are listening earnestly; others are more intent on cropping the herbage at their feet, the types of those occupied with the cares and pleasures and riches of this world. A truant ram is turning heedlessly away, as if refusing to listen, and often a gentle ewe nestles fondly at the Shepherd's feet or caresses his hand.

Sometimes the sheep appears to nestle with an expression of human tenderness and love on the Shepherd's shoulders; in other examples it is more or less firmly held with one or both hands, as if to prevent its escape. In a few instances the fold is seen in the background, which seems to complete the allegory. Frequently the Shepherd carries a staff or crook in his hand, on which he sometimes leans, as if weary beneath his burden. He is sometimes even represented sitting on a mound, as if overcome with fatigue, thus recalling the pathetic words

towards the fallen, rejoicing more over the lost sheep that was found than over the ninety and nine that went not astray.

There is much to be said," writes Archdeacon Farrar, "for the interpretation adopted by Mr. Matthew Arnold in his exquisite sonnet which regards the kid as indicating the large divine compassion, against which Tertullian's fiercely protested"

"He saves the sheep the goats he doth not save."  
So spake the fierce Tertullian, but she sigh'd,  
The Infant Church 'of love she felt the tide  
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave,  
And then she smiled, and in the Catacombs,  
On those walls subterranean, where she hid  
Her head 'mid ignominy, death, and tombs,  
With eyes suffused, but heart inspired true,  
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew,  
And on his shoulders not a lamb, a kid."

The later Christian poets also celebrated this tender theme. In lines whose lyric cadence charms the ear like a shepherd's pipe, Thomas Aquinas sings:

"Bone Pastor, panis vere,  
Jesu, nostri miserere,  
Tu nos bona fac videre,  
Tu nos bona fac videre,  
In terra viventium.

"Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,  
Qui nos pascis hic mortales  
Tuos ibi commensales  
Cohaeredes et sodales  
Fac sanctorum civium."

Another mediaeval hymn runs sweetly thus:

"Jesu dulcissime, e throno gloriae  
Ovem perditam venisti quarere!  
Jesu suavissime, pastor filissimic,  
Ad te O trahere me, ut semper sequar  
te!"

As a protection against the Bedouin robber strong sheepfolds were constructed, like that shown in our cut, in which the sheep were carefully guarded at night, even, if need be, at the cost of the shepherd's life. Again and again one sees the parable of the Good Shepherd, enacted under his eyes. "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers. I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine."—John 10. 3, 4, 5, 14.

At Bethlehem I witnessed a pastoral

(Continued on next page.)

of the "Dies Irae": "Quaerens me sedisti lassus,"

"Seeking me thou sattest weary," words which Dr. Samuel Johnson never could read without tears.

Sometimes the Shepherd is represented as leading or bearing on his shoulders a kid or goat instead of a sheep or lamb. This apparent solecism has been thought a careless imitation of pagan figures of the sylvan deity Pan, who frequently appears in art in this manner. It is more probable, however, that it was an intentional departure from the usual type, as if to illustrate the words of our Lord, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and to indicate his tenderness to



CHAMBER IN THE CATACOMBS, WITH FREScoes OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD IN THE VAULTING AND THE PANEL.

A Song of Eventide.

By JENNIE PICKERING.

After the sun has set in the west.
After the birds have gone to their rest
After the tolling day is done,
After the weary racer is run,
After the weary racer is run,
There comes to us in a pleasant way
What is called the "Blindman's Holiday"

After the mist has ceased to rise
After the flowers have shut their eyes,
After the lambs are in the fold
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold
And when all things are quiet and still—
We can list to the sound of the Whip-poor-will.

Only the song of the rill 's heard
And the plaintive cry of some restless bird,
The mournful sound of the war-bird's howl,
And the frequent hillo of some wanderer
The meadower the hills begin to creep
And the stars in the sky their watches keep

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals with their prices. Includes titles like 'The Western Guardian', 'Methodist Magazine', 'The Christian Guardian', etc.

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. Coates, S. F. Hirsopp,
217 St. Catherine St., West, Queen's Park Bldg., Montreal, Hallifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1900

THE MISSION OF A "MISTAKE"

By KATE W. HAMILTON.

Louise Haldane was proud of her voice not offensively or ostentatiously so, of course, but secretly, she considered it a crown which set her a little apart from and above common humanity. From the days of her childhood, when she had always been in demand in school, and heard the admiring comments of her relatives as she sang in the home circle the hymns grandmas loved, she had become accustomed to the assurance that she possessed a wonderful gift. It was an assurance the lid never paused to be raised, nor had she occasionally felt meaning which he involved in the last word, she had simply accepted it as a deserved tribute.

Now that she had just returned from a three years course in the Conservatory of Music, she had a pleasant consciousness of having made the most of her advantages. She was glad to meet old acquaintances once more, but she did not enter with much zest into their many pleasant occupations. Her girl friends had welcomed her eagerly, and invited her to the various circles and societies in which they were interested, but beyond going with them occasionally she felt no inclination to identify herself with their pursuits.

The Christian Endeavour, and things of that sort, suited them well enough, I suppose, she said to herself with a little smile, most of them have no particularly high ambition in any direction. But I do not intend to fritter myself away. My voice shall count for something.

So her eyes sparkled one morning when the mall brought her a request to sing at a gathering of musical people. She knew the reputation of the Handel Club, and recognition from them to a girl of her age was enough to flush her cheek with pleasure. If she would kindly consent, ran the note of invitation, a car-

riage would be sent for her at the appointed time. If possible the writer would accompany her to the place of meeting, but if not the carriage would be sent with full instructions to the driver and she would be met upon her arrival. The tone of the message, as well as the fact that it expressed brought an exultant throb to the heart of the young singer. This was worth while, this was the sort of notice she craved. Her reply was prompt—carefully studied and expected. It expressed a true appreciation without betraying any undue elation—and then she gave her thought to the important question of dress.

It ought to be simple," she wisely decided "for a daytime gathering and particularly as I am a girl—an amateur among professionalists. It is a comfort that people of culture and talent will not judge by one's dress in any way. It was a very fair figure, all in fleecy white, that waited on the appointed afternoon. The waiting was brief, for the carriage came before the hour at which she was expected. The driver who rang the doorkill looked relieved at the answer to his queries.

In there a young lady had there was to sing for some folks this afternoon." It is that I expected to see," the card that was given to me, and I couldn't tell whether I was to call at 900 Elm Street or 500 Oak Street. I've a pretty good head for numbers, but the name of the street was expected to be different.

You know where you are to take me?" questioned Louise, in sudden alarm at her own not very definite knowledge on that point. "I don't know," answered the man, a trifle impatiently. He was annoyed that his own lapsus should lead any one to suppose him guilty of any further carelessness, and he climbed to his seat.

They whirled swiftly down the street, but the young singer, busy with a last examination of her music, to assure herself of the correctness of the notes, scarcely noticed speed or direction, until the carriage rolled through a gateway into spacious grounds and stopped before a large brick building. Louise glanced up at the long rows of windows. "Where are we?" she asked, doubtfully. "Why, this can't be—"

"Yes, in this is the place," interposed the driver, promptly, throwing open the door for her to descend. What a young man, who had been watching from the building, ran down the steps. "Is this the young lady who is to sing?" They've been watching for you. This was his half-uttered protest was silenced. This was where she was expected, evidently, but it was certainly not in the least like her idea of a reception by the Handel Club. The children led her sunningly through long halls and corridors, realizing in a minute or two that she was in a hospital, and then a door opened and she found herself in a wide room, lined on each side with rows of little white chairs. "The children!" She caught her breath in bewilderment as she looked about her. A small cabinet organ stood at the upper end of the room, a young lady was seated before it, and she was looking at her met Louise led the way to her side. White-capped nurses moved noiselessly here and there, but of the musical people Louise had thought to see there were none.

"What is your name?" smiled the girl at the organ. "We began to fear something had happened to prevent, and the children would have been so disappointed.

"I do not hear nothing of this, there must have been some mistake," began Louise, in bewilderment. "The Handel Club asked me to sing, but—"

"No it was the Christian Endeavour," answered the girl, perplexed in her turn. They said that Wallace had promised to sing for us this afternoon, and they were to send a carriage for her. You are Miss Wallace, of Elm Street, are you not?"

"Miss Haldane, of Oak Street," corrected Louise.

Some one had blundered. It was not quite easy to understand who or how, and Louise was aroused from a vain effort to disentangle the matter by the earnest voice of the girl beside her.

"But you can sing—of course, you do, or wouldn't have had an engagement with the club—and now that you are here you'll sing for the children, will you not?" They will be disappointed to miss it, poor little things! Their lives know so much of pain and so little of anything else.

Louise looked down the room with its array of white cots, and noticed for the first time the many eager eyes turned toward her—wary, pathetic eyes in pale,

plittil little faces. Here a head of golden curls, turned slowly on its pillow; there a small, wasted hand toyed feebly with a picture book. Directly in front of her a wheel chair held its helpless burden and by its side stood a little girl, whose pale face and bandaged eyes told such a story of pain that the visitor turned away with aching throat.

"You will sing for them?" the voice at her side was repeating anxiously. "Yes, oh, yes—only not the music I brought."

She pushed the roll away with a feeling akin to disgust. It had been chosen chiefly because of the scope it afforded for a patient enabling her to exhibit its strength, culture, and sweetness, but it was no petty achievement of her own that she wanted to offer these stricken little ones. She took a book from the organ and turned hastily to the old-remembered hymns, and thought of quiet twilight hours and the gray-haired saint who had helped to make her own childhood so beautiful, thrilled in her tones a song from memory. There came a passionate longing to bring some of the treasures of her care-free, happy past to these shadowed young lives—some of the joy that seems childhood's bright-irradiance, some of the gladness of storehouse old songs that had been long unthought of, she sang merry lays of birds and blossoms, of streams that went dancing through the woods, and she gave the organ a new and joyful tone. Then because her own eyes grew dim as those other eyes brightened, and a strange tenderness throbbed in her heart as she saw faint smiles lit like pale sunshine through the gloom, she sang the beautiful "Child's Twenty-third Psalm":

"The Lord is my shepherd and I am his lamb, One of the smallest and weakest I am; Yet by his bounty daily I'm fed, In his green pastures tenderly led, Kind is my shepherd and large is the field. To which he calleth the young and the old, In daylight or darkness, awake or asleep, Over us evermore guard he doth keep."

When I have wandered away from his side, Into paths which the sinning have tried, He'er each step of sin's rugged track, Patiently, lovingly guided me back. Sometimes the way where he leadeth is straight, and sometimes it is crooked, Grows for my tired feet dark and too steep.

"Then doth he lift me up close to his breast, Bearing me onward to places of rest."

He hath green pastures lying afar, Needing no sunlight, needing no star; There from his presence the lambs never stray.

That he guideth me nearer each day, To him I do lift up my voice, brightened by faith, Leth the valley of silence and death, Seeing its shadows, yet fearless I am, For the Lord is my shepherd and I am his lamb.

Louise will never forget that hour—how the pair of baby arms were stretched out to her, and the little cripple in the wheel chair pleaded hungrily: "Oh, once more! Sing once more about the Shepherd and the fields to rest in!"

Then a low voice piped faintly from an opposite cot. "I like to hear about grass and cool waters. 'Most makes me feel's if my feet was 'plashin' in 'em."

The nurse smiled significantly from the fervid creak to the helpless limbs, and Louise knew that the little feet would never "plash" more in any earthly streams. The eyes of the matron gazed at her, and she felt that the Christian Endeavour group good-bye.

"I can't thank you," she said. "I'll not try to thank you," with her hand clasping that of Louise. "But God has surely given you a wonderful gift, my dear, and how beautiful it is to me, as it is to me, are doing—unto one of the least of these unto him. I can't help thinking they were listening in heaven to-day."

After that it did not seem to matter much who mistook the Handel Club, or that the Handel Club had possibly missed her. Louise promised to come again, and rode home very thoughtfully, but little interested in the efforts of her companions to unravel the misunderstanding that had substituted her for Miss Wallace. However it might have been on the human side, she felt with a sense of awe that she had gone under sealed lips, and she felt that she had made a mistake—that her visit had been planned, and her "wonderful gift" was his gift—not bestowed simply for her own plea-

sure, but to be accounted for by and by! At the next Christian Endeavour meeting in the home church, some of her friends were surprised to see Louise quietly sit in a place of honor. "Yes, I have come at last," she said. "I found I was interested in the work after all."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(Continued from first page.)

scene exactly fulfilling these words. It vividly recalled the associations of the shepherds on the midnight flocks, and the angelic song of "Peace on earth, good will to men," which is destined yet to hush the jarring discords of earth with its sweet cadences of heavenly peace, so exquisitely expressed in the "Pastoral Symphony" of Handel's Messiah.

The custom of calling sheep by name is referred to by the Greek poet Theocritus, and is still true of shepherds in that land and also in Palestine.

"The shepherd who is constantly changing his pasture, who is constantly changing his flock," says Canon Trilzman, the force of the metaphors in Psalm 23, when we think of the deep solitudes in which the Eastern shepherd feeds his flock. There is perpetual danger from sudden attacks from wolves and robbers. There are but rare and scanty stragglers and the flock often suffers from thirst. The shepherd never leaves them. On him the sheep depend for their pasture, which is constantly changing. He goes forth daily, leading his charge, not only by the still waters and in green pastures, but along rough and thorny paths, under burning skies, and through the chill of winter days by the "still waters" and "green pastures" of the beautiful "Child's Twenty-third Psalm":

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THE DEVOTION OF THE SHEPHERD TO HIS FLOCK.

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Wanted!

Wanted! young feet to follow  
Where Jesus led the way,  
To the fields where harvest  
is ripening day by day;  
Or while the breath of morning  
Scents all the dewy air,  
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,  
Oh! follow Jesus there!

Wanted! young hands to labour;  
The fields are broad and wide,  
And harvest waits the reaper  
Around an every side.  
None are too poor or lowly,  
None are too weak or small,  
For in his service holy  
The Master needs them all.

Wanted! young eyes to listen,  
Wanted! young ears to see,  
Wanted! young hearts to answer  
With throbs of sympathy,  
While on the cross, great lightning  
The strange, sad tale is borne  
Or lands in darkness lying,  
Forsaken and forlorn.

Wanted! the young soul's ardour  
Wanted! the young mind's powers;  
Wanted! the young lip's freshness;  
Wanted! youth's golden hours,  
Wanted! to tell the story,  
Of which the glad sunbeams,  
To all the coming glory,  
To seek and win the prize!

Come! for the Saviour calls you!  
Come! for the world is great,  
Come! for the courts are hallowing!  
Come! I ero it be too late!  
Come, and be burden-bearers  
With him, your gracious Lord;  
Come, and be happy sharers  
In his most blessed reward.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. OLARK.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME OF THE DRAGON'S APPRENTICES.  
"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."

The parsonage was a large, old-fashioned house, standing a little off the main street, in what was commonly known as Parsonage Lane. The south window was open to the bay. The view from these windows was very inspiring—part of the time. When the tide was out, Mrs. Strong used to assert that the channel was no better than a frog pond, with its green, slimy mud, and that the flats were of objective feature from an artistic, if not a hygienic point of view. But none of the citizens of Fairport ever admitted that the flats were unwholesome. Old Doctor Steam used to contend that there was only once or twice a year that there was any unpleasant odour arising from them.

Mr. Strong's study was a large, airy chamber, from the windows of which the best view of the bay could be obtained. In the distance were the two light-houses, known as Baker's Lights. Beyond, and touching the horizon, was Newell's Island, with its large hotel, Leavelle, were Little and Big Rims, Howe, and Misery Islands. Each summer found the shore skirted with beautiful shade trees, clothed in living green. The North Shore, while maintaining its reputation of being cold and disagreeable in the winter months, was for all this in the surpassing loveliness which came with the other seasons. But to return to the inmates of the parsonage.

Papa does not pay any attention to his boy's studies. Strong, as he pinned the napkin about the chubby neck of his little Francis. "We think he has forgotten that it is some one's birthday." Papa's man is three years old today.

"No, father, has not forgotten it," said Mr. Strong, drawing a package from his overcoat pocket, and handing it to his baby. The young Frank was made happy with a tin horse and cart, and expressed his delight in a series of queries, which his mother told him sounded like a pen full of little pigs.

The sober look deepened on the minister's face.

"That is the matter, Arnold?" anxiously inquired his wife. The events of the afternoon were then narrated. "Why didn't you give Mr. Chase back his money? I thought think the bill would burn a hole through your waist." "Well, my dear, I should that while I had the opportunity, I would help the man do a good deed. I guess this is the first money he has devoted to charitable uses for a good many years. Twenty-dollars will help poor Mrs. Mac-

Duff for a good many weeks. Peter is a worthless fellow, and abuses his family shamefully. Harriet, I feel very much troubled about the temperance work in this place. Fairport seems to have been least of the dragon of intemperance. Something must be done for the young people who are coming on will be ruined."

Instinctively Mrs. Strong put her arm about her baby, as though to protect him from impending danger. The minister's eyes followed the movement.

"Yes, a terrible danger threatens every home, and what if one of the victims should be our boy?"

"Oh Arnold, that's a wife with girl-fish impetuosity," don't you wish you had taken the parish in Broadway. Instead of this uncomfortable little town? I'm afraid I shall never get along amikably with Mr. Felton. He came here to call, to-day, while you were out, and he made himself very disagreeable by giving me so much advice, and leaving a busnel basket full for you. He is so noisy."

"Don't be hasty, my dear, in forming your opinion of the former pastor, and of Fairport. God has called us here to do his work. If the field is hard, we must strike the rock. Our encouragements come, we must lean the more upon the arm which never falleth. You must help me, little one, and not allow me, after having put my hand to the plough, to look back. I will be here, as well as in the Seminary days, to be the minister's sunshine, for he needs comfort."

As they rose from the supper table, Mrs. Strong beckoned her boy to run in and see Deacon Ray a few minutes before your meeting? I think he will give you just the advice you need, and he is such a good friend to us."

Fifteen minutes later found the minister in the worthy parson's parlor. "Don't get discouraged, pastor," said the good man. "I know the field is a hard one to labour in, and public sentiment is against temperance work. But you will succeed if you will continue to work slowly. There are a few staunch temperance workers here whom we can count upon every time. I will stand by you in your work and give you all I can help in my power. Keep up courage."

Deacon Ray's words fell soothingly upon Mr. Strong's ears, and gave him fresh zeal for his work. How often we might lift our hands to our minister, and cheer his discouraged soul, if we would but give him the words of sympathy and appreciation which are in our hearts. There would be fewer resignations in our country parishes, and more successful meetings, if the word of the Lord would be more prosperous, and the broken walls of Jerusalem would not be so long rebuilding.

Eight o'clock brought a singular company of about ten of Mr. Strong's parish, to talk-over the problem of intemperance and its remedy. Judge Seabury was the spokesman for the committee. Beside him sat Deacon Chapman, a thin man with white hair, and an expressive countenance. He was often called the "off horse," because he was always on the contrary side, and was a proverbial grumbler. He was a singular man to occupy the office of deacon in the church, and far between, the male members were few and far between, so it occasionally happened that the church offices were filled by men not the best qualified for these positions. The rest of the committee were Marcus Young, the carpenter, and Reuben Palmer, a cabinet maker.

Mr. Strong tried for some time to bring the topic of the evening before the committee, and to have the matter thoroughly discussed. He was disappointed that the theme was not a favourite one with these men. They showed an evident reluctance to talk. Finally he put the question, "Well, gentlemen, what course do you advise in regard to this matter?"

"Really, Mr. Strong," said the Judge, twirling his cane through his white fingers, "I think you have put the matter altogether too strong. You speak as though the liquor were a link in the chain, and this church was responsible for it. Really, my dear pastor, you have put the matter too strong."

"That's so, that's so," ejaculated Reuben Palmer, snapping his fingers for emphasis. "It's too strong, too strong."

"You ain't put the thing fairly, I don't think," growled Deacon Chapman, the ever persistent scold deepening in his brow and making a white savar. "The apothecary nodded assent to that was said, with a deprecating air, as much as to say, "My dear sir, I hope you are all right. I don't wish to oppose you in anything."

Mr. Strong's face flushed at these re-

marks, but crushing back the reply which came to his lips, he said quietly, "Gentlemen, do not misunderstand me. I am not charging the church with anything but indifference to this vital subject, and least of all, to the young people. We look on from our quiet retreat, and see men, women and children going down to perdition, and do not reach forth a hand to save them. I am sure that I have not lost sleep over this matter. I have seen the church waken up the fact that she has something to do in this warfare against the dragon, intemperance."

"My dear Mr. Strong," replied the Judge, "it does not belong to us to meddle with it, but is the business of the Reform Clubs, or the temperance associations."

"But what are you going to do," replied the minister, quietly, "when God speaks to you, as he did to the one of old. 'Where is Abel thy brother?' Shall you dare reply, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' When God speaks to me and says, 'Where is my beautiful brother who is presumed at the altar, and dare to face him with the idle excuse, 'I did not think it my province to work for the wretched sinner, I worked for respectable sinners.' Christ died for the ungodly, and he died to save the sinner, and the saved Pharisees and went to bring his salvation to the outcast Gentiles. The servant should be as his Master, the disciple as his Lord. Yes, when God speaks unceasingly in his chair, 'at you know there are the charitable organizations which the church must attend to, missionaries to be supported, Bibles to be procured, and the work of the church of our own land, and Christian literature circulated. Surely the work of the church lies in these channels.'

"These you ought to have done, but not to neglect the work of the minor, and Christ's words," answered the minister.

"Wal, one thing's certain," said Deacon Chapman. "This church won't put up with any new temperance notions. There'll be no more of that, as ever we do anything." It can be done.

"Your words are very true, Deacon," said the Judge briskly. "Our good pastor puts things forcibly, in his his youthful enthusiasm. I admit the truth of his words, but as discretion is the better part of valour, I would move that we lay the matter on the table for the present."

"That's my mind exactly," exclaimed the thimble-maker, "and so."

"Second the motion," muttered the Deacon, visibly brightening at the turn which the affairs had taken. The apothecary again nodded assent, but looked apprehensively at the minister, as though he would apologize for going against him.

"I have just one favour to ask of the committee," said Mr. Strong, who saw at a glance that nothing was to be gained by further discussion. "I would like to hold a temperance service those months in which a fifth Sunday occurs. It can be held in the chapel, instead of the regular evening service. Those who are interested in the matter, and those who are not can stay away."

"Very good idea," said the Judge. "I see no objection to your plan." A murmur of approval went around the circle, and conversation drifted into other channels.

Ah, deluded committee of the church at Fairport! Your pastor has got the better of you, though you know it not. Your eyes were gazing at Deacon's impudent face, and your personal interests are not to be disturbed. If your eyes were open, you would see that the first blow in Fairport against the dragon of intemperance has been struck. The hammer of a righteous hammer shall not cease to vibrate till the dragon lies trampled under foot, or is cast into the sea.

With a heavy heart the pastor walked into his study that night. "The matter was clear to him. Judge Seabury and Mr. Felton stood on the same platform, that of moderate drinking. The Judge had his wine cellar, and wines were served at the table. Mr. Felton was a teetotaler, and supplied all the people at the Row. Of course he kept nothing but "sweet cider." Did you ever know any one who kept anything but sweet cider or fancy Young's tonic and Dr. Sweeney's license confectioners, well as profitable thing to possess, while Reuben Palmer took a glass of old wine whenever he could get it.

Such were the men whom the young pastor had to meet. Earnestly did he pray for strength to do his duty in the face of certain opposition.

He then and there purposed to do all in his power to slay the dragon which had transformed this earthly paradise into a hell.

(To be continued.)

THE GREEK WHO BROUGHT THE FIRE

BY MARGARET F. F. TILK.

Lillian sat close by the bright grate fire reading her favourite magazine. As she finished one story, and turned the pages to see what came next, she said:

"Dear me! They've even got that tired old Greek story here."

"Well, girle, why are you so cross at that?" asked Lillian. "She has enough to bear from Turkey's displeasure without having one small girl angry with her, too," said the old lady, who sat embroidering on the other side of the fire.

"You're laughing at me now, auntie, but it's true. Every book or paper we take up has something about Greece in it, and I'm tired of it."

"We all sympathized with her in the great and cruel war which she had two or three years ago. You know we owe a great deal to Greece. Don't you remember that I said it was a Greek who first brought fire to earth?"

"No, I never heard it. Please tell me about it."

"Why, Lillian, do you want to hear more about that tiresome old Greek?" asked the old lady, much surprised.

"If you tell it, it would sound like a story," said Lillian, "and your stories are never tiresome, auntie."

"So, without more persuasion, her aunt began to tell of a time hundreds, yes, thousands, of years ago, indeed so long ago that we cannot tell if it be true, there lived a Greek named Prometheus, which means 'forethought.' He became famous for his wisdom."

"Oh, I know about them! They were giants, the first people who lived in Greece," interrupted Lillian.

"Yes, and they said, too, that they were the first to use fire. Jupiter did not like that, so as Prometheus helped him to get control of the universe he was very friendly to Prometheus, and did a great deal for him. Jupiter and I once saw a very old man, who had about everything they wanted. But the poor Greeks had to live in holes in the earth, hovering together in order to keep warm. Of course, too, they were unable to eat all their food without cooking."

"Dear! I shouldn't have liked that," said Lillian, who was a dainty little maid.

"Prometheus felt sorry for them, too, and journeyed to Olympus. There he asked Jupiter to let him give them some fire, so they could better endure the cold of winter. But Jupiter refused, saying, if he should do that, men would be as wise as gods. Prometheus looked around and soon saw a rocky spot which would burn easily. With this he hurried to the palace of the sun, and caught some of the fire, which he brought to earth with him. Then he kindled a fire in every home, and made men use it, and he showed them how to use them and showed them how to make gold and silver into money."

"That was nice," said Lillian, as Aunt Alice paused a minute to get another story.

"Yes, but unfortunately Jupiter didn't think so, and said he would punish Prometheus and all mankind for it."

"Did he?"

"Certainly, dear Frank! he punished man by having made a beautiful maiden. She was lovely and charming in every way. And once when Prometheus was absent she was brought among men. Probably if he had been here he would not have accepted of her, for he was brother of Jupiter, and had warned his brother not to take anything the gods sent. But Pandora was so lovely that Epimetheus, the brother, couldn't help receiving her, and she brought fire to the earth."

"Oh, auntie! Was she the Pandora with the casket?" asked Lillian.

"Yes, little girl, the very same. All the evils which now ever come to us were in that casket, and Pandora took off the cover and let out everything but hope, and so the world has ever since been full of trouble. And that was the way Jupiter punished mankind."

"What do you do to Prometheus, auntie? You said he punished him, too."

"Yes, he chained him to a rock among the mountains of the Caucasus, and close behind him he put a great eagle, which continually persecuted the poor man by eating at his liver, which always grew again. He endured this suffering many years, then Jupiter gave one of his sons, Heracles, the privilege of killing the eagle and letting Prometheus go free."

"But how did he get out of the Pandora's punishment, so? Was she punished so, but I am glad he brought us fire," said Lillian.

"So am I, dear and perhaps the thought that he had helped mankind so much, that he did not let his sufferings come so patiently—N Y Observer

Agatnaldo evidently has not heard the news that he is dead.

"Child's Twenty-Third Psalm."

"The Lord is my shepherd and I am his lamb,  
One of the smallest and weakest I am,  
Yet by his bounty daily I'm fed,  
In his green pastures tenderly led  
Kind is my Shepherd and large is the fold  
To which he calleth the young and the old,  
In daylight or darkness, awake or asleep  
When I have wandered away from his side  
Into the paths which the sinning have tried,  
He o'er each step of sin's rugged track  
Patiently, lovingly guided me back,  
Sometimes the way where he leadeth his sheep  
Grows for my tired feet dark and too steep,  
Then doth he lift me up close to his breast,  
Bearing me onward to places of rest.  
"He hath green pastures lying afar,  
Needing no sunlight, needing no star;  
There from his presence the lambs never stray,  
Thither he guideth me nearer each day,  
But nearer than meadows brightened by faith,  
Lieh the valley of silence and death,  
Seeing its shadows, yet fearless I am,  
For the Lord is my Shepherd and I am his lamb."



SHEPHERD IN PALESTINE.



BITS OF FUN.

"O dear!" said the principal of an unsuccessful bicycle academy. "Our school started with a good attendance, but it fell off!"

Uncle Sam—"Well, what have you got to say about paying that money? Speak out, man!" The Sultan—"You forget that I am the unspeakable Turk."

If you and I and owe and eye  
And yew and aye (dear me),  
Were all to be spelled u and i,  
How mixed up we would be.

Indifferent—"The scientists," said the first mosquito, "are charging us with spreading malaria." "Never mind," said the second mosquito; "that won't increase our popularity."

Curious Old Lady—"How did you come to this, poor man?" Convict—"I was drove to it, lady." Curious Old Lady—"Were you, really?" Convict—"Yes, they brung me in the Black Maria, as usual!"

St. Peter—"Editor, eh? What good things have you ever done?" New Arrival—"I once took the blame for one of my own mistakes, instead of throwing it onto the intelligent compositor." St. Peter—"Go up head."

LESSON NOTES.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 26.

JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10. 1-16. Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—John 10. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Sheepfold, v. 1-6.
  2. The Door of the Sheep, v. 7-9.
  3. The Good Shepherd, v. 10-16.
- Time.—A. D. 29.  
Place.—The vicinity of Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "The sheepfold"—Usually a stone-walled enclosure, with a well-roofed pen at one end. "A thief"—What we would call a "sneak thief." "A robber"—A brigand.
2. "Entereth in by the door"—The shepherd must enter the same way as his flock. "There is not one salvation for the teacher and another for the taught." The seventh verse tells us that Jesus is "the door."
3. "Calleth his own sheep by name"—Asiatic sheep readily distinguish the voice of their shepherd, and sometimes each sheep has a name of his own, and knows it.
4. "They know his voice"—The true disciple lives in fellowship with the Master and hears his voice speaking in the silences of the soul.
5. "A stranger"—One of the "thieves and robbers." "Will flee from him"—Travellers in the East have often noticed that when they attempt to call the flock, using the words of the shepherd, the sheep will run from them.
6. "They (the Pharisees) understood not"—Their notions of the dignity of the priests and rabbis and the insignificance of the common people were radically different from the Christian conception of "pastor" and "flock."
7. "I am the door"—"Whosoever cometh to preach any other Gospel comes to rob the sheep of their Saviour and salvation."  
"Before me"—Claiming precedence in rank or authority over me. "Robbers"—The Pharisees, who held Jesus in contempt because he belonged not to their schools, were brigands, ready to raven

the flock of Christ. "The sheep did not hear them"—True Christians are not diverted from the Gospel by false teaching.

9. "I am the door"—There is no other door. "Pasture"—Food for the spiritual nature.

10. The "thief" is the enemy of souls, whether as the false teacher or the persecutor.

11. "The good shepherd"—Our beautiful and bountiful Care-taker and Provider. "Giveth his life"—Jesus sacrificed his life by living as really as he did by dying.

12. "He that is a hireling"—This does not mean "he that is hired." The Bible tells us that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," and it is right and dutiful to pay wages to the men of God who "minister to us in holy things." "A hireling" is he that serves for hire, merely, and uses the church to forward his secular interests. "Whose own the sheep are not"—Who does not feel a personal responsibility for the sheep. "The wolf"—Any sudden emergency or danger. "Fleeth"—Deserts his sacred trust.

14. "Know my sheep"—Know their every trial, weakness, hope, and fear, all the vicissitudes of their experience. "Known of mine"—Trusted in fully.

15. "As the Father knoweth me"—This and what follows should run on without break from the preceding sentence: "I know mine, and mine know me, as the Father knows me, and I know the Father."

16. "Other sheep I have"—His sincere but unsheltered followers in heathen lands. "One fold"—This should read "one flock." All alike must be brought into Christian fellowship.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus the Good Shepherd.—John 10. 1-16.  
Fu. Safety of the sheep.—John 10. 17-30.

How is it typical of our heavenly home?

Were an Eastern shepherd's duties attended with any danger or hardship?

What can you tell of the shepherd's life among the sheep?

What would be the condition of the sheep without him?

How did the Jew regard the office of shepherd?

How may Christ be likened to the Eastern shepherd?

How will the true shepherd enter the fold?

What did Christ say about those who enter any other way?

Do the shepherd and the sheep enter the same door?

2. The Door of the Sheep, v. 7-9.

Who is the door to the heavenly fold? Is there any other way?

Give a text outside of the lesson that proves this.

What kind of spiritual teachers were the Pharisees?

What do you understand by "came before me"?

What did Christ say was the purpose of those who "came not in his name"?

Why did Christ come?

What do you understand by "life through Christ"?

What does he say of the Good Shepherd?

3. The Good Shepherd, v. 10-16.

What is the danger of following the wrong voice?

Is there any such danger in these days?

Has a false leader any love for the sheep?

What do you understand by Christ's "knowing his own"?

Will the-followers of Christ know his voice?

What do you understand by the "other sheep which are not of this fold"?

What shall there be at last? Verse 16.



"HE SHALL LEAD HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD."

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That Jesus is the door of his sheep?
2. That Jesus is himself the Good Shepherd?
3. That the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep?

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Sheepfold, v. 1-6.

- W. False shepherds.—Ezek. 34. 1-10.  
Th. Deliverance.—Ezek. 34. 11-19.  
F. One shepherd.—Ezek. 34. 20-31.  
S. Guiding and keeping.—Psa. 23.  
Su. For us.—1 Pet. 2. 19-25.

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