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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

[No. 46.]

A Winter Episode.

"That water is too cold!" now cries
The small boy in the case,
As mamma heartlessly applies
The liquid to his face.

"Ow Wow!" he howls; "I'll freeze, I'll
freeze!
Br-r-r-r! Let me go, I say!"
Then wanders forth into the breeze,
And makes snowballs all day.

"HECK," THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

BY REV. R. PAYSON HAMMOND.

The large Newfoundland dog "Heck," belonging to the St. Elmo Hotel, in the oil town of Eldred, Pennsylvania, was known throughout the Northern oil-field for its great strength and almost human intelligence. The porter of the hotel was a favourite with the dog.

He slept in a room behind the office of the hotel. One night the porter was drunk when he went to bed, and soon fell into a heavy sleep. Some time in the night he was awakened by the barking of "Heck," who was jumping on the bed and seizing the pillow with his teeth. The still drowsy man tried to make the dog go away, but the animal persisted in his efforts; and it finally dawned on the porter that the house was on fire. His room was full of smoke, and he could hear the crackling of the flames. He sprang from his bed, but was still so drunk that he fell to the floor. At last the faithful dog seized him by the coat collar, the porter not having removed his clothing on going to bed, and dragged him out of the room and half-way to the outer door of the office, when the man succeeded in getting to his feet, and, unlocking the door, staggered into the street.

The dog no sooner saw that his helpless friend was safe than he dashed back into the house, and ran barking upstairs. He first stopped at the door of his master's room, where he howled until the inmate was made aware of the danger, and hurried out of the house.

A lady with a child in her arms tripped on the stair while hurrying out, and fell to the bottom. The child was thrown on the floor of the hall some distance away. The woman staggered out of the door, leaving the child in the midst of the smoke that was pouring from the office door. The brave dog jumped in through the smoke, and seizing the child by its night-clothes, carried it safely out.

The mother of the child being restored by the fresh air, cried out, "Anna is burning up in the house!" and made a dash for the building, as if to rush through the flames to seek her child. "Heck" had already brought the little one out, and he saw the frantic rush of the mother toward the burning building. He sprang forward, and disappeared with a bound over the burning threshold. The faithful animal was never seen again. His remains were found in the ruins. There is no doubt that but for "Heck" the fire in the hotel would not have been discovered in time for a single one to have escaped; and that the noble dog thought, from the half-crazed movements of the child's mother, that there was still another one in danger, and to rescue that one he gave his own life.

As you have read this touching story, young friends, have you not thought of our dear Saviour's sufferings and death for us? He said, "I have power to lay down my life." He was led by his great love for us to suffer,—ah, much

more than poor "Heck" did for his friends. This noble dog did not intend to die—even the last time he rushed into the burning building; but Jesus knew when he came into this world all that he would have to suffer in our stead. Yet he gave himself up to bleed and die that we might be saved. Those whose lives were saved by him speak of "Heck," this noble dog, with much tenderness, and very likely at times with tears in their eyes. What a hard heart yours must be if you do not feel it going out with warm love to him who suffered, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God!

WHEN UMBRELLAS WERE FIRST USED.

Umbrellas are of great antiquity; among the Greeks they were a mark of elevated rank, and one is seen on a Hamilton vase in the hands of a Prin-

HOW TO CALL A GERMAN POLICEMAN.

An amusing frontier incident is reported by the London Globe from the village of Schoelbach, in the neighbourhood of Metz.

A boy who was minding a flock of sheep on a small island in the river was caught in a violent storm, during which the rain fell in torrents. The river rose rapidly and threatened to cover the island.

The boy shouted for help, and his cries were heard by two German policemen and several villagers, but none of them would venture into the swollen stream.

The boy had almost given himself up for lost, when he remembered hearing some of his playmates say, "If you want a policeman shout, 'Vive la France!'"

He immediately began to shout, "Vive la France!" whereupon the two policemen plunged into the river, seized the

"JUMP, OR YOU'RE LOST."

BY ANNIE WESTON WHITNEY.

Should he go to the baseball game? Something within him rebelled at such desecration of the Sabbath; and yet the rest of his set were going, and he had never before refused to do what the others did. They would ridicule him, if he did not join them now and then; but was their ridicule worth minding? Was he in the right set, after all? Was it safe to belong to it, even if he did not go the lengths the rest did? Would his mother think so if she knew?

A restless feeling came over him, and, rising, he wandered off into the heart of the town where he was attending school. The streets had put on their Sabbath air of rest and peace while divine service was being held in the churches, but as he went on an unusual commotion attracted his attention, and he soon discovered that a fire was raging and that a large tenement house was burning. Hurrying to it, he discovered that life nets were being spread below, and looking up he saw at an upper window, lighted by a background of flame, a girl with a look of agony on her face.

Cries went up from below:

"Jump, jump!"

The girl looked down, but hesitated and drew back, when a wave of dense smoke hid her from view, followed by tongues of flame that shot out around her in every direction. Then Carroll found himself joining in the cry,

"Jump, jump for your life!"

The girl leaned forward, but again drew back, and closer and closer came the flames, and once more the cry went up,

"Jump, or you're lost!"

A moment more and it would be too late; surely she would not hesitate longer. Cold perspiration started out on Carroll's face at the thought.

Then came the supreme moment, when, trusting herself to those below who were offering her safety, she threw herself far out into the air. Carroll caught his breath as her body flew swiftly through space, and he joined in the shout of triumph that went up as the girl was caught in the net and was safe.

He did not stay to watch the fire further. Somehow that girl's hesitation and the cry in which he had joined, "Jump, or you're lost," had seemed to strike home. Was not he in danger of being lost?

He walked on thinking of the boy who had tried to draw away gradually as he was thinking of doing. The night before that boy had been found in the gutter drunk. No, there was no other way out of it; he must jump before it was too late—jump, trusting himself to those who offered safety, salvation. Yes, that cry was meant for him,

"Jump, or you're lost!"

A USEFUL SERMON.

"The man who said, 'Tis the unexpected that always happens,' was a preacher, I'll guarantee," said a clerical member of the Lunch Club, remarks The Interior. "At my time of life I ought not to be stunned by anything, but yesterday after service a good woman of my flock did manage to take my breath away. I was preaching about God's tender wisdom in caring for us all," he said; "I illustrated by saying that the Father knows which of us grow best in sunlight and which of us must have shade. 'You know you plant roses in the sunshine,' I said, 'and heliotrope and geraniums, but if you want your fuchsias to grow, you must keep them in a shady nook.' After the sermon, which I hoped would be a comforting one, a woman came up to me, her face glowing with a pleasure that was evidently deep and true. 'Oh, Dr. —, I am so grateful for that sermon!' she said, clasping my hand and shaking it warmly. My heart glowed for a moment, while I wondered what tender place in her heart and life I had touched. Only for a moment though. 'Yes,' she went on, fervently, 'I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias.'"



AINOS, THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF JAPAN.

cess. We find the umbrella figure upon the ruins of Persepolis, and the Romans carried it at the theatre to keep off the sun. Yet Coryate, the traveller, in 1611, notices the umbrellas of Italy as rarities. These and other umbrellas are only designed for keeping off the sun, which may be explained by the comparative scarcity of rain in the above countries. The frequency of rain in other lands led to their being used for a very different purpose. Jonas Hanway is described to have been the first to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head, which he had probably used in his travels in the east. And in 1778 one John Mardonald, a footman, was ridiculed for carrying in the streets an umbrella which he had brought from Spain, however, as he tells us, he persisted for three months in carrying his umbrella, till people took no further notice of the novelty.—Harper's Round Table.

boy, dragged him across to the mainland and off to the police station, where they charged him with uttering seditious cries.

AINOS, THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF JAPAN.

These fierce-looking individuals are said to have been the earliest known inhabitants of Japan. The real meaning of the word "Ainos" is man, and although they have such a rough and almost dangerous appearance, travellers, who have come across what is now left of their race, tell us that they are peaceful and perfectly harmless. Their religion is pagan and they live together in huts, as many as ten or twelve families actually living in the same hut. Their chief occupation is in fishing and hunting, and it is by this means that they chiefly support themselves.

How an Angel Looks.

Robin, holding his mother's hand.
Says "good night" to the big folks all;
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall.
Then, in his own crib, warm and deep,
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother, with fond caress
Slips her hand through his soft brown hair.
Thinks of his fortune, all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer.
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward!
God's good angels, my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
Asked the boy in a wondering tone;
"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm all alone?"
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he,
Answered the mother tenderly.

"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes"
Robin waiting for nothing more,
Cried, and looked with a pleased surprise,
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
"I know, mamma! They're just like you."

—The Household.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

NOVEMBER 20, 1898.

HOW WE CAN SHOW OUR RELIGION AT PLAY.

Prov. 1. 10; 1 Thess. 5. 15; 1 Pet. 3. 8. 11.

"All work and no play," says the proverb, "makes Jack a dull boy." Play is as useful for boys and girls as either work or study. All young animals are fond of play. Lambs skip in the meadows, calves and colts kick up their heels and have a grand frolic, and as for puppies and kittens, they do not do much else than play. So may we say.

"Give the children holidays,
Let them be jolly days,
Better men hereafter
Shall we have for laughter
Freely shouted in the woods,
Till the echoes ring again"

The world is just learning that play is good for grown-up boys and girls, too. Hence the Saturday half-holiday, and the week or fortnight summer vacation for busy toilers in the world's hive, especially toilers with the brain, which is more exhausting than even toiling with the brawn. They work all the better for rest and play.

That is a beautiful passage in Zechariah which says, "The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." Our Saviour describes the games of the children in the streets of Nazareth, which he must often have seen and shared. Imitating the daily life of the people, its festivals, and funerals, the little children said, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced, we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented." Again what a sweet picture it is of the Saviour

taking the children into his arms and blessing them, and of the children, on his last entry into Jerusalem, strewing the way with flowers, and singing their young Halleluiah to his praise.

"When, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosanna to his name,
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song."

I cannot help thinking that the golden streets of the New Jerusalem will also be full of children playing in the midst thereof. I do not suppose that they will always be singing hymns, but that they will be learning the wonders of God's universe and be unspeakably happy all the time.

Our topic text tells us some things we should observe in our play. "My son," says the wise king of Israel, "if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Let us engage only in those games, and share only those companionships which are pure and manly and good. The knowledge of evil is not wisdom. But wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Then we must be kind and courteous in our play. "See that none render evil for evil unto any man," says St. Paul, "but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men." This applies to boys and girls as well as men and women. Try to cultivate a generous-hearted, whole-souled spirit. Never take advantage of another in a game, but be kind and sympathetic.

As St. Peter says, "Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." If we thus play unselfishly, we shall get greater pleasure from our play ourselves, and give greater pleasure to others, and above all have the smile and blessing of God.

WHEN THE ICE BROKE UP.

Dr. E. J. Chapman contributes to Our Animal Friends this remarkable story of the intelligence of his mare, Jenny: "One evening in the early springtime I was called to Mr. Briggs', who lived on the point. The weather was warm, but the ice on the bay was still good, and I drove across it, thus saving full three miles' travel over hard roads. The case was such as to detain me twenty-four hours. When the patient was in a condition to leave it was again evening, after a comparatively warm day. I had intended to drive back across the ice, the same way that I came, but an aged neighbour, Mr. Sprague, said:

"You hadn't better do it, doctor. The ice has grown poor very fast to-day. You'd better go round."
"I started to obey his injunction, and had driven perhaps a half-mile along the shore when, with the usual thoughtlessness of young manhood and little experience, I decided: 'This is nonsense. The ice was good last night, and it couldn't have failed much in this length of time. It is freezing a little, too, and I'll risk it.'"

Soon after, much against Jenny's inclination, I drove onto the ice. We had passed over a hundred rods or more when all at once two of the mare's feet went through; she recovered herself and moved on briskly. It is hardly necessary to say that I was somewhat frightened and concluded to regain the shore if possible. I made an effort to pull her in, and she was inclined to stop, when again a foot went through, and again she moved forward briskly, shaking her head and whisking her tail. We were soon a mile from the shore we had left, and headed for the other shore two miles away. It now became plainly evident that the ice on every side was dangerous. I would gladly have gone back over the course I had come, but the mare had taken things into her own hands, as it were, and was going home. In rapid motion was our greatest safety, and I did not attempt to restrain her pace.

"My thoughts and feelings on that broad, treacherous bay, alone at night, I am unable fully to describe. I had been for more than three years in the army, and had faced death with a crowd often, but to face it thus was a different thing. I thought of my wife and children at home, looking impatiently and longing for my return, and little knowing the plight that I was in. I thought of what provision I had made for them in case of my death, and every unkind word I had spoken to them came back to be regretted. But what surprises me most is that my thoughts dwelt so much on my boyhood and my early home, my mother and her teachings, my father, with his stern, manly ways, my brothers

and sisters whom I loved, and who, I had every reason to believe, loved me dearly. As I remembered my mother I instinctively prayed.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

and smiled as I thought of the inappropriateness of the prayer under such circumstances. While I thought of all my dear ones, bitterly did I regret having left the solid land.

"While I was thinking Jenny was speeding on, and we were now within a mile of shore, when an open stretch of water appeared ahead, and the mare was going directly for it. I tried to turn her on one side, but in vain; her head was down and she was rushing blindly along. I cried out:

"Jen, you fool, see where you are going!"

"As I spoke her name she tossed up her head and saw the water only a few rods away, she tried to stop, but her speed was such she could not. I prepared to leap from the cutter, but hesitated. Suddenly she turned to the right; the cutter, sliding along the ice to the very edge of the open water, struck something, raised upon one runner, paused an instant just on the verge of going over, settled back with both runners on the ice, and we were speeding away on a course at right angles to the one we had been pursuing.

"We were now pointing for the head of the bay, and I was satisfied we could not get off the ice there, but as I was only a passenger I must be content to go with the mare or get out and walk. She was going so fast that it was dangerous to leap out, and I decided to stay and abide the result. Running from Colewood to Tylers there was a wood road that had been used very much during the winter. Continual travel over it when the snow was falling or drifting had packed layer on layer until this was really the strongest place on the bay, and toward this road we were now moving. At last we reached it, and the little mare, giving a cheerful whinny, bore to the left along it. In five minutes more we were on the shore at Tylers and safe. It was a narrow escape for us both. Relieved and thoughtful I leaped from the cutter, ran to her head, and patted her dripping neck with my hand. You will hardly believe it, but the trembling, wearied mare put her nose to my cheek and kissed me. Saying, 'Bless you, Jenny,' I shook hands with her again and again, and with a heart filled with gratitude I drove slowly homeward. That night she was well rubbed down, blanketed, and cared for, if never before."

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

Above the beautiful lake of Constance has stood for a thousand years or more the quaint old Tyrolean city of Bregenz; and the legend of how the town was saved one night, three hundred years ago, is as follows:

A Tyrol girl left her home and friends to go to service in the Swiss valleys. She stayed in Switzerland so long that her homesickness was forgotten, the language of her new friends was no longer strange; and when she led her cattle out to pasture, she looked no more on this side and that, wondering in what direction lay dear old Bregenz. Still, she used to sing to her master's children the songs of her native land; and at night, when she knelt for her simple prayer, it was the words of her childhood that came to her.

Suddenly there arose in the valleys strange rumours of war and strife; the men were sterner; there was little talk of working among the women, and even the children seemed afraid to go out alone to play.

One night the men and women assembled and talked over a plan for a secret attack on the stronghold of the enemy, Bregenz. Their words were like death to the heart of the poor Tyrol maiden; and when she thought of the beauty of her native city, and that it was her old home, where her kinsfolk still lived, she saw in her new friends only the foes of her country.

These words sounded in her ear: "Go forth, save Bregenz; and then, if need be, die."

She went with trembling haste to the shed, loosed the strong white horse that fed daily from her hand, mounted him, and then turned his head towards Bregenz.

Out into the darkness they flew—faster, ever faster—in her heart a prayer for Bregenz. She heard before her the rushing of the Rhone. Her horse drew back in terror for the bank was steep and high. One moment, and in he plunged. It was a hard struggle, she could not see through the darkness, the waters rushed above the mane of her horse, but at last it was over, and the

noble horse bore her up the steep bank on the other side.

Again they rushed onward, and just at midnight they reached the city. Bregenz was saved.

The battlements were manned before daylight, and the advancing army was met with defiance.

That was three hundred years ago; but the old stone gateway, which was erected on the hill to do the girl honour, stands there still. And still, as the warder paces to and fro guarding the old gateway and calling each passing hour, when midnight comes he calls the maiden's name.

A KING WHO NEVER WORE HIS CROWN.

"Why, Malcolm, what is the matter? I thought that you and Bruce were having such a fine play."

"So we were, Aunt Frances; but Bruce wants to be king all the time, and that isn't fair."

"Should you like to be a sure enough king, Bruce?" asked the lady.

"Course I would," he said, in surprise. "Hither, knave; haste to fill this golden flagon, and give thy master drink." Bruce strutted up to Malcolm and proceeded to knock him over on the grass. But the "knave," so far from "hithering," sprang at the piece of royalty, and a lively scuffle set in.

"There, there, boys," said Aunt Frances, "that play is getting too rough. Come and sit down and let me tell you a story about a little king who never wore his crown. Did you ever hear of Louis XVII. of France?"

"I know there were a lot of 'em named Louis," said Malcolm, vaguely, while Bruce kept a discreet silence; "but I don't know anything particular about the seventeenth fellow. What about him?"

"Well, maybe you think you've seen a fuss made over a small baby" ("I should think so," muttered Malcolm nodding up at the nursery window;) "but you never imagined anything like the fuss made over this small scrap of a boy, born in the palace of Versailles. I say small, because when he was a few hours old the young Duke d'Anjou came paid him a visit, and exclaimed, 'Oh, papa! how little my cousin is!' To which the prince answered, quickly, 'The day will come when you will think him great enough, my dear!' But that day never came.

"When this small Louis was only a few days old all the workmen and tradespeople of Paris bought themselves fine clothes, and went out in a body to the palace to pay their respects to him.

"Well-dressed chimney sweeps carried a miniature chimney, on which was perched a tiny sweep; blacksmiths were working away at an anvil; shoemaker were ticktacking at a wee pair of shoes, intended for the royal baby; and tailors were sewing upon a small uniform of the regiment to which the princeling already belonged.

"All these bodil's of men and women made speeches, read papers, recited poems, full of praises and congratulations, declaring their love and loyalty for their new sovereign.

"Alas, Bruce! alas, Malcolm! Only a few years had gone by—this Louis was but a lad still—when his father and mother (Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette) were murdered, and the boy treated with such cruelty by his gaolers that he lost his mind and then his life. Poor, innocent child! Because generations of forefathers had been cruel and selfish tyrants this boy must suffer the wrath of unreasoning people.

"When you read the bloody story of those days of the French Revolution say to yourselves that nothing is so terrible as sin. In those horrid deeds sin is unmasked, but it is always the same at heart—cruel, relentless, terrible, in all its consequences. What would we do, boys, if we had not a Saviour from sin?"

Malcolm and Bruce thought this a pretty solemn little talk for play hour, but they carried away from it a story and a sermon.—Sunday-school Visitor.

SCHOOLBOYS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

No one familiar with the pleasantness of the life of the modern English school would suspect, says Harper's Round Table, how wretched was the way in which for generation upon generation the collegers were housed and fed. At Eton, for instance, until well into the present century, the sixteen senior collegiats had no water except what they made th. lower boys fetch in for them overnight from the pump in the yard. The lower boys had no chance of washing at all in college, for they were not allowed washstands and basins.

Mother's Thanksgiving.

BY MARGARET K. SANDOZ.

Such a quaint little Mother, in a gown of silver gray,
Her snowy hair smooth-parted, in the dear old-fashioned way,
And on her head a lint-white cap, of softest, flimsiest lace,
That made a picture-frame about her sweet and placid face.

Such a brave little Mother! So many a year had fled,
Since her husband, loyal and loving, had been numbered with the dead,
So many, many summers had she borne a lonely heart,
That her fair age and his bright youth were half a life apart.

Such a gentle little Mother! Ah! the boys remember now,
Sorrowfully, every shadow on that tender, tranquil brow,
They remember how she taught them, how she kissed them each at night,
And they felt no need of angels keeping watch till morning light.

Such a trustful little Mother! There were dark days now and then,
Though the dear lady never dreamed it until they were bearded men;
She would go away alone, kneeling in her chamber dim,
And would tell the Lord her troubles, casting all her care on him.

Such a happy little Mother! With a laugh like bells a-chime,
Ever swift to see the bright side, ready with a quip and rhyme,
Oh, so quick with love's own pity! oh, so earnest 'neath the jest!
Ever lavishing her kindness, giving ever of her best.

Such a winsome little Mother! Why the village children came
Trooping merrily about her; she knew every one by name;
Baby faces smiled to greet hers, by some subtle impulse stirred,
As if fledglings knew the brooding of the tender mother-bird.

Such a true little Mother! Never dallying with wrong;
Honest to the very heart's core; bearing burdens late and long;
Paying every debt with interest; filling every day with work,
With a deep disdain for any who the day's demand would shirk.

Such a blessed little Mother! Through their tears her sons to-day
Thank the God she served and honoured that she sleeping passed away
Lifted to the home in heaven, to the comrade gone before,
Just as earth's Thanksgiving greetings floated through the open door.

TWO LITTLE MAIDS IN CHINA.

BY ELLA E. GLOVER.

It was after school hours and the girls had just finished eating their afternoon rice when there came a knock at the study door. In came two of the largest girls, and, as each has a history, perhaps you would like to make their acquaintance. Wen Ling says: "Teacher, please may Kule Ch'iu see her uncle's picture? She is homesick." Now, while they are sitting at the desk talking quietly over the photographs, let me tell you what I know about them.

Wang Wen Ling is the daughter of one of our preachers. When she was twelve years old (that was seven years ago) she was betrothed to a boy four years her junior. Then a year or two later her father heard the Gospel and believed. He wanted to send Wen Ling to school, and in 1890 she was all ready to come, and in fact had gone into the cart, when her heathen mother made such a fuss that the girl went back. The next year her father told her to get ready, and again the mother was so angry that the plan was given up. But the Lord touched the mother's heart, and three years ago Wen Ling went into a country school, and in the fall of 1895 came here.

Do you ask, "Is she still betrothed into a heathen home?" That is what I asked one of her friends.

"Oh, yes, for the mother-in-law does not want to give her up."

"But is there no way, if the father has plenty of courage and the girl wants to be freed?"

"No way."

"Will Wen Ling's feet be bound when she is married?"

"I do not know. Her mother-in-law is not pleased to have her here and of course is not pleased with her large feet, but she cannot help herself as long as

Wen Ling is still in her father's house. Other betrothals have been broken off. There are four or five girls of whom I know who were engaged and now are free."

And now you want to know Kule Ch'iu's history. She is not pretty like Wen Ling, but I think she has a good face. She is two years younger than Wen Ling, but fully as tall.

Her father died six years ago, but not until he had heard of Jesus Christ. There was no church in the place, and so he died without having become a member of the church on earth. He had a brother who smoked opium and gambled. The new Christian urged him to reform and told him that there was help for him. The entreaties were not in vain, for the opium smoker and gambler proved the power of Christ to save, and became an earnest preacher of the Gospel when Kule Ch'iu's father died. The two oldest daughters were married off into heathen homes, having no desire to believe this new faith. The uncle wanted the third daughter to go to school, but she refused, and heathen relatives found her a mother-in-law. There were left in the home the mother and elder brother, both of whom have accepted Christianity, and Kule Ch'iu. She had been betrothed to a heathen. Her uncle wanted her to study, and she, having heard some of the other girls tell of the pleasures they had in school, wanted, too, to study, and so she went into a country school. This made trouble at once, as the mother-in-law was displeased. The uncle sent word: "Kule Ch'iu is to have her feet unbound now, and study; when she is married you can make her bind her feet and we cannot help ourselves, but at present she is in our control."

The mother-in-law sent back word she would not have the girl, and so she is free. She is a bright girl and an earnest Christian, giving promise of a useful life.

HUNTING FOR BEE TREES.

BY LEWIS ALBERT HANKS.

When I was a boy over on the Oregon hills there used to be large numbers of wild bees. The great oak forests made a splendid home for them. It was very easy to find a large hollow tree or limb where a new swarm could make its home. Besides, the climate was very mild, and the woods abounded in wild flowers, not only on the trees and shrubs, but every wild hillside pasture was a garden of honey-bearing blossoms.

The best honey in all the world is wild honey. There is something so mild and delicious in the honey that is found in hollow limbs of the big oak trees that no one who has ever tasted it can forget it. It is of course very rare that any of this kind of honey finds its way to the market.

Hunting for a bee tree requires a great deal of patience. The bee hunter will sit, of a fine morning, with his back against a tree and his eyes toward the sun until he sees a bee streaking it through the air. A few moments' close observation will show a line of bees all going in one direction. They are going home. Those that are going out in search of flowers fly high, but the bees that are loaded with honey fly very low. The hunter knows that the bee never loses any time, but flies in a straight line.

When the hunter has fixed the direction of the bee line (who has not heard people talk of going "in a bee line"?) he follows it with the greatest care. He walks slowly and keeps track of that little line of loaded bees that shoot like bullets over his head. He generally finds the home tree within a mile of the honey field, and often much nearer.

When the hunter has tracked the little workers to their hive, which is usually the hollow limb of some big tree, he marks the spot by blazing some trees near it, and then cuts his initials into the bee tree. That makes the tree his, according to backwoods law; and on the frontier it would be no more stealing to take a man's potatoes out of his garden than to chop down his bee tree after his initials had been cut on it.

When the bee hunter has thus made sure his title he goes home and brings back his wife and children, with all the available buckets and kettles, prepared to rob the unsuspecting little toilers of the woods. He builds a fire at the base of the tree, if it be hollow all the way up, and in a few minutes the bees, sick and angry, are forced to get out. The hunter and his family make themselves scarce about this time, for it is not healthy for a man to show himself when a swarm of bees has been smoked out of house and home. When the bees have all disappeared the hunter climbs up, chops a hole big enough to insert a tin dipper, and fills his buckets with

the delicious nectar-like honey. Wild honey is usually a pale straw colour, and has a delicate fragrance, born of the wild flowers and the woods, that is never found in honey that is made by domesticated bees in artificial hives.

There is a charming bee story told in the Bible concerning Jonathan, who was a bosom friend of David. It was on the day of a great battle, when Saul had made all the soldiers take an oath not to eat anything until the battle was over; but Jonathan had been away at the time, and so knew nothing about it. Late that afternoon, when he was hot and tired, passing through a forest he came under a bee tree, where the honey was dripping from the overfull hive in a hollow limb. Jonathan had a feast that day, and was greatly comforted and refreshed by it, though it came near costing him his life afterward.

It was related of two Scotchmen who were coming to America that each of them determined to bring something characteristic of his native land that might perpetuate his love for the old country in his new home. One of them brought the Scotch thistle and planted it in his garden, and the winds caught up the thistle balls and carried them far and wide until the whole land was cursed with thistles. His neighbour brought with him a hive of bees, and every now and then a swarm would escape his vigilance and go wild in the woods, until the forests were full of wild honey. It would be a good thing to ask ourselves the question, which is it we are scattering abroad in the world by our daily lives—thistles or honey?

Johnny's Complaint.

Our preacher says—an 'course he's right—
It's very wrong to tell a fib.
(So mother's taught me ever since
She rocked me in my little crib).
That's why I can't just understand
Why in his sermons he will run
Along like sixty when he's said,
"But one word more, and I have done."

When first I heard him say those words,
They made me glad, for I, you see,
Was tired, for half-hour sermons seem
Enough for little folks like me;
But, gracious! I was quite surprised
To find he'd only just begun.
When, pausing for a breath, he said,
"But one word more, and I have done."

I wonder what he'd think if I
Should say, when at his home I'd sup,
"Just one plum more, and I have done."
Then eat his wife's preserves all up?
I guess he'd ask me what I meant;
I'd have to say I was in fun,
Just like he must be when he says,
"But one word more, and I have done."

THE SERMON JANET PREACHED.

BY ROBERTA FRANKLIN BALLARD.

It was Junior League afternoon, and Janet was waiting to go. She had wanted to be early, for Miss Lou had asked her to read the Scripture lesson, and her little Bible lay on the table with her gloves waiting for her. It had been lying there for some minutes, and now the clock pointed to five minutes of opening hour and still mamma did not come.

Janet made a little move to go when she saw how late it was, but Robble gave a little moan and nestled closer in her arms. Robble was the dear baby brother, and he had struck his little curly head a bad blow on the table corner.

It had happened a half-hour ago, and Janet had bathed it and had taken him in her arms to put and hold till mamma came back. She had expected to be home before this, and Janet knew something unavoidable had detained her, as mamma was very careful not to disappoint her little daughter if she could help it.

If Robble were well, she could put him in the kitchen with the cook, and he would play there with his toys till mother came home; but he did not want to go to cook now he was hurt; he wanted Sister Janet, as there was no dear mamma.

Tick, tick, went the clock, and Janet watched the hand go slowly up to the hour. She really ought to go, Miss Lou would be disappointed and wonder at her absence. Was it right to stay home and miss the meeting, with the Bible reading and prayer and Miss Lou's helpful talk? Still, what could she do? Robble's eyes were closed, but when she tried to lay him on the couch the little curly head nestled closer to her, and the dimpled hand was put in a loving caress against her cheek. Oh, no, it couldn't be right to leave the little fel-

low, she would not think of it any longer.

Then she sat and listened to the tick of the clock and the scratch of Uncle Hal's pen in the adjoining room. He was not her real uncle—a more distant relative—but he had lived at their house ever since she could remember, and Janet loved him dearly. He was quiet and reserved with most persons—mamma had told her of a lonely child-life, with little but harshness in it, that had served to make him seem cold and hard to others, but never so to Janet.

He was not a Christian. Janet often wondered, as she prayed for him, if there had been the same loving home-life for him that she had, whether he would not have been a Christian too.

From where she sat she could see in the other room the iron-gray head bent over his desk, and she wondered to herself, with a little smile, if, when it was a baby head and full of curls, it had ever been hurt and petted and held on a sister's arm. No, she remembered mamma had said there were no brothers or sisters—a lonely little orphan boy, with no one to love or care for him but a stern old uncle. How dreadful it was! She drew the curly head on her breast closer to her; she was glad she had not left Robble.

The scratching of the pen stopped after a little and Uncle Hal came softly into the room.

"Is he asleep?" he asked, in a low tone. "I'll lay him down for you. Poor little fellow! that's a bad-looking brute." Then he looked at Janet. "Why, you have your hat on; were you going out?"

Janet told him.

"And you gave up that precious meeting for a little brother's hurt head? That's quite remarkable. Are you sure you did right?"

Janet looked at him. He was teasing, she could see; but what did he mean, what did he think was right?

"Well, I wanted to go real bad," she said, "but I didn't think I ought to leave Robble with cook, he seemed to want me."

"Exactly," Uncle Hal said, with a smile, "but a good many folks would have thought it a very trifling excuse to keep them home. I'm glad my little girl's religion is the kind that prompts to kindly deeds. It's the kind this sick, hurt world needs the most of all. I see your little Bib'le here. I'll mark a verse—you see I know some Bible verses—that you may remember as a text you preached a sermon from to your old uncle to-day. I will have mercy and not sacrifice." You see I don't go to church very often, so I don't get many sermons from regular preachers; but once in a while a little girl I know preaches the sweetest kind of sermons by her kindly life. It does me good, too; makes it easy to believe in the tender love of the great Father, when one sees his children filled with the same spirit."

Then he stooped and gently kissed Janet's flushed, glad face.

"I thank you for the little sermon to-day, dear. I hope I'll be a better man for it."

IN THE LION'S MOUTH

St. Lyon Playfair gives the following testimony of three men who have been in the power of wild beasts:

"I have known three friends who were partially devoured by wild beasts under apparently hopeless circumstances of escape. The first was Livingstone, the great African traveller who was knocked on his back by a lion, which began to munch his arm. He assured me that he felt no fear or pain and that his only feeling was one of intense curiosity as to what part of his body the lion would take next. The next was Rustom Pasha, now Turkish Ambassador in London. A bear attacked him and tore off part of his hand and part of his arm and shoulder. He also assured me that he had neither a sense of pain nor of fear, but that he felt excessively angry because the bear grunted with so much satisfaction in munching him. The third case is that of Sir Edward Bradford, an Indian officer now occupying a high position in the Indian Office. He was seized in a solitary place by a tiger, which held him firmly behind his shoulders with one paw and then deliberately devoured the whole of his arm, beginning at the hand and ending at the shoulder. He was positive that he had no sensation of fear, and thinks that he felt a little pain when the fangs went through his hand, but is certain that he felt none during the munching of his arm."

Unless the race is to degenerate, sons must excel their fathers and daughters their mothers. Are you on the way to a better manhood and womanhood than that of your parents?

The Chrysanthemum.

BY ALICE T. FERGUSON

Your ragged beauty charms my eye,
Chrysanthemum;
You hold your tousel'd head so high,
Chrysanthemum;
Have you been racing with the wind,
And left your hair-plins all behind,
Or do you mean to be unkind,
Chrysanthemum?

I thought that summer's bloom had
passed,
Chrysanthemum;

But like good wine, she kept you last;
Chrysanthemum;

And when November's storm clouds
lowered;

The sun this wreath of beauty showered,
And laughed as he the earth embowered,
Chrysanthemum.

But yet you shake your saucy head,
Chrysanthemum;

You, who on sunbeams bright are fed,
Chrysanthemum,

Thou glorious link 'twixt summer skies,
And winter's white-robed beauty lies,
To us a glimpse of Paradise,
Chrysanthemum.

WESLEY'S ESCAPE FROM FIRE.

The account given by Mrs. Wesley is as follows: "On Wednesday night, February 9th, 1709, between the hours of

eleven and twelve, some sparks fell from the roof of our house upon one of the children's (Hetty's) feet. She immediately ran to our chamber and called us. Mr. Wesley, hearing a cry of fire in the street, started up (as I was very ill) and, opening the door, found the fire was in his own house. He immediately bade me and my two eldest daughters rise quickly and shift for ourselves. Then he ran and burst open the nursery door, and called to the maid to bring out the children. The two little ones lay in the bed with her, the three others in another bed. She snatched up the youngest, and bid the rest follow, which the three elder did. When we got into the hall, we were surrounded with flames. Mr. Wesley found he had left the keys of the doors above-stairs. He ran up and recovered them, a minute before the staircase took fire. When we opened the street door, the strong north-east wind drove the flames in with such violence that none could stand against them. But some of our children got out through the windows, the rest through a little door into the garden. I was not in a condition to climb up to the windows; neither could I get to the garden door. I endeavoured three times to force my passage through the street door, but was as often beat back by the fury of the flames. In this distress I besought the blessed Saviour for help, and then waded through the fire, simply in my night-dress, which did me no further harm than a little scorching of my hands and face. When Mr. Wesley had seen the other children safe, he heard the child in the nursery cry. He attempted to go up the stairs, but they were all on fire, and would not bear his weight. Finding it impossible to give any help, he kneeled down in the hall, and commended the soul of the child to God."

Wesley himself, years afterwards, referring to the event, wrote: "I believe it was just at that time I waked, for I did not cry, as they imagined, unless it was afterwards. I remember all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains and saw streaks of the fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no farther, all the floor beyond being in a blaze. I then climbed up on a chest which stood near the window. One in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered,

"There will not be time; but I have thought of another expedient. Here, I will fix myself against the wall, lift a light man, and set him on my shoulders." They did so, and he took me out of the window. Just then the roof fell in, but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once." His father gave thanks to God.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 20.

MANASSEH'S SIN AND REPENTANCE.

2 Chron. 33. 9-16. Memory verses, 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 John 1. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. Manasseh the Sinner, v. 9-11.
2. Manasseh the Penitent, v. 12, 13.
3. Manasseh the Reformer, v. 14-16.

Time.—Manasseh ascended the throne about 698. His reign was the longest in the annals of Judah and the most

What does God say to sinners? Ezek. 33. 11.

What fate came to Manasseh as the result of his sin?

Who attacked him and his people?

What did they do to Manasseh?

How did they treat him?

Where did they take him?

Where was Babylon? In Chaldea, five hundred miles east of Jerusalem.

2. Manasseh the Penitent, v. 12, 13.

What was the effect of affliction on Manasseh?

Does it always have this effect?

What did Manasseh do in the prison?

How should we go to God?

Did God hear the prayer of such a sinner?

What encouragement does that give us?

How was his prayer answered?

3. Manasseh the Reformer, v. 14-16.

Do people always keep the promises made in trouble?

How did Manasseh keep his?

What did he command his people?

Is there any sin so foul that it may not be pardoned?

Can we undo the evil results of our sins?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That God sends affliction in mercy?
2. That God hears the prayer of the afflicted?
3. That true penitence is shown by forsaking sin?

Thanksgiving Eve.

Hand in hand, through the city streets,
As the chilly November twilight fell,
Two childish figures walked up and down—
The black, Teddie, and his sister, Nell.

With wistful eyes they peer in the shops,
Where dazzling lights from the windows shine,
On golden products from farm and field,
And luscious fruits from every clime.

"Oh, Teddie," said Nell, "let's play for to-morrow
These things are ours, and let's suppose

We can choose whatever we want to eat;
It might come true, perhaps. Who knows?"

Two pinched little faces press the pane,
And eagerly plan for the morrow's feast,
Of dainties their lips will never touch,
Forgetting their hunger, awhile at least.

The pavement was cold for shoeless feet;
Ted's jacket was thin; he shivered, and said,

"Let's go to a place and choose some clothes."

"Agreed!" said Nell, and away they sped,

To a furrier's shop ablaze with light;
In its fancied warmth they place their hands,
And play their scanty garments are changed
For softest fur from far-off lands.

"A grand Thanksgiving we'll have!"
cried Nell,
"These make-believe things seem almost true;
I've 'most forgot how hungry I was,
And, Teddie, I'm almost warm, aren't you?"

O happy hearts that rejoice to-day
In all the bounty the season brings,
Have pity on those who vainly strive
To be warmed and fed with imaginings!
—The Congregationalist.

It seems as if every man has a pin ready to prick the boaster's inflation. Human nature is so constituted that it loves to bring down those who vaunt themselves. It looks with no kindly eye upon the vain and boastful man. Contrariwise, it delights to exalt the modest man who humbles himself. The world will find a thousand lips to sing the praises of the worthy man who is too modest to sing his own praises.

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WALLS OF JERUSALEM.
Showing Style of Ancient Defences. Characteristic Cactus, or Prickly Pear, Thicket in Foreground.

WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

The picture above shows the walls of Jerusalem as they now are. They would not stand much of a siege from modern cannon, but it cost Titus, the Roman general, great labour to reduce them by his battering-rams. When Sennacherib attempted to capture Jerusalem its defences were very much like those shown in our picture.

If we live to ourselves and for ourselves only, our life must necessarily be a small and poor life, since it is limited by our circumstances, our situation, and our powers. But if we forget ourselves, and open our doors of work, thought and sympathy into the great overflowing life of the whole world, we step into so large and full an existence that we can never exhaust or tire of it. "No man is happy until his first object is outside of himself," and no man can be unhappy who throws himself, self-forgetfully, into any effort to share in and better the world's wide life.

calamitous. He deliberately set himself to undo his father's reformation.

Places.—Jerusalem and Babylon.

HOME READINGS.

- M. A wicked son.—2 Chron. 33. 1-8.
- Tu. God's judgment.—2 Kings 21. 10-17.
- W. Manasseh's sin and repentance.—2 Chron. 33. 9-16.
- Th. Anger with sin.—Jer. 15. 1-7.
- P. Promise of mercy.—Deut. 30. 1-10.
- S. A penitent's prayer.—Psalm 51.
- Su. Repentance and return. Luke 15. 11-24.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Manasseh the Sinner, v. 9-11.
Whose son was Manasseh? 2 Chron. 32. 33.
What kind of a son should we expect from such a father?
What was Manasseh's character?
What was his influence?
To what degree did the king and his people sin against God?
Did they receive warning from God?
How did they treat the warnings?