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THE LITTLE SAINTS' HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1893.

[No. 42.]



AT CHURCH IN HOLLAND.

AT CHURCH IN HOLLAND.
No tourist in visiting foreign lands neglects to see the churches. Here the architecture, ornamentation, furnishing, etc., all serve as indications of the character of the people and are also, very often, of great historic interest. Then if he is able to attend a service, the different costumes of the worshippers, their manners,

and the singing, as well as the service itself, serve as important aids in forming an estimate of the people. The above picture gives us a glimpse of a church in Holland with its assembled worshippers. We see the quaint costumes of young and old, the strange, three-cornered hats of the men, their long stockings and knee-breeches, the little boy's queer cap, the lady with a

scarf over her head and her companion who wears no hat, the Flemish cast of features of the singers, the ancient carving of the wooden seats, all seem very curious to our eyes. But in their own way, with the same sunlight streaming into the little window, that brightens our Canadian churches, they are singing the praise of the same Lord and Saviour whom we worship.

A WISE KING.

THERE was a heathen king once, named Philip of Macedon, and a very wise king he was, though he was a heathen. One of the wisest of his plans was this: He had a slave, whom he ordered to come into his every morning, whatever he was doing, and to say to him, in a loud voice, "Philip, remember that thou must die."

In Sunday Dress.

BY ALICE ROGERS.

Oh, mother, come and see the trees! they're
in their Sunday gowns
That somewhere have been hidden until
the time of frost.
Such shining gold and scarlet, such stately
rustling browns!
And, oh, such burnished splendour, with
rainbow colours crossed!

I thought the trees were lovely in the misty
green of spring,
When came the dear old robins to build
within the eaves;
I thought the blossoms beautiful that wooed
the bluebird's wing,
But brighter than the blossoms are the
radiant autumn leaves.

'Tis just as we do, mother dear, when week-
day work is done,
And Sunday brings its blessed peace—we
wear our Sunday dress.
You see the trees are resting from their la-
bours in the sun,
And the pretty gowns are worn to show
their happiness.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1893.

STRANGE MEDICINE.

BY REV. A. SMITH.

THERE is a very strange remedy now used by nearly all classes of patients, and for nearly all diseases. At first this medicine is extremely offensive to patients. The first dose usually makes them very sick, but as the treatment proceeds, the disgusting smell and taste entirely disappear, and the use of the remedy becomes exceedingly pleasant. This medicine is a deadly poison; a small dose often causes great prostration, extreme nausea and vomiting, and sometimes death, and yet millions of men, women and even children are allowed to prescribe it for themselves and others without license to practise medicine. Nearly all classes show their mutual esteem and friendship by dosing each other with this poison, whether they are sick or well. It is a very expensive remedy; it costs some patients thousands of dollars; it makes patients loathsome to those in health; it does not prevent disease; it never cures, for patients usually continue its use until they die; it causes many diseases, shortens life and ruins the soul. Patients often know these facts and yet the poison so weakens and controls their reason, that they continue its use for years, gradually increasing the dose and repeating it from once to thirty times a day. Few other remedies would be taken daily for five or ten years if they did not cure.

Medicines lose their power for good in a short time, and if continued long are very injurious. Calomel, strychnine, jalap or aloes taken in increasing doses for a few

weeks only would cause most patients to either recover, die or change the medicine. But this strange medicine is used by many quacks for years until their health is ruined by it. A few physicians permit its use in lockjaw, painters' colic and sea-sickness if used with great caution, but intelligent physicians never prescribe chewing, smoking, snuffing and snuff dipping. It cannot be that these diseases are so common and of such long standing as to make this remedy so popular. The Christian world learned its use from savages, and it is still a favourite remedy with Hottentots, Indians, etc. Paupers and criminals are delighted with it. We think this medicine should never be used, but if it is taken it should be discontinued after a day or two at the longest. It never should be chewed, smoked or snuffed. In our judgment it is a far better way to give it in tincture, syrup, fluid, extract, pills, or in decoction either hot or cold. Some patients might derive a benefit from its use in the form of a medicated bath by dipping them in the decoction, as farmers sometimes treat their lambs. The name of this strange medicine is tobacco. Reader, do you take this remedy? If so, I beg you to change your medicine. Thousands are dying of cancer of the lip and mouth from the use of this strange remedy.

"DOES GOD CARE?"

BY S. ROSALIE SILL.

"We are forsaken of everything save want," said Effie Tooley, as she laid her arms upon the old table, and leaning her head upon them, allowed herself for once to have a good cry.

"Do not give way so, my child," said Mrs. Tooley, trying to comfort her daughter. "It is always the darkest just before day; and the good book tells us: 'After a night of weeping joy cometh in the morning.' I am sure things must take a turn after a little."

"Things have taken many a turn, mamma, but always for the worse. I have tried every way, as you know—picking berries, and sewing far into the night—so that I should have books and clothing that was respectable to wear at school; but it is all of no use, I am shunned by my school-mates; and only to-day I was told by Maud Stoner that if I did pass the examination well I would get no school, as I was the daughter of a drunkard. I did turn on Maud then—although you have told me not to—and tell her it was just as respectable to drink liquor as to sell it. You should have seen Maud then! She fairly raved; and then some of girls began consoling her—just because she is rich, dresses finely and gives nice little suppers and spends money freely, while I wear a five cent print and go hungry. Well, I am discouraged. I wonder if any one cares? I ask myself many times: Does God care?"

"I know it is hard, dear Effie. But I am sure God does care, and I am sure he will yet answer my pleading prayers. As to the disgrace of drinking or selling liquor I should prefer the drinking of it. Some way a sin committed against another—the dragging down to hell of some one else—must, in the eyes of the Lord, be looked upon with less allowance than for one to ruin himself. We both profess to love the Lord, dear; let us to night kneel before him and claim the promise that we when call upon him, he will answer."

Humbled by her mother's words, Effie knelt beside her while she claimed the promises.

"Not in my way, O Lord," cried the sorrowing woman, "but in thine own way, hear my cry, and answer speedily. All the waves and the billows have gone over me, but still my faith reaches up to thee. Disappoint me not, see my expectation is from thee, and thee only."

A hush fell within the room, as the two still waited upon their knees, and while yet in that posture the mother began singing, "My faith looks up to thee." As they arose, both felt that a peace had stolen into their hearts which the world could neither give nor take away.

Before taking up her work, Mrs. Tooley reached for the little well-worn Bible upon the stand, and read: "I called upon the Lord in distress; the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place. The Lord is on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me? The Lord taketh my part with

them that help me; therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man."

Just as Mrs. Tooley closed the book a step sounded upon the path, and a moment after the door was opened and Mr. Tooley entered, not drunk, as he often was, but sober and in an agreeable mood, as he took a seat and said:

"I am home earlier than usual, which accounts for supper not being ready. I brought some things along, and if Effie has a mind to take the trouble, we can have a little treat," and he took several packages from his pockets.

"I think I have a mind," said Effie with a smile, as she arose and hastily began preparing the table, while her mother laid down her work, and made an extra cup of tea, her heart all the while beating with an unusual expectancy of hope. As they were seated at the table, Mr. Tooley said:

"Would you and Effie like to go to the hall to hear the lecture this evening, mother?"

"What kind of lecture, papa?" and Effie turned an interested face to the speaker.

"A temperance lecture, I've been told. It's some one from a distance, and real smart, they say."

"Of course we want to go," said Effie. "Do you not, mamma?"

"I am sure we do," was all Mrs. Tooley could manage to say, for she was deeply moved, and was questioning within herself if the Lord was about to answer prayers and set her in a larger place.

That was an evening never to be forgotten by the Tooleys. The crowded hall with its sea of upturned faces, listening to the convincing arguments and eloquent appeals of the speaker. Strong men were moved even to tears, as he pleaded, while once in a while a sob broke forth from some woman, whose heart had grown sore over the long waiting for redemption to come to her loved ones, who were held in thrall by the drink-traffic. However, the climax was not reached until the people were urged to come forward and sign the pledge, when the platform was crowded by young and old. Among the number was David Tooley.

Mrs. Tooley was so overcome that Effie feared she would faint; and yet she saw no way of getting her out, until a gentleman noticed and came, saying, "Do not be disturbed, joy seldom kills. Here is a glass of water and a fan."

Effie soon found her mother better, and several coming to congratulate her, on account of what her husband had done.

"Helen, dear, are you ill?" said Mr. Tooley, coming to his wife.

"No, David, I am overcome with joy. The Lord answered me, while I was yet speaking."

"There is something strange," said Mr. Tooley. "As I received my week's wages to-night, I was going into Stoner's, the same as usual, when it just seemed as though I was held back. As I hesitated, Dick Turner came along and told me about the lecture, and I turned and went into Hill's grocery and made my purchases, and came home."

"And Effie and I were at home praying for you, David."

"Strange, isn't it, wife?"

"No. God is a prayer-hearing God, and if you put your trust in him he is able to save you."

STANLEY'S RESPONSIBILITY.

A WRITER in the *New Review*, speaking of the difficulty in realizing what "Darkest Africa" was fifteen years ago when Stanley began his explorations, tells an anecdote quite to the point:

"A little maid was doing her geography lesson the other evening. A brand new map of Africa was before her, and she was puzzling her way among the maze of names. 'Dear me,' said her mother, looking over her shoulder, 'what a different thing the map of Africa is now from what it was when I was young. When I was at school all the map was white, except around the coast, and we had only a few names to learn.'

"Oh, yes," said the girl, looking at the subject from the school-girl's standpoint, 'it's all that horrid man Stanley.'—*Wide Awake*.

THE FERRIS WHEEL.

RIGHT in the centre of the Midway Plaisance stands the gigantic structure known as the Ferris wheel, and after one ride in it I could sympathize with the little girl who said she was going to save all the money her father gave to spend at the Fair and ride round in the wheel till it (the money, not the wheel) was gone. The wheel is really a double wheel, built of iron, and is two hundred and fifty feet in diameter. Between these two wheels are suspended cars like horse cars, only wider, with a row of seats on each side and through the middle. There are thirty-six of these cars, each capable of seating thirty-eight persons. Each car has a guard, and all who pay the fifty cents for a ride are carried around twice. They could take about seventy thousand passengers each day, but at the time we were there from six to ten thousand was the daily average.

Let us imagine for a moment that we are going to take a ride on the wheel. The door of the car closes, and without the slightest jar, and with scarcely a perceptible motion, the great wheel begins to revolve. Slowly and easily we rise above the street, and the domes, pinnacles, flags, and statues of the beautiful white buildings come into view. No one can get dizzy or feel afraid, and the only way we can tell positively that the wheel has stopped to take passengers on some car away below us is by looking toward the wheel itself, where we can see the opposite cars descending as we ascend, or realize that all are standing still. Having reached the highest point, we look down on the tables in Old Vienna, where the waiters seem like flies moving about; hear with strange distinctness the thrumming noise of Turkish orchestras, and other sounds from below; and then, as we come down, go to the other side of the car to look off to the west away from the Fair grounds, where the most prominent object is the Chicago University. Soon we begin to ascend again, and as the time is just dusk we see the lights twinkling into life on the Administration dome, on the two cupolas of the New York State Building, and elsewhere, until the grounds and buildings are like another sky bright with a million stars. Suddenly a bright light like that of the sun floods every part of our car, and we realize that the great German search-light upon the Manufactures Building, which can send its rays seventy-five miles if need be, has been turned upon the Ferris wheel, and we have the strange experience of seeing the dusk deepen into night, and be transformed into daylight, and of stepping out into the night again—all in the space of twenty-five minutes!

THE NEEDLE-AND-THREAD TREE.

IMAGINE the luxury of such a tree, and the delight of going out to your needle-and-thread orchard, and picking a needle threaded all ready for business! Odd as it may seem to us, there is out on the Mexican plains just such a forest growth. The tree partakes of the nature of gigantic asparagus, and has large, thick, fleshy leaves, reminding one of the cactus—the one popularly known as the "prickly pear." The "needles" of the needle-and-thread tree are set along the edges of the thick leaves.

In order to get one equipped for sewing, it is only necessary to push the thorn, or "needle," gently backward into its fleshy sheath, thus to loosen it from the tough outside covering of the leaf, and then pull it from the socket. A hundred fine fibres adhere to the thorn like spider webs. By twisting the "needle" during the drawing operation, this fibre can be drawn out to an almost indefinite length. The action of the atmosphere toughens these minute threads amazingly, to such a degree as to make a thread twisted from it, not larger than common No. 40, capable of sustaining a weight of five pounds, about three times the tensile strength of common "six-cord" thread. The scientific name of this forest wonder is *Tenryana Macudina*.

Out of twenty young men who competed for a West Point cadetship at Westfield, Mass., ten were rejected by the physician because they had "the tobacco heart," brought on by cigarette-smoking. They were unfit for West Point service.

The Mill of Life.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands,
The sun through a single hour;
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing falling us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

ASA'S BLESSING.

BY H. E. GERRY, AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE WIDOWS," ETC.

"His promises fail not."

I.

OUR home was in a lovely valley in lovely Galilee. My husband owned a farm, not very far from Bethsaida. He was not of noble birth, but for one of the common people he was well studied in the Law. We lacked nothing for our daily wants; we had enough and to spare. For in Galilee, in those days, all farm-produce found a ready market, in such towns as Capernaum or Tiberias, for the Romans were ready to buy, and gave a fair price. Ah! how changed is the face of the country already; and if what Jesus of Nazareth is reported to have said comes true, soon will the rich towns of Galilee, with even our Bethsaida, be laid low.

May the Lord God of our fathers grant that these old eyes may not live to see that day!

My husband, Benjamin, and I, Salome, are both of the tribe of Naphtali. We had been married half a score of years, but the Lord had not blessed us with children, and this was a sore grief to us both. Every year, at the Great Feasts, Benjamin and I went up to Jerusalem. And there, like Hannah of old, I besought the Lord that he would take my reproach from me. And at length the Lord was merciful, and heard the voice of his handmaiden, and a son was born unto us, whom we named Asa, for that was the name of his father's father.

My little son! my little Asa! How my heart beats with love as even now I recall the time when I carried him, as a babe, in my arms; and then later, when, as a lad, he ran about the farm, helping his father in the fields, feeding the fowls and pigeons around the house. But above all do I love to think of him standing at his father's knees, of a winter evening, listening eagerly to the stories of our patriots and heroes of old—to the gallant deeds of David, of Gideon, or Judge Manoah's learning, like them, to be a good son of Abraham, and zealous in the Law of his fathers.

When Asa was very young, he nearly died of a fever and ague, and though by the Lord's mercy he recovered, for many years after he was subject to frequent returns of the ague, especially at such times when the wind blew damp in spring, and a chilly mist hung over the lake at sundown. This weakness was a great anxiety to my husband and to me, for we had no other children, and Asa was the apple of our eye.

It was when Asa was about six years of age that I first began to hear gossip amongst the women of the well concerning Jesus, the young prophet of Nazareth, and what I heard of him made me desirous of seeing him with my own eyes. Moreover, as the ague then sorely troubled the lad, it

came into my heart that I might carry my little one to the Prophet and ask him to heal the child. I had heard that this Jesus loved all little ones with a rare and beautiful love. Indeed, it was reported as a saying of his that he would have none but children in his kingdom (though the meaning of this none could declare to me).

I spoke to my husband of my wish to see Jesus of Nazareth, and though he smiled as if he thought it but a "womanish fancy," yet he gave me leave to go to Capernaum, where we heard the young Prophet was teaching.

How well I remember, even yet, everything that took place on that day when first my eyes beheld Jesus!

It was a lovely spring morning. Our beloved land was clothed in verdure and flowers. The garden of Eden could not have been more fair. Crocuses and hyacinths sprang up in the grass. The blossoms of the azaleas studded the bushes like stars. Even down to the water's edge there were flowers—flowers everywhere! The voice of the turtle was heard in our land, the time of the singing of birds was come. A gentle breeze blew across the lake; the earth seemed full of life and love. Truly, I thought, had the Rabbi said: "When the Lord God made the seven waters of Palestine, he chose the Lake of Galilee for himself."

My husband had a boat load of farm merchandise to take to the market of Capernaum. There were fowls and pigeons in nets, butter of my own churning in a large basket, with eggs also, and honey. There were a few young lambs, and a goodly number of sacks filled with wool off the backs of our sheep.

Asa and I sat on the leathern cushion in the stern of the boat, and, child-like, he trailed his hand in the water, trying to catch the fish by their tails as they flashed about our beloved lake—clear and sparkling as crystal, and though many fathoms deep in parts, one can see the pebbly bottom as if it were but a span below the surface.

The peaceful beauty of the scene, the sound of my boy's eager prattle, mingled with the plish of oars and the ripple of water against the boat, came back across the long years and awoken joy even now in my old heart.

At length we neared the western shore. My husband helped us both to land, and then returned to the boat to assist in unloading the goods. I had some household requisites to buy in the town, so leading little Asa by the hand, I proceeded to make my way to the Bazaar. Benjamin had told me to be back at the wharf by the time the sun was two spans above the hill-top behind Capernaum. We feared for little Asa to be abroad when the dew of the evening rose. If we started at the time my husband arranged, we should reach home before nightfall. It was about noon when, having finished my purchases, I found a quiet corner, well in the shade of a large sycamore in the market-place, and here the child and I reclined to rest ourselves and eat our mid-day meal. After the little fellow had appeased his appetite he soon fell asleep with his head on my lap; but I sat watching the wayfarers, and listening to such snatches of talk as caught my ear.

I soon gathered that the young Rabbi, as some began to call Jesus (though he had no right to the title, not having been trained in the Rabbinical schools), that the young Rabbi Jesus was still in the town. People were questioning where he would resort to that afternoon, and if many sick would be taken to him for cure, and that the shops were closed and before the sunset.

Before long I noticed a little crowd collecting at one of the street corners which lead into the market-place, and by degrees this crowd increased in number, and a great deal of talking and hurrying to and fro began. So I rose from my place, and lifting the boy in my arms—for he still slept—I hurried to the spot and joined the outskirts of the crowd, which was swaying backwards and forwards in the excitement, so that it was difficult to stand. Amongst the mingled hum of voices the words "Jesus of Nazareth" frequently caught my ear. But for some moments, such was the confusion of tongues that I could not gather what was being said concerning him.

Soon I was being borne along with the rest through the streets, outside the city, and then along the shore of the lake, south-

wards. After we had been jostled along for, maybe, eight or nine furlongs—as well as I could judge—the crowd stopped.

We had reached a small hillock clothed with grass and spring flowers, and near on our right hand was the glittering lake.

All eyes were turned upwards the summit of a little mound; and in that instant I also beheld him whom I was seeking.

I shall never forget that first glance. He stood raised well above the multitude, and turned his eyes on us all, gazing with a long, yearning gaze on the men, the women, and the little ones around him. It seemed as if those eyes looked into the heart of every one of us. And, as his eyes rested for one fleeting second on mine, I felt as if I were made of transparent crystal—body and soul—and he had looked straight through me. If I had a secret sin in my heart—which, thank the Lord, being a happy wife and mother, I had no occasion for—I think I must have fallen in a swoon. And yet—and yet—for all this, had I so fallen, I felt he would have come to me and raised me up, and that he would have said:—"Daughter, be of good cheer—thy sins be forgiven thee."

But, however this may be, such was the effect of that presence on the jostling, noisy crowd, that in a very short space of time they were all quieted, and young and old fixed their eyes on the Prophet and listened to his words in awed silence.

After that short survey of the people around him, Jesus, seeming to understand full well the manner of men before him, seated himself on a stone that had been rolled up to the top of the hillock, and began to speak.

Even children could understand, for his teaching was not as the Scribes' or Pharisees'. He talked to us of common things, the wonder and beauty of which we little heed, because they are about us every day. He talked of the cattle, the birds, the flowers, of the falling waters, of the floating clouds, and of the deep, deep blue of the sky. And as he talked scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and for the first time I felt I really saw the world—the beautiful world around. And then he led our thoughts, by easy stages—seeing we were feeble to the Lord Jehovah, Creator and Sustainer of Life. He spoke of him as "My Father in Heaven," and then as "Your Heavenly Father." And I wondered to think of the great I AM as my Father!

I have heard it reported in these latter days that Peter (whose name is known in all the world), as directing his young scribe John, whose surname is Mark, to record the saying of Jesus with pen and ink in a book. I have not seen these writings, nor care I to do so, having heard Jesus himself speak, and knowing full well that no pen, either of man or of angel, can show what his talk was. For what pen can give the manner of the Man, the sound of his voice, the look of his face, the gesture of his hands? And yet, happily, for those who never saw Jesus, such writings may be of service.

But presently, as Jesus talked of his Father and ours, a small flock of sheep wandered by, cropping the sweet spring grass. There were lambs with their dams; and as we looked, anon one of the young lambs crept nearer and nearer to Jesus, and at this he put out his hand, and the shy creature rubbed its forehead against it and seemed mightily content. Then the other lambs drew near also, while the eyes stood in a row not far behind, watching their offspring, but no whit frightened for their sakes. But soon a shepherd lad came by, who called to them. Then the ewes turned and followed him, and at this the lambs ran away also.

The lambs had gone, but from amongst the multitude the children, here one and there one, left their mothers' sides, and creeping forward by little and little, reached at length the feet of the Rabbi. And in the end they were bolder than the lambs had been, for they crowded close around his knees, some even dared to lean up against him. One lad slipped his hand into that of Jesus, while one little maid held a small piece of his robe, as if that were the nearest she could get for a touch of him. And while this was taking place, Jesus was talking to the children, telling them how that they were his lambs, and he was their Good Shepherd. Then, beckoning to the children, he bade them sing the song their Shepherd-King sang as a lad amongst his flocks. Whereon, with

the Master to lead them, the children all sang together:—

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want,
He maketh me to lie down in green pasture;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul;
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness
For his name's sake."

And to us in the crowd it seemed as if angels from heaven were chanting to us.

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever," sang the children, and as the music died away there was a sudden forward movement in the crowd. It was the mothers, who carried little babes in their bosoms, who now passed into the centre of the throng that they might take their little ones also to Jesus. And he took them up in his arms, one by one, and blessed them. The babes crowded and cooed like doves at eventide, and not one cried as at the sight of a strange face or the touch of a strange hand.

I had been standing as I said before, on the very outskirts of the crowd, with my little Asa in my arms. But now I too began to push forward eagerly. But I had scarcely taken six steps before I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and heard my husband's voice saying sternly:—

"What art thou doing here, Salome? Look! the sun has already gone behind the hill-tops, and this place is full of people longing from the wharf. Come, come, quickly!"

For one moment I felt torn to disobey him, so much did I long that Asa also might receive a blessing from those lips that were greeting the children with such a holy love. But in another instant I had turned, and was quickly making my way out of the crowd, for I was ever used to obey my husband as a wife should.

Tears of disappointment gathered in my eyes, a great sorrow took possession of my heart.

"Oh, let me go back, Benjamin!" I implored. "Let me return, if but for one moment!"

For answer he pointed to the mist hanging on the low ground by the water's edge, and to the already darkening sky, so I was fain to follow in silence, wrapping the boy closely in my own head-cloth, while my tears continued to flow.

In silence we rowed across the lake; my heart was too full for speech, but I prayed the Lord that the blessing I had missed that day might even yet be granted.

Not many days after, as I went to a distant field to carry some broth I had made for a sick neighbour, a lad met me who said:—

"Art thou Salome, the wife of Benjamin Bar-Asa?"

And I said I was.

"I have a message," said he, "to deliver to thee from Jesus of Capernaum. 'Tell Salome,' saith the Prophet, 'that the day shall come when once again she shall stand with a multitude, and she shall see us raise my hands to bless her son, and he shall be blessed indeed!'"

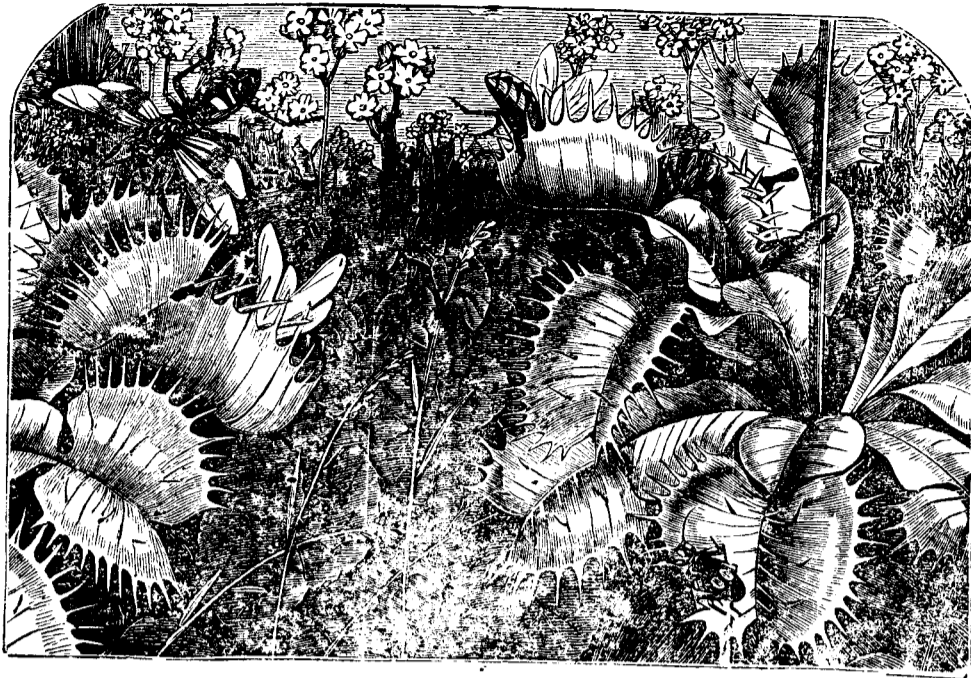
But in less than three years from that day Jesus was crucified at Jerusalem as a common malefactor. So we never saw him again, nor did he fulfil his promise.

But I never forgot his face and his voice, and the manner in which both the young lambs and the children trusted him, and I longed to be able to trust him also. So when, after his death, a report spread that he was yet alive, and had been seen by those who loved him—yes, even on the shore of our lake—I half hoped it was true; and often at eventide, when the setting sun glorified the waters, I used to picture him coming across the sea to keep his promise, and to bring a blessing to my boy.

Most of those about me said, "This man could not have been a prophet, for then would he not have died the death of a thief, but rather would he have delivered our nation from the Gentile, and raised up again the throne of David."

And I could but think they judged aright.

A MINISTER, in visiting the house of a man who was somewhat of a tippler, cautioned him about drink. All the answer the man gave was that the doctor allowed it to him. "Well, and the minister, has it done you any good?" "I say it has, answered the man, "for I got a keg of it a week ago and I could hardly lift it, and now I can carry it round the room."



VENUS'S FLY TRAP.

VENUS'S FLY TRAP.

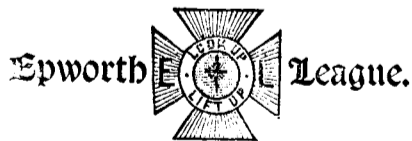
VENUS'S Fly Trap, a plant known in botany as *Dionaea*, is a curious specimen of the vegetable kingdom, growing naturally on the savannas of North Carolina.

In describing the *Dionaea* a writer says: "The leaf, which is the only curious part, springs from the root, spreading upon the ground or at a little elevation above it. It is composed of a stem, like the leaf of an orange tree, three or four inches long, which at the end suddenly expands into a thick and somewhat rigid leaf. They can very aptly be compared to two upper eyelids joined at their bases.

"Each side of the leaf is a little concave on the inner side, where are placed three delicate hair-like organs in such an order that an insect can hardly traverse it without interfering with one of them, when the two sides suddenly collapse and enclose the prey with a force surpassing the insect's efforts to escape. The fringe or hairs of the opposite sides of the leaf interlace, like the fingers of the two hands clasped together.

"The sensitiveness resides only in these hair-like processes on the inside, as the leaf may be touched or pressed in any other part without sensible effects. The little prisoner is not crushed and suddenly destroyed, as is sometimes supposed, for I have often liberated captive flies or spiders, which sped away as fast as fear or joy could hasten them. At other times I have found them enveloped in a fluid of a sticky consistency, which seems to act as a solvent, the insects being more or less consumed by it."

Naturalists have carefully studied these plants and now believe that the leaves were designed to entrap insects for the purpose of furnishing the plant with this kind of food, which, although not essential to its existence, is nevertheless important for its full development.



W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

OCTOBER 22, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN LIFE.—Matt. 16. 24; 1 John 2. 15, 16; John 17. 14, 15; 2 Cor. 3. 18; Eph. 4. 23, 24; 1 John 4. 20, 21; 1 Peter 1, 22.

Junior E. L. of C. E.

WHY SHOULD CHRISTIANS BE LOWLY IN SPIRIT?—Matt. 5. 5; 11. 29; Rom. 12. 3, 16.

BY-LAWS.

V.

ARTICLE I. This Society shall be called the Junior Epworth League of.....of.....

II. Its object shall be to win boys and girls to accept Christ, to train them to work for Him everywhere and at all times, and to guide them in forming the right kind of Christian character.

III. Its active members shall be those between — and — years who shall show that they are trying to live a Christian life, and who sign the following Pledge, provided that none shall be retained in membership who are over sixteen years of age:—

"Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will try to do whatever He would like to have me do, that I will pray and read the Bible every day; and that, just as far as I know how, I will try to lead a Christian life. I will be present at every meeting of the Society when I can, and will take some part in every meeting."

Name..... I am willing that..... should sign this Pledge, and will do all I can to help..... keep it. Parent's name..... Residence.....

IV. Associate members shall be those who wish to attend, and promise to keep good order when at the meeting. These shall have their names on the roll, and sign the following Pledge, but not serve as leaders for the meeting:—

"I do hereby promise, with the help of God, to try always to do right; to read in the Bible daily; to come to every meeting of the Society when I can; and to be attentive and orderly while present."

Name..... I am willing that..... should sign this Pledge, and will do all I can to help..... keep it. Parent's Name..... Residence.....

V. The officers of the Society shall be a Superintendent, Assistant Superintendents, President and Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. There shall be a Lookout Committee, and such other committees as may be needed.

VI. The Superintendent shall have full control of the Society, and be its Honorary President.

The Assistant Superintendents shall aid the Superintendent in the work. The Assistant shall take care of the funds of the Society during the time between the meetings. There shall be as many Assistant Superintendents (Honorary Presidents) as departments at work.

The President shall conduct the business meetings, under the direction of the Superintendent, and see that the different committees perform the duties devolving upon them. The Vice-President shall act in the absence of the President.

The Secretary shall keep a correct list of the members, take the minutes of the business meetings, and shall call the roll at each meeting.

The Treasurer shall take up the collections, enter the amount in the account book, and turn over the money to the Assistant Superintendent, and also enter all expenditures as directed by the Superintendent.

If we are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done.

ABOUT AN ELEPHANT'S MEMORY.

A WRITER in *Our Dumb Animals* gives the following incident: "A gentleman who crossed the Atlantic a few years since on a German steam-ship, *The Rhine*, found himself a fellow-passenger with a large female elephant. The voyage was long and tempestuous. To while away the time he often visited the elephant's quarters, and at dinner time filled his pockets with tid bits, crackers, or refuse from the table to carry to the sagacious quadruped, who soon learned to expect and fish his pockets for the same. At his coming she would throw out her trunk and show signs of gratitude and pleasure. But at length land was reached, and business cares left little time for thought of his *compagnon du voyage*. Several years after elephants were quartered in Central Park, New York, for the winter, and several children of the household desired to visit them. He accompanied them and obtained permission of the keeper to go into the building where they were kept tied to heavy posts. As soon as he entered, one elephant at once became restless—threw out her trunk, tossed her ears, tramped her feet, etc. The keeper looked for a dog, and ordered her to be quiet, then asked: 'Have you ever had anything to do with elephants?' 'No,' was his reply. Then his voyage was recalled, 'That is it,' said the keeper, 'you can go to her without danger.' It was the elephant that came over on the same vessel. From an apple-woman near he procured fruit, and filled his pockets. She had not forgotten her old trick, but dived down with her trunk, as in the old days, until every one was found. The keeper said: 'You can visit her any time. She will never forget you.'"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

A. D. 53.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 22.]

CHRISTIAN LIVING.

Rom. 12. 1-15.] [Memory verses, 1, 2.]

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12. 21.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Living Sacrifice, v. 1, 2.
2. The Many Members, v. 3-8.
3. The Sincere Character, v. 9-15.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Therefore"—Read the last four verses of Chapter 11. Having considered the matchless revelation of God's immeasurable mercy, Paul bases upon it the life of consecration and love as a reasonable result. "Bodies"—The body is the organ of practical activity, and should be entirely dedicated to God. "A living sacrifice" Better than the dead sacrifices which the Jews offered. "Acceptable"—God delights in human love. "Conformed"—Shaped according to a pattern. "Transformed"—Transfigured. "Grace given unto me"—Paul's apostolic authority. "Prophecy"—Not merely foretelling events, but announcing truth. "Proportion of faith"—Analogy of faith; the general tenor of the Scripture. "Ministry"—Any form of service in God's Church. "Ruleth"—As president, chairman, etc. "Dissimulation"—Hypocrisy, or pretence.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where does this lesson teach—

- 1. The purity of love?
2. The positiveness of love?
3. The unselfishness of love?
4. The holy activity of love?
5. The compensation of love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How does Paul beseech us to present our bodies? "A living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." 2. Instead of being conformed to this world, what should we be? "Transformed, by the renewing of our minds." 3. How are we to treat our friends?

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love." 4. How are we to treat our enemies? "Bless them which persecute you." 5. What is the Golden Text? "Be not overcome," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian unity.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Why did the Son of God become man? That he might teach us his heavenly doctrine, set us a pattern of perfect holiness, and lay down his life as the price of our redemption.

THE COST OF A MISPLACED COMMA.

BY W. E. CORNELL.

THERE was a time when the punctuation marks as now used in common print were not known, and as the result it was often more or less difficult to arrive at the exact meaning of the writer; and to avoid this, the points were introduced. Of course about the smallest and apparently the most insignificant of them all is the comma, but its misuse is often the cause of very annoying mistakes as well as loss of money. It should be the aim of those now in school to learn thoroughly how to use this little mark, and never be guilty of making a mistake like the following, an account of which I read not long ago:

It seems that some twenty years or so ago, when the United States by its Congress was making a tariff bill, one of the sections enumerated what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the many articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation, or experiment. The enrolling clerk in copying the bill accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word, "fruit-plants," to a comma, making it read, "all foreign fruit, plants," etc. As the result of this simple mistake, for a year, or until Congress could remedy the blunder, all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty. This little mistake, which anyone would be liable to make, yet could have avoided by carefulness, cost the Government not less than two million dollars. A pretty costly comma, that.—Youth's Instructor.

OUR OWN Publications

During this summer our presses have been very busy, and among the books published are several that we can strongly recommend to our Sunday-schools. Note the following:

- Twenty Minutes Late. By Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy).
Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Campfires. By Rev. E. R. Young. Splendidly illustrated.
Afloat for Eternity; or A Pilgrim's Progress for the Times. By Rev. J. A. Kennedy, B. A.
Campaign Echoes. The Autobiography of Mrs. Letitia Youmans. With Portraits.
Stephen Mitchell's Journey. By Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy).
A Merchant Prince. The Life of Hon. Senator John Macdonald. With Portraits and illustrations.
The Prince of India, or Why Constantinople Fell. By General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," etc., 2 volumes.

Besides these we have for schools a great number of splendid new books from the Religious Tract Society, and other great Publishing Houses. We will gladly send lists of these new books to any school. Librarians who feel that their library needs a few new books, or to be replaced by entirely new books, will do well to write for our catalogues and terms.

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