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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

[No. 46.]

Vol. XV.]

LEADING THE BLIND.

Few things appeal more strongly to our sympathies than the condition of the blind. To see no sun, no moon, nor the sweet face of nature—and worse still, never to behold the faces we love—is one of the saddest afflictions of earth. Yet many who are blind are happy and cheerful, notwithstanding their affliction. It is surely the duty of those who can see to help those who cannot. The young girl in our picture is doing this. Amid the crowded streets she is carefully guiding the poor boy, who is probably an utter stranger, across the road. If he could only see the look of sympathy on her face, he would be still more thankful than he is.

A LITTLE BOY'S PLAN.

BY E. P. ALLAN.

"AND then, mother," continued Esther, using her feminine privilege of doing the talking, "there was the deaf man and his pigeons; oh! so many. He fed them for us, and they were just as tame as children: they came flying—"

"It was queer," interrupted Jack, who grew tired waiting for his turn at the conversation, "and gave me a queer sensation to have the other old soldiers tell us this deaf man's story, right before him."

"It wasn't before him at all, Jack," exclaimed Essie; "didn't you notice how careful they were to stand behind him? I suppose he could have told something of what they were saying from the movement of their lips."

"And what was the old man's story?" asked mother.

"He wasn't old, mother," corrected the little girl again; "he was the only man in the Soldiers' Home who didn't look about a hundred and fifty. But he was only a boy when he went into the army, they said; and in some battle the roar of cannon, or the shock, or something, made him entirely deaf. He has never heard a sound since."

"But the worst part of it was that losing his hearing made him morose and melancholy, until he was thought to be crazy; he seemed to hate everybody—thought everybody meant to do him harm; and as he had no family, he was taken to the Home."

"There they happened to set him to taking care of the pigeons, and that made a different sort of man of him. He loves them dearly, and they evidently love him, and now he is no longer cross and sulky."

"That is a sweet story," said mother, "and it is worth all the rest of your visit, I think, to learn how love works miracles; even love to dumb things that have no souls. It is no wonder that love to God can make us even like him, divine. But what did Horace see of all this? You haven't told me anything about your visit, Horace."

"I've been thinking about Dick Norden," said Horace soberly. Jack and Esther laughed at the little boy, but mother said quite earnestly, "I wouldn't let Dick's bad temper bother me so much, if I were you, my son; don't think about him. Don't you know the old



LEADING THE BLIND.

saying, 'Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you'?"

"But how about a pigeon?" suggested Horace; and it took all mother's wit to put two and two together and make four—that is, to find out that little Holly was thinking that if loving and taking care of pigeons made a cross man pleasant, it might do as much for a cross boy.

Dick Norden was a great torment to our Holly; he lived on the corner just below us, and he was always knocking Holly's books out of his hands, or whisking off his hat, or shaking his can when he was carrying milk, or doing some such mean thing. He wouldn't do it while Jack was around, for fear of getting thrashed, but he picked his opportunities.

"Well, Horace was quite taken up with this pigeon plan, and stuck to it, until he persuaded father to take him again to the Soldiers' Home.

The deaf man wouldn't sell a single

pigeon, but when father made him understand that Holly wanted it for a sort of peace offering, he gave him a pair of beauties.

I'm sure Horace wanted to keep them for himself, but he didn't say so; he struck right out for Dick's, with the rest of us children following him.

"Hello, Dick!" said Holly, his little face red with running, and with excitement, "I've brought you something; they're jolly, aren't they, Jack? But you mustn't ask me what I brought 'em to you for; it's a secret, isn't it, Jack? I'll tell you about it when—when—" Horace stopped and looked bothered; he didn't know how to get through with his sentence, without telling the secret.

But Dick was more interested in the covered basket than in the secret, fortunately, and when the top was taken off, and the beautiful white-winged creatures stepped out, arching their violet-coloured

necks, and turning their heads from side to side, Dick was as wildly delighted as Horace could have wished.

It was amusing to see our little boy's interest in his experiment; he would strut past Dick's corner on purpose, and stop to chat, and ask how Flip and Flap were getting on, and swing his milk-can from hand to hand, but the pigeon plan worked without a break.

I don't know whether or not Dick thought he had been bought off; perhaps he did; but our little boy had no such thought; he believed that he had proved beyond a doubt that the way to deal with cross and disagreeable people was to get them to take a dose of love for somebody, or something, even if it was only a pigeon!

A HOUSE-BUILDING SPIDER.

BY BETH DAY.

Few people can look at a spider without a feeling of disgust, if not of fear; yet, if they would but learn the curious ways of this odd creature, they would look upon it with different feelings, and the habits of the different members of the family would become an interesting study.

There are in this family spinners and weavers; house builders, kite makers, kite fliers, cave diggers, hunters, balloonists, bridge builders, and even divers, who make homes under the water and there live and rear their little ones.

Nearly all spiders are spinners and weavers. They spin the fine thread of which their snare or web is made; and from similar threads they weave a lining that looks like gray felt, for the walls of their homes or dens, in front of which the snare is spread, usually in some crevice or corner. Some of the female spiders weave a strong bag or sack, in which they deposit their eggs, and carry them about until the young spiders are hatched.

Perhaps the most interesting member of the family is the turret spider, who makes a burrow or tube-shaped cave in the earth from six to eight inches deep, and builds at the top a curbing or tower or turret two inches high. She builds her tower around the edge of the hole just as a child would build a corn-cob house; and the materials are bits of straw or sticks or tiny roots, and she stops the crevices with earth brought out of the cave beneath. As she puts each stick in place, she fastens it at the corners with a fine thread that she spins as she needs it. When the tower is high enough she makes the inside of that, and spins and weaves a fine silken fabric with which to line the burrow or cave. Then she takes a position just inside the tower and sits peeping over the edge, waiting for such insects as may fall into it, or alight upon the edge.

The burrow serves as her winter home; here her young ones are hatched, and here they stay until they are able to take care of themselves, which is in about a month from the time they are first hatched from the egg.

At first she carries her numerous family

of seventy-five or one hundred spiderlings up and down on her back, but as they become stronger, some of them climb up and down the tunnel themselves, but the greater number cling to the body of the mother.

By-and-bye the tiny spiderlings begin to climb to the top of the turret and spin little threads upon which they sail away, or descend into the grass, where they soon make similar homes for themselves, which they enlarge as they themselves grow bigger. Sometimes the mother stands at the top of the turret and scrapes off an armful—no, a forelegful, for she does it with her foreleg—of the little ones that still cling to her, and tosses them into the grass herself.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

ONE YEAR'S RECORD.

VERY tiny and pale the little girl looked as she stood before those three grave and dignified gentlemen. She had been ushered into the Rev. Dr. Gordon's study, where he was holding counsel with two of his deacons, and now, upon inquiry into the nature of her errand, a little shyly preferred the request to be allowed to become a member of his church.

"You are quite too young to join church," said one of the deacons. "You had better run home, and let us talk to your mother."

She showed no sign of running, however, as her wistful blue eyes travelled from one face to another of the three gentlemen sitting in their comfortable chairs; she only drew a step nearer to Dr. Gordon. He arose, and, with the gentle courtesy that ever marked him, placed her in a small chair close beside himself.

"Now, my child, tell me your name, and where you live."

"Annie Graham, sir, and I live on K— Street. I go to your Sunday-school."

"You do? and who is your teacher?"

"Miss B—. She is very good to me."

"And you want to join my church?"

The child's face glowed as she leaned eagerly towards him, clasping her hands; but all she said was, "Yes, sir."

"She cannot be more than six years old," said one of the deacons, disappearingly.

Dr. Gordon said nothing, but quietly regarded the small, earnest face, now becoming a little downcast.

"I am ten years old—older than I look," she said.

"It is not usual for us to admit any one so young to membership," he said, thoughtfully; "we never have done so; still—"

"It may make an undesirable precedent," remarked the other deacon.

The Doctor did not seem to hear, as he asked, "You know what joining the church is, Annie?"

"Yes, sir;" and she answered a few questions that proved she comprehended the meaning of the step she wanted to take. She had slipped off her chair, and now stood close to Dr. Gordon's knee.

"You said last Sabbath, sir, that the lambs should be in the fold."

"I did," he answered, with one of his own lovely smiles. "It is surely not for us to keep them out. Go home now, my child. I will see your friends and arrange to take you into membership very soon."

The cloud lifted from the child's face, and her expression, as she passed through the door he opened for her, was one of entire peace.

Inquiries made of Annie's Sunday-school teacher proved satisfactory, she was baptized the following week, and, except for occasional information from Miss B. that she was doing well, Dr. Gordon heard no more from her for about a year. Then he was summoned to her funeral.

It was one of June's hottest days, and as the Doctor made his way along the narrow street on which Annie had lived he wished for a moment that he had asked his assistant to come instead of himself. But as he neared the house the crowd filled him with wonder; progress was hindered, and as he passed he paused for a moment his eyes fell on a crippled lad, crying bitterly, as he sat on a low doorstep.

"Do you know Annie Graham, my lad?" he asked.

"Know her, is it, sir? Niver a week passed but what she came twice or thrice with a picture or book, mayhap an apple for me, an' it's owin' to her an' no clergy at all that I'll ever follow her blessed footsteps to heaven. She'd read me from her own Bible whenever she came, an' now she's gone there'll be none at all to help me, for mother's dead and dad's drunk, an' the sunshine is gone from Mike's sky with Annie, sir."

A burst of sobs choked the boy. Dr. Gordon passed on, after promising him a visit very soon, making his way through the crowd of tear-stained, sorrowful faces. The Doctor came to a stop again in the narrow passageway of the little house. A woman stood beside him drying her fast-falling tears, while a wee child hid his face in her skirts and wept.

"Was Annie a relative of yours?" the Doctor asked.

"No, sir; but the blessed child was at our house constantly, and when Bob here was sick she nursed and tended him, and her hymns quieted him when nothing else seemed to do it. It was just the same with all the neighbours. What she's been to us no one but the Lord will ever know; and now she lies there."

Recognized at last, Dr. Gordon was led to the room where the child lay at rest, looking almost younger than when he had seen her in his study a year ago. An old bent woman was crying aloud by the coffin.

"I never thought she'd go afore I did. She used to run in regular to read an' sing to me every evening, an' it was her talk an' prayers that made a Christian of me; you could almost go to heaven on one of her prayers."

"Mother, mother, come home," said a young man, putting his arm round her to lead her away; "you'll see her again."

"I know, I know; she said she'd wait for me at the gate," she sobbed, as she followed him; "but I miss her sore now."

A silence fell on those assembled, and, marvelling at such testimony, Dr. Gordon proceeded with the service, feeling as if there was little more he could say of one whose deeds thus spoke for her. Loving hands had laid flowers all around the child who had led them. One tiny lassie had placed a dandelion in the small, waxen fingers, and now stood, abandoned to grief, beside the still form that bore the impress of absolute purity. The service over, again and again was the coffin lid waved back by some one longing for one more look, and they seemed as if they could not let her go.

The next day a good-looking man came to Dr. Gordon's house and was admitted into his study.

"I am Annie's uncle, sir," he said simply. "She never rested till she made me promise to join the church, and I've come."

Dr. Gordon sat in the twilight, resting, after his visitor had left. The summer

breeze blew in through the windows, and his thoughts turned backward and dwelt on what his little parishioner had done.

Truly a marvellous record for one year. It is well said, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father."—*The Christian Arbitrator*.

TRAIN THE BOYS TO BUSINESS.

THERE is one element in the home instruction of boys to which too little attention has been given; and that is the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order, and responsibility.

In many households boys' lives between twelve and seventeen years are generally the calmest of their existence. Up in the morning just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but to start off early enough not to be late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up," a little; finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it; in fact having nothing to do but enjoy himself. Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. Vain thought! At this point he perhaps meets with his first great struggle. Many times during our business experiences have we witnessed failures caused by the absence of a thorough home discipline.

He goes into an office where everything is system, order, precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly, sometimes kindle fires, or do errands,—in short to become a part of a nicely regulated machine, where everything moves in systematic grooves, and each one is responsible for correctness in his department, and where, in place of ministers to his comfort, he finds taskmasters, more or less lenient to be sure, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life. In many instances the change is too great. Errors become numerous; blunders overlooked at first get to be a matter of serious moment; then patience is overtaken, and the boy is told his services are no longer needed. This is the first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise of the parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted is for every boy to have something special to do; to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that time to come; to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household; to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy, and application, often of more importance than superficial book-learning.

THE PIANO.

WOULD it be a comfort when practicing scales before breakfast on a cold morning to reflect that, during the past hundred and fifty years, there is no musical instrument which has so advanced from the original idea as the piano?

In its infancy the piano was but a harp with two or three strings. Not much scope for scales there! From time to time more strings were added, until the cithera, in the shape of the letter P, and owing ten strings, was formed. Somewhere about the year 1200 an inventive genius conceived the idea of stretching these strings across an open box, and so the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers. For another hundred years these hammers were handled by the player, but about the year 1300 somebody invented a keyboard, by means of which the hammers could be moved. Our piano having developed thus far is known as clavicytherium, or keyed cithera. Quite a grown-up name!

In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal; next a spinet, on account of the hammers being covered with spines or quills to catch the wires. Known as the harpsichord from 1700 to 1800, it was much enlarged and improved. In 1710, Bartolomeo Cristofoli, an Italian, invented a keyboard such as we have now, causing hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developing the pianoforte, commonly shortened into the one word, piano.

Unfurl the Temperance Flag.

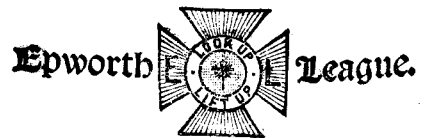
BY LEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

UNFURL the Temperance flag to-day!
Its folds fling to the breezes!
Let knaves to vice their homage pay!
Oppose its sway who pleases:
Rum's fiendish force our land enslaves
With party leaders blinking,
While thousands go to nameless graves
Thro' drinking, drinking, drinking.

A Voice rings out above the din
Of Time's discordant noises,
Our sordid, vice-bound souls to win
To all which virtue prizes;
Eternal issues hang on each,
While blood-bought souls are sinking
Where Hope and Mercy never reach
Thro' drinking, drinking, drinking.

'Tis God, the nation's King, who calls
While low-down passions bind us,
And through the languor that enthralts
We miss the good assigned us.
Up now, ye men who love the right!
Who for her weal are thinking!
And God will arm you for the fight
'Gainst drinking, drinking, drinking.

We lift our hands; we seal our faith;
In freedom's name united;
We fear not rum, nor hate, nor death,
For Temperance pledged and plighted:
We stand where freemen all should stand—
No patriot duty shrinking—
Combined to banish from our land
This drinking, drinking, drinking.
"The Elms," Toronto.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

November 24, 1895.

BE CONTENTED.—Exodus 20. 17.

A covetous spirit is a miserable spirit. Covetousness is idolatry, a sin which God holds in utter abhorrence, one which Christ often spoke against. Hear his words, "Take heed and beware of covetousness." If people do not resolutely and determinately oppose this evil, it will take them captive and involve them in indescribable misery. It is said that when the Mexicans asked Cortez why the Spaniards were so anxious for gold he replied that they suffered from a disease of the heart for which gold was a remedy. Not an infallible remedy however, because we frequently find that the more people get the more they want. Their feeling is that they just want a little more, and the trouble is that the cry for "a little more" continues no matter how much may have been aquired. Nothing that is owned by another should be desired by us unless we can purchase it at a fair, reasonable price. Juniors should remember that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," hence they should guard against always desiring to be the recipients of favours from others. A large abundance of the things of this world is not essential to happiness. Sometimes the richest men are the most miserable. Having food and raiment learn therewith to be content. Paul said respecting himself, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

THE FOOLISH FRIENDS.

IN the depth of a forest there lived two foxes. One of them said one day, in the politest fox language, "Let's quarrel." "Very well," said the other; "but how shall we set about it?" They tried all sorts of ways; but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last one fetched two stones. "There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine." "Very well," answered the other; "you are welcome to them." "But we shall never quarrel at this rate!" cried the other, jumping up and licking his face. "You old simpleton! Don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel any day?" So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this silly game again.

"You Might Have Said, 'Oh!'"

I WAS hard at work in my study
When I heard a gentle tap;
"Come in!" and in came my Josie,
Tearful from some mishap,
And I knew that she was longing
To be cuddled in my lap.

"I bruised my finger orful,
And, papa, it does ache so!"
"Well, well, run away to mamma,
For I can't help it, Jo."
She raised her tear-wet lashes—
"Papa, you might have said, 'Oh!'"

The study door closed softly,
And I was left alone,
With nothing to hinder my writing
But the thought of a tender tone,
So loving and so reproachful
'T would have touched a heart of stone.

And I sat and looked at my paper,
But somehow I couldn't write.
And there broke on me in the silence
The dawn of a clearer light;
The touch of that aching finger
Had given me my sight.

Have a tender word, my brothers,
For the little troubles and pains;
It was not beneath our Master,
It is far above our gains;
It will hasten the heavenly kingdom,
Where only love remains.

PUDDIN'

An Edinburgh Story.

BY

W. GRANT STEVENSON, A.R.S.A.

CHAPTER V.

WITH the beginning of each year Jo's position was improved. He never had occasion to ask for an advancement, for he had come to know that on each "Hansel Monday," when Mr. Inglis gave him a few pounds as a present, he always mentioned the increased salary he meant to give him for the ensuing year.

"Thank you," Jo would say; "it's very good of you."

"Not at all; I wadna gie ye it if ye didna deserve it, an' a man yin can trust as I can trust you is worth far mair, for it's like an extra lease o' life to me gettin' the worry ta'en off my hands. I'm no' sae able for't a'no, an' Mrs. Inglis wad never gang out if I didna tak' her, so we'll say nae mair about it. You're pleased an' I'm pleased, an' there's nae ither body to study."

Jo, although far from being extravagant, now felt that his position, as well as consideration for his mother, required that he should remove to a better house. He was keeping well within his income, and had—determined he would not any longer endanger his father's idleness and intemperance by relieving him of his duties to his wife and family, so when he had fixed on a house he took occasion during his mother's absence to acquaint him with his intentions, though it took him several days to screw up his courage and speak as he felt he must.

"I've ta'en a new hoose," he began, "an' I'm gaun to tak' my mother an' Maggie, an' if you're willin' to work an' pay yer share reglar, ye can come too."

"I see," his father replied. "Ye want to turn me oot o' the hoose; I'm no' guid enough for ye noo."

"I dinna want to turn ye oot o' the hoose, ye ken that fine. I've teit ye afore that if ye wad only keep straight it wad mak' us a' happier, but ye canna expect me to keep the hoose as I've been daein', an' encouragin' you to spend a' yer siller on yersel'."

He had warmed up as he spoke, and in the order to relieve the embarrassment of the situation he went out, leaving his father to his thoughts.

It seemed to be understood that any unpleasantness such as this was to be kept between themselves, and when, a few days before the term, Jo's father explained that he had got employment at the North Bridge, which would necessitate his taking lodgings in the country, Jo did not know whether to put down the circumstance as a refusal to accept his offer or an attempt to resume work in earnest, but he was glad his mother had no suspicion to add to her grief in parting for the first time from her husband; but as he had been, she regretted his going, the comforts of the new house making her more sorry that he was not with them to share them, instead of being neglected and uncared-for in miserable lodgings, or what was worse, in a bothy with its incentives to drink.

"It's a pity yer father has to leave us when we've got this fine hoose," she said.

Jo felt like a culprit, and was unable to make a reply, though he felt justified in the course he had taken, and then he thought, by way of consolation, perhaps what he said had not been the means of his taking work from home, it might have happened in any case, and he would be welcome to return when he was prepared to do his duty.

No doubt he often occupied their thoughts, and he though he was seldom spoken of, and he neither visited them nor wrote. Jo had half expected and hoped he would send something out of his earnings, which would have been taken as a wish to improve himself in their estimation, and as showing a desire to return, which Jo would have met by calling on him; but in this he was disappointed, and his mother noticing, the effect of her allusions to her husband, had ceased to speak of him before Jo. The road between Edinburgh and Queensferry was thickly strewn with all sorts of conveyances filled with people anxious to see the wonderful structure, and much as Jo would have liked to see it and take his party, he avoided that route in his weekly outings, feeling that the place could not fail to make his mother depressed with the thought of her self-banished husband, or perhaps shocked with the sight of him among the drunken crowd which thronged the street on Saturday afternoons.

The subject gave Jo much conflicting thought. Was he too proud to acknowledge his father? No, he felt he could not lay that blame to himself; but he was too proud to expose him before others, and then, he reasoned, "Why should his mother suffer any more? In what he felt certain was a useless cause? Still, reason as he might, and justify himself as he might, he could not banish the subject from his mind. Was it not his duty to leave nothing undone to save his father from misery and ruin, and try if possible to bring about that which would remove his mother's care? Yes, he would make the attempt.

The Saturday following his resolution, therefore, he was rather pleased than otherwise to see a drizzling rain, as it would afford him an excuse, which he much wanted, for dispensing with his usual companions.

"I doot there's nae use thinkin' of gaun oot the day," he said at dinner. "It's no' like to clear up, an' besides, I have something to attend to."

"No, no, laddie; we get oot mair than maist folk, an' I needna tell ye no' to neglect business, for ye wadna dae that."

"An' I sent a note ower to Mary," Jo added, in case his mother might have any thought of the two going alone, "tellin' her no' to expect us."

The usual whinnying welcome he got from the horse, on entering the stable, nearly caused him to break down.

"Puir Tam," he said, "ye'll no' get yer usual nibble the day, an' we'll no' hae the usual company, but I hope we'll bring yin to add to't."

It was a dreary journey for Jo, not only through the contrast with other Saturdays, but with the small hope he had of the success of his undertaking, and the holiday gaiety of those who passed him on the way added to his solitude.

Arrived at the height where the first sight of the bridge is obtained, the tremendous undertaking helped to crush out any little hope he had of finding his father, and prepared him to some extent for the answers he got to his inquiries.

None of the men he asked knew of his father, they were only acquainted with the few who worked close beside them; he might be working on the other side of the river, or more likely, on one of the railway cuttings in Fife.

Jo saw the hopelessness of further inquiry at this place; it was impossible his father was engaged on the bridge, he must look elsewhere for him.

"Come on, Tam," he said, "we'll awa' hame again."

At the top of the hill Jo could see a stretch of the Fife coast, which set him wondering what part his father would be working at, and if he was now spending his wages in a public-house, or sitting in an ill-ventilated bothy such as he had visited, among dirt and discomfort.

"Ye're weel-off, Tam," he continued with a sigh; "ye hae naething to worry ye, mair than the want o' a nibble at the gress. But I'll no' disappoint ye; we'll tak' a short cut by Blackha', an' I'll let ye get a bite at a quiet corner."

It was long past the usual tea-time when he returned, but his thoughts had banished hunger from him till he sat down to the meal his mother had prepared.

"Ye're late, Jo," she said, as she filled his cup.

Jo felt that the remark demanded an explanation of where he had been, and he was not altogether prepared for it.

wait till it was over. Whaur's Maggie? That was said to get off the unpleasant subject.

"Mary cam' ower to ask you and her to tea an' spend the nicht wi' them, an' you're tea an' sae soon's ye can."

Though anxious to see Mary, he did not feel in a mood to present himself before company. However, he had had plenty of experience, since he was a boy, in the art of keeping his sorrows to himself, and when he entered the room where the company were enjoying themselves with parlour games, he soon became as merry as any of them.

Never had he seen Mary look so well; the excitement of the simple games they were engaged in had given her cheeks an extra colour, and her eyes an additional sparkle. One or two, however, troubled him; he felt that he was not the only one who observed this. Another young man was monopolizing the conversation with her. No love had passed between them—at least in words; in fact, it was only now occurring to him how much she was to him, that was the meaning of his delight in her company, and his anxiety to appear at his best in her presence.

These conflicting ideas were whirling through his mind in a jumble. He would take the first opportunity to let her know his feelings, and ascertain hers. No, he could not do that; while his mother was dependent on him, he would support her, and he must not think of asking Mary to bind herself indefinitely to him. It was hard to think that another would claim her.

He had now another motive for wishing he had found his father. If he would return and do his duty it might be different, but in the meantime he must conceal his feelings. It was difficult to do, as he could not bear the thought of the risk he was running of losing her; still, it was his duty to his mother and Maggie. There was nothing for it but to wait. Jo, however, had made his calculations and resolutions without taking other influences, in the shape of Mary, into his consideration.

Whatever Mary said must have been with the best tact, for Jo's face gradually assumed more than its normal brightness; but when he was alone at home, his reflections brought back the serious expression to his face.

"I believe Mary sees that I like her," he murmured, "by the way she spoke the night. It's an awfu' pity; I wish she hadna thoct o' that,—for awhile onyway—for I canna think o' mairryin' for a long time, an' Mary's young enough yet, an' can wait. I maun try to speak to her, though."

This resolution Jo found more difficult to carry out in Mary's presence than he had imagined. The first time he had an opportunity of talking with her, it was natural that the conversation should turn on the "party."

"What is he?" said Jo rather abruptly.

"Who?" said Mary, though she guessed how his thoughts were running.

"Ye young fellow that was sitting sae much beside ye."

"I think he's in a bank; he's a friend o' my brother's."

"No, a bad-lookin' chap," said Jo, anxious to get Mary's opinion.

"Maybe no', but I dinna care for him."

"He seems to care for you, though."

Mary smiled, and said, "He needna fash."

"What way? Wad ye no' hae 'um?"

"No, I wadna. I wad like a mair manly man than him; but it's time enough for me to think o' that twa-three years after this."

There was a pause, Jo thinking, and perhaps correctly, that Mary understood his position and was anxious to allay his doubts. At last he said, "Wad ye wait that time for onybody ye liked?"

"I mean to wait, at ony rate; for I'm ower young to marry yet, an' I've never thought much about it."

Jo's mind was now at rest, and he liked Mary better than ever. She had evidently seen his difficulty, and helped him out of it as he could not have done himself. He would not ask her now to bind herself to him, but trusted with the fullest confidence to her waiting.

(To be continued.)

ALL IN ONE DAY.

NANNIE sat at the table in her high-chair, waiting for Mary Ann, who had gone downstairs for some more crackers. As she looked down into her cup of beautiful milk she heard somebody talking in a sweet, pleasant voice that seemed to come from behind the screen. "Nannie has been very good to-day," said the voice. "She kept her baby brother amused by telling him stories for twenty minutes."

"Yes," answered another voice, "but was somewhat sterner than the first; but afterwards she made him cry by taking away all his blocks and sitting on them."

As Nannie heard this she looked down in her cup again, wondering who was talking. The voice certainly did not belong to Aunt Julia or Mary Ann or the cook, nor yet to her mother, although the sweet voice was something like hers.

"I know she was naughty then," said the first sweet voice; "but afterwards she ran several errands for her mother, and never once said she was too tired."

At this Nannie smiled.

But the second voice continued: "That was something, really; but you must remember that, when she was through, she went out into the yard and nearly scared the old mother hen into fits by chasing the little chickens."

"But the old hen scared her nearly as much when she flew at her and made her fall down and bump her head," said the sweet voice, which seemed very anxious to say whatever was possible in praise of the little girl; "and Nannie was very sorry, and won't do so any more."

"No, I won't," called Nannie, looking up.

But the owners of the voices paid no attention to her, and the second voice went on. Nannie did not like this stern one, because it related all that she had done that was naughty; but she listened attentively to what was said.

"The old hen surely punished her enough," said the voice that was stern; "but she went crying to her mother, while it never would have happened had she behaved herself in the first place. Then at lunch she had to be sent away from the table because she cried for more cake than was good for her; and afterwards she bothered her poor nurse to go walking in the hot sun."

"That is so," said the first voice, with a sigh, while Nannie cried out, "Was I all that naughty in one day?"

At that moment Mary Ann entered with the crackers, and Nannie finished her supper without saying anything. She was thinking over the naughty things she had done which had been recalled to her, and when supper was over she ran to her mother and told her all about what she had heard. Her mother took her up in her arms tenderly and kissed her. "It was probably your conscience that was speaking, my little daughter," whispered mamma, "and you tried to think of all the things you did during the day. But there was one thing that you forgot all about: that was, when mamma and little brother were asleep you kept as still as a mouse for one whole hour, so as not to disturb them."

Nannie had forgotten all about this, but she raised her head and smiled when mamma spoke of it. "I'm going to be real good to-morrow," she whispered, "so that only the sweet voice like yours will have something to say. I did not know how much could be done all in one day."

Then when Mary Ann came to put her to bed she went without saying a word, and fell asleep, waiting to hear again from the sweet, loving voice. And the next day she remembered all about it, and did not tease her little brother, nor bother the poor old mother hen, who didn't know anything about the voices, however, and ran out of the way as soon as she saw Nannie coming. All day long she remembered her promise; and when supper time came she was very happy, although she did not hear either of the voices again. But that was probably because Mary Ann was in the room all the time.—*Harper's Young People.*

DON'T MENTION THE BRIERS.

A MAN met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him: "Sammy, where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basketful of such nice, ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy, "she always seems glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't tell anything about the briers in my feet."

The man rode on. Sammy's remarks had given him a lesson, and he resolved that henceforth he would try to hold up the berries and say nothing about the briers.

LESSON NOTES

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 760.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 24.

THE WOES OF INTEMPERANCE.

Isa. 5. 11-23. Memory verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink.—Isa. 5. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Drunkard's Feast, v. 11-16.
2. The Drunkard's Woe, v. 17-23.

TIME.—B.C. 760.

PLACE.—Probably Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Azariah, king of Judah; Pekah, king of Israel.

INTRODUCTORY.—Isaiah was the most eloquent of the prophets; of royal blood, probably.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The woes of intemperance.—Isa. 5. 11-23.
- Tu. The mocker.—Prov. 20. 1-7.
- W. Poverty and rags.—Prov. 23. 15-23.
- Th. The serpent's bite.—Prov. 23. 29-35.
- F. The drunkard rejected.—1 Cor. 5. 7-13.
- S. Shut out of the kingdom.—Gal. 5. 16-26.
- Su. Works of darkness.—Eph. 5. 11-21.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Drunkard's Feast*, v. 11-16.

Upon what early risers is a woe pronounced? (Golden Text.)

What music have they at their feasts?

For whose work have they no regard?

What doom awaits all such? See Psalm 28. 5.

Why had the people been taken captive?

What had become of the men of honour?

Into what pit had their glory gone?

Who would be humbled in that day?

Who would be exalted?

Why do God's judgments exalt him? See Psalm 19. 9; 119. 75.

2. *The Drunkard's Woe*, v. 17-23.

What is said of the waste places?

What is said of vain and bold sinners?

What was their challenge to the Almighty?

Upon what perverters of language will we rest?

What is in store for the conceited?

What warning does a wise man give to such? Prov. 3. 7.

Upon what mighty men is a woe uttered?

Of what injustice were they guilty?

How does God regard such people? Prov. 17. 15.

What is the most terrible woe to the drunkard? 1 Cor. 6. 10.

How can we escape the drunkard's woe? Prov. 23. 31.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That liquor drinking is a curse?
2. That drunkenness leads to other vices?
3. That God will surely punish the drunkard?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. On whom does the prophet pronounce a woe? On those that will follow strong drink.
2. On whom is a second woe pronounced? On those that will justify sin.
3. On whom is a third woe pronounced? On those who will not be taught their duty.
4. On whom is a fourth woe pronounced? On those that justify wickedness for a reward?
5. Repeat the Golden Text: "Woe unto them," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The righteousness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Where are prayer and thanksgiving joined together?

Philippians 4. 6.

Where should we offer our prayers and thanksgivings?

We are required to offer up our prayers and thanksgivings publicly in the assembly of God's people, and privately in our chambers.

OLD GASPARD.

LONG, long ago there lived in a German town an old man whose trade it was to make violins. He was tall and thin, with a long, white beard, and a grave, reserved face, which, however, was often lighted up by a singularly beautiful smile. He was indeed much respected by the townsfolk, who were proud too of the fame he had acquired, for there were no violins like Gaspard's throughout the whole world. There seemed, in truth, to be something about the construction of them which no one—not even his own apprentices—could succeed in imitating. Often one of the latter would finish a violin exactly after Gaspard's own model—nothing seemed wanting to the eye; and hoping, yet fearing, the youth would carry it to his master. Then the old man would take the instrument with a kindly smile and draw the bow lightly across the strings. Alas! the sound was always thin, sharp, and grating; and Gaspard, picking up one of his own violins, would bid the lad note the difference between the two. Full, clear, and melodious, now with a triumphant swell, now with a tender, long-drawn note, like a sigh of the wind, the music would float out into the old street, and the passers-by would stop to listen, saying, "Hush! there is Gaspard tuning another violin!"

"What is the secret, master?" cried one of his cleverest workmen, in despair. The old man's answer was always the

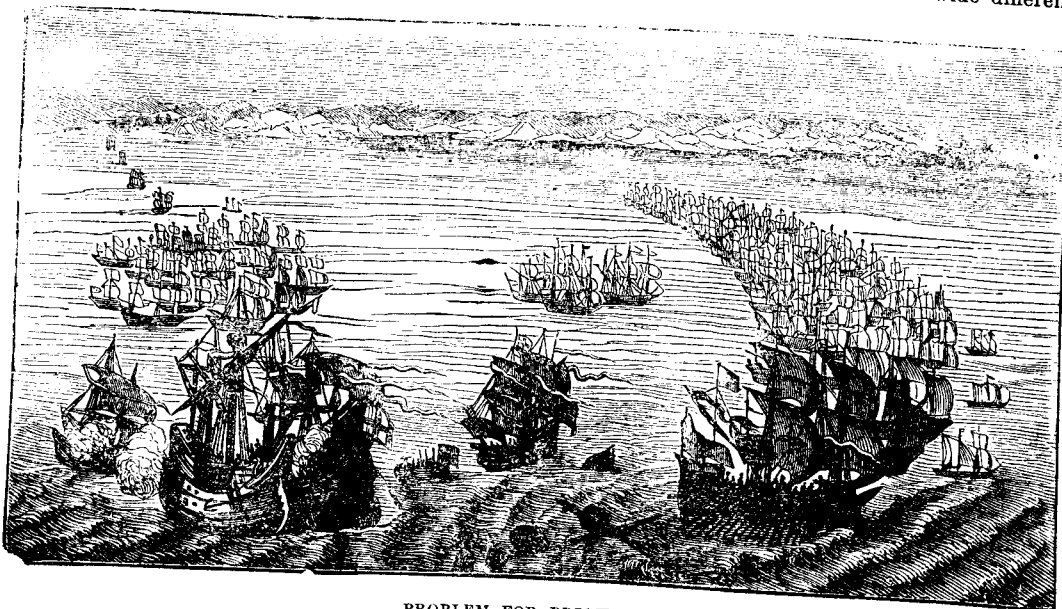
wonderful part of the story is how they scattered the ships of the proud king until they were as glad to get away as they had been to begin the attack, and out of the vast fleet only fifteen ships got back to their own country.

It will be interesting to find out the name of this great fleet, what country it came from, the name of the king, the number of ships, and what country it fought against.

EASE IN SOCIETY.

"I'd rather thrash in the barn all day," said Reuben Riley to his sister, as he adjusted an uncomfortable collar about his sunburnt neck, "than go to this party. I never know what to do with myself, stuck up in the parlour all the evening. If the fellows would pull their coats off and go out and chop wood, on a match, there'd be some sense in it."

"Well, I hate it as bad as you do, Reub," said sister Lucy. "The fact is, we never go anywhere, and see nobody, and no wonder we feel so awkward when we do happen to stir out." The remarks of this brother and sister were but the echoes of the sentiment of many other farmers' boys and girls, when invited out to spend a social evening. But poor Lucy had not hit the true cause of the difficulty. It was not because they seldom went to any place, but because there was such a wide difference



PROBLEM FOR BRIGHT EYES.

same: "Put your heart into it, my lad; that is all!"

Time passed, and at length there was mourning in the old German town, for Gaspard was dead! And then the secret was revealed, for immediately all his violins lost that extraordinary sweetness and depth of tone which had so distinguished them. They were good violins still, but a change had passed over them, and they would never recover their lost power. Gaspard had put a little piece of his own heart into each instrument, they said, and when he died the heart of the instrument died also.

PROBLEM FOR BRIGHT EYES.

LONG ago, in 1588, a certain king, who was a Roman Catholic, determined to destroy the Protestant religion in a great country, and to make every man and woman a Romanist. So he armed a great fleet and sent it to fight against the people of the Protestant country. The people were very much alarmed when they heard this news, for their vessels were few and small compared with those of the Romanist king. But the very day their enemies sailed a great storm arose and sank some of the ships, and the others had to go back into the harbour. After a while they started again and at last reached the country which they intended to attack. The people saw them coming across the waters, with their ships arranged in the shape of a half-moon, stretching away off, seven miles from one end to the other. It is a long story—how bravely the people in the Protestant country behaved and how skilfully their commanders managed. The

between their home and company manners. The true way to feel at ease in any garb is to wear it often. If the pleasing garb of good manners is only put on on rare occasions, it will never fit well and seem comfortable.

HOW CHARLEY LOST HIS PLACE.

CHARLEY was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt of his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcast with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two little children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the boy raised an umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter in quite a manly fashion.

Charley was a great tease, and like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

"I'll have some fun with the children," he said to himself; and before they had gone very far down the road he crept up

behind them, and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hand.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over the fence; and as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and, leaving the children to dry their tears, went on toward the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewed pitifully and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying his sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charley on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and, following the gentleman in, respectfully presented his references.

"These do very well," Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charley. "If I had not seen some of your other references I might have engaged you."

"Other references? What do you mean, sir?" asked Charley, in astonishment.

"I drove past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you, and you cut him with a switch you had in your hand. You shied a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenceless animal. These are the references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about me."

As Charley turned away, crestfallen over his disappointment, he determined that wanton cruelty, even though it seemed to him to be only "fun," should not cost him another good place.

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