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# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 19, 1895.

[No. 4.]

## SAMUEL AND GOD'S VOICE.

BY SAMUEL GREGORY.

Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.—  
I SAM. iii. 9.

### A LITTLE PRAYER.

THAT is a little boy's prayer. It is a very short prayer. It is a beautiful prayer. A little boy asked God to speak to him. "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth!" This boy lived away from his home. His home was a farmhouse in the country. In the bright evenings his mother often sat under a great fig tree near the door. She took some sewing, and sat there at work. At times she dropped her work on her knee and looked across the country, as if she were watching the bullock teams and the sheep coming home, or as if she were watching the sunlight on the hills. But, really, her thoughts were far away. After she had sat like that a little while she went on with her sewing again. She was making clothes for her little boy, ready to take to him when the day for her visit came round.

Her little son lived with a gentle, good old man, who was a priest. The boy helped him in the temple, which at that time was a large tent. The child had as much sense as a man, and they got on well together, these two. The name of the boy was Samuel, and Eli was the priest's name.

One night the boy was gone to bed, and he thought he heard his name called. He ran to Eli, and said: "Here am I!" Eli was surprised and said: "I haven't called you; go back, and get to sleep." After a while the same thing happened again. Eli sent him back once more, and lay wondering why the boy came. He thought perhaps the child is not well, or perhaps he has been dreaming. While he lay wondering the boy came again, and was very positive this time. He said: "I'm sure you called!" Eli thought for a minute, and then he perceived that the Lord had called the child. His voice be-

came very tender and sweet, and he said: "I have not called you at all. It is God who keeps calling. I know you are not afraid of God, so go and lie down, and it shall be, if he called thee, thou shalt say: 'Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth!'" So Samuel went and lay down in his place.

God called again, and the boy quietly asked God to tell him what he wanted, and in the morning he told Eli all about it.

Now God is continually calling to boys and girls, and to men and women. I want to make you remember that. God's voice. That is what I want you to think about.

You notice this, that God's voice is a very quiet voice.

When God called Samuel, though he called four times, Eli never heard a sound. There was nothing for him to hear. These two were not far from each other, this old man and this little boy, but the old man heard nothing, while the little boy heard some one call four times over. It is a strange thing, but that is the way always when God calls. The hymn says that "a voice divine rang through the silence of the shrine." But it was a voice to Samuel only.

There was once a man travelling along

the road leading to one of the most interesting cities in the world. In the distance lay Damascus, with its white houses and its green gardens. This man was going on a bad errand. He hated Christians, and was persecuting them. But about twelve o'clock at noon there came a flash of light, brighter than the sun, and a voice cried: "Saul! Saul! I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." A number of people were there, but only one of them heard those words. They were spoken to the conscience of St. Paul, that is why no one else could hear them.

It is like that now. On many a Sunday people sit side by side in God's house. God comes and calls. Those hearts that God speaks to hear him as plainly as Samuel did, but others do not hear. God speaks quietly and softly, yet his voice is as distinct as thunder. We hear God's

thing wrong, and ran away from home. He came to a lonely place, and put a stone for his pillow, and lay there crying and looking up at the big stars, and feeling very miserable. In the night he dreamed, and saw a ladder from earth to heaven, and from the top of it God spoke to him. In the morning he said: "I shall never forget this!" But as time went on he did forget. Twenty years after, Jacob had another sad, lonely night, and God spoke to him again. This time it made a deep impression on him, and Jacob remembered. But he often said: "I wish I had but listened to God earlier!"

God speaks over and over again. The best of all is that he forgives our forgetfulness. We often begin worship by saying: "I will arise and go to my Father!" Jesus tells us of a young man who was made him very miserable, and who said

You read "The Pilgrim's Progress." I wish you all read it. It is quite as interesting as "Treasure Island," or "The Splendid Spur." You read "The Pilgrim's Progress," you seem to see Greatheart, you hear his easy way of speaking to the giants who went to stop him, you see him draw his sword and win the fight. While you are reading you wish you could be a Greatheart, and help people. It is God who sends such thoughts. It is God's voice that stirs them in your mind.

That is why you sing: "I think when I read that sweet story of old, when Jesus was here among men,—I think—I should like to have been with him then." It is when we read that story of Jesus and his love that we hear God speak most plainly of all.

Sometimes your fathers and mothers and friends counsel you to be better, and you feel that you will try never to give them trouble any more. It is God's voice making us feel that.

Some of us who are older have fathers and mothers in heaven. We often remember things which they used to say. We seem to see their gentle eyes, and how they used to look at us when they spoke. We seem to hear them pronounce our names. As we call all this to mind we feel that we want to do things that they ask us to do. This is all God's voice—the quiet voice that speaks without noise or words.

Jesus called this voice—the Holy Spirit—the guide of all who follow God. Let us always listen. Let us often say: "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth!"

To you, the fathers and mothers, the men and women of this congregation, I wanted to say something of this sweet Divine voice; but I think the message of the old Bible story is much the same for us all. Some of us in our childhood dealt better with God's voice in the soul than we are dealing with it now. We had truer hearts. God pity us that we have let the Voice become so feeble. Let us take the child's place again.

It is only so that we can listen and learn life's divine counsels. Distracted thinkers are knocking at the great Doors of Mystery, and are all at sea, without star, or chart, or compass, or hope, while those whose hearts are fresh and simple "do not in the desert stray, or miss their providential way."

As life's perplexities thicken, as sorrow folds us in its gloom, as we see the darkening slope of life's decline, how sorely we need the voice—the voice of Christ's promised consoler. In parts of life we fill our minds with excitements that bear us along, and have their day. We are no better for many of these distractions, but, like morphia, they keep us from some of our pain. Now and then we learn that nothing is radical and sufficient short of God's friendship. Let us go like children to the great door of divine intercourse—the gracious Saviour of our souls, and keep our souls in communication with that sweet inward voice, that it may guide us with its counsel till travelling days are done.

Brave of a feather flock together, but geese and ducks are found in divers places.



ELI AND YOUNG SAMUEL.

quiet voice best when we are quiet and thoughtful. If we are still, and say, "Speak, Lord!" then he speaks.

Then remember too that God speaks often. He calls us many times.

On that quiet night God called to the boy four times. After that God spoke to him thousands of times. As you go along the road the telegraph wires that stretch from post to post are always singing. They vibrate to every breath of air. In Samuel's heart it came to be as if there was always music—the music of God's voice. In time he became an old man. He said to the people: "Behold, I am old and greyheaded, and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day." And the people cheered when he spoke, until he could not go on with what he wanted to say. They knew that he had been a good man, and that God often talked with him.

I dare say your mother sometimes says: "I've told you fifty times!" Sometimes we have to be told fifty times or thereabouts. God tells us what he wants us to do, and he tells us many times. What a pity it is that he has to tell us so often. But God keeps speaking till we listen at last.

You have read of how Jacob did some-

that, when he came to himself. The young man arose and went to his father, and Jesus teaches us that if we will go to God our Father he forgives and forgets all that we have done wrong.

People say: "I intend to listen to God's voice by-and-by!" When the ice was going away some boys were still skating on it. It became thinner and thinner, and was covered with water, and had holes here and there. People said: "Come off! It's dangerous!" Oh yes, they knew that, and were coming off soon. But in the newspapers there was a long list of people who did not come off soon enough.

It is like that with the way in which people say of God's voice: "I mean to attend to it by-and-by!"

Then you must also remember that God's voice speaks in many different ways.

God speaks to us in the Sunday services. Our good thoughts are his voices.

Sometimes while you are reading a good book, perhaps a tale of some one who did noble things, and resisted great temptations, while you read your hand holds the book tight, your heart beats faster, and you feel the "pins and needles" in your cheeks. You want to be good and noble, true and brave.

**The Little Leaves.**

"We must go," sighed little Ruby, Orange, Topaz, Garnet, Gold;  
 "For the chilly breeze is calling,  
 And the year is growing old.  
 Good-bye, quiet, sunny meadows  
 That we never more shall see;  
 Good-bye, winding brooks of silver,  
 Snowy lamb, and dear old tree—  
 Dear, old, loving mother-tree.

From the branches down they fluttered,  
 Like a rainbow scattered wide;  
 And the old tree looked so lonely,  
 That was once the woodland's pride.  
 But the wind came wildly piping,  
 And they danced away with glee  
 Ruby, Topaz, Garnet, Orange,  
 Soon forgot the poor old tree—  
 Poor, old, loving mother-tree.

But when skies of drear November  
 Frowned upon their wild delight  
 All the little leaves grew lonely,  
 And they wandered back one night;  
 And they nestled in a hollow  
 At the foot of the old tree,  
 Sighing, "All the long white winter  
 We shall now so quiet be  
 Near our dear old mother-tree."

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 19, 1895.

**FITLY SPOKEN.**

A SWEET little girl, poorly clad, and with a small coin tightly clutched in her hand, timidly entered the store of a Fifth Avenue florist.

"I want the best bouquet you can give me for ten cents," she said to the clerk, who smiled audibly at her request.

"I'd advise you to wait till next summer," he said, in a patronizing way. "Flowers don't grow in greenhouses for nothing."

The snub chilled the child, who said, with tears in her eyes,

"But next summer won't be Sister Lizzie's birthday, and to-morrow is. Besides, I don't want them for nothing. I told you I had ten cents. See, here it is." She was as grand as if it had been ten dollars.

"O, go along!" said the thoughtless clerk; "we have no ten-cent bouquets here."

The child looked at him with incredulous eyes. How could he speak so lightly of what appeared to her like actual wealth? Tears of cruel disappointment rose in her eyes as she turned away.

A little Christian Endeavour girl, who was tying up flowers for the florist, overheard this dialogue and was sorry for the child. She whispered hurriedly to the clerk,

"Here are some waste flowers, Mr. Smith. They haven't been thrown away yet. Let me make her happy."

"All right!" said the unfeeling clerk; "give 'em to her."

"Come back, little one," said the girl,

smiling. "Here are some roses and pinks that aren't as fresh as they might be. You can have them for nothing if they'll suit."

Then she tied a little pink ribbon around them and, with a look of love, handed them to the little girl.

They not only suited, but they seemed to the grieving heart of the child as fresh and beautiful as those in the window. Her shining eyes and thankful words caused a tear of joy to moisten the eyes of the young lady. She had done a kind deed, and the thought of it warmed her own heart, brought joy to the little girl, and made Lizzie's birthday as sweet as an angel's smile.

Verily, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

**TIM'S REWARD.**

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

TIM's father had just died, and the earnest desire that he might be able to take care of his mother—who was far from strong—filled Tim's heart; and so on the very day after his father was buried, he started out to "hunt up a job;" for up to that time he had gone to school.

But it was so late in the summer that the farmers were all supplied with hands; and after applying at three or four places, Tim stopped, almost discouraged, before a beautiful house in the midst of large grounds. The gardener was working among the flower beds, and Tim heard a woman, who was wheeling a baby up and down the walks, say, as she passed him once, "These late heavy rains have given the weeds a good start of you, Thomas."

"You're right, nurse; and of all times for that boy to take himself off! He wasn't worth his salt, to be sure, but I could manage to get something out of him. What I'm to do between the mowing and the weeding, now that the leaves are beginning to fall, is past me!"

Tim's heart beat high, and in another moment he had opened the gate, and going to Thomas's side, said eagerly: "Please, sir, I was looking at your flowers, and couldn't help hearing what you said. May I weed for you? I am very anxious to earn some money."

"What do you know about weeding?" asked Thomas rather gruffly, looking him well over.

"A little," said Tim; "but I am sure I could soon learn more if you would kindly tell me what you like. I want the work very much."

"Humph!" said Thomas; then glanced at nurse, who nodded quite violently.

"Well," he said after a moment, "you may try for an hour; I'll soon be able to tell what you are worth. You may begin on that bed there."

In passing the little carriage to go to the bed which Thomas had pointed out, Tim stopped to look at the lovely child, and with such evident admiration as quite won nurse's heart; and the little creature herself, after one long look from her honest baby eyes, put out both hands to him, saying: "Nice boy; Bay likes nice boy!"

"To think of her taking to him like that!" exclaimed nurse, as Tim, blushing with pleasure, went to his work.

Two or three times Thomas came and stood for a moment by his side watching him; then, with a little nod of satisfaction, went away and left him to himself. One, two, three hours passed, and nothing was said about Tim leaving off; and at last, when, at six o'clock, Thomas gave him his money, he said: "You may come again to-morrow morning."

It would be hard to find a happier boy than Tim, when he laid his first earnings in his mother's hands, and told her he was to go again on the morrow.

He was at work bright and early next morning. As he was weeding the lawn after breakfast, a sweet-faced lady came out of the house and began wheeling baby up and down the walks. The moment the child caught sight of Tim she held out both arms toward him, saying in her cooing little voice: "Bay's nice boy; come to Bay;" and Tim's brown face flushed again as he went and took one of her tiny hands in his.

"My baby seems to have made friends with you," said the lady kindly. "Nurse has a bad headache, and I have some sewing I want very much to do. Would you be

careful if I asked you to wheel her for a while? I will explain to Thomas."

Careful! Never did any one feel a greater responsibility than Tim as he rolled the little carriage across the lawn, the baby looking up into his face with her great serious eyes, and the lovely lady watching them from the piazza! And when, an hour later, she called him to her, and told him kindly that he was an excellent nurse, and that he should help again some day, Tim's happiness was complete.

Then she asked him about himself, and listened, greatly interested, while he told her of his great desire to take care of his mother as his father used to do. That night Thomas told Tim to come again the next day; and so things went on for a whole week, and though the boy never imagined how closely he was being watched, he worked, as his father had always taught him to work, faithfully, neglecting not the smallest thing that Thomas gave him to do. Finally, as he was about to leave on Saturday night, Thomas told him to go into the house—that the master wanted to see him; and presently Tim found himself standing before a kind-looking gentleman, whom he had seen once or twice before about the place.

"Well, my boy," he said, "Thomas tells me that you have proved very faithful about the work which he has given you to do, and others tell me the same thing, and as we want a boy, you may have the place;" and then he named a sum as wages far exceeding Tim's hopes.

As Tim began to thank him most gratefully, the gentleman said, "No, you have only yourself, and your parents—who must have taught you well—to thank. If you had not been found faithful and trustworthy in the little things, if you had been careless and unfaithful, and slighted your work, I should never have thought of offering you the place. Tell your mother so. I am sure I need not tell you to be here early on Monday."

And so Tim, by being faithful over the "few things," won for himself a position which he held for years; for finally he himself became gardener, with a boy under him.—*The Morning Star.*

**JESUS AS A TEACHER.**

How we are tempted to say fine things of Christ. Language about him that is merely complimentary is profane. It is a startling question, How does much that is said of him, even in the pulpit, really appear to him?

Jesus himself never said anything for mere effect. He never said anything that would be considered fine, so as to draw admiration to himself, and lose its practical influence in the conscience and heart. His words had a strange authority in them. The testimony was at the close of the Sermon on the Mount. He spoke with authority, and not as the scribes.

But this authority was not mere official authority. Jesus was not yet established in this; and never during his life, in the public estimation, was he the equal of such men as Gamaliel. Besides, the scribes had official authority, and the authority which comes from learning. They were the recognized teachers of the people, and yet their teaching was cold, formal, and heartless—it had none of the power which stirs the souls of men. The authority of Jesus was the authority of truth—truth which had to be spoken—an authority mightier than all human traditions and human sanctions. And, again, his words had the accent of truth; a great quality, for without this, truth set in words is deprived of half its power. The words of Jesus were the utterance of convictions which lay upon his inmost heart, with the weight of a solid structure. The Man was behind his words and in them. Another great quality of his teaching was its perfect sincerity. To the very core of his being Jesus was sincere, and his words had in them the evident tone of perfect candour. To these qualities we must add an absorbing earnestness. A man may be truthful and candid, and yet formal and cold.

It was not so with Jesus. Words came from his lips weighty and burning with the fervour of his own pure spirit, very different from all the teachers of his age.

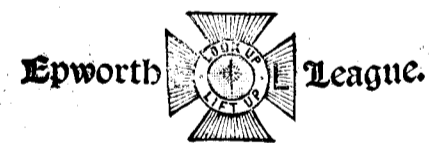
What must have been the power of that earnestness! A great nature made strong, and kindled into a flame by his living grasp of great truths, such as the Fatherhood of God, and the sonship of man; and mankind in its sinfulness, its need of salvation, and its immortality. To Jesus all these truths were real, and in him they were weakened by no worldly ambition, no deceitful policy, no seeking for human favour, and no shrinking from human censure. Taken altogether, these great qualities in the teaching of Jesus—truthfulness, sincerity, and earnestness—gave an awful realism to the things he taught.

His words seemed like a voice from another world; and that unseen and shadowy world was brought nigh. And this power of realizing the other world—the spiritual and unseen—stirred in his hearers, who did not harden their hearts, the conviction—all he says he feels and means, and we shall find it all true. And then agreeing with all this, Jesus had a naturalness and simplicity which were an element of great power. All his parables show this, and yet they are only hints, we may suppose, of the marvellous and powerful simplicity and naturalness which distinguished his words—words which served as the simple natural dress of his own perfect truth and love—words which were made more fresh and interesting and more effective in carrying home their lessons, by setting them in illustrations drawn from the fields and flowers, and from the homes and customs of the people.—*S. S. Magazine.*

**Gems of Thought.**

A LONELY rock by the wayside,  
 All jagged and seamed and rent;  
 Yet over its brow the daisies  
 Their pure, bright faces bent.  
 Gay columbines danced on slender stems,  
 And fairy trumpets blew;  
 From every crevice tufts of fern  
 And feathery grasses grew,  
 Till gone were the outlines sharp and bare  
 That might offend the eye,  
 And the wayside rock was a charming sight  
 To every passer-by.

Dear heart, alone and lonely,  
 Though shattered life's hopes may be,  
 The Lord who cares for the wayside rock,  
 Much more will care for thee.  
 Thy deeds of tenderness, words of love,  
 Like flowers may spring and twine,  
 Till joy shall come into others' lives  
 From the very rents in thine.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

October 27, 1895.

HUMAN LIFE PROTECTED.—Exodus 20. 13.

This command explains our duty to our neighbour. We need not say how that murder is strictly prohibited. But still further, we are not to manufacture, nor sell, nor give our neighbour any article of diet either of meat or drink which would injure others. This emphatically refers to the manufacture and use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco, by men and boys, but especially the latter, which should never be used by children or young people. Practices and amusements which endanger life and injure health should never be followed, such as wrestling, racing, and performing deeds of labour for prizes. Some have thought that the command forbids the taking of life for the crime of murder, but they forget that the Bible tells us that "whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man also his blood shall be shed." War is a deadly business and should never be followed, except in pure defence. It is our duty as citizens to protect life and property, and when we are thus engaged if any life should be taken the aggressor must bear the responsibility. If all men would obey the Golden Rule laid down by Jesus Christ human life would be sacred, and no person would either destroy or injure the life of another.



## Winds and Showers.

There can't be sunshine every day -  
At times the tempest lowers;  
We cannot always take our way  
Through meadows strewn with flowers.

There's work in life, as well as play;  
Here must be serious hours;  
But blustering March winds lead the way  
To softer April showers.

Ah! then will come the lovely May,  
That calls to wood and bowers  
When both alike have sped away -  
March winds and April showers.

Hope comes before the sunshine ray,  
God gives to each the power  
To struggle bravely on the way  
Through wind and rain and shower.

## SEVEN YEARS OLD.

"Seven Years Old To-day." And what a sweet little lady she is, with her innocent soul looking out from her fair, thoughtful face, so full of baby wisdom! Seven years in the time, generally considered, when life fairly begins for the little ones, when they become capable of voluntary reasoning, well or ill doing. As we look at a little child at this momentous age, and consider the possibilities before it, what a painful thought it is to remember that the pure soul may soon, now, become disfigured and loathsome through vice; that the dainty hands be given to works of sin. Ah! let those who have given to them the guardianship of these lovely human flowers care well for their precious charge, to preserve it from this withering touch. And you, little ones, do all you can, by will and endeavour, to save yourselves, and, through good example, help to save others.

## HELPING.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it. "It's too heavy for me," said Jimmy.

"Well, you are as big as I am, cause we are twins," said Nellie. "I won't carry it," said the little cousin, with a pout.

Mamma looked from her open window and saw the trouble.

"One day I saw a picture of three little birds," she said. "They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?"

"We don't know," said the twins.

"They all took hold of it together," said mamma, "and then they could fly away with it."

The children laughed and looked at each other. Then they all took hold together of the basket and found it very easy to carry.

"The way to do all the hard things in this world," said mamma, "is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all; but every one can help, and many a little makes a mickle in the giving of service as well as the giving of pennies."

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1160.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 27.

## THE CHILD SAMUEL.

1 Sam. 3. 1-13.

Memory verses, 1-4.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.—  
1 Sam. 3. 9.

## OUTLINE.

1. A Voice in the Night, v. 1-10.
2. The Judgment of the Lord, v. 11-13.

TIME.—B.C. 1160.

PLACE.—Shiloh, in central Palestine.

## INTRODUCTORY.

Eli was at once high priest and judge. His sin lay in his indulgence of his sons' sine. These men took advantage of their position to corrupt the whole nation. There was no strong central government. The tabernacle stood in Shiloh, and the priests' apartments were attached to it.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. The child Samuel.—1 Sam. 3. 1-13.  
Tu. Growing in favour.—1 Sam. 3. 15-21.  
W. Lent to the Lord.—1 Sam. 1. 21-28.  
Th. His mother's joy.—1 Sam. 2. 1-11.  
F. Judgment on Eli.—1 Sam. 2. 30-36.  
S. Judgment completed.—1 Sam. 4. 40-18.  
Su. Youthful knowledge of Scripture.—2 Tim. 3. 10-17.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. A Voice in the Night, v. 1-10.  
What youthful servant and service are here named?  
What precious gift was then rare?  
What signs of old age appeared in Eli?  
Where was Samuel at night?  
What call came, and what answer was given?  
To whom did Samuel go?  
What was he bidden to do?

What did he say when he knew it was the Lord? Golden Text: "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth." 5. What did God tell Samuel that he was about to do? To punish the wickedness of Eli's sons. 6. How did Eli receive the message when Samuel told it to him? He was submissive to God's will.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine revelation.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

With what disposition of mind ought we to read or hear God's Holy Word?  
With a meek and teachable disposition, with faith, and an intention to practice it by God's grace.  
What is our further duty after hearing or reading it?  
To meditate upon what we have heard, and seek God's help that we may put in practice.

## LIQUOR ADULTERATIONS.

Once the writer had some conversation with a neighbour who was travelling agent for a wholesale liquor house, concerning some of the secrets of the liquor trade. The whole world is drinking wine out of the little handful of grapes grown

niggardly man ever employed in this office," said the compositor angrily.

"Stop!" said the young men, choking with feeling. "You have insulted me."

The other compositors gathered around the man. The young man looked at them for a few moments with a famished look and a strange fire in his eyes. "You lit le know," he said, "how unjustly you have been treating and accusing me. For more than a year I have been starving myself to save money enough to send my poor blind sister to Paris to be treated by a physician who has cured many cases of blindness similar to hers. I have always done my duty in this office, and have minded my own business. I am sacrificing everything in life for another. Would either of you do as much? Could any one do more?"

He had been judged without a knowledge of the circumstances.

Be slow to censure and condemn. We cannot read the hearts of others, and in many cases to know is to forgive all.

Judge not that ye be not judged.

## DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."—Our Sunday Afternoon.

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SEVEN YEARS OLD.

What did Samuel say a second time?  
Of what was Samuel then ignorant?  
What did Eli perceive at the third call?  
What did he bid Samuel to do?  
What call then came? How did Samuel answer? (Golden Text.)  
When God speaks to us what answer should we make? Acts 9. 6.

## 2. The Judgment of the Lord, v. 11-13.

Who would be startled by the Lord's judgment?

Against whom would the judgment be?  
What had the Lord told Eli?

What evil now invited judgment?

To whom did Samuel tell the message? Verses 16-18.

What was Eli's answer? Verse 18.

What three marks of favour did the Lord show to Samuel? Verses 19-21.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where have we in this lesson—

1. An example of youthful piety?
2. A lesson in prompt obedience?
3. A warning against God's judgment?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the child Samuel do in the temple? He ministered unto the Lord. 2. What took place one night in the temple? The Lord called Samuel. 3. Who did Samuel suppose was calling him? Eli the priest. 4.

on the banks of a small creek in Portugal. Madeira grows 30,000 barrels of wine yearly, and America alone drinks 50,000 barrels of Madeira wine! A Madeira wine, which few can tell from the genuine, is made in this country at a profit of 500 per cent. By mixing with cider, rain water, sulphuric acid and other ingredients, California wine is made in New Jersey and sold at perhaps a thousand per cent. profit."

## JUDGE NOT.

We have no right to judge others until we know all the circumstances that influence their conduct. In many cases we might act like those we condemn under like circumstances.

A young man employed in a printing office in one of our largest cities incurred the ridicule of the other compositors on account of his poor clothes and unsociable behaviour. On several occasions subscription papers were presented to him for various objects, but he refused to give his money. One day a compositor asked him to contribute for a picnic party, but was politely refused. "You are the most