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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

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No. 21.

EGYPT AND ITS PYRAMIDS.

BY REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.

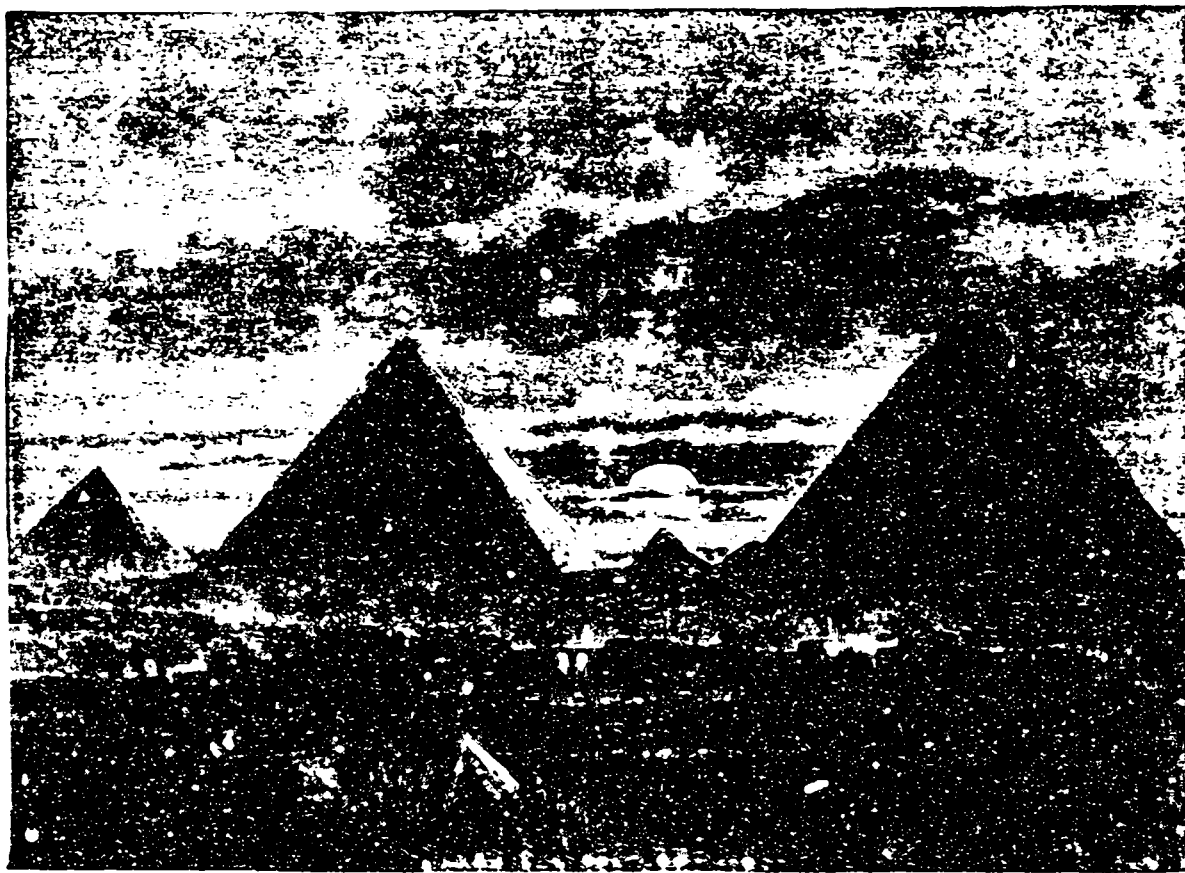
EGYPT is a country wonderful in its history. The principal events in the life of Joseph took place here. Whenever we think of Joseph we are reminded of Egypt. Here the Jewish people grew up into a nation, and began their wonderful history, and here it was that the Infant Saviour found refuge from the blood-thirsty Herod, who was seeking to destroy him.

the most famous of these are known as "the pyramids of Ghizah." There are three of these, of which our picture only represents two. The largest of these is known as "The Great Pyramid." It is situated on the banks of the river Nile, about twelve or fifteen miles from the city of Cairo. The height of this pyramid is four hundred and fifty feet. This gives it an elevation as great as that of two or three ordinary church steeples placed one on top of the other. The sides of this pyramid at its base measure each

been that they were built to be the monuments of the kings who were engaged in building them. Let us suppose that this was so, and then the pyramids suggest some valuable lessons between working for self, as those then did, and working for Jesus, as we are called upon to do when we become Christians. We might draw out the comparison or contrast in many points, but we have only room now to speak of two.

In the first place, working for Jesus is easier than working for self, as the

But if we are working for Jesus, instead of for ourselves, how different our position is from that of the builders of the pyramids! In working for Jesus we are working from love, and not from the fear of the task master's lash, and that which is done from love is always easy work to do. And, then, not only the motive which influences us in working for Jesus, but the help we get in doing the work, makes it easy. God says to every one who is working for Jesus, "I will help thee" (Isa. 41: 10); and if we only have



EGYPT AND ITS PYRAMIDS.

But when Egypt is spoken of, what it always especially reminds us of is the pyramids. It is the land of the pyramids, and there is so much that is interesting about those wonderful buildings that we never get tired of reading or speaking about them. The picture connected with this article gives us a good view of two of the pyramids and that wonderful piece of gigantic statuary near them known as "The Sphinx."

A few words about the pyramids, and some of the lessons they teach us, is all we can attempt to-day. The number of the pyramids given by Piazzi Smyth is thirty-eight. These are arranged in different groups; but

seven hundred and forty-six feet, so that it occupies a square space nearly the size of a thirteen-acre field. This immense space to the height above stated is built up of solid stones, excepting a small chamber in the interior, with a passage-way leading down to it. It is built on the original rock. The stones of which it is built are of great size, and are cemented firmly together. It is one of the largest and oldest works of man to be found anywhere in our world.

A great deal has been said and written about the pyramids, but nobody can give their history or tell with any certainty for what purpose they were built. The common opinion has

builders of the pyramids worked. They had very hard work to do. The stones employed in building the great pyramid were brought a long distance, from some quarries east of the Nile. Herodotus, the oldest historian in the world outside of the Bible, says that a new road had to be made for transporting those stones, and that a hundred thousand men were employed in making that road. Another writer, Diodorus Siculus, tells us that three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed for twenty years in getting out the stones for the great pyramid and in finishing the building of it. How much hard work those poor men had to do!

this help, it is enough to make any thing we have to do for him easy. And this teaches us that working for Jesus is easier than working for self, as the builders of the pyramids did.

And then from the history of the pyramids we learn that working for Jesus is more useful than working for self. It is impossible to calculate the amount of money that was spent in building the pyramids. Herodotus says that sixteen hundred talents of silver were spent in buying the onions and garlic used by the workmen employed on the great pyramid. And if all the other expenses of the work were reckoned up, how the great sum of them would be! And what was it all

for! Who has been made better or happier for it? The top of the pyramids point to heaven, but they have never taught a single soul how to get there. They tell us about the pride and selfishness of men, but they tell us nothing about the character of God or of the way in which we may serve and please Him. For such purposes the pyramids are useless. The money and time and labour spent on them were all thrown away. The men who built them were working for themselves, and the history of the pyramids shows how useless this kind of work is.

But it is different with those who work for Jesus. Take Robert Raikes for an illustration here. He started the Sunday-school work about a hundred years ago; and who can tell the amount of good that has been done in the world by this work during the past hundred years? What floods of light have been poured forth! How many ignorant ones have been instructed! How many sorrowing ones have been comforted! How many who were lost have been saved! And what glory has been given to God in consequence of the work which that one good man did for Jesus! And this is only a single illustration out of multitudes that might be given. Every Sunday-school in the land is an illustration of the same kind; and every Sunday-school missionary and teacher is an illustration, too, that working for Jesus is useful work. Then let us all engage with fresh earnestness in this blessed work; and when we think of the great pyramids let us remember what an illustration they give us, that working for Jesus is easier than working for self, and that it is more useful too.

"OPEN THE GATE."

"I wish that you would send a servant to open the gate for me," said a boy of ten years old to his mother as he paused with his books under his arm.

"Why, John, cannot you open the gate for yourself?" said his mother. "A boy of your age and strength ought certainly to be able to do that."

"I could do it, I suppose," said the boy, "but it is heavy, and I do not like the trouble. The servant can open it for me just as well. What is the use of having servants if they are not to wait upon us?" thought he.

The servant was sent to open the gate. The boy passed out, and went on his way whistling to school. When he reached his seat in the academy, he drew from his bag of books his arithmetic, and began to look at the sums.

"I cannot do these," he whispered to the next scholar, "they are too hard."

"But you can try," replied his companion.

"I know that I can try," said John, "but it is too much trouble. Pray, what are teachers for if not to help us out of difficulties? I shall carry my sum to Mr. Helpwell."

Alas, poor John! He had come to another closed gate—a gate leading to a path of useful knowledge. He could have opened it and entered in alone, but he had come to the conclusion that it was as well to have gates opened for us as to exert our own strength. The result was, it was decided that he had no "genius" for such kind of study.

The same was true of Latin. He could have learned the declensions of

the nouns and the conjugations of the verbs as well as others of his age; but he got other boys to do his exercises, and what was the use in opening the gate into the Latin language when others would do it for him? O no! John Easy had no idea of tasking his mind or body when he could avoid it, and the consequence was that numerous gates remained closed to him all his life—gates to honour, gates to usefulness, gates to happiness. We should early learn that it is always best to help ourselves. Arms and brain and heart grow strong by exercise.

THE SAILOR BOY.

HE KNEW a little youngster
Who would a sailor be;
He did not care for top or hull,
For marbles, kites, or trinkets small,—
He did not care for these at all,
For he would go to sea.

The things he really cared for
Were queer things such as these:
Odd knots of rope, and bits of string,
A marline-spike, a hammock ring,
India ink, or anything
That might a sailor please.

He liked to read of voyages,
And navigators' lore.
"And I can tell you how
To make a splice or a 'Turk's head,'
To hold the reel, or heave the lead,
And—ah! a great deal more."

And if perchance you missed him,
When others were at play,
You'd find him stowed in some odd nook
Off cruising in his sailor book
With Frobisher or Captain Cook,
In regions far away.

He has not gone from home as yet,
To ship before the mast;
But only wait and you shall see—
Sailors are made from such as he;
I'm very sure that he will be
An admiral at last.

A NOBLE HABIT.

THERE are persons whom you can always believe, because you know they have the habit of telling the truth. They do not "colour" a story or enlarge a bit of news in order to make it sound fine or remarkable.

There are others whom you hardly know whether to believe or not, because they "stretch" things so. A trifling incident grows in size, but not in quality, by passing through their mouth. They take a small fact or slender bit of news and pad it with added words, and paint it with high-coloured adjectives, until it is largely unreal and gives a false impression. And one does not like to listen to folks when so much must be "allowed for shrinkage."

Cultivate this habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones. Pick your words wisely, and use only such as rightly mean what you wish to say. Never stretch a story or fact to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this and people will learn to trust you and respect you. This will be better than having a name for telling wonderful stories or making foolishly or falsely "funny" remarks. There are enough true funny things happening in the world, and they are most entertaining when told just exactly as they came to pass. One has well said: "Never deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend."

Dear young friends, be true. Do the truth. Tell the truth. There are many false tongues. Let yours speak the things that are pure, lovely and true.

I AM ONE OF THE LORD'S LAMBS.

A hot, dusty, summer day, and a long, weary road to travel over, and the large flock of sheep and lambs, panting at every step, made many a pitying eye look sadly after them. Many a little lamb lay down by the road-side entirely spent and worn out, while others limped along so lame, that it seemed they, too, must very soon give up the struggle. Very slowly they passed on, and last of all walked the shepherd, carrying in his arms one of the poor lambs that had fallen down, unable to walk another step.

From the windows of a house overlooking the road several bright-faced little girls were intently watching the flock, and many were the pitying exclamations of children, as they watched one after the other of the lame sheep and lambs pass out of sight.

Soon after, one of the little girls, who had been looking out of the window on that hot July day, was writing to a friend, and this is what she wrote: "I am so glad I am not like those poor sheep and lambs, for the Lord Jesus is my Shepherd, and I am sure that he will always take care of me. I do believe on him now, and I am one of the Lord's lambs, and it makes me so glad. I want to see the Lord very much, and I am glad to think he may come soon."

Dear little children, can every one of you who read this paper say what this little girl could? She was not quite twelve years old, and perhaps some of you are just her age. Can you say, "The Lord is my Shepherd?" If you cannot, oh, do not put off calling to him for mercy. You are not ready for the Lord to come, and he may be here very soon: how would you meet him? Oh, do trust him now at once, so that you, too, may be one of his lambs.

It is so happy to belong to the Good Shepherd! He died for his sheep and lambs, and now he lives to bless them. He thinks of each one of the flock; no little weary lamb can cry for help but Jesus hears, and not only hears but succors the feeble wanderer. Also Jesus is leading the flock to heaven. He goes first, and where he goes his sheep follow, while on their way he gives them what, in his love and wisdom, he sees they need.

PETTING THE TIGER.

I REMEMBER reading of a mother visiting a menagerie, with a lovely infant in her arms. As they stood by the tiger's cage, the animal, apparently quiet, permitted the caresses of the babe. The mother, thinking it under the control of its keeper, and caged by iron bars, relaxed her vigilance, when suddenly the tiger seized the child, and in one fatal moment it became its prey.

I thought, as I read the paragraph, how many worse than tiger's cages we have all over this loved land of ours. They form almost an unbroken network from ocean to ocean. It is a palace-like building here, a less pretentious one there, and a shanty down by the railroad. Each holds alike the same enemy—the sparkling wine-cup.

Do you see those two friends shaking hands so heartily on the steps of yonder grand hotel? They have not met since boyhood's days, and now middle age claims them.

"Come in, Fred. With a social glass between us, we'll talk over by-

gone. Waiter, some of your best champagne. No shaking of your head, Fred."

The champagne is brought, and the friends are quickly reviewing the past.

"Have your glass filled again, Fred; 'tis really worth your while to take a draught from these glasses. The design is a triumph of art. We have lived thus long without any harm from the cheerful glass. We have wills strong as iron bars, and they can guard with master-like vigilance our failings—if we have any."

A third time the glasses were filled, and "Here's a double health to thee" was sung with a vim of college days.

Then they parted. But mark the sequel. The appetite, which they boasted was caged with strong wills, had that night been caressed. The desire became a tiger, and ere long one of the jolly friends filled a drunkard's grave, and the other, a wreck, dwelt in a maniac's cell.—Interior.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER!

IT matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor!
Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn

Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I can,
It matters much.

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheeks of my fellow-man,
It matters much.

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land, or on the sea!
By purring brook or heath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether angel Death comes down,
And marks my brow with loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much.

BOOKS.

Two kind ladies went one day to the jail in the pretty village where they lived, to carry reading to the prisoners. Among others were two boys twelve or fourteen years. They were reading when the ladies entered, and the books in their hands told very plainly why they were there.

They were the flashy, paper-covered, exciting stories of boy-life and adventure which have led so many boys to destruction.

In the talk that followed, these young criminals owned that they grew tired of farm life; that they left good homes stealthily, and that they were out to "see the world and have a little fun," when they were caught at stealing and sent to jail.

They hadn't intended to do anything very wrong. They were looking out for adventure, and they had found it! Alas! they little know the road upon which they have so blindly entered!

Boys, beware of the books that offer entertainment, and give poison instead! This is the age of books. Good reading, that will feed both mind and heart, can be bought for a mere trifle. Avoid the highly illustrated story-papers and flashy books. Turn from them as you would from a serpent. You cannot trust yourself in their company!

SUMMER IS GOING.

SUMMER is fading; the broad leaves that grew so freshly green when June was young are falling; And all the whisper-haunted forest through, The restless birds in saddened tones are calling From rustling hazel copses and tangled dells,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Fragrant, fruity summer,
Sweet farewell!"

Upon the windy hill, in many a field,
The honey bees hum slow above the clover,
Gleaning the latest sweets its bloom can yield,
And knowing that their harvest time is over,
Sing half a lullaby and half a knell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Honey-laden summer,
Sweet farewell!"

The little brook that bubbles 'mid the ferns,
O'er twisted roots and sandy shallows playing,
Seems vain to linger in its eddled turns,
And with a plaintive, purring voice is saying,
Sadder and sweeter than my song can tell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Warm and dreamy summer,
Sweet farewell!"

The fitful breeze sweeps down the winding lane
With gold and crimson leaves before it flying;
Its gusty laughter has no sign of pain,
But in the fall it sinks in gentle sighing,
And mourns the summer's early broken spell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Rosy, blooming summer,
Sweet farewell!"

So bird and bee and brook and breeze make moan,
With melancholy song their loss complaining;
I, too, must join them as I walk alone
Among the sights and sounds of summer's waning;
I, too, have loved the season passing well—
So, farewell, summer,
Fair but faded summer,
Sweet farewell!

HONOUR OLD AGE.

THE Germans have a story about a little girl, named Jeannette, who once went out to see a grand review. She found a capital place from which to see the soldiers pass, when she noticed a poor old woman in the crowd trying very hard to get where she could see. Jeannette said to herself: "I should like to see the soldiers march; but it isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat and let that old woman stay where she can't see anything. I ought to honour old age, and I will." So she called the old woman and, placing her in the nice seat, fell back among the crowd. There she had to tiptoe and peep and dodge about to catch a glimpse of the splendid scene, which she might have seen fully and easily if she had kept her place.

Some of the people said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her. Jeannette was rewarded in her heart for her kindness to old age. A few minutes later a man, covered with lace, elbowed his way through the crowd and said to her: "Little girl, will you come to her ladyship!" She could not imagine who her ladyship was, but she followed the man to a scaffold within the crowd. A lady met her at the top of the stairs and said: "My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to the old woman. You acted nobly. Now sit down here by me. You can see every thing here." Thus Jeannette was rewarded a second time for honouring old age.

"IF I JOIN THE CHURCH MAY I DANCE."

"If I join the church, have you any objection to my dancing?"

Such was the question of Mary W., addressed to her pastor as he was speaking to her about her making a public profession of religion. She was about 18 years of age, of high social standing, intelligent, cultivated, thoroughly a lady in feeling and manner, and surrounded by all that makes life attractive and pleasant.

Having been hopefully converted, after much thought and prayer, she had decided to unite with the church of which Mr. A. was the pastor. But before so doing she asked him, in the conversation alluded to, "If I join the church, Mr. A., have you any objection to my dancing? I am very fond of it, and feel very unwilling to give it up. What do you think of it?"

"I will answer your question by another," said her pastor. "Suppose there was a large and fashionable party or a public ball in town, and you were invited to it. And suppose you had accepted the invitation, and that, going at rather a late hour, as you entered the room you found all engaged in the dance, and that you saw me, your pastor, taking part in it, and leading it, what would you think?"

A look of surprise, almost of astonishment passed over her face, as she frankly said: "I should think it very strange, and greatly inconsistent."

"Well," replied Mr. A., "if dancing is right and a good thing, why should not I enjoy it as well as you? And if in its influence and tendencies it is wrong and evil, why should you engage in it or wish it more than I? A minister is but a good man trying to do good to men. And there are not two standards, one for him and another for the members of his church; not two rules of Christian living, one for you and another for him. If he is to be spiritual, and set a holy example, and to come out from the world and be separate, and shun worldly amusements, why are not you? And if such amusements are right and proper for you as a follower of the Saviour, why are they not for him? And why should you, or any member of the church, wish to be or do what you would not like to see him be or do?"

She thought a moment seriously, and then said: "It is plain to me now. I will never dance again." And she never did.

Uniting with the church by a public confession of her faith in Christ, she lived, and after some years died, an exemplary, faithful, spiritual Christian, a help to her pastor in every good word and work, and a bright example to all who knew her.

With this brief narrative in view, three thoughts are suggested for serious and prayerful consideration:

1. As to the worldly amusements, if you have the least doubt as to your conduct—if there is the least conflict between inclination and duty—go in prayer to the Saviour, and ask him what you ought to do, and then act as you believe he would approve if he were present with you.

2. If there is the least doubt, is it not best to err on the safe side, and rather keep too far from the world than to go too near to it?

3. Is it not right for you, in this, as in all things, to take such a course that, if all were to imitate your example, it would make the church a holy and spiritual and useful church, and give you personally the highest and best influence as a devoted and faithful Christian!—Selected.

"REMINDE ME OF THE KING."

LA FONTAINE, chaplain of the Prussian army, once preached a very earnest and eloquent sermon on the sin and folly of yielding to a hasty temper. The next day he was accosted by the major of a regiment with the words, "Well, sir, I think you made use of the prerogatives of your office to give me some very sharp hits yesterday."

"I certainly thought of you while I was preparing the sermon," was the answer; "but I had no intention of being either personal or sharp."

"Well, it is of no use," said the major; "I have a hasty temper, and I cannot help it, and I cannot control it. It is impossible."

And still adhering to this opinion, after some further conversation the major went his way.

The next Sunday La Fontaine preached upon self-deception and the vain excuses which men are wont to make.

"Why," said he, "a man will declare that it is impossible for him to control his temper, when he very well knows that were the provocation to happen in the presence of his sovereign he not only could but would control himself entirely. And yet he dares to say that the continued presence of the King of kings and the Lord of lords imposes upon him neither restraint nor fear!"

The next day his friend the major again accosted him.

"You were right yesterday, chaplain," he said, humbly. "Hereafter, whenever you see me in danger of falling, remind me of the King!"

THE LARGEST LIVING ANIMAL.

WHAT a monster of contradictions! An animal which looks like a fish, but which is not a fish; which lives always in the water, but which cannot live long under water, and which nevertheless will die on land; which has a mouth large enough to engulf at once a dozen readers of PLEASANT HOURS, but whose throat is so very small that your father's fist might fill it.

A whale! Yes, a veritable giant among giants, the largest of all living creatures.

To one who does not know the reason for it, it must seem odd to say that the whale is not a fish. But, in fact, it is no more a fish than you are. A fish has cold blood, and takes the little oxygen it needs from the water by means of gills; while the whale must take its oxygen from the atmospheric air just as you do.

You need to take oxygen into your lungs at very short intervals, so that you cannot exist for more than two or three minutes at the utmost without breathing. Of course, it would not do for the whale to have to breathe so often, for in that case he could never stay under water long enough to secure his food, and would consequently starve.

To provide against this catastrophe

the whale is enabled to charge a reservoir of blood with oxygen, and thus, with an hour's supply of aerated blood, it can dive down and remain under water until the supply is exhausted. Should it be detained after the supply is gone, it will drown as surely as your own self.

The tail is set transversely to the body, and in its motion, unlike that of the same member in the fish, is up and down; and with such vigour does it move that the surrounding water is forced into a series of whirling eddies.

This tail is, moreover, the whale's chief weapon, though it occasionally does make use of its head or of its teeth, if it have the latter. Stung to fury by the harpoon, it will sometimes lash about with its tail to such purpose as to dash the stout whale boat to pieces and hurl the inmates into the sea. As a rule, however, the whale prefers to run.

MOTHER'S GIRL.

SHE sits securely by my side,
My bonny, little lass!
The world is cold, the world is wide,
I let the cold world pass;
With Mary smiling up at me,
I care not what the world may be.

She looks into my faded face,
My bonny, little lass!
But does not see the wrinkled place
Where Time's rough footsteps pass,
She measures me by love's own rule,
And thinks "mamma is beautiful."

She asks me many curious things,
My bonny, little lass!
"Be angels shaking out their wings!
She says when snow showers pass.
I kiss her happy face and say:
"Angels have surely passed this way."

She looks at me with serious eyes,
My bonny, little lass!
Right up to mine the sweet thoughts rise
That through her lashes pass.
She pats my cheek, with smile and nod,
And softly asks: "Does you know God?"

And though I cannot answer her,
My bonny, little lass!
Queer little questions quietly stir
The rippling words that pass—
"Is God a Quaker? 'cause, you know,
He thee's and thou's the verses so."

She holds her head against my heart,
My bonny, little lass!
Her eyelids droop, her tired lips rest,
Her thoughts to dreamland pass;
While bending down to kiss that curl,
I hear her whisper: "Mother's Girl!"
—Julia May.

THE UNRULY MEMBER.

THOMAS ADAMS, who wrote about two hundred years ago, is quoted as thus describing the "unruly member."

"To create so little a piece of flesh, and to put such vigour into it, to give it neither bones nor nerves, yet to make it stronger than arms and legs, and whose most able and serviceable parts of the body, required a God."

"Because it is so serviceable, therefore hath the most wise God ordained that it shall be but little, that I shall be but one, that so the depravity and singularity may abate the vigour of it. If it were paired, as the arms, legs, hands, feet, it would be more array, for he that cannot tame one organ, how would he be troubled with twain!"

"Because it is so unruly, the Lord hath hedged it in, as a man will not trust a wild horse in an open pasture, but prison him in a close pound. A double fence hath the Creator given to confine it,—the lips and the teeth,—that through these bounds it might not break."

RIGHT IS RIGHT.

RIGHT is right, since God is God
 And right the day shall win.
 To doubt would be disloyalty,
 To falter would be sin,
 Few years may pass before that hour,
 But shall we pause or yield?
 Will temperance workers ground their arms
 And give their foes the field?

"No! learn to 'labour and to wait,
 In God put all our trust;
 Hurl down the death flag from the mast,
 And trall it in the dust.
 Keep every watchfire burning bright,
 Let every heart be brave,
 And onward march with steady tramp
 Our brother man to save

"Let prohibition be our aim.
 Put down all license laws,
 And make rum-sellers quake to view
 The progress of our cause.
 Be firm, uncompromising, true,
 United, bravely stand;
 And strike for temperance and right,
 God and our fellow-man!"
 —Temperance Record.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

GREETINGS FROM THE EDITOR.

It is very gratifying to the Editor of the Sunday-school periodicals, and of the *Methodist Magazines* to be re-elected by acclamation to the position which he holds. It is an evidence of the appreciation of his earnest efforts to promote the mental and moral wellbeing of the vast constituency which he addresses. It is a great privilege and a great responsibility to be permitted to address nearly a quarter of a million of readers every month—most of them every week—to help to mould the minds and form the character of the flower and promise of the Methodist Church in this great Dominion. He earnestly prays for Divine guidance and wisdom and illumination, and asks an interest in the prayers of all Christian workers, that God may abundantly bless, to the spiritual profit of its readers, the periodical literature of our Church, and every other agency which is used for the promotion of His glory and the uplifting of man.

God has left us in a sinful world that we may make it better.

DANGER-SIGNS.

In various places we find signs put up in prominent positions cautioning people against danger of some sort. On the ice is a sign, with "Danger" on it, to warn skaters of a thin, weak place at a railroad crossing, one having on it, "Look out for the locomotive;" in public places where crowds gather, one with the words, "Beware of pick-pockets."

These signs are intended as friendly warnings to let people know the danger they may be in, so that by care they may avoid it. No doubt much property and many lives have been saved by reason of these danger-signs, and very likely some have lost property as others have lost life by not heeding them. We cannot expect, however, to have such signs in every place where there is danger. It is, therefore, our duty to keep our eyes open, to know where we are, and to remember that we may be in danger at any moment from unexpected causes.

There are several danger-signs which, we suggest to our readers, may be hung up in the memory, so that they may be always proclaiming their friendly warning:

1. *Beware of bad thoughts.* These easily come to the mind, for the heart is naturally sinful. Never encourage them, for they are the very root and foundation of evil.

2. *Beware of bad words.* Among these are included not only words that are filthy in their very nature, but also angry, harsh, uncharitable, unkind words—words that spring from bad tempers and cut and sting and burn and blister.

3. *Beware of bad deeds.* There are many deeds that the law of the land cannot touch. There are petty acts of meanness and injustice, and even cruelty, for which no one could be brought before a court, and yet which are really bad, and ought to be included in our danger-signs.

4. *Beware of bad company.* Many have been ruined because they did not see or did not heed this danger-sign. The words of Solomon are worth remembering: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

5. *Beware of bad books.* There are some books so vile that any one can see at a glance that they are not fit to read; there are others equally bad, but their badness is not seen until the book is read. Young people cannot be too careful about their reading. If there is doubt about the character of a book, let it alone.

SEED THAT NEED A SNAP.

DID you notice this season the seed of the touch-me-not or balsam? Press it when thoroughly ripe and apart flies the pod, scattering the seed. If the touch-me-not had brains and a tongue, it might say, "Why can't I drop quietly into my bed and go to sleep there, and not be pitched with a jerk into my resting-place?" It is the snap, though, that scatters the seed, so that they do not tumble in one spot and be too many bedfellows for one bed.

Seed that need a snap! Are there not times in our lives when the good within us only comes out after a rough jerk? What may trouble be but the very thing people need to get some good thing out of them, and make them a blessing to others? They may



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TRENTON FALLS.

not like the jolt of the snap, and they feel that they are flying in pieces, but they survive it, and after the scattering of the seed, lo! the beautiful flowers, in the lives of Christians, making all happier and better.

AUTUMN.

The season of Autumn consists of the months of September, October, and November. This season is sometimes called the Fall, or the season in which leaves fall. In many respects it is the pleasantest portion of the year. The excessive heat of summer is over, and the frosts of winter have hardly commenced. Boys and girls, but more particularly the boys, like it, for it is the time for gathering the apples, peaches, and pears, and also for going nutting and hunting. Acorns, beech-nuts, chestnuts, butternuts, and hickory nuts are ripe, and begin to fall from the trees. There is great fun in gathering these nuts, to be cracked and eaten in the long winter evenings, and the boys are very proud of these stores. City boys and girls know very little about these country pleasures.

Then in the autumn the squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, or quail and other game are in perfection, and very plenty. We once thought it the perfection of bliss to have a good gun, plenty of ammunition, and a dog, and with these go to the woods or to the mountains, and spend the whole day in scaring up and banging away at all kinds of birds and wild animals, and even now it wakes us up pretty considerably to think and talk about these things.

There is another side to Autumn which makes it rather sad to some people. It is the time when the leaves fall, and the flowers fade. It is the last of the harvests, and looks to the close of the year. The time is at hand for the settlements which farmers, mechanics, and business men are accustomed to make. The fruit harvests and the grain harvests are in, and now the results are to be fully brought out. And so with all kinds of business. Every one may know, if he will, at the end of autumn how his worldly affairs stand.

There is a spring, summer, and autumn in every life. The boys and girls have their autumns, and they should learn from them that there will come sooner or later an autumn when no spring will ever follow—nothing

but the winter of death. May the gathered harvests, the falling leaves, the fading flowers, teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom—a heavenly wisdom.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TRENTON FALLS.

TRENTON FALLS, in Oneida County, New York, consists of a series of six waterfalls on the Kanata River, which plunges through a deep gorge from seventy to three hundred feet in depth, forming a ravine of peculiar wildness and indescribable beauty. These falls present a scene that has for years charmed the admirer of the wild and weird combined with the grand and sublime in nature.

A writer in that superb work on American scenery, entitled "Picturesque America," edited by Bryant, thus speaks of Trenton: "Many persons who visit Niagara, from the east, make it a point to see Trenton Falls on their return. Could the secret thoughts of these be made known, it is not impossible that we might discover a decided preference for the less famous place. Our expectations are so wrought up with regard to Niagara that when we first see it the feeling uppermost is not unfrequently one of disappointment. It is not so with Trenton, where we find far more than was expected."

VERY bright with picture, and amusing with story, is the October number of *Our Little Men and Women*. There is the tale of an antelope some Western children had for a playfellow; a charming chapter of "Me and My Dolls," by L. T. Meade, the English author; a true history-paper about Columbus; a little talk about silkworms; and some funny poems, one of which we give:

MAMMA TO PHILIP.

Once a careless little boy
 Lost his ball at play,
 And, because the ball was gone,
 Threw his bat away.

Yes, he did a foolish thing—
 You and I agree—
 But I know another boy
 Not more wise than he.

He is old, this other boy—
 Old and wise as you—
 Yet, because he lost his kite,
 He lost his temper, too.

H. R. HUDSON.
 In *Our Little Men and Women* for October.



DYAKS OF BORNEO.

EVENTIDE.

"NOW I lay me down to sleep,"
Loug and hard has been the day;
I have come a weery way
Since life's morning, but at last
Night is falling sweet and fast,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
I have tried—alas! in vain—
From the world's dark soil and stain
Free to keep it. Weak and worn,
With my strength all overborne,
"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

"If I should die before I wake."
Treasures have slipped fast away
From my keeping day by day,
And I shrink from coming ill;
This thought holdeth joy a glad thrill—
"If I should die before I wake."

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."
From all the sorrows it hath known—
Sin and loss, and tear and moan—
To the dear ones gone before,
To thy presence evermore,
"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

"This I ask for Jesus' sake."
Name alone that can prevail,
Anchor-hold within the veil!
Every other plea hath flown;
Worth or merit claim I none;
"This I ask for Jesus' sake."

GRANDMOTHER'S BAMBOO BRIDGE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"BUILD a bridge across there for that old woman! Don't know about that!" said Philip. As he spoke he stood before his picturesque home and looked down into a steep though leafy ravine.

Philip was a young Dyak. His name had been given him by the missionaries when they baptized him. His home was in Borneo, that great island in the far East, with its lofty mountains, its minerals, its orang-outangs, or monkey-men, its valuable woods, its spices, its bee-constrictors. Who cares to live there? The Dyaks are a division of the inhabitants of Borneo.

Look at Philip. His hair is black, his eyes are dark, his skin is reddish brown. The Malay of Borneo turns up his nose at a Dyak as his inferior, and yet the Dyak is said to excel the Malay in morality. The missionaries are laying hold of the Dyaks, a group of whom you find in the picture above.

Though they are savages, they are intelligent and teachable. The gospel will lift them out of the shadows of their life.

But what excited Philip, standing in the door of his bamboo home resting on piles, to make the remark with which our sketch opens? "That old woman," so contemptuously mentioned, was his grandmother; she could not like it because her grandson had been baptized. Her gods were those of her ancestors, that when angry must be conciliated, and when needed in blessing must be coaxed, by a sacrifice of fruit or an animal. She did not like this worship of the Christian who spoke of one great unseen Spirit. Philip returned her dislike with feelings, and sometimes with language, that were as little Christian as his grandmother's. She lived on the side of the ravine opposite the bamboo hut where Philip's parents made their home. To reach the latter the grandmother must toll down through the ravine and then wearily climb the opposite steep slope.

"Who is that old woman?" asked a Christian Dyak one day, seeing her on her tedious walk through the ravine.

"My grandmother," replied Philip. "Make her a bridge over the ravine, Philip; you can make it of bamboo. Why, it is only a short distance across, and it would save many steps."

The Dyaks are famous bridge-builders. Over deep gulfs, around the face of cliffs, they will throw a bridge with great skill.

Philip now shook his head; he was ashamed at first to give his reason for the refusal.

"Why don't you, Philip?" said his companion.

Philip still shook his head.

"Why don't you build a bridge, Philip?" his companion persisted. "It would not be a great task."

"She don't like it because I am a Christian."

"Well, show her what a Christian is—one who forgives, one who helps others."

"I—I—"

"Do it, Philip."

"I—I will."

"That's the right spirit. Go ahead."

What a good friend to the East the bamboo is! When it is only a tender shoot, it can be served on the table like asparagus. As the plant grows older its hollow joints contain a fluid that is valued as a medicine. The bamboo-grains can be used as food. Notice its stem; out of it come water-buckets and bottles, while the Dyak finds in it helpful cooking-vessels. The bamboo is valuable in building. Stand up sections of its stem, and you have posts; split the stem, and there is material for rafters and floors. A bamboo stem will also prove to be a good servant as the mast of a boat. Bows are made of this wood, and the light bamboo-stalks make good arrows. Out the outer skin of the bamboo into thin strips, and you have a fine material for basket-making; these strips can be plaited, also, into chairs, beds, cages and various goods for the house. Bamboos are helpful in the manufacture of canes and umbrella-sticks. The Chinese beat the inner part of the bamboo into a pulp that will make fine paper.

But where is the bridge over the ravine? Philip easily found bamboo-trunks that would reach from bank to bank, and these he strengthened by cross-pieces; wherever a single stem did not seem sufficiently strong he would lash several stems together. He made a railing, also, to the bridge, floored it, and finally "opened it to the public." The "public" was an exceedingly small one in that neighbourhood, consisting of Philip's father and mother, his grandmother, and Philip made the fourth and last person in the community.

Grandmother from her bamboo house watched the building of the bridge.

"Humph!" she said; "it is Philip's bridge, and I don't want to use it."

Philip was disappointed because his grandmother did not try the structure. She preferred to travel down through the ravine and come up to her children's door panting and puffing.

"There!" said Philip, witnessing the old woman's obstinacy; "that is all I get for building that bridge. Oatca me making another for her!"

One day, however, when the old woman was walking back of her house, she heard a grunting up in a tree;

looking up, she saw the dreaded miso, as the natives call it—the ugly, savage orang-outang. She screamed and fled. Though in the rear of her home she was nearer the bridge than her hut, owing to a turn in the ravine. Over the bridge she hurriedly hobbled, to be met by Philip, who saw that she was in trouble, and he kindly came to her aid.

Ah! Grandmother had a human heart. Human hearts are out in Borneo, and because they are there, and all over the world also, present the gospel to human needs, human fears, human affections. Remember, too, that God is above.

Weary, trembling, conscience-smitten old grandmother! In Philip's safe arms she broke down with many tears and cried,

"I think your religion makes better people, and it must be right, and it shall be mine."

FAITH AND SIGHT.

Two children were standing at evening on the summit of a hill, watching the setting sun as it seemed slowly to roll along the bright horizon.

"What a way," said the elder, "the sun has moved since we saw it coming from behind that tree!"

"And yet you remember," said the younger boy, "we learned, in this morning's lesson with our father, that the sun never moves at all."

"I know we did," replied the first; "but I do not believe it, because I see it is not so. I saw the sun rise there this morning, and I see it set there to-night. How can a thing get all that distance without moving? You know very well that if we did not move, we should remain always just where we are upon the hill."

"But our father," said the other, "told us it is the earth that moves."

"That is impossible too," replied the elder, "for you see it does not move. I am standing upon it now, and so are you, and it does not stir. How can you pretend to think it moves, while all the time it stands quietly under our feet?"—*Adolphe Monod.*

JUDGE PAYNE'S SHORT SERMON

THE pithy sayings of the late Judge Payne will never be forgotten by the thousands who were privileged to hear him. His brief and interesting gospel sermon was regarded by his friends as one of the happiest of his many striking utterances. It was with great pleasure that we heard him say one evening, as with beaming face he turned to his friend, Lord Shaftesbury, who occupied the chair, "Why, my lord, some people complain that they cannot understand the glorious gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Not understand it! Why, it is as plain as A, B, C:

"A—'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;'

"B—'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world;'

"C—'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden.'"

This is God's blessed gospel, so simple that none need make a mistake, so free that all are welcome to accept it. Why, then, do not men understand it?—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy.

OCTOBER.

THE months have had wings, not feet,
this year!
The beautiful summer has sped away,
And brown October has hurried here;
Oh, things were fair if they would but
stay,
And if life were long
It were full of song!

Yes 'tis far to look back to the primrose
spring,
To the nightingale's lay and the cuckoo's
call,
The promise is now a forgotten thing,
For the gifts foretold are bestowed on us
all,
And the blossoms of May
Are the fruit of to-day.

We have had our summer of light and song,
And our fields and orchards filled with
food;
If the days are shortened they have been
long,
And God has covered the land with good.
O, give him praise
For the summer days!

And the beautiful things are not wholly
gone!
Some roses there are on the generous trees,
The sun in its splendour still shines on,
Though some flowers are kissed to death
by the breeze,
And the leaves in the town
Are faded and brown.

This is the frugal time of the year:
We have enough, but have none to spare
Of days that are sunny, and skies that are
clear,
And we cherish our flowers with a tender
care,
For so long as they stay
Will the winter delay!

And these are the pensive autumn weeks;
We have nothing better to hope or get,
For the best is here, and the fond heart
sinks
But to keep for a longer season yet
Her fading treasures,
Her vanishing pleasures.

My life is like the October time!
The predigal season is past and gone,
And over forever the wealth and prime
Of the long, glad day when high deeds
were done,
And quiet and rest
Are for me the best.

And I cannot afford to lose an hour
Of the shorter day that is left to me,
Nor carelessly fritter away the power
Of head or hand, since there soon shall be
No moments here
Of my life's short year.

But I thank my God for that which has
been,
Of strength and sunshine, of flower and
song;
And I will not shrink from the wintry scene,
Though the days are short and the nights
are long.
Let the shadows fall,
For this life is not all!

—Marianne Barningham.

THE PRECIOUS LITTLE HERB.

Two little German girls, Brigitte
and Walburg, were on their way to
the town, and each carried a heavy
basket of flax on her head.

Brigitte murmured and sighed con-
stantly, Walburg only laughed and
joked.

Brigitte said: "What makes you
laugh so! Your basket is quite as
heavy as mine, and you are no stronger
than I am."

Walburg answered: "I have a
precious little herb on my load, which
makes me hardly feel it at all. Put
some of it on your load as well."

"Oh!" cried Brigitte, "it must
indeed be a precious little herb! I
should like to lighten my load with it;
so tell me at once what it is called."

Walburg replied, "The precious
little herb that makes all burdens light
is called Patience."—From the German.

THE WORST DEFORMITY.

"Ha ha! ha! Oh! ain't it fun!"
shouted a lot of bright young school-
boys as they crowded around one of
their number, whose pale face and wild
eyes clearly proved that he did not see
anything laughable in his position.
He was a short, thick-set lad of twelve
years, and upon his back rose a large
hump, that made his head seem set
between his shoulders. The boys who
surrounded him had fastened to this a
comical face and cap, so that the deformed
boy appeared to be carrying an
old woman on his poor, misshapen
shoulders. It was his effort to get rid
of his burden that called forth the
shouts and laughter of his school-fel-
lows.

Suddenly a hush fell on the noisy
crowd, as their teacher, Mr. Markham,
came up and asked in a severe tone:

"What coward has done this!"
The face of Tom Stiles flushed deeply,
for the words stung him.

"I did it," he said; "it was only in
fun!"

"Funn!" said Mr. Markham. "Listen
to me," he said, and he put his
hand affectionately upon the shoulders
of the deformed boy. "You call James
Pratt deformed—a hunchback. I will
tell you of a worse deformity; it is a
cruel heart—a wicked desire to pain
one whose personal defect is his proudest
mark of honour. Four years ago,
when James Pratt was but a child
of eight years, he was as straight as
any of you. He lived with his mother
and baby and sister directly opposite
to my own house, and I honoured the
little boy even then for his devotion to
his mother, his industry, and his gentle,
good habits. His mother was very
poor, and went out dressmaking; so
that boy was often left whole days to-
gether to care for his baby sister, a tot-
tering child of two years, and to keep
the house in order for his mother.

"I had then a leisure hour every
morning, and I took James into my
study to teach him such studies as were
suited to him. It was his habit to put
the baby to sleep for that hour, leaving
her fastened in her little crib, so that
if she awoke she was safe until he re-
turned. We had been for several months
teacher and pupil, when one morning,
while we were busy over a sum, we
heard a noise in the street. The study
was in a backroom, but we ran to the
front of the house, to see an awful
sight. The two little buildings occu-
pied by Mrs. Pratt and another widow
woman were a sheet of flame, which
had broken out in the kitchen and was
spreading rapidly. James gave one
cry of horror, then shouting, 'O the
baby! I must save the baby,' sprang
away from my side.

"I followed him quickly. Through
the flames the boy rushed bravely,
mounting the staircase in the blinding
heat and choking smoke till he reached
the room where the baby lay. As he
appeared at the upper window with the
little one in his arms the fire engines
came rattling up the street, and strong,
brave men gave a shout of admiration
at the little hero.

"A ladder was fixed, for the stair-
case was no longer passable, and one of
the firemen, under a stream of water,
ascended to the window. James put
the baby in his extended arms, and
then raised himself to the window-sill;
but the tension upon his courage and
his strength had been too great; and,
as he tried to place his feet upon the

ladder, he mislaid his hold of the sill
and fell down to the pavement below.

"Many hands were stretched out to
save him, and a cry of horror burst from
all lips; but the fall was too sudden to
be arrested. He was carried again to my
study, and for a long hour we thought
the brave boy had given his own life
to save his sister; but he opened his
eyes at last to ask, 'Is baby hurt!'

"No, no; baby is safe and sound!"
"I thought she was burned up,"
he whispered, and fainted again.

"For many long days and nights the
boy lay between life and death. We
knew, after an examination by the sur-
geons, that the fall had resulted in an
injury to the spine that would leave a
life-long deformity if it did not kill
him; but we prayed that he might be
spared, the noble brother, to his mother
and sister.

"Slowly he recovered; but he bore
the mark of the fall in the deformity
you dare to ridicule. Which of you
can show so noble a proof of courage
and love! Which of you, I ask, has
so honourable a badge to display?"

There was a moment of utter silence,
then Tom cried, in a choking voice:

"Three cheers for James Pratt!"
They were given with a will, and
the teacher, smiling now upon the excit-
ed faces around him, said,

"Go home each one of you, and
pray to your heavenly Father to take
away from you the cruelty that could
wantonly torment one of His afflicted
children; to root out from your hearts
the cowardice that could give pain to
one weaker than you are; and, so doing,
try to shake off a far worse deformity
than the crooked back of my friend and
scholar James Pratt."

"THE MILK-MAIDS OF DORT."

If any of you ever go to Holland,
the land of wooden dikes and wind-
mills, it is quite possible that you may
find yourselves some day in the ancient
town of Dort, or Dordrecht. It is a
grand old city. Here, among these
antiquated buildings, with their queer
gables and great iron cranes, many an
interesting historical event has taken
place.

In the centre of the great market-
place of Dort stands a fountain; and
if you will look close you will see upon
the tall pyramid *relievo* representing a
cow, and underneath, in sitting posture,
a milk-maid. They are to commemor-
ate the following historical facts:

When the provinces of the United
Netherlands were struggling for their
liberty, two beautiful daughters of a
rich farmer, on their way to the town
with milk, observed not far from their
path several Spanish soldiers concealed
behind some hedges. The patriotic
maidens pretended not to have seen
anything, pursued their journey, and
as soon as they arrived in the city in-
sisted upon an admission to the burgo-
master, who had not yet left his bed.
They were admitted, and related what
they had discovered. The news was
spread about. Not a moment was
lost. The Council was assembled; mea-
sures were immediately taken; the
shutters were opened, and a number
of the enemy lost their lives in the
water. Thus the inhabitants were
saved from an awful doom.

The magistrates in a body honoured
the farmer with a visit, where they
thanked his daughters for the act of
patriotism which saved the town.
They afterward indemnified him fully

for the loss he sustained from inunda-
tion, and the most distinguished young
citizens vied with each other who
should be honoured with the hands of
the milk-maids. Then, as the years
went by, the fountain was erected, and
the story commemorated in stone.—
Harper's Young People.

A PHILOSOPHIC INTRUDER.

A DERVIS travelling through Tar-
tary, having arrived at the town of
Balkh, went into the king's tavern by
mistake, thinking it to be a public inn
or caravansary. Here he was soon dis-
covered by some of the guards, who
asked him what was his business in
that place! The dervis told them he
intended to take up his night's lodging
in that caravansary. The guards let
him know, in a very angry manner,
that the house he was in was not a
caravansary, but the king's palace. It
happened that the king himself passed
through the gallery during this debate,
and, smiling at the mistake of the
dervis, asked him how he could possibly
be so dull as not to distinguish a palace
from a caravansary!

"Sir," says the dervis, "give me
leave to ask your Majesty a question
or two. Who were the persons who
lodged in this house when it was first
built?"

The king replied, "My ancestors."
"And who," says the dervis, "was
the last person that lodged here?"

The king replied, "My father."
"And who is it," says the dervis,
"that lodges here at present?"

The king told him that it was he
himself.

"And who," says the dervis, "will
be here after you?"

The king answered, "The young
prince, my son."

"Ah, sir," says the dervis, "a house
that changes its inhabitants so often,
and receives such a perpetual succession
of guests, is not a palace but a cara-
vansary."

AN EFFETUAL REPROOF.

WHEN Mr. Wesley was on his way
to Georgia as the chaplain to a com-
pany of English emigrants, Oglethorpe,
who was to be the governor of the
colony, was on board. He was a man
of quick temper, though of a generous
disposition. He one day got into a
towering passion with his Italian
servant, and scolded him severely.
Mr. Wesley, hearing the noise, entered
the governor's cabin to see what was
the matter.

"Excuse me, Mr. Wesley," said
Oglethorpe, "but I have met with a
provocation too great to bear. This
villain, Grimaldi, has drunk nearly the
whole of my Cyprus wine, the ruby
wine that agrees with me, and several
dozens of which I had provided for
myself. But I am determined to be
revenged. The rascal shall be tied
hand and foot, and be carried to the
man-of-war; for I never forgive."

"Then," said Mr. Wesley, looking
him calmly and steadily in the eye,
"I hope, sir, you never sin."

The governor was speechless with
surprise and condemnation of con-
science. His anger vanished in a
moment. Turning to his servant, he
again gave him his keys, and said:

"There, villain! take my keys, and
behave better in future."

RETURN OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

Ring out O bells, ye cannot drown
The echoing glad hooray
From thousand swelling throats that tell,
Our boys come home to-day.

They come from goary battle-fields,
Brave lads and gallant they;
The city's heart is in the cry,
Our boys come home to-day.

Beneath the flag so bravely borne
In many a bloody fray,
Up through the old familiar streets,
Our boys come home to-day.

And if through sudden tears our eyes
See not the glad array,
Each heart-beat tells the joyous tale—
Our boys come home to-day.

We thought to make a noble show,
A lordly pageant gay;
But we only think and feel
Our boys come home to-day.

No silver-throated orator
Such stirring words could say
As those that fall from every lip—
Our boys come home to-day.

(Not all our honoured gallant dead
Again have led the way;
Where rebel bullets sped, their souls
Went home to God that day.)

A hundred years from now, some yet
Unborn Macaulay may
In glowing ardent words tell how
Our boys come home to-day.

Then ring; ye cannot drown, O bells,
The echoing wild hooray
From myr ad swelling throats that tell
Our boys come home to-day.

HOW GOD TEACHES THE BIRDS.

BY HELEN A. BIRDBALL.

On the Island of Java grows a tree, the leaves of which are said to be deadly poison to all venomous reptiles. The odor of the leaf is so offensive to the whole snake family that if they come near them in their travels they immediately turn about and take an opposite direction.

A traveller on the island noticed one day a peculiar fluttering and a cry of distress from a bird high above his head. Looking up, he saw a mother-bird hovering around a nest of little ones in such a frightened and perplexed manner as caused him to stop and examine into the trouble. Going around to the other side of the tree, he found a large snake climbing up the tree, in the direction of the little nest.

It was beyond his reach, and as he could not help the little feathered singer by dealing a death-blow he sat down to see the result of the attack. Soon the piteous cry of the bird ceased, and he thought, "Can it be possible she has left her young to their fate, and has flown away to seek her own safety?"

No, for again he heard a fluttering of wings, and, looking up, saw her fly into the tree with a large leaf from this tree of poison, and carefully spread it over her little ones. Then, alighting on a branch high above her nest, she quietly watched the approach of her enemy. His ugly, writhing body crept slowly along; nearer and still nearer, until within a foot of the nest he opened his mouth to take in his dainty little breakfast, when down he went to the ground, as suddenly as though a bullet had gone through his head, and hurried off into the jungle beyond.

The little birdies were unharmed; and as the mother-bird flew down and spread her wings over them, the poison leaf (poison only to the snake) fell at

the feet of the traveller, and he felt, as he never did before, the force and sweetness of the beautiful words, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father"—for who but he, who made the dear little birds, could have told this one the power there was in this leaf!

Dear children, you may learn from this true story that the only safe place for you is under the loving wing of our heavenly Father, and then, when that Great Serpent, whose name is Sin and Satan, is slyly creeping around, he shall have no power to hurt you.

A SAFE HOUSE TO SLEEP IN.

A LAWYER, of high reputation in the city of Philadelphia, was travelling in one of the Southern States, and, being belated one evening, after a long day's ride, he was compelled to turn into a house on a solitary plantation, and ask for shelter and hospitality for the night. His request was granted. In the course of the evening, he thought he observed something reserved in the master of the house, which awakened his suspicions. He was at length conducted to his chamber, which was adjoining the family room. There he dwelt on the circumstances which had alarmed him, till his excited imagination was filled with thoughts of nightly robbery and assassination. He proceeded to barricade the room as well as he could. He fastened down the windows; against the doors he piled up tables, chairs, everything that was movable in the room. While thus engaged, words uttered in a low voice caught his ear and increased his alarm. He placed his ear at the key-hole. The man of the house was engaged in prayer—in family prayer. Among other objects of intercession, he was praying for "the stranger whom the providence of God had unexpectedly brought to lodge beneath their roof that night." When he got through, our travelling friend arose from his stooping posture. Imagine the change in his feelings. All his fears had vanished. Though no Christian himself, he knew that the prayers of Christians are like guardian angels to the abode in which they are offered up; and went to bed, and slept soundly and sweetly, feeling that the house where God was feared and worshipped was a safe house to sleep in.

THE TWO PURSES.

ONE for the Lord and one for myself. Let every one provide two purses or boxes or banks, made of no matter what, and no matter where. Only be sure to have two places for money, one of which shall be consecrated to the Lord and the other for personal and business purpose.

A young lady said to her father, "I would like to put something into the box as it is passed around on the Sabbath."

Her father willingly gave her part of his donation, and thus she added the influence of her example to the custom, but nothing to the increase of the collection. This did not satisfy her, for she wanted to give something of her own. She had positively of her own only about six or eight dollars yearly of interest money on a small invested capital. This she had been accustomed to use for Christmas and birthday gifts among her friends.

She resolved to have two purses and put into one, for the Lord, at least one-tenth of her income. Although it made but a small sum, she had more satisfaction in giving than ever before. But the delightful part came when from one cause and another, wholly unexpected, she received the next year a far greater sum for her own disposal than she had ever had before, and a good portion of it went into the Lord's purse.

"I never think of touching what is in the Lord's purse for any but religious purposes," said she, "and never borrow from it for my own use. It is sacred to the Lord. It is in his purse, and I never enjoyed my money before as I do now."

Another young lady who was listening said,

"I also keep two purses, and conscientiously put one-tenth of all I receive into the Lord's purse. It is not much, but I am glad to do it, and in consequence always have a little money ready for every good cause."

Ah! it is a good way—it is a right way. If you have not tried it, begin now, and learn its blessedness by your own experience.—*Christian Giver.*

THE ARMOR-CLAD KNIGHT.

THE knight of the olden time, armed cap-a-pie from head to foot, and holding aloft his battle-ax as he rushed into the thick of the fight, was a being to be feared and dreaded. How could a tender heart beat under that coat of mail! How could the hand that held the battle-ax be a loving hand to caress and comfort!

We must not forget that life was very different in those far back days from what it is now. Then war was the great business. To be a brave knight was almost to be a perfect man, and to spend one's life in fighting foes was grand and noble indeed!

All that is changed now, but only in the outer sense. It remains true that life is a battle-field and we are soldiers, but if we know the Lord of battles we find our most real foes within, and the armor that we need and wear is not an armor of brass or iron. We are fast learning that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," and the conquests over men and armies are coming to look small in comparison with the more difficult conquest of self. When the day comes that the lesson is fully learned, then will the day of peace have really dawned upon our troubled earth.

It is not a small thing to be a true knight. It takes courage to fight against wrongs that are so popular as to have lost their true character in the eyes of the world. The young man who holds himself aloof from the temptations of the day needs strength and will. The young woman who will keep herself unspotted from the world must wear an armor of purity and of purpose as well.

The knight of old knew that danger lay before him, and therefore clothed himself in mail. He would shelter every part, for he must meet a foe both strong and cunning, and what the battle-axe could not do the sharp-pointed spear might accomplish. Ah! the brave knight teaches us a lesson to-day. We may not leave open one little crevice here and another there to this or that indulgence. We must wear the armor of the Christian soldier throughout, if we would conquer.

Paul tells us what it is and where we may go to get it, and he tells us too, in ringing words, how safe and strong and every way blessed we shall be if we put it on and wear it.

THE FIRST FRUIT.

A LITTLE girl was once made the owner of the grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that they should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he pulled some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give your grapes to God? And even if you were able to do such a thing he would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, who never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them."

And away ran this little girl with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the sick child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousandfold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought you!"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress and expressed her sincere thanks.

WHY NOT I!

A FIRE once broke out at Trinity College, Cambridge, while a lecture was being delivered by one of the professors. The pupils rushed out and formed a line between the building and the river near by, passing buckets of water from one to another. The professor who followed them, found a delicate-looking lad at the end of the line, standing up to his waist in the water. "What!" he cried. "You in the water, Sterling! You are certain to take cold!"

"Somebody must be in it," replied the youth. "Why not I as well as another?"

This is a perfect illustration of the unselfish spirit which does not stop to ask if somebody else cannot do a hard thing that needs to be done, but goes at once and does it. It takes a generous and noble spirit to look past difficulty and danger to one's self, and, seeing the necessity which calls for immediate action, spring at once to the work.

It is a spirit worth striving for, and one which may be found in its perfection only in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Be careful of the books you read as of the company you keep; for your habits and character will be as much influenced by the former as the latter.

BE A WOMAN.

FT I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Leading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.

But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love words quite as ready
Points she out the other duty,
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops and silks and airs,
Used to decorate the parlour,
Like the fancy rings and chairs.

Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman is the brightest star."

If you in your strong affection
Urge your son to be a man,
Urge your daughters no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! Brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.

Be a woman! Naught is higher
On the gilded crest of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

FOLLOW ME.

WHILE speaking to some of the little girls in my class one day, I asked them what two words the Lord Jesus said to Philip when He found him.

"Follow Me," was the prompt reply. "Then," said I, "those two words also apply to you. What is your answer?"

One said, "I mean to follow Him some day." Another, "I should like to follow Him." But one little girl did not make any answer. She was very attentive and thoughtful, and so our little class broke up.

The next Sunday, the silent little girl put a small note into my hand, which ran as follows. "I came to Jesus this afternoon, and my answer to that question is this: I will arise and follow my own dear Saviour."

KEEPING THE MOMENTS.

We do not realize the importance of moments. Only let us consider those two sayings of God about them, "In a moment shall they die," and, "We shall all be changed in a moment," and we shall think less lightly of them. Eternal issues may hang upon any one of them, but it has come and gone before we can even think about it. Nothing seems less within the possibility of our own keeping, yet nothing is more inclusive of all other keeping. Therefore let us ask Him to keep them for us.

Are they not the tiny joints of the harness through which the darts of temptation pierce us? Only give us time, we think, and we should not be overcome. Only give us time, and we could pray and resist, and the devil would flee from us! But he comes all in a moment; and in a moment—an unguarded one, unkept one—we utter the hasty or exaggerated word, or think the un-Christlike thought, or feel the un-Christlike impatience or resentment.

But even if we have gone so far as to say "Take my moments," have we gone the step farther, and really let him take them—really entrusted them

to him? It is no good saying "take," when we do not let go. How can another keep that which we are keeping hold of? So let us, with full trust in his power, first commit these slippery moments to him—put them right into his hand—and then we may trustfully and happily say, "Lord, keep them from me! Keep every one of the quick series as it arises. I cannot keep them for thee; do thou keep them for thyself!"

WILLIE WISP'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

MOTHER went to a funeral one day last spring and left me home alone. I went out to the hen-house for the eggs, and there I saw Speckle sitting all humped up and looking very dumpish. I thought she was going to die. I picked her up and carried her into the house. I hardly know what to do; but I remembered what mother does for young lambs when they are chilled, so I warmed a little milk and put in a few drops of the whisky she keeps on purpose for the lambs. I tried to feed Speckle some of the stuff with a teaspoon, but she would not eat it. She shook her bill and spat it all over my velvet suit. I tried it over and over again, till I was about as speckled as she was. Then I gave it up, and carried her back to the hen-house; and she went to eating corn, as much as to say, "I won't make believe sick any longer if I've got to take that stuff!"

I went back to the house and tried to make my kitty eat the rest of the milk and whisky. She tasted of it, and then went behind the stove and washed herself all over. I wonder if she thought that one taste made her so dirty.

I thought I'd call Bose and have him eat it. Dogs know something! But Bose only smelled it, and then wouldn't taste it at all.

"Well," I thought, "if hens and cats and dogs know enough not to drink whisky, it's a pity a boy shouldn't know as much." I made up my mind then and there that I'd never drink and give folks a chance to say that I was no' as wise as a hen, a cat, or a dog.—*Youth's Companion.*

The best recipe for going through life in a commendable way is to feel that each one needs all the kindness he can get from others in the world.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A.D. 80.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 24.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

John 19. 17-30. Commit to mem. vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is finished. John 19. 30.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cross, v. 17-22.
2. The Soldiers, v. 23, 24.
3. The Friends, v. 25-27.
4. The End, v. 28-30.

TIME.—Friday morning.

PLACE.—Jerusalem: Calvary.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Bearing his cross*—The criminal was compelled to carry upon his back the pieces of the tree upon which he was to suffer. *A title*—A heading to announce to the passer-by who was the criminal. *Took his garments*—The regular habiliments of a Jew. The under garment, and long cloak which served as the coat or over covering. *Cast lots*—They divided the property of the criminal by lot. A pe-quite-site of the guard at crucifixions. *All things*

accomplished—The earthly ministry finished. The prophecies concerning his earthly life all fulfilled. Death only remained. *Vinegar*—The sour wine which was provided by the Roman government. *Hyssop*—A branch of a wild shrub, which, doubtless, grew near, upon which they fastened the sponge.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we shown—

1. The Divine sacrifice for sin!
2. The willing offering for sin!
3. The filial love of Jesus!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was Jesus crucified? Near the city of Jerusalem. 2. What title was placed upon the cross by Pilate? Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews. 3. What did the soldiers do after they had crucified Jesus? They parted his garments among them. 4. What woman was standing near the cross? The mother of Jesus. 5. To whom did Jesus commit her? To John, the beloved disciple. 6. What dying words of Jesus are given in the GOLDEN TEXT? "It is finished."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The way of salvation.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

53. In what else is your soul different from your body? My soul is that within me which thinks and knows, desires and wills, rejoices and is sorry, which my body cannot do.

54. Is not your soul then of great value? Yes; because it is myself. [Luke ix. 25.]

A.D. 80.] LESSON V. [Oct. 31.

JESUS RISEN.

John 20. 1-18. Commit to mem. vs. 16-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon. Luke 24. 34.

OUTLINE.

1. Mary and the Disciples, v. 1-10.
2. Mary and the Lord, v. 11-18.

TIME.—The resurrection morn. Easter. The first Lord's day.

PLACE.—Near Jerusalem. In Joseph's garden. It is not certainly known where this place was.

EXPLANATIONS.—*First day of the week*—Our Sunday, or Lord's day. *Sepulchre*—Not a grave like ours, but a cave or tomb cut in the solid rock. *The stone taken away*—This tomb was closed by a great stone laid just over the opening, and would not be taken away except to remove a body. *Linen clothes*—The wrappings with which it was usual to dress the body for the grave. *The gardener*—Jesus was buried in the private grounds of Joseph of Arimathea. This would be the keeper of the grounds. *Touch me not*—She was probably casting herself at his feet to embrace and worship him.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. Hope in the midst of sorrow!
2. Love in the midst of sorrow!
3. Joy in the midst of sorrow!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long was the body of Jesus in the tomb? From Friday afternoon until Sunday morning. 2. What then took place? Jesus rose from the dead. 3. Who first saw him after his resurrection? Mary Magdalene. 4. What did Jesus tell her? "I ascend unto my Father." 5. How many times did Jesus appear on the day of his resurrection? Five times. 6. What is said in the GOLDEN TEXT? "The Lord," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Victory over death.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

55. Did God create you? Yes; he made me, both body and soul. [Psalm c. 3; Job x. 11; Num. xvi. 22; Heb. xii. 9.]

56. Does God care for you? I know that he care's for me, and watches over me always by his Providence.

It is a great deal easier to build castles in the air when you are young than it is to live in them when you are old.

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