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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1900.

No 41.

## The Ring and the Cross.

By S. F. S.

Can a jewelled hand lift the cross high?  
The voice of my friend was grave.  
Can the slender wrist that is weight so,  
Raise over the ranks of sin and woe  
The sign which alone can save?"

My questioning eyes met the speaker's own,  
Love-lit of the Christ above,  
Then dropped on the single ring I wore  
A ring which for me the legend bore  
Of an earthly father's love.

"The hand that once to the cross has clung,  
Went on the low, grave tone,  
Must ever be proffered to human need,  
Must be one in whose palm the world may read  
Marks like to the Master's own.

"The flash of your diamond may blind the eyes  
Of one who is seeking light;  
And what if, because of its cold, hard ray,  
One soul that ere now might have found the day  
Be wandering still in night?"

"If your sharp-cut jewel should wound a hand  
You take in a loving grasp,  
Can you pray that the Master who sends you forth  
To walk as he walked through a suffering earth  
Will hold your own in his clasp?"

O loving Lord, through thy servant's lips,  
Spoke thine own sweet voice to me!  
My hand is bare, and my heart is light,  
And the token of love is laid to-night  
"On the altar," Lord, for thee.  
—All the World.

## THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

II.

Interest in the empire of Japan increases. Twenty years ago that beautiful country was largely an unknown land; but of late, in answer to the demand for fuller and more accurate information in regard to the "Flowery Kingdom" and its inhabitants, books have multiplied, until we are almost ready to cry, "Enough!"

Of the many books relating to Japan and the Japanese, few are more interesting than that by Mr. Maclay, whose "Budget of Letters" is the text of the present article. Mr. Maclay tells us that, during his sojourn in "the land of the gods and of the rising sun," he made it a practice "to carefully reduce to writing his observations and experiences." These he afterward re-wrote in the form of letters, and we have, in consequence, a racy, readable and instructive volume. The range of topics covered by these letters is large. We get a glimpse of old feudal times in Japan. We are treated to a vivid pen-picture of life in the interior. Some notion of school-teaching, its difficulties and characteristics, is imparted. Sketches are given of the principal cities and chief points of interest of the country. And, of greater moment than



RUINS OF THE CITADEL OF AIZU CASTLE.

these, we learn of the social problems in Japan, and of the progress of missionary labour among this wonderful people. It will be sufficient to add, in connection with our outline of the general plan of the work, that the time covered by the letters extends from October, 1873, to January, 1878.

### YOKOHAMA.

One of the earliest points of attraction to the visitor in Japan is Yokohama, a "city built upon a broad tongue of land jutting into Yeddo Bay. On one side is Yokohama harbour; on the other is Mississippi Bay." It is a cosmopolitan city, aimed at all nationalities being represented; hence it is not the most favourable place to select in order to study Japanese life and character. Yokohama, during Mr. Maclay's knowledge of it, enjoyed the reputation of being "the wickedest place in the empire." This is the natural result of the contact of lower forms of Western civilization with a degraded Eastern society. Even in 1873, however, the presence of the missionary was beginning to have a salutary effect upon the morals of the people.

Yokohama early became a depot whither European merchants shipped their goods; especially were dry goods and clothing put upon the market. Early adventures of this kind generally resulted in commercial disaster. "The vast mass of the natives are too miser-

ably poor to invest in anything beyond headgear. Imagine a man, whose yearly income is barely forty dollars, investing in our expensive clothing! Five dollars a month is considered good pay. Seven dollars a month is very good pay, sufficient to keep a wife in considerable style."

### HOME LIFE.

Social and home life in Japan will not call for lengthened reference. A Japanese house, as a rule, is but one story high, and, to our thought, quite small. Mr. Maclay, however, while teaching in the interior, at Hirosaki, was the fortunate possessor of "a good native dwelling, having eight rooms." The only coverings of the floor are the "tatamis" "heavily padded mats about seven feet long, three feet wide, and about two inches thick. They constitute the principal features in a native house; for, from their soft nature, they serve as beds, chairs, and tables. They are manufactured of soft rushes, and are bordered with silken edges." Accordingly, in our eyes, a native house would seem very scantily furnished.

The cost of a Japanese house is small— one of three rooms can be built for a sum ranging between twenty-five to one hundred dollars, and furniture costing some fifty dollars additional. There are no doors, their place being supplied by sliding partitions of a not overly strong

or thick material. The houses are heated by little braziers, or small square wooden boxes filled with ashes, upon which a few small pieces of red-hot charcoal rest. It is no matter for surprise that one of the chief occupations of winter with many of the natives, is the task of keeping warm, for while the thermometer does not often register a very great degree of cold the air is peculiarly damp, and cold sea breezes seem to find their way to one's very bones.

Travel is generally prosecuted by means of the "ubiquitous Jirikisha man," who provides a mode of locomotion not altogether unpleasant. The "kago," a sort of palanquin, is, one would judge, an easier mode of travel.

### MORALS.

The morals of the people are much as might be expected among those who have always dwelt under the shadow of heathenism. The people seem to be children in matters of moral distinction between right and wrong, with this difference, however, between them and children—the absence, in the vast majority of cases, of innocence. A maiden, to deliver her father from financial embarrassment, did, and still does, in the judgment of the Japanese, a virtuous and praiseworthy act, by selling herself to a life of sin.

The liquor problem has not yet assumed the proportions in Japan that it has with us. The tame diet of the people, our author tells us, does not tend to produce violent appetites. It must not, however, be supposed that total abstinence is the rule; neither, when practiced, that it is practiced from principle. Public holidays, especially New Year's Day, are made the occasion of intoxication, and drunkenness is then common. Wine is not native to Japan. Beer, ale, porter, and brandy have never been made. But the Japanese soon acquire a taste for these products of our civilization (?), and the need for prohibitory legislation will undoubtedly be felt in the near future. "Sake" is the native intoxicant. It produces drunkenness, mild compared with ours, but real enough in all conscience. But Mr. Maclay was not aware that *dolium tremens* was known in the empire. Smoking, though not uncommon, is reduced to a genteel art, which women practice with propriety. But minute quantities are smoked at a time, and only a couple of whiffs are taken at once. It is so gracefully and moderately indulged in as neither to injure the health nor make the smoker offensive.

The labour problem remains for future solution in Japan.

The masses will be many years in forgetting the old distinction between themselves and the upper classes. They regard the "Samurai" with instinctive fear and respect. They yet look upon them as beings inherently superior to themselves. But the day will surely come when the labourer will begin to question his own inferiority. He will query whether he has not more than merely the right to exist, whether he is not entitled to a few of the pleasures, and to a few of the relaxations of life. When that time comes, the Japanese will see the application of the tenth and eleventh commandments, which contain in fact the only principles that can adjust this question here or anywhere else.



A QUIET CORNER IN A BUDDHIST CEMETERY.

'Tis the Little Things That Count.

By FLORENCE A. JONES.
Just a little here and there, boys.
Such a trifling thing, I think.
One thing is yellow, novel.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and their subscription rates.

Pleasant Hours:

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

A WISE PRECAUTION.

By MARY WHITING ADAMS.
In the neighbourhood where I live,
where some of the largest powder mills
in the world are situated, there was
lately a terrific explosion.

ties of a sharp-edged fragment of glass
in the wrong place are almost beyond
computation. Suppose that the cloth
mill owner had not been so care-

It is worth while for us, then, if we
know that there are certain small things
in our lives that are not quite right,

The best thing is to have our lives
carefully freed from such dangerous in-
vaders. It certainly took trouble to

THE STORK'S MESSAGE.

By MARY GORDES.
Far away in Noway, there is a quiet
little village where the figure of a stork

Conrad and his mother once lived in
this village. She was a widow, and
this little lad was all she had to love

When Conrad was grown to be a young
man he went as a sailor, and set out for
a distant land.

Conrad years after was tolling by him-
self one day in some lonely place, when
a stork came flying close and wheeled

He whistled as he used to do call
the bird long ago, and to his joy the
stork came to him, as if to be fed.

But Conrad's heart grew sad again as
he thought of the bird as he flew
to the North. Was it going to his

Suddenly a thought came to him. He
might find help in the stork, and yet get
away from his slavery. He managed to

Spring came again to the cold north
lands, and with spring came the stork to
seek and bring to the bird as he flew

sight of the paper tied to its leg, and
with some curiosity remarked it. What
her joy to find it a message from her son

She could scarcely believe her eyes as
she read it. She ran hastily to the min-
ister of the little parish.

They meant it, too. The next Sunday
morning they brought their money to
the church, and each gave what he could

It was done. To the simple faith of
those times, it would have seemed dis-
believing to have had such a sign

Such is the story of the stork told to
the children's friend.

FAACING THE FOE.

By ANNA F. BURBANK.

"Oh, please let me do that?" begged
Rhoda. "I hate cutting out dress
skirts!"

"First time I ever heard hatin' to do
a thing brought forward as a reason for

"Oh, yes, Aunt Ruth," said Rhoda,
"mother says that's the very reason.

"Your mother's a master sensible wo-
man," was Aunt Ruth's comment.

"There, sir," said Rhoda in triumph,
"you are able to talk upon a subject

"Plecky way of doing," muttered
Robert to himself, coming out of the

"What makes you think so?"
"Because the first thing he wanted to

"Perhaps you will change your mind
about this?"

"Perhaps I shall, but I don't think
so."

"Three days later the business man said
to his wife: "About that boy our days

"In the easiest way in the world. The
first morning after he began work he

"Be noble I and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead.

"I was greatly surprised, but I gave
him a little job of work, and forgot all
about him until he came into my room

"THE NEW GAME.
I think Charlie Keen will be a great
inventor when he becomes a man, that is

Mrs. Keen is a poor woman, and has
never had money to spend in buy-
ing her children toys. This is no draw-

Yes, that is all very well, but if you
direct, my baskets I shall have all my

Turn now to the temperance revolu-
tion. In it we shall find a stronger

ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON TEM-
PERANCE.

Turn now to the temperance revolu-
tion. In it we shall find a stronger

Reign of reason, all hail!
And when the victory shall be com-
plete—when the strong no widows weep;

Gray Coat and Blue Eyes.

By M. WINCHESTER ADAMS.
"Jack Frost has helped me, I know he
would,"

And while he talked a wonderful breeze,
Scattered nuts on every side,

When some children, out nutting, too,
Came bounding along, with shout and

And one little Blue Eyes found the nuts
Little Gray had stored away,

Ab I no, she didn't see left them there.
For my little Blue Eyes was good,

"Be noble I and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead.

Now, which do you say, out nutting that
day,

Was the happiest one in the wood?

Be noble I and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead.

Will rise in majesty to meet this
own."

The Best Dog.

Yes, I went to see the bow-wows, and I looked at every one, Proud dogs of every breed and strain that's underneath the sun; But not one could compare with—you may hear it with surprise— A little yellow dog I know that never took a prize.

Not that they would have skipped him when they gave the ribbons out, Had there been a class to fit him—though his lineage is in doubt, No judge of dogs could ever resist the honest, faithful eyes Of that plain little yellow dog that never took a prize.

Suppose he wasn't trained to hunt, and never killed a rat, And isn't much on tricks, or looks, or birth—well, what of that? That might be said of lots of folks, whom men call great and wise, As well as of that yellow dog that never took a prize.

It isn't what a dog can do, or what a dog may be, That hits a man. It's simply this—does he believe in me? And by that test I know there's not the compeer 'neath the skies Of that plain little yellow dog that never took a prize.

Oh, he's the finest little pup that ever wagged a tail, And followed man with equal joy to Congress or to gaol, I'm going to start a special show—'twill beat the world for size— For faithful little yellow dogs, and each shall have a prize.

—Harper's Bazar.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SOCIETY OF THE SILVER SKULLS.

"Oh, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Strong, in alarm, as she caught sight of the blood on her husband's coat, and noted his pallid face, and half-closed eyes. With a calmness phenomenal in a frightened woman, she ran to Frank's room, and rousing the boy, sent him for the doctor. After chafing the cold hands and bathing the head of the wounded man, she had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes.

"Don't be frightened, wife," he said, "I've only got a scratch or two. It's nothing serious. I shall be all right soon."

When Doctor Blake came, he found that the minister had received an ugly gash in his shoulder. Mr. Strong narrated the circumstances to an indignant group of listeners.

"It was a dastardly act," said the doctor, "and I hope the coward will be made to smart. Things have come to a pretty pass in Fairport, if a man can't speak his mind without being assaulted. I shall go immediately to the town authorities, and have everything possible done to bring MacDuff to speedy punishment."

The news of Mr. Strong's narrow escape spread like wild-fire, and great excitement prevailed. The constables went to arrest the fisherman, but MacDuff was not to be found. His wife said he had not been home for several days. After attacking the minister he was seen in the village at one o'clock, and it was surmised that he had followed Mr. Strong in hopes of assaulting him the second time. Riley, who lived in the edge of Essex Woods, said that a drunken man went by during the night, singing and yelling in a most unearthly fashion. Beyond this, no clue could be found. Parties went out to search for the missing man, with no success. The disappearance of Peter MacDuff was a mystery which was not unravelled till years later.

The trouble in the church quieted down after the parish meeting, and affairs were moving with considerable harmony, when, some months later, an event occurred which again aroused righteous indignation. After the formation of the St. George League, ten of the young rowdies of the village had banded themselves together under the name, "The Society of the Silver Skulls." The existence of this society was known only to the members, and their meetings were held with such secrecy that even the vigilant temperance committee had not suspected its

existence. It originated from a dime novel, in the hands of Joe Chase, where, in a similar organization, with the same hideous appellation, was described in detail. Joe was president of the band, and the meetings were held in old barns or in the battered Powder House, and in cold weather in one of the back rooms at the Maypole.

The Silver Skulls flourished during the three years of academy life, and now that school-days were over for most of these boys, their meetings were held with greater frequency. The object of this society was to defend the rights of its members and to punish those who in any way disturbed those said rights. When any member had a grudge against a citizen of Fairport, his case was brought before the members of the Skulls, tried, and a penalty attached. John Chapman claimed that Deacon Ray abused him; accordingly the Deacon's gates were all taken off their hinges, carried some distance from his house, and left piled in a heap. Peter MacDuff, Junior, said the sexton had insulted him, so the bell rope was cut one Saturday night. The Skulls now met regularly once in two weeks, or oftener, if circumstances seemed to demand an extra session.

One night in August a special meeting was called by Charlie Chapman. After dark ten boys assembled in the shadow of Powder House, and after giving the countersign, "skull and crossbones," the meeting was called to order by the president.

"What is the bizness ter come before this meetin'?" he asked, pompously.

"I hev a complaint ter make agin Maurice Dow," said Charlie Chapman.

"Wal, out with it," returned the president.

"I can't bear that smooth-faced, lyin' rascal any longer," continued Charlie. "I hated him when I fust sot eyes on him, I hated him all the time he staid in school, I hated him when Deacon Ray gave him a better job in his store than he did me, an' I hate him now. Es if it want enuff for him to walk inter the Deacon's good graces an' git permoted afore me, he hes had the check ter blab ter the boss that I was in the tavern the other night, an' got drunk. I know he blabbed it, 'cause the Deacon took John an' me ter task fur it this mornin', an' said he should discharge us ef the thing happened agin. There's no one in the store that would blab, only that white-faced, pious Dow. Now I want ter git that feller inter a scrape tnet will fix him fur Fairport."

"You hev heard the case, boys. What shall we do about it?" inquired Joe.

"We'll fix that snivellin' Dow," responded Peter MacDuff, who was a chip of the old block.

"Go fur him, Chapman! Black his eye for him! Put him out of the store!" cried Paul Matthews, Willie Riley, and Tom Barton, together.

"Order! order! One at a time!" called out Joe. "This ain't no way ter do bizness. Those that's in favour of makin' Dow smart fur his doin's, raise the left hand." Nine hands went up.

"Those agin it, same sign. It's a vote. Now, how shall we trap the coon?"

"Hev somethin' stolen from Deacon Ray's store an' found in Dow's pocket," suggested George MacDuff.

"Pooh!" sniffed the president. "Everybody would see that was a put-up job. Dow thinks too much of the Deacon ter do that. Try agin."

"I've got it," said Charlie Chapman, with an evil look in his eyes. "It's a plan which we can carry out ef we use great caution. You all know there's trouble between Phoebe Dow and Judge Seabury. Maurice knows all about it, an' he hates the Judge like pisen. I've heard dad talk it over lots of times."

"What was the trouble? I never heard about it," interrupted Paul Matthews.

"You see, the Judge wanted Maurice, when he was a baby, ter come an' live with him, but the Widder Dow wanted to keep the chit, an' so they hed it nip an' tuck for a while. There's allus bin feelin' between these two, ever sence."

"Do give us your plan," said Peter MacDuff, impatiently. "You're an awful long-winded feller at tellin' a story."

"Who's a better right ter be slow, I should like ter know?" growled Charles. "But ef I was sayin', ef some one should set fire ter the Judge's barn, and the suspicion could be hung on Dow, it would be the most nat'ral thing in the world. People wd id say that he was workin' out an old grudge. Dyer see?"

"First-rate! You're a deep one," responded the boys.

"I'm achin' ter see a blaze," said Tom Barton. "There hain't bin a fire in Fairport sence the new injine was bought. It'll give 'em a good chance ter try it. We shall be killin' two birds with one stone."

"Isn't it a bit risky ter play such tricks?" asked Max Schmidt.

"Ho, lo! So we have a coward in our society," sneered the president.

"Going ter back out?" cried Charlie Chapman, lifting his arm threatenly.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that at all," replied Max, cringing under the rebukes he received. He was not a bad boy at heart, neither were Tom Barton, Willie Riley, and Paul Matthews, but they were all completely under the influence of Joe Chase, and where he led they followed.

"Remember, young man," said the president, severely, "that the Society of the Silver Skulls hes bin known ter issue death warrants. So you'd better be careful how you walk, or you will meet the displeasure of the Skulls. Now ter bizness. How shall we manage ter git Dow inter this scrape?"

"That's easy done," replied John Chapman. "Hev one of Dow's handkerchiefs, which are marked with his name, caught in the hedge which is back of the Judge's barn. Then we must manage some way, ter git his harmonica, an' set where it will be found at the right time. We can hev a letter written ter the Judge, tellin' him hed better look after his property. es Dow hed bin heard ter threaten. Ef that letter got ter the Judge the afternoon before the fire broke out, everythin' would turn out es click es grease. The Judge would read the letter, tuss it inter his waste basket, an' think nothin' more about it till his barn was gone up. Then hed remember it."

"Grand idea!" said Joe, admiringly. "Charlie Chapman, you are an ornament ter this society. How soon hed the affair better come off?"

"The sooner the better, as far as I'm concerned," replied Charlie.

"What d'yer say ter to-morrow night?" asked Joe.

"First-rate," answered the boys. Further plans were matured, and the meeting was adjourned.

"Remember to-morrow night — at twelve sharp—Powder House."

(To be continued.)

SOME LESSONS TWO BOYS LEARNED.

BY FANNIE DAY HURST.

"Can you read a while this evening, Aunt Mary?" Fred asked, coming to her side and sitting on the arm of her chair. "Tom's gone for the book. We're dreadfully disappointed about not being able to go on that ride. It seems as though it might have waited a few hours to rain. It has spoiled all our fun."

"Then some one else would be wishing it had waited a few more hours, and by morning a great many others would be wondering why they could not have rained in the night, when people were at home. But I'll tell you—go quickly to the dining-room and bring four tumblers glasses without stems, you know — and get back before Tom comes."

When Fred returned with the four glasses, Aunt Mary had a neat little board ready, about a foot wide and a foot and a half long, and she directed Fred to place the glasses on the floor, bottoms up, and then to place the board on them, so as to make a stool. On this she told him to stand, and wheeling her chair near him, she began to strike him on the shoulders with a cat skin she happened to have in her hand, explaining in the meantime:

"As I strike you with the skin, your body becomes filled with electricity. As electricity cannot pass through glass, it is not possible for it to escape. It is for this same reason that telegraph poles are supplied with glass holders for securing the wires."

She stopped and dropped the cat skin into her lap. Tom came in.

"What's this I've run into?" he asked. "Is it statuary you are representing, Fred; or has Aunt Mary put you on the dunce stool?"

"Fred is playing magician," said Aunt Mary, "and if you'll put your hands behind you and then touch the tip of your nose to the tip of his and stand one moment without removing it, he will tell you what you are thinking."

"That's easy enough to do!" Tom exclaimed, and putting his hands behind him, he walked up to Fred, and the two touched noses. They felt a sharp sting, heard a popping sound, and in an instant Fred was off the stool, rubbing his nose and looking at Tom, who had jumped back several feet and was equally busy with his nose.

Mr. and Mrs. Peobles had heard the merriment and now came in to enjoy the fun. Aunt Mary then explained to the boys that Fred's body had been filled with electricity, which could not escape until the two noses touched each other.

"Had you thought, boys, that these little sparks are of the same nature as the strong currents of electricity that light our cities and move monster machines, or the lightning that tears great trees apart?"

"Well, I was so surprised when I touched Fred's nose, I guess I almost thought I had been struck by lightning," said Tom. "But who would ever have thought a little thing like this, stroking the skin, could make us forget our disappointment about the ride, Fred?"

"There will be many times, Tom, when you will think your lot a very hard one, but if you will take advantage of the pleasures and opportunities at hand, you will find that it is 'a pretty good old world, after all,'" said Mrs. Peobles.

"You must not only use the pleasure at hand, but you must get clear away from the spirit of grumbling and complaining. If Fred had not had the glasses between him and the ground, he would not have been able to surprise you as he did with the bright spark," said Mr. Peobles.

"What is your lesson, Tom?" asked his father.

"Well, I don't know that I can express it very well, but I did not know Fred had that spark in his body till I touched him. I thought he was trying to make a tableau or a piece of statuary, and I judged him wrongly. We ought to be sure we understand people before we say what we think of them."

That night at prayers they read for their Bible lesson the first twelve verses of the seventh chapter of Matthew.—S. S. Visitor.

JONATHAN RIDGON'S MONUMENT.

"Jonathan Rigdon died very poor, didn't he, deacon?" I asked.

"Yes, they buried him in a pauper's grave. Poor Rigdon! He had a big heart, too," said the deacon. "He spent his whole life and a big fortune building a monument to another man."

"Was the monument ever finished, deacon?"

"Yes, and Jonathan did it."

"How?"

"Well," said the deacon sadly, "Jonathan commenced it early. He commenced putting money into the monument at seventeen and finished it at fifty."

"He gave his whole time to it?"

"Yes, he worked night and day, often all night long, and on the Sabbath. He seemed to be in a great hurry to get it done. He spent all the money he earned upon it—some say fifty thousand dollars. Then he borrowed all he could, and when no one would loan him any more he would take his wife's dresses and the bedclothes and many other valuable things in his home and sell them to get more money to finish that monument."

"How self-sacrificing!"

"Yes, Jonathan sacrificed everything for this monument," said the deacon, sadly. "He came home one day and was about to take the blankets that lay over his sleeping baby, and his wife tried to stop him, but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blankets and never brought them back, and the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last there was nothing left in the house. The poor heartbroken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet Jonathan kept working all the more at the monument. I saw him when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done, but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him. he was so worn, his clothes were all in tatters, and his face and nose were terribly swollen; his tongue had some how become very thick, and when he tried to speak, out would come an oath."

"But the good man did finally accomplish his great work?" I said.

"Yes, he finished it," said the deacon, his eyes moistening with tears.

"Does it look like Grant's monument?"

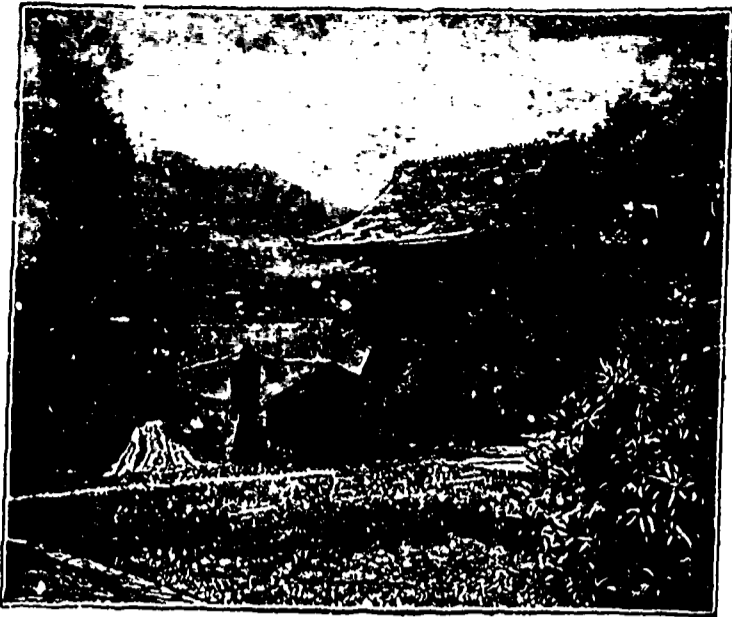
"Yes, it's a great deal like Grant's monument. It is a grand house. There it is; look at it!" said the deacon, pointing to a beautiful mansion. "See! It is high and large, with great halls and fireplaces, and such velvet carpets, and, oh, what mirrors!"

"Who lives in it, deacon?"

"Why, the man who sold Jonathan Rigdon nearly all the whiskey he drank. He lives there with his family, and they wear the finest clothes, and—"

"And poor Jonathan?"

"Why, he's in the paupers' graveyard. Alas!" sighed the deacon. "the world is full of such monuments, built by poor drunkards who broke the hearts of devoted wives and starved sweet children to do it."



GLIMPSE OF CHIUSENJA LAKE.

**LESSON NOTES.**

FOURTH QUARTER.  
STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 21.

**THE LOST SHEEP AND LOST COIN.**

Luke 15. 1-10. Memory verses, 4-7.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke 15. 10.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Two Sorts of Sinners, v. 1, 2.
  2. The Lost Sheep, v. 3-6.
  3. The Lost Coin, v. 8, 9.
  4. The Joy in Heaven, v. 7, 10.
- Time.—The winter of A.D. 29-30.  
Place.—Perea.

**LESSON HELPS**

2. "The Pharisees and scribes"—This would seem to imply that our Lord was in some populous town, where numbers of these classes were to be found.—Whedon. "Murmured"—"The murmuring of a number among themselves, which for that reason became also plainly audible to others."—Lange. "Receiveth"—"Cordially, affectionately."—Clarke. "As followers"—Whedon. "Eateth"—Though their very touch was considered unclean. "There are certain sects still in Palestine and Syria who will buy and sell with you, but not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. They are often the dirtiest of the dirty, but they hold your clean touch defilement."—Hall.

4. "What man"—"There is not a single one of you who accuse me here who does not exactly like me in similar circumstances."—Godet. "A hundred"—A favourite number of comparison. "Sheep"—"Some see in the lost sheep the whole human race, and in the ninety-nine the angels, as though mankind were but a hundredth part of God's flock."—Farrar. "And go"—"In Palestine, at any moment, sheep are liable to be swept away by some mountain torrent, or carried off by hill robbers, or torn by wolves. At any moment their protector may have to save them by personal hazard."—Robertson. "Until he find it"—There are unfathomable depths of love in this phrase. (1) We are all lost sheep.

6. "Home"—The church. "His friends and neighbours"—All Christian workers.

7. "I say"—"Who know. (John 1. 51.)"—Farrar. "In heaven"—(See verse 10.) "One"—Whatever his rank or quality. (2) God values men as individuals. "Repenteth"—Confesses and turns from his sin. "More"—Not that God does not rejoice in the righteous. But the rescue of the sinner from his danger fills heaven with rapturous joy. "Ninety and nine"—All of God's true church.

8. "What woman"—Typifying the church, or the Holy Spirit. "The last

story would impress itself upon men familiar with shepherd life; this upon women familiar with home life."—Cowles. "Ten pieces"—"Each represented a day's wages, and may be roughly rendered shilling. These small silver coins were worn by women as a sort of ornamental fringe round the forehead. The loss might therefore seem less trying than that of a sheep, but in this case it is a tenth (not a hundredth) part of what the woman possesses."—Cambridge Bible. "Light a candle"—"Most

What did he teach by eating with publicans and sinners?  
Why were they most ready to receive him?  
Are any too lowly or too vile for his gracious love and pardon?  
2. The Lost Sheep, v. 3-6  
To what did Jesus compare himself?  
What would people think of a shepherd who did not seek his lost sheep?  
Could God's straying ones be of less importance?  
How long did the shepherd of this parable search for his lost sheep?  
What did he do when he had found it?  
What did his say to his friends and his neighbours?  
From all this what do we learn of the reason Jesus associated with sinners?  
3. The Lost Coin, v. 8, 9.  
How did Jesus further illustrate his treatment of sinners?  
For what purpose do women in the East often use "pieces of silver"?  
In what spirit did the woman seek the lost coin?  
How long did she seek it?  
Who are represented by this coin?  
What did the woman say to her friends and neighbours?  
4. The Joy in Heaven, v. 7, 10.  
What occurs in heaven when a sinner on earth repents?  
Is it in your power or mine to bring "joy in heaven"?  
Have we ever done so?  
Will any earthly pleasure recompense us for not doing so?  
Are there really any "just persons, which need no repentance"?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That our Lord is no respecter of persons?
2. That our Lord seeks lost souls?
3. That all heaven rejoices over saved souls?

**WHEN THE BIRDS GET UP.**

An ornithologist, having investigated the question of the hour at which, in summer, the commonest small birds wake and sing, states that the greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early

as half-past one in the morning. The blackcap begins at half-past two. It is nearly four o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon, before the first real songster appears in the person of a blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush, and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally, the house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place on the list.  
The investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. That much-celebrated bird is a sluggard, as it does not rise until long after the chaffinches, linnets, and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about.—The Home Journal.

First Citizen—"Is it true that the pension list is to be attacked?"  
Second Citizen—"I believe so. Steps are to be taken to prevent the further increase in the number of the survivors of the civil war."

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JAPANESE MODE OF DINING.

of the native houses are without glass windows, and are very dark when shut up. Often the windows are small, and sometimes kept shut, as a rule depending on the door for light; they are dark places.—Hall. "And sweep"—A broom being no less necessary than a candle. "Business, cares, pleasures, overlay the soul. The Spirit, by providence, by losses, by bereavements, by sickness, sweeps them away."—Taylor. "The house"—The world. "And seek"—"The proclous metal knows not its own value."—Whedon.

9. "Her friends," etc.—(See verse 6.) "I had lost"—"A sheep strays of itself, but a piece of money could only be lost by a certain negligence on the part of such as should have kept it."—Trench.

10. "Joy"—"The Te Deums of heaven over the victories of grace." (3) We are not out of the sight of heaven. Our tears of penitence start the harps of gladness there.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The lost sheep and lost coin.—Luke 15. 1-10.  
Tu. Seeking the lost.—Ezek. 34. 11-16.  
W. Sinners sought.—Mark 2. 13-17.  
Th. Lost and saved.—Tit. 3. 1-8.  
F. The dead quickened.—Eph. 2. 1-10.  
S. Joy of the saved.—1 Tim. 1. 12-17.  
Su. Joy in heaven.—Rev. 7. 9-17.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Two Sorts of Sinners, v. 1, 2.  
What sort of people gathered about Jesus?  
Who were the publicans, and what did people generally think of them?  
Who were the Pharisees? Who were the scribes?  
What fault did they find with Jesus?  
Whom did Jesus come to save?



THIRD BOAT OF THE TOKYO CASTLE.