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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 3, 1896.

[No. 40.



ITALIAN GOATHERD.

## ITALIAN GOATHERD.

High up in the slopes of the Alps, where cattle can with difficulty find a footing, great flocks of goats pasture on the sweet, rich herbage. They are wonderfully sure-footed, and will climb from ledge to ledge, and leap from crag to crag, in a manner that makes it appear

wonderful that they do not slip and get dashed to pieces. The chamois-goat especially reaches heights almost inaccessible to man. Only the boldest and most skillful hunters can reach them in their far-off haunts.

But this is not the sort of goat of which our handsome young goatherd in the picture has charge. They are a domes-

tic sort which are kept for their milk and for the cheese which is made from it. It is the little fellow's task to look after them all day, and if they wander too far, to recall them by his horn or pipe, and in the evening to bring them down from the mountain pasture to the chalets, where they are milked and housed. He wears, you see, a rough

jacket of goat-hair, and on his head a coarse felt hat. At his side is a leathern bottle, which he fills in the morning with goat's milk, or with the pure water of the clear mountain streams, and we well know how refreshing they are. On his shoulder is his long light, springy alpenstock, by means of which he can leap the streams, and climb from crag to crag

almost as nimbly as his four-footed friends the goats. The Italian fondness for jewellery is seen in the earrings he wears, and in the coins which dangle on his forehead and cheeks. This is, doubtless, all he owns. Handsome as he looks, he can neither read nor write; but he is learned in the mountain lore, and knows all the paths and passes of the neighbourhood, and his blithe carol can be heard as he roams with his shaggy flock over the grand mountain slopes, climbing to the very skies. He maintains his health and good looks on very homely fare, at which Canadian boys and girls would be apt to turn up their noses—black barley bread, hard goat cheese, and pure water, or, as a luxury, goat's milk.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 3, 1896.

### LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Miss Laura Dewey Bridgman, the celebrated deaf, dumb, and blind subject, whose death took place recently at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, was born in Hanover, N.H., December 21, 1829. When she was two years old scarlet fever deprived her of sight and hearing, and consequently of speech. Her sense of smell was also destroyed, and that of taste much impaired, leaving only that of touch intact. At the age of eight years she was placed in the Perkins Institution, where the Superintendent, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, undertook the difficult task of instructing her.

Dr. Howe, assisted by Miss Drow, began her first lesson by giving her the word "knife," which was printed in raised letters on a slip of paper, and read by moving her fingers over it, as the blind do in reading. Then she was given the knife so that she could feel the label on it, and the sign indicating likeness, which was made by placing side by side the forefinger of each hand, was conveyed to her. By repeating the process with other articles she was led to understand that the words represented the objects to which they were affixed. To form words from letters she was supplied with sets of metal types, and in less than three days she learned the order of all the letters of the alphabet. In about two months she began to use alphabetical signs as made by the fingers, examining an object and learning its name by placing her right hand over that of her teacher, who spelled it with her fingers. Then she learned the words herself.

After she had learned about a hundred common nouns she was taught the use of verbs, then of adjectives. She learned to write slowly, and later to talk by means of the mysterious finger alphabet, and used it frequently in animated conversation. In walking through

a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knew every one she met and gave them a passing sign of recognition, but she embraced affectionately her favourites, and expressed the varied language of the emotions by the lips as well as by the fingers. She also learned grammar, arithmetic, and a little of music. Later on she studied algebra, geometry, philosophy and history.

A remarkable faculty was her ability to read character, and this she did literally at her fingers' ends. She was very thoughtful of her friends and liked to aid the poor. At the time of the famine in Ireland she bought, with money which she had earned by her work, a barrel of flour, which was sent to the sufferers. In the summer of 1852, when she was twenty-three years old, she undertook to make her permanent home in her father's house in Hanover, but she became so homesick that at last she was confined to her bed, and Dr. Howe, who went to see her, found that she was almost at death's-door. She was brought back to the institution, where she remained, up to the time of her death, fifty-two years. On January 29, 1842, Laura was visited by Charles Dickens, who was so much interested in her that he remained several hours. His visit is described in his "Notes on America."

### DEEP-SEA WONDERS.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

Your dainty canary, hanging up in the sunshine, and singing until his little throat seems ready to burst, so full is it of music, may have fresh water and seeds every morning, and even his lump of sugar and sprig of green, but will not be able to keep house comfortably without that white blade-shaped bone that hangs from the side of his cage. But could Mr. Canary see the animal from which this bone comes, he would hide his little yellow head in fright; for it is an ugly monster, this cuttle-fish that makes the bone. His body is like a spider's body—his beak like that of a parrot. Eight long legs has the cuttle-fish, besides two that are much longer than the others. And he has eyes—two great eyes—something like those of a man, that stare out at one in a frightful manner. In a certain part of his body, called the mantle, he makes this chalky bone out of the sea-water. True, it is not really a bone, but more like a shell; still, as there is nothing else the least like a bone in his whole body, most people call it by that name.

This cuttle-fish family is a large family. There is the octopus, so large that his legs are sometimes nine feet long. I wonder what some of the little girls, who make such a fuss when a spider gets on them, would say could they see one of those great fellows—taller than a man—crawling over the bottom of the ocean towards them? They might well be frightened then, for the octopus has a way of throwing his long arms or legs about people, and either hugging them to death, or dragging them down into the water, where they are drowned. It is said that the Indians, when out in their canoes, always carry an axe, so that if an octopus throws an arm into the canoe they can cut it off, and thus save themselves from being overturned. But the octopus does not mind the loss of an arm now and then, for it will grow on again in a short time. And what curious arms these are! Did you ever take a little bottle and draw all the air out with your mouth, and then see how tight it would cling to your tongue or lips? If not, try it, and you can better understand about these queer arms. On every one there are about a hundred little cups. When he draws all the air from these, just as the bottle did, they stick fast to whatever they touch, and the only way of escape is by cutting off the arm. As has been said, he looks very like a great ugly spider, especially when he has woven a net and stands ready to catch something in it.

The octopus is a good, faithful mother, and takes the greatest care of her eggs. These she bunches up and fastens together, till they look like one of those tassels that come out on the pussy willows in the spring time. Over this cluster Mrs. Octopus carefully watches, and sees that no harm comes to them.

Neither does she hang about idly watching them, for she takes care of them besides. If they are not washed off once in a while, they will be so covered with something from the water that the little animals cannot make their way out of them. The mother knows this, and with some sort of a machine that she has in her body she squirts water upon them, and so keeps them clean. By-and-by one after another bursts, till the water is just swarming with the little fellows. Each baby is not bigger than a flea, and yet he is a perfect octopus, as much as his parents are. The skin of the octopus is transparent, so you can see through it, and it is said that under it are cells of different colours—red, blue, yellow, and brown; so he is a changeable animal, being sometimes one colour and sometimes another. Now, if you were carefully watching a red one, and trying to find out where he was going, and what he meant to do when he reached there, you would be a little surprised, would you not, to lose sight of the one you were looking at, and to find one of another colour, say a bluish one, in its place?

Now let us see how our friend moves about. Although he is not the least bit like a fish, yet he has gills through which he takes water into his body, and a short funnel for throwing it out again. When he wants to make a journey, he sticks his legs out straight behind, and shoots the water out of this funnel with force enough to carry him right along—and pretty fast too. Besides, he has those long legs of his to walk on, so you see he can travel as much as he pleases.

Sometimes the octopus is afraid of being taken and killed, and sometimes he wants to do something that he does not wish anything else in the ocean to know a word about. Now, how do you suppose he manages at these times? Well, he always carries with him a bag of ink, and by throwing some of this into the water, it becomes so black that he can escape unseen. Some say that he uses this as a weapon, and takes aim and shoots it out at whatever he wishes to capture.

But there is another of this family that is not quite so ugly as the octopus. It is the argonaut. People used to think that this animal was supplied with a little shell for floating on the water, and that it hoisted a sail, and sailed away looking like a fairy-boat. But they have since found out that this is a cradle which the mother makes for her eggs. She keeps it covered with her long arms, and carries it about all the time, and thus is sure that her eggs are safe.

The paper-nautilus is another member of this family. This too has a shell, but this is for his own use. It is for him to go into and hide when he wants to. It is very thin and transparent, and as the nautilus—like the octopus—carries bags or cells of colour, this shell looks very bright and pretty. When alive it will bear the washing of the waves, but when the animal dies it becomes very brittle, and soon breaks. This animal is not at all dangerous, but seems to be afraid of people, for he is seldom seen near the shore.

### WELL-PRESERVED MEAT.

The River Vilou, in North Siberia, is frozen a greater part of the year. In the cold season the natives follow its course to the south; and as spring comes on they return. It was during one of these migrations that an entire rhinoceros was discovered. The river, swollen by the melting snow and ice, had overflowed its banks and undermined the frozen ground, until, finally, with a crash, a huge mass of mingled earth and ice broke away and came thundering down. Some of the more daring natives ventured near and were rewarded by a sight wonderful in the extreme. A broad section of icy earth had been exposed, and hanging from a layer of ice and gravel was a creature so weird that at first they would not approach it. It hung partly free, and had evidently been uncovered by the landslide. From the head extended a long horn, as tall as some of the children, while behind it was another smaller one. But the strangest feature of this curious monster was that it was covered with hair.

At first, the astonished discoverers thought the creature was alive, and that it had pushed aside the earth, and was coming out. But the great rhinoceros was dead, and had probably been entombed thousands of years. The body was frozen as hard as stone, and the hair-covered hide seemed like frozen leather, and did not hang in folds as does the skin of living species. Several months passed before the animal was entirely uncovered, and so perfectly had nature preserved it, that it was then cut up and the flesh given to the dogs.

The news of this discovery passed from native to native and from town to town, until it reached the ears of a government officer. He at once sent orders for the preservation of the carcass, but the flesh had already been destroyed; and now only its head and feet are preserved in one of the great museums of Russia.—St. Nicholas.

### What God Does For Boys.

God wants the boys—all kinds of boys—To love him, serve him, do his will; He wants those boys that make a noise, And those who keep so very still.

God calls the boys, yes, every one, Those that are in and out of school; Though jumping, shouting, full of fun, He leaves none out—that is his rule.

God loves the boys of every kind— The rich and poor, the short and tall; Even for wicked ones you'll find His grace is given to one and all.

God gives the boys a tender heart, And says—just so they all can hear—"Will you not choose the better part Just now, while Jesus is so near?"

### JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 11, 1896.

The beautiful place.—John 14. 2.

Christ was leaving his disciples. They were sorry for this, just as we are when we are losing a friend. We love our friends so much that we have no wish to be parted from them. We feel lonely and sad when we cannot have the company of those we love. This world would be a lonely place if we did not have a few choice friends. What are all the beauties of nature, fine scenery, etc., if we have no friends to enjoy them with us. Christ was a choice friend, far superior to all others.

HOW HE COMFORTS.

Verse 2. Read. How kind this is of him. He does not say that he will send some choice servant. He will not trust even an angel with this business. I go to prepare a place. Where is this place? His father's house. That is home. No place on earth like home, no matter how poor it is, it is home. But no earthly home can be compared to the heavenly home. Not even the palaces of kings and queens can be compared with it. And how glad we should feel as we remember that there is a place in heaven for every one of us, and Jesus Christ is preparing it. Anything that father or mother purchases for a child is always highly prized. How much more should we prize heaven, our Father's house.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

As heaven is a prepared place, so we who intend to go there must be prepared for it. Christ prepares the place, and the Holy Spirit prepares the people. Heaven is a holy place, and none but holy people can go there. "Without holiness no man can see the Lord." We must be fitted for it by true holiness. Christ's blood cleanses from sin, and the Holy Spirit worketh in us to will and to do his good pleasure.

A beautiful prayer-hymn 98, verses 3 and 4.

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,

And ask for a share in his love, And if I thus earnestly seek him below, I shall see him and hear him above, In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,

For all who are wash'd and forgiven; And many dear children are gathering there,

'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

## The Boy Martyr.

The scene described underneath occurred during papal persecutions in Scotland.

The land was dumb with terror,  
And dark with priestly ire;  
The "rue" were daily threatened  
By bulwark sword and fire.

Men saw their wives and neighbours  
Like brutes to butchers led,  
As darkly o'er the fated homes  
The storm of ruin sped.

But through the awful tempest, dread,  
Of vengeance, fire and blood,  
They gloried, that their feet might walk  
The path their Saviour trod.

To do the hellish deeds of blood,  
Of one by Satan inspired,  
Behold, a band of armed men,  
By fiendish fury fired.

Their brows are black, their hands are red,  
For victims fresh they look,  
When, by the way, a youth they spy,  
And in his hands a book.

"What book is that, young highway  
brat?"  
The captain roughly cries.  
"The Bible, sir, the Word of Life,"  
The lad at once replies.

"Throw it, right quickly, in the ditch  
Or your blood shall wet the sod!"  
"No," firmly said the hero brave,  
"It is the Word of God!"

Again the savage order's given,  
With oath and threatening jeer,  
But the boy stood firm with steadfast will,  
Unmovable by fear.

"Then cover with your cap your eyes!"  
The captain shouts in ire,  
While peace and joy the hero nerve—  
"Soldiers, prepare to fire!"

"I will not cover up my eyes,"  
The youth undaunted said,  
As strength and courage he received  
From Christ, the living Head.

"Upon your faces I will look,  
As you must look at me  
And face the great white Judgment  
throne,  
"When we the King shall see."

'Twas silent—then, the muskets' blaze,  
And then—his soul was free,  
His own a martyr's glorious crown,  
And grand Eternity.

## LITTLE DICK'S SPECIAL.

BY E. L. D.

"A shine for a dime! A shine for a dime!"

O'er and over the shrill cry rang through the streets, and the small boy with the block slung over his shoulder kept a sharp lookout for muddy boots and ready customers. A merry whistle, a bright, happy face, and a well-worn but also well-patched suit, with a loving, cheerful heart underneath—these were the make-up of little Dick. His mother called him Richard, because that was his father's name, but every one else who knew him called him little Dick. He and his mother had had quite a struggle, since the father's death, to pay the debts and the rent and the small expenses of food and clothing, besides taking care of the old grandfather; but they were coming through all right now, and Dick sometimes had a whole five-cent piece to put in the collection plate Sunday evening. He never went to church in the morning because he stayed at home with his grandfather while his mother went to church, and he never went to Sunday-school because his grandfather liked him to sit by his bed Sunday afternoons and read to him, but he always went to church Sunday evenings, and perhaps did as much listening and learning in one service as some people do in three. Dick had learned for one thing that there was a happiness in giving. He loved to give. Indeed, as an eminent divine once did, he used to empty his pockets before leaving home of all but his five or three or one cent piece for fear he

might put something in the plate which ought to be spent for his mother or grandfather. So, when one evening the minister announced a "special free-will offering" for the next Sabbath evening, little Dick lounged to have something special to give—something even more special than a five-cent piece. He noted carefully what the minister said about bringing in the tithes. He listened closely when he went on to explain about the tithe being one-tenth; and Dick thought he understood all about it. All through that week little Dick thought about it, and wondered how he could save up the special; but, whether because the weather was fair and boots not so muddy, or whether because that was the week that his grandfather's rheumatic medicine must be renewed, Saturday morning found him again on the streets, with no prospect yet of any special beyond a five-cent piece.

"A shine for a dime! A shine for a dime!" he shouted in the pauses of the tune he was whistling. His regular customers had all been served, and two or three extras beside, and still he kept up the whistle and the call.

"Well, chap! I guess my shoes need something of that sort."

Dick's block was down in a second, and his blacking and brushes ready for the work the moment the speaker was ready to put up his foot. He was one of the tip-tops; Dick could see that the minute he looked at his fine cloth suit and pointed toes.

"You have muscle, I see," he said, as little Dick rubbed and brushed and polished with a will until the sun himself would have felt flattered by his reflection in the two points.

"A job like that deserves special notice and special pay," he continued, carefully selecting the piece he wished from his handful of change.

"There, you have earned all of that and more, too." The gentleman handed Dick a quarter, and walked quickly away. He was out of sight directly, leaving little Dick with a rejoicing heart, only sorry that he had no chance to speak his thanks. Again he shouldered the block, and the whistle and the shout sounded louder and merrier.

When Dick got home that night he had to do some hard calculating. He was no arithmetician, for he had never been to school a day in his life, but with the aid of his mother and grandfather in the one-tenth he succeeded in arranging his affairs to his satisfaction. He emptied the little box in which he kept his earnings upon his grandfather's bed, and placed the coins in a row of ten, counting slowly and carefully, so as to make no mistake. With the twenty-five cents which the fine gentleman had given him there was just one dollar and fifteen cents. One dollar he had rightly earned—the fifteen cents had been a gift. He consulted with his mother whether he could not give ten cents of his own earnings—that would be his tenth, and then surely he might give the fifteen cents which he had not really earned besides. He would give that whole quarter just as it was, he decided.

"A whole quarter! That will be a special, won't it, mother?" he exclaimed, with pardonable pride.

His mother would not hinder him, although she knew that the rent would soon be due again, and she had not earned as much with her washing that week as usual. She would let the plate pass her by in the morning, and Dick should put it all on the evening. So little Dick ran to church with a happy heart the next evening, his "special" snugly hid in his jacket pocket. He sang the hymn with all his might and prayed with all his understanding, and when the plate came around put his "special" in very quickly, so that he would have time to see how big it looked beside a five-cent piece.

"Five times as big," he thought, with a little delighted chuckle—he knew as much arithmetic as that.

Then he tried to keep a sober face when the minister preached about the widow's mite, but could not help feeling glad that his gift had been more than a mite, and he thanked the stranger again in his heart, for without his help the "special" would have been only ten cents instead of twenty-five.

The stranger himself had gone to church that evening. He had taken a lady with him, and when the collection was taken had carelessly dropped a one dollar bill on the plate. The lady thought, as little Dick did, of his generosity. But when the church-treasurer was counting the money the next day, he found among the collection a counterfeit quarter; and nobody knew—nobody but God—that little Dick had put it there; and nobody knew—nobody but God and the gentleman stranger—how little Dick had gotten it; but God did know, and laid in his treasure house a whole good quarter as little Dick's offering, and accepted only the counterfeit as the gift of the stranger.

To the sight of men the deed covers the motive; but God looks from the other side, and the motive hides the deed.

## A SILENT LIE.

BY MRS. J. H. NORTON.

Most children are taught that it is wrong to speak falsely, but I feel that there are many who do not feel that it is equally sinful to deceive by act or even by silence. The ambitious school girl or boy, to gain honour in the class, is often tempted to deception and dishonesty, which, if indulged in, destroys truthfulness of character, which is so much admired and desired in every boy and girl. I wish to tell you a little story that I trust will help some tempted one to be true.

Many years ago a very shy little girl named Phenie for the first time entered a large school and took her place in a class of strangers. A much older girl, pitying Phenie's timidity, allowed the little one to sit above her in the class. Phenie was very anxious to gain a still higher seat, while her good-natured friend seemed content to remain at the foot of the class. Presently a question was missed by the head girl, and down, down it passed, causing the little girl's heart to flutter as she thought, "Oh, if I only could go head at the very first recitation," but she was so excited that, try hard as she would, she could not get the answer ready. The teacher was about to pass it on, when a whisper from the friend below enabled her to give the correct answer. The teacher complimented her, the girls all looked surprised and mortified to be turned down by the little new girl. But as Phenie walked up the long row to the head of the class, instead of pride, her heart sank down like lead, and as she realized her dishonesty and falsehood she was overwhelmed with shame, for she had been very carefully instructed, and perhaps had never told a falsehood in her life. She felt no joy nor pride in her honours, and the kind words of the teacher only added to the weight on her heart until it was unbearable. Finally, when the class was dismissed, she lingered in the school room and confessed to the teacher her great sin and a desire to return to the foot of the class. Of course there were many unkind remarks made by the girls. Some said that she was a "little goose," others that "she was not as smart as she seemed." All of these hurt the sensitive child, but she bore bravely their taunts, and was soon effectually cured of silent lying, and as a reward had the pleasure of knowing that in all the years that she was in the school (for she graduated there) the teachers and pupils had confidence in her as an honest, truthful girl.

This is a true story, and has been written that some boy or girl may be impressed by it and helped in everyday living.—Mrs. J. H. Norton, in S. S. Gem.

## SOMEBODY'S PRAYERS.

Annie Edwards never heard a prayer in her own home. Her father and mother did not go to church; and although they had a large Bible on a stand in the parlour, it was never opened. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards did not believe in training their children in Bible doctrines; they said that when they were old enough to understand them they could be left to make their own choice of denominations and beliefs.

When Annie was twelve years old she had a strong desire to be a Christian.

She did not like the way that her father and mother kept Sunday, and their irreligious views made her very unhappy. She thought that it must be a great comfort to children to have praying fathers and mothers. She had talked with some of her companions at school, whose mother had taught them to kneel at her knee and pray to their Father in heaven. Annie thought a great deal about it, and one night she went to a meeting near her house. She felt as if she were in heaven, she enjoyed it so very much, and she asked her father and mother if she might attend the meetings. At first they did not seem willing to have her go; but the Lord softened their hearts, and they gave Annie permission to go two evenings in the week.

After Annie had been a number of times, her father, who had a good Christian mother, was coming home from the store, and he thought that he would step into the meeting a moment, for he was very fond of Annie, and had noticed how loving and thoughtful his little girl was getting to be. The meeting was half out when he went in and took a seat back by the door. The minister was giving the invitation for any who would like the prayers of God's people to rise in their seats. What was Annie's father's surprise to see her standing up alone in one part of the room. When the meeting was over he waited at the door for his little girl. It was a bright, pleasant night, and when his daughter came out of the door, he said: "We will take a short walk, Annie, before we go home."

Annie thought that her father had never been so gentle and kind as he was that night. He talked about his own dear mother, and how she used to pray for him, and then he said: "Annie, what made you rise to-night in the meeting?" "Oh, papa, dear," she replied, "I hope that you won't be displeased; but I did want somebody's prayers for me so very much! I want to be a Christian, and work for Jesus as long as I live."

Not long afterwards Annie and her father and mother united with the church. The younger children of that family are being taught the Scriptures, and are learning infant prayers at their mother's knee, and you may be sure that Annie is trying to do all that she can to have them know the loving Lord who took little children in his arms and blessed them, thereby showing that none are too young to come to him and learn of him.—Exchange.

## My Kingdom.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

A little kingdom I possess,  
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,  
And very hard I find the task  
Of governing it well;

For passion tempts and troubles me,  
A wayward will misleads,  
And selfishness its shadow casts  
On all my words and deeds.

## HOMES OF OUR ROSES.

To China, India, Persia, and the whole Orient, in fact, may be traced many of the best known strains of our cultivated roses. For some reason, America is poorer in natural species than is the eastern continent, and this, together with the fact that rose culture was well established across the water before gardening was begun in America, accounts for our having so few varieties of roses developed from native species.

The prairie, or Michigan rose, is the only American kind from which the cultivated varieties are known to have come. The *Messieurs Feast*, of Baltimore, raised seedlings from it in 1836, among them the Queen of the Prairies and the Baltimore Bell, two vigorous old-fashioned climbers that old-fashioned people still love, though they have been much supplanted by climbing hybrids and teas. Of the two the Baltimore Bell is the more delicate in form and in construction, seeming to show traces of Noisette blood, but they are both so hardy and grow so rapidly that they will never quite lose favour until some of the more finished varieties have been produced with strength equal to their beauty.—Boys' Lantern.



**Be Kind.**

Thank God that in life's little day,  
Between its dawn and setting,  
We have kind deeds to give away,  
Sad hearts for which our own may pray,  
And strength, when we are wronged, to stay,  
Forgiving and forgetting.

We are all travellers, who throng,  
A thorny road together;  
And if some pilgrim, not so strong  
As I, but footsore, does me wrong,  
I'll make excuse—the road is long,  
And stormy is the weather.

What comfort will it yield the day  
Whose light shall find us dying?  
To know that once we had our way,  
Against a child of weaker clay,  
And bought one triumph in the fray,  
With purchase of his sighing?

**LESSON NOTES.****FOURTH QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

**LESSON II.—OCTOBER 11.****SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.**

1 Kings 3. 5-15. Memory verses, 11, 12.  
**GOLDEN TEXT.**

The fear of the Lord is the beginning  
of wisdom.—Psalm 111. 10.

Solomon? For what was Gibeon noted?  
6 On what did Solomon base his petition?  
7. Why did he believe God would help him?  
8. How was he as a little child?  
Mention some of the difficulties which he had to meet?  
9. Why did he ask wisdom?

II. God's Answer, verses 10-15.

10. Why did Solomon's request please God?  
11. In a like case what would most others have asked?  
12. For what did God's gift fit him?  
13. Did God give him more than he asked?  
What was promised as to his greatness?  
14. Does God make all his promises without conditions?  
Why was the promise of long life not fulfilled?  
15. How did Solomon show his gratitude?  
What did his offerings represent?

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Early in life we should take Christ as ours and openly acknowledge him. The best wisdom is not gained out of books or learned from teachers. Better choose what is right than what is pleasant. True knowledge will make us humble. Religion tends to insure outward prosperity. The young should be thankful that they can offer a whole life to God.

Our lives are albums, written through  
With good or ill, with false or true;  
And as the blessed angels turn  
The pages of our years,  
God grant they read the good with smiles  
And blot the ill with tears.

—Whittier.

**HOW WOMEN WORK IN GERMANY.**

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says: "We took an early drive through Munich before the city had awakened. Early as was the hour, women were astir everywhere. They were collecting the offal and refuse from houses and stores; sweeping yesterday's dirt from the street into piles, which other women shovelled into hand-carts; cleaning the tracks of the tram-cars from obstructions; harnessed into bakers' carts and milk-carts, and distributing their supplies to their customers; scrubbing the floors of shops; moving in all directions to prepare for the business of the day, that the men might not only find their breakfasts ready on rising, but the streets and shops in tidiness and order.

Wandering among the architectural wonders of Vienna, we halted beside a magnificent building in process of construction, to study its design. Immediately we came upon women mixing mortar, and far above us saw other women climbing ladders, bearing on their heads and shoulders bods of brick, stone, and mortar for the use of the masons.

"We spent a day in the picture-gallery at Dresden. I stepped out on the street and found myself launched in a stream of women all bending under the loads of the baskets strapped to their backs, each of which baskets is made to carry sixty pounds. Some were young, but many were past middle age, and some were white-haired and tottering under their load, their sad eyes looking into mine hopelessly.

"Scantly dressed, generally bare-headed, in the blazing sun, quite as often barefooted and barelegged, they were bronzed in complexion, thin of flesh, bent and inelastic in figure, without joy in their work or hope in their faces."—Forward.

**THE MAN IN THE PILOT-HOUSE.**

It was a foggy night. A dense mist draped the sea. The steamer in which we journeyed went slowly, feeling its way carefully along—at times giving with its whistle a dismal groan, as if a despairing request that everybody would keep out of its way. As we lay in our little corner trying to sleep, yet knowing how risky our voyage was, we thought how everything depended on the one man steering the boat. How we and the hundreds aboard all trusted that one man up in the pilot-house! How implicitly we committed everything into his hands—our persons, our property, all our interests—and trusted him to safely bring us forward on our journey! How much depended on that one man's judgment, that one man's skill, that one man's experience! And then, how readily—completely—we trusted him!

**The Bells of September.**

Over the round earth comes swinging,  
Chiming and rhyming and strong,  
Something like wonderful singing,  
Singing of wonderful song.

From land to land now it goes beating,  
Beating from mountain to glen,  
From seacoast to prairie 'tis fleeing,  
From prairie to seacoast again.

The little lad hears it, and straightway  
He tucks his book under his arm,  
The little lass runs through the gateway  
To answer its joyous alarm.

Out of the east it comes swimming,  
This sound like a wonderful song,  
With murmur of melody brimming,  
Hear it, ding-dong now, ding-dong!

Oh, what shall we have to remember,  
In the long days from New Year to Yule,  
So sweet as the bells of September,  
The world over, ringing in school!

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A JAPANESE BOAT.

**A JAPANESE BOAT.**

The Japanese are a very curious and very ingenious people. Some of their mechanism, of which most of our readers have seen specimens, are marvels of neatness and skill. Their cabinets, carvings, lacquer-work, bronzes, and especially the shrines of their false gods, are most elaborate affairs. They have a very extraordinary manner of working. Instead of shoving a plane or saw from them as we do, they draw these tools towards them, often holding their work with their toes—a most inconvenient arrangement as it seems to us. Their boats are also very curious, and are sometimes built without the use of a particle of iron, the planks being sewn together with strong thongs. Their large "junks," as they are called, are very remarkable and very picture-que-looking objects. But they are being replaced largely by boats built after the English model. The standing figure in the picture is a man high in authority, and on the backs of the rowers you may see embroidered the crest or coat-of-arms of the master they serve.

The enlargement of this paper will begin with the next number. Look out for it.

Time.—B.C. 1014.

Place.—Gibeon, five miles from Jerusalem.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**

Adonijah's plea and pardon. David's charge and death. Adonijah's second plot and death. Joab's execution. Shimei also put to death. Solomon's marriage.

**DAY BY DAY WORK.**

Monday.—Read the Lesson (1 Kings 3. 5-15). Learn the Memory Verses and Golden Text.

Tuesday.—Read of the choice Moses made (Heb. 11. 17-26).

Wednesday.—Read what Joshua chose (Josh. 24. 14-24). Answer the Questions.

Thursday.—Read what Job said of wisdom (Job 28. 12-28). Learn Time, Place, and Connecting Links.

Friday.—Read the two things we must choose from (Deut. 30. 11-20).

Saturday.—Read which Paul thought best (1 Tim. 6. 6-16). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the story of Paul's own choice (Phil. 3. 1-14). Prepare to tell the Lesson Story.

**QUESTIONS.**

1. Solomon's Request, verses 5-9.  
5. Where did the Lord appear to