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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

HOLY FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO EGYPT.

WHEN Napoleon led his army to Cairo he inspired their enthusiasm by the stirring words "From yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon us." It is a wonderfully impressive thought that these stupendous structures were already two thousand years old when Mary and Joseph with the young Child fled from the face of Herod, that they were centuries old when the children of Israel toiled in the brick yards of Egypt, when Moses the deliverer rose, and that they were also centuries old when Joseph was sold into bondage by his brethren, and even when Abraham went down into Egypt.

Such a scene as is pictured here we saw over and over and over again in our ride through Egypt. We saw many plodding fellahs, many a pleasant mother with her babe riding on just such an animal through such a scene as is shown in the picture. Indeed, we were shown in an old church near Cairo the Grotto in which it is said that the Virgin Mary and Joseph and the young Child took refuge; and we were even shown the place where tradition avers that Moses was found in the bulrushes, but as to the truth of these traditions of the sacred sights we are a good deal skeptical. The white hills as seen in the picture are the yellow sand dunes of the desert which ever greet the vision as one passes. The smaller picture above shows one of the Arab boys, bright, alert, wide-awake little fellows they are, picking up a smattering of English, and urging the claims of their donkeys on the traveller in half a dozen different languages. How they learn them up so rapidly and so young is a mystery to us.

TEACH GENTLENESS.

BY JOHN BRIGHT.

I THINK with regard to teachers they have two entirely different branches of labor. They have that of instructing their pupils from books, and they have that of instructing them from their own conduct and their own manners. You want to teach a child to be gentle—and I must say that it is better than book-learning—not the gentleness that is weakness, for there is perfect gentleness which is combined with great force. You want gentleness, you want humanity. Humanity to animals, is one point. If I were the teacher of a school, I would make it a very important part of my business, to imbue every boy and girl with a duty of being kind to all animals. It is impossible to say how much evil there is in the world from barbarity and unkindness which people show to what we call the inferior creatures.

Then there is the quality of unselfishness. Selfishness in families is the cause of misery and the cause of great injustice. Unselfishness and a love of justice, these are qualities which come if you offer them to a young per-

son's mind. Their very nature makes them that they cannot receive it except with liking and approbation. And I have no doubt that it is possible for teachers during the next ten years or so, during which time they will have two or three generations of children under their care, so to impress their minds on these sub-

jects, that twenty years hence it will be seen and felt over the whole town that there is an improvement in these respects in the general population. These are things which I think, it behoves the teachers in these schools to bear in mind. They cannot possibly have too rich a sense of the responsibilities of their position.



ARAB DONKEY BOY.



HOLY FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO EGYPT.

Love's Perfect Heart.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I PLANNED a life for me to live,
By husband love made sweet,
A home I planned; in every room
Went little children's feet.

The love I took for all my life,
With sorrow made me smart;
Ne'er came into my loving arms,
The children of my heart.

God planned a life for me to live,
From selfish hopes bereft;
Set Work and Duty, angels strong,
To guard me right and left.

And duty's road he made more sweet
Than earthly love could be,
Instead of husband's, children's love,
His will he gave to me.

And in this life God planned for me
From grief I dwell apart;
For in his blessed, holy will,
I've found love's perfect heart.

A THOUSAND YEAR-OLD STORY.

HERE is a story told a thousand years ago by the monks of St. Gaul, which charmingly shows how much good common sense was possessed by the boys' hero, Charlemagne:

"When the victorious Karl, after a long absence returned to Gaul, he sent for the boys whom he entrusted to Clement and bade them show him their compositions and poems. The boys of low and middle station brought him theirs, sweetened beyond all expectation with every charm of wisdom, but the highborn showed only quite poor and useless stuff. Then Karl, the wise king, following the example of the eternal Judge, placed the good workers upon his right hand and spoke to them as follows: 'Many thanks, my sons, that you have taken such pains to carry out my orders to the best of your ability and to your own profit. Try now to reach perfection, and I will give you splendid bishoprics and masteries, and you shall be highly honoured in my sight.'

"Thereupon he turned his face in wrath against those upon his left, smote their consciences with his fiery glance, and burst out in terrible scorn in these words: 'You highborn sons of princes, you pretty and dainty little gentlemen who count upon your birth and your wealth, you have disregarded my orders and your own reputation—have neglected your studies and spent your time in high living, in games or idleness or foolish occupations.' Then he raised his majestic head and his unconquered right hand to heaven and cried in a voice of thunder with his usual oath: 'By the Lord of heaven, I care little for your noble birth and your pretty looks, though others like them so fine. And let me promise this: if you do not make haste to make good your former negligence by careful diligence, never think to get any favours from Karl.'

That Brother of Mine.

Who is it comes in like a whirlwind,
And clears the door with a slam,
And before he has taken his hat off,
Calls out for "some bread and some jam?"

Who is that, when I am weary,
Has always a hole in his coat,
A button to sew on in a hurry,
A nail to be made for a boat?

Who is it that tiptoes about softly,
Whenever I'm sick or in pain -
And is every minute forgetting,
And whistling some head-splitting strain?

Who is it I'd rather have by me,
When in need of a true honest friend,
Who is it that I shall miss sadly
When I'm away from my home?

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR-POSTAGE FREE

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist, and others with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1892.

GOOD BOOKS FOR BOYS.

With Wolfe in Canada, or, The Winning of a Continent. By G. A. Henty. New York: Wauthington & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

No more stirring story was ever written than that of the long conflict between England and France for the possession of this continent. It abounds in scenes of the profoundest heroism, of the grimmest tragedy, of the tenderest pathos. It was a great issue which was at stake. The question really was whether this broad continent should remain subject to Roman Catholic power with all that that means, or whether it should be devoted to civil and religious freedom.

The story approaches its crisis in the last three years of the campaign. Mr. Henty, who is a very accomplished and successful story teller, weaves into a very interesting narrative these important events. The first hundred pages of his book is employed in making us acquainted with the early life of the characters who play such an important part. We then follow them with a personal interest which one seldom feels in the great figures which stalk through the pages of history.

The stirring tale of Braddock's defeat is well given. It was a gallant fight, the bannered array, the scarlet uniforms, the gleam of bayonets, as the British army with flying colours unconsciously pressed on to its fate, the fife and drum band making the forest ring with the inspiring chorus of the "British Grenadiers." Suddenly a war whoop rang on the air and a murderous fire was poured into their ranks by an unseen foe lurking in the shadows of the primeval forest.

Repulsed on the Ohio and at Ticonderoga the British were elsewhere victorious. The capture of Louisburg by Wolfe was a gallant exploit, but the interest thickens around the doomed fortress of Quebec. We know no more stirring page in all history than that which recounts the capture of the fortress heights of the city founded by Champlain, one of the very oldest, as well as one of the most picturesque and interesting cities on the broad continent.

The French penned up within the grim stone walls were reduced to severest straits. "We are without hope and without food," said an intercepted letter; "God hath forsaken us." Still the brave Montcalm held out and the gallant Wolfe, despite ill health and the disaster of Montmorency, determined to take the city or die in the attempt, and take it he did by a stroke of heroic boldness. It adds additional pathos to the story that both the gallant leaders lost their lives, one upon the field of battle and the other a few hours later.

One of the most interesting monuments in the world is that on the Esplanade at Quebec which is erected to both Wolfe and Montcalm. It is a pledge of the truce between the conquered and the conquering people. Like two streams which rush from opposite sides of a valley and meet in the middle with fierce commotion and then flow peacefully on with blended waves, so the two hostile races, met in the shock of battle, and quietly mingled together, and for over a century and a third have lived peacefully side by side beneath the protecting folds of the Red Cross flag, which secured to the conquered as well as to the conquerors, equal rights. It was a French Premier, Sir E. Cartier, who said that the last shot fired in defence of British institutions in this continent would be fired by a French Canadian.

We want all our boys and girls to become familiar with the stirring story of their country's history. Mr. Henty's book will greatly help them in this endeavour. It has twelve full page illustrations and two maps.

Mr. Henty is a most prolific pen, and he has written a number of patriotic and historic stories which convey a great deal of valuable information in a pleasing form. Among those which strike us as being of special interest are the following: "By Pike and Dyke," a tale of the rise of the Dutch Republic; "Bonnie Prince Charlie;" "To the Temple, or the Fall of Jerusalem;" "The Lion of the North," a tale of Gustavus Adolphus; "Under Drake's Flag," a tale of the Spanish Armada; "By England's Aid, or, The Freeing of the Netherlands;" "True to the Old Flag," a tale of the War of Independence; "The Reign of Terror;" "St. George for England;" "The Dragon and the Raven, or, The Days of King Alfred;" "The Orange and the Green," a tale of the Boyne and Limerick, and many others. These can all be obtained at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. They will make good Christmas and New Year presents.

GO HOME, BOYS!

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, then go home. About the street corners they learn to talk slang, swear, smoke, and to do many other bad things.

Do your business, and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I were the town council, I would give the boys a good, spacious playground. It should have plenty of green grass, and trees and fountains, and broad spaces to run and jump and play suitable games in. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended I would tell them to go home.

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

In the West Indies and in some parts of South America there is a species of crab which lives, not in the sea, but in damp woods, sometimes a long distance from the sea. These creatures do not love the daylight, but seek the vegetables on which they feed in the night. At certain seasons they gather into large troops and march under cover of darkness to the sea. They cross woods, fields, and rivers at a rapid rate. No obstacle stops their progress. They sweep over everything that obstructs their path. The benighted traveller who meets this quick marching host is likely to find himself in an embarrassing, if not, indeed, a dangerous situation. There is a story told by Doctor Lamont about some of the famous Admiral Drake's sailors who met an army of these crabs in a wild part of South America, and were badly bitten on their legs, thrown down, and some of them actually devoured. This, however, is no doubt a case in which the imagination of the writer so strained his facts as to give them the dimensions of fiction. Nevertheless, for one to meet this marching host of crabs on a darksome night would be anything but a pleasant encounter.

But why do these crabs march to the sea? For the reason that, like water-crabs, they breathe through gills, which need more moisture than they can obtain on land. Nature has kindly placed a cell at the root of their gills which retains water sufficient to keep them from drying up. But these cells become exhausted at times, and the crabs must re-fill them or die for lack of their breathing organs.

The scorpion is one of the pests of hot climates. Scorpions have a fierce, ferocious temper. Placed together in a box, they fight desperately until few of them are left alive; and then the victorious cannibals at once set about the disgusting task of eating their dead foes. Indeed, they sometimes eat their own young as soon as they are born.

The scorpion has large claws with which it holds its prey until it pierces it with its sting, which is at the extremity of its tail. Its sting causes severe pain. To some persons it is dangerous. The sting of the large black scorpion of South America and Ceylon is said to cause death. Strange stories are told of this abhorred creature by Aristotle and Pliny, such as that Persian kings employed armies for several days to destroy them, and that whole countries were sometimes depopulated by them. These stories are doubtless exaggerations of the terror created by their presence in large numbers, and the deadly effects of their tormenting stings. When Ezekiel lived among the wicked, malicious, persecuting men of his evil times, God said to him, "Thou dwellest among scorpions." Thus, you see that God looks on the wickedness of the wicked as being as hurtful to the souls of men as the poison of the scorpion's sting is to their bodies.

It is a curious fact that wasps, despite their numbers, nearly all die in the autumn. A very few females survive the rigors of winter. But a single female wasp, when she throws off the torpor of her winter's sleep, becomes the builder of a nest which by the close of summer furnishes a home for 30,000 of her descendants. Her first work when she wakes up is to dig out a cave in a sand-bank with her own hands and teeth. Here she begins to make the paper which is to line her nest and serve as cells for her eggs. She forms the nest out of woody fiber scraped or plucked by her jaws from posts and rails, and wrought into little pellets which she carries in her mouth. After her eggs hatch out a first brood she has abundant workers and male wasps to aid in the enlargement of her nest, which, as stated above, will contain three generations of her descendants, numbering some thirty thousand wasps at the end of summer. It is a merciful provision of Providence that these insects nearly all die at the close of autumn. Were it otherwise, their vast numbers would constitute them a troublesome plague.

Wasps are useful to us in that they are pestiferous destroyers of flies. But it is a curious fact that when October arrives they become as much less voracious and blood-thirsty that they permit flies to enter their nests with impunity. Probably the torpor

which precedes their death then begins to benumb them, and thereby prepare them for their fate which dooms them all to perish, except a few females who will be preserved to renew and continue the race in the ensuing spring.

No one holds the wasp in very high estimation because of its sting. Its thievish habit of sipping sweetness from our chest fruit, and its noisy way of flying into the open windows of our houses. Let us, however, give it due credit for its disposition to be peaceable provided we do not first provoke it by attack. Yet if we will recall it we do well to recollect that its motto is, "No one may provoke me with impunity."

The death the Poet Laureate afresh calls attention to the splendid services he has rendered English literature. We have often quoted from his poems in these pages, especially his patriotic poems to the Queen, to the memory of Prince Albert and on the death of the Duke of Wellington and the like. We give another selection in this number.

"DRINK TO MAKE YOU WORK."

"I DRINK to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied, "That's right; thee drunk, and it will make thee work! Hearken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good."

"I was once a prosperous farmer, I had a good, loving wife and two as fine lads as over the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in druidards graves. My wife died broken-hearted and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drunk! and it will make you work."

DR. STORRS ON THE SUNDAY PAPER.

In his recent address before the Foreign Missionary Conference, in Boston, Dr. Storrs gave this description of the effect of the Sunday paper on the work of the minister:

"Every minister knows, and is sorry to know, when he rises in his pulpit on Sunday morning—I do not know about Boston, but I know about Brooklyn and New York—he is sorry to know that probably three-fifths of even the communicants before him have had their minds soaked and saturated in the news which had come with the Sunday morning papers, before they came to church; that it had not been a preparation of reading the Scriptures and of prayer by which they had become ready for the church service; that he is to speak to minds which are in precisely the same attitude towards the truth in which they would have been if they had come on Wednesday or on Saturday morning, and not on the Lord's Day, to the church."

HABIT.

There was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the corners of the earth. He was kept at the business nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a picture and left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning after grazing awhile he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people would often stop to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal, to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. It was force of habit. And the boy who first had or good habits in his youth will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.
Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
"Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

IV.
Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V.
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI.
When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

THE same day Mark Hobday turned his back upon Baltimore. It is not possible to detail all the strange vicissitudes through which he passed, & strangers among strangers.

In all his wanderings I was his companion. His Bible and hymn-book, formerly but little esteemed, were valued as his guide and comfort in many a season of loneliness and hard trial.

Mark did not find it difficult to obtain employment in a country where a steady hand and a willing hand may always command occupation. But he obtained no settled work until he reached the city of Philadelphia, some five months after he left Baltimore. It was his good fortune, in God's providence, to meet with Christian friends in the beautiful "city of brotherly love."

Installed first as a porter in a large delivery and "dry goods store," he won the confidence of his employer, and was made in due course warehouseman, having entire charge of one important department of the business. He joined himself to the Methodist Church, and, happily, became associated also with the Young Men's Christian Association.

In the classes for Biblical and secular instruction, he sought to retrieve the lost opportunities of his early youth. And, with a sound constitution, a retentive will, and good natural abilities greatly assisted and encouraged by the Christian men who

interested themselves in the young Englishman, he made rapid improvement.

Indeed, I am certain that his own father and mother would not have recognized in the tall, respectable young man teaching a class in the Sunday school, the rough, wild sailor lad of only a year or two since.

To the great joy of Henry Duncan, his old scholar wrote him a letter, relating the story of his life since his landing in America, and telling of his happy decision for God, and his joy and gladness in the Christian life.

Mark's industry and integrity so commended him to his principles, that they employed him in travelling in their interests, to many of the larger cities in the United States. Desirous of following the tide of settlement and emigration, they followed in that track where "westward the course of empire takes its way," and determined upon extending their operations even to the Far West.

Thus it came to pass that Mark crossed the continent, passed over the Rocky Mountains, and found himself at length in that El Dorado of the West, San Francisco.

But what a contrast was presented by the Golden City to the peace and order and piety so conspicuous in the city he had left! Nevertheless even here there was a band of noble men who strove to keep the standard of the Cross before the eyes of the people. Almost every Sabbath the gospel was preached to hundreds on the Plaza, or market-place, and the city possessed, for its age, as many churches, erected at as much cost, as any other city on the continent.

Mark soon allied himself with some earnest Christian men who made it their business to visit the hospitals and the shipping. Thus was he brought into contact with some strange and distressing scenes.

"Come with me," said a minister to him one day; "I am going to the Parker House, to attend the funeral of a young fellow who, in a quarrel with a fellow gambler last night, was shot."

Mark and the good man went on together, and as they walked towards the east side of the Plaza, Mr. Sartor told him how one of the companions of this young fellow had come to ask him to conduct some sort of a service at the funeral.

The body was laid out just where the murderous deed was done, and in a gambling-house, stained with the blood of the slain, the minister of God and his young companion stood, in the presence of a number of men, who uncovered their heads as Mr. Sartor, in a strong and musical voice, sang a few solemn verses. He then gave an address based on the last two verses of the book of Ecclesiastes: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." With singular boldness and faithfulness, the preacher said—

"Gentlemen, I always endeavour in my public discourses to adapt my remarks, so far as I can, to my audience. I take it for granted that the greater portion, if not all, of you are sporting men; as such I shall address you.

"The conclusion of the whole matter," the great summary of life's duties, what is it? Do you understand it? You are not a set of ignoramuses. I know from your appearance that you are educated men. Some of you have had pious mothers to instruct you, and many, I doubt not, have been brought up in the Sabbath-school; and you have all had the opportunity of reading the Word of God and hearing it preached, from your boyhood to the present hour. You cannot plead ignorance."

In this faithful manner he went on to tell of the use that they might have made of such advantages, and of the good influence they might have wielded.

"But," said he, "what are you doing? Look at his bloody corpse. What will his mother say? What will his sisters think of it? To die in a distant land amongst strangers is bad; to die unforgiven, suddenly, unexpectedly, is worse; to be shot down in a gambling-house at the midnight hour, oh, horrible!"

Mark marvelled as much at the subdued and silent attention of the gamblers as at the boldness of the preacher. It was evident his remarks made a profound impression, whether it remained or not.

Among the crowd was one young man with whom certainly the convictions then wrought were abiding. Less than three years before he had come to California in health and strength, with a good character and a considerable sum of money. But he had fallen among thieves when he associated with drinkers and gamblers. And at the end of this brief period Steve Judson was as much an adventurer as any of them. Health had given place to disease, while both reputation and money were gone. To obtain a decent situation was now well-nigh impossible.

Nevertheless, Judson turned away from the cemetery where he had seen the remains of his murdered acquaintance deposited with a resolve to lead another life.

The preacher's references to home and Sunday school and mother had touched a long slumbering chord in his heart.

There were not wanting some among the dissipated throng of men who formed that singular funeral procession who returned from the grave to the *cuchre* table and the spirit glass. But Steve Judson turned aside to the miserable shanty which was his lodging, and threw himself upon his wretched bed to think over the past and the future.

Mark had observed this young man, attracted at first by his dissipated appearance, and thin, haggard face. And when Steve Judson, with eyes wet with the tears he could not restrain, broke away from the throng, and took his way alone towards his "home," Mark felt irresistibly drawn to follow him. He saw him enter, and thinking that to break in upon the young fellow now might be deemed an intrusion, Mark Hobday retraced his steps.

Towards evening, however, something impelled him to return to that quarter of the town, when he saw Judson stealing quietly and thoughtfully along the street.

He walked up to him, and raising his hat politely, said, "Pardon me, did I not see you at the funeral of the poor fellow who was buried to-day?"

With a tact that was not natural, but all born of Christian kindness and sympathy, Mark managed to win Judson's confidence, and succeeded in taking him to his own rooms. There he gave him coffee and refreshment, and that night became possessed of the whole story of a "gay" and miserable life.

Mark's kindness went further than this. He found Judson some employment, and provided him with decent apparel.

But the poor young fellow, enfeebled by recklessness and excess, was not able to work long, and Mark found him within a fortnight in his wretched lodging utterly prostrate, and too ill to move. To obtain his removal to the hospital was the first thing, and there for weeks Judson lay in the torture of rheumatic fever.

Mark was his daily visitor, and through those days of illness he became the instructor of the sufferer. How the poor fellow delighted to hear the sweet Bible words which Mark read! From my own pages, too, Mark read many a word of comfort. Again and again would Judson ask for some word that struck his fancy, and suited his case. He was never tired of hearing "Jesus, lover of my soul," while one verse of a hymn of John Wesley was constantly in his mind and on his lips.

"O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far,
Yes, even our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are!"

When Stephen Judson rose from his sick-bed, he rose a penitent, humble yet happy Christian.

Mark's duties shortly afterwards recalled him to Pennsylvania, but he was able to leave Judson in San Francisco as an agent of his house. And as we here take leave of the City of the West, it may suffice to say that the *quondam* gambler maintained his consistency as a Christian, and became an earnest worker among those who still lay involved in the toils from which he had been mercifully delivered. Judson ultimately became the confidential representative of the Philadelphia house, and had the happiness of providing a home for the mother and sister whom he had forsaken, and who had not heard of his whereabouts for the three years of his prodigal career.

(To be continued.)

What Sang the Apostles?

WHAT song sang the twelve with the Saviour
When finished the Sacrament wine?
Were they bowed and subdued in behaviour,
Or bold, as made bold with a sign?

Were the manly breasts strong and militant?
Were the naked arms bravely and strong?
Were the beards' lips lifted yellows,
Thrust forth and full sturdily with song?

What sang they? What sweet song of Zion,
With Christ in their midst like a crown?
While here sat St. Peter, the lion,
And there, like a lamb, with head down,

Sat St. John, with his aiken andraven
Rich hair on his shoulders, and eyes
Lifting up to the face unshaven
Like a sensitive child's in surprise.

Was the song as strong fishermen swinging;
Their nets full of hope to the sea?
Or low, like the ripple-wave singing
Sea-songs on the loved Galilee?

Were they sad with foreshadow of sorrows,
Like the birds that sing low when the breeze
Is tip-toe with a tale of to-morrow--
Of earthquakes and sinking of seas?

Ah! soft was their song as the waves are
That fall in low musical moans,
And sad, I should say, as the winds are
That blow by the white, graven stones

SAVED BY A BIBLE.

"On one occasion," says Bishop Tucker, of Africa, "a man named Benjamin came to me with a Testament in his hand, but he asked if I would give him another. I said, 'You have one.' 'Ah,' he said, 'this one is so injured that I can only read part of it.' I asked to be allowed to see it, and, true enough, it was greatly injured. I asked how this had happened. 'Well,' he said, 'when I went to war against the Mohammedans I took my book with me, and I wrapped it in my cloth here. In the fight a bullet struck it, and it pierced it nearly through. It saved my life. I love it very much, but can you give me another?' I told him, 'I have only one, and that is my own, but,' I said, 'if you will give me your book I will give you mine.' The exchange was made, I received the shattered book, and here it is, and I need not say that I look on that book as one of my greatest treasures.

"In Uganda a man will very readily do three months' work for a New Testament. A sister of the late King of Uganda, Mtssa, for several days came to see me, but sat in my room almost in silence. She was naturally a very taciturn woman, but at last she summoned up courage enough to ask if she could have a New Testament. Happily I had one, and she purchased it for we believe in selling our books; we believe the people value them when they buy them—and it was remarkable the change that came over that woman as she got her new possession. She smiled, she laughed, she clapped her hands, and I almost thought she would sing, but at any rate she told us that her spirit was singing within her for joy."

THE LIQUOR INTEREST.

THERE is not another power in existence which exerts so malign an influence on the human race than the liquor interest. Not a day passes but that its hands are red with blood. Every day brings wife murders by drunken husbands, shooting affrays caused by alcohol madmen, and a reign of anarchy and blood due to liquor. In 1891, according to a high license journal, there were 1,130 murders in this country caused by liquor. The country thrilled at the outrages of the slave power, it rises in indignation over the oppression of the black race or of labour, but it holds its peace when the liquor power revels in a carnival of blood.

Two hundred and forty thousand saloon-keepers virtually rule the land. The cities are controlled by them, they dictate the election of mayors and councilmen; the police are their obedient servants; the legislatures are careful not to offend them. Senator Ingalls was right. The parties, the political aspirants, and the officials are all afraid of the 240,000 freemen who pry upon the country. They dare not raise their little finger to forbid their plunder of the people.—St. Louis Evangelist.



CHINESE WHEELBARROW.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 50.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 11.

THE APOSTOLIC COUNCIL.

Acts 15: 12-29.] [Memory verses, 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they.—Acts 15: 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God guides his people into a fuller understanding of the truth.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

Paul and Barnabas returned to Antioch, in Syria, after two or three years of missionary work in Asia Minor. They made their report to a great missionary meeting. At Antioch they remained a long time.—Acts 14: 24. It was during this abode that the difficulty arose with which to day's lesson is concerned.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

The great question was whether the Gentiles must not only believe in Jesus, but must become Jews, if they would be saved.

Find in this lesson—
That good people do not always think alike.

How to learn what we ought to do
How to treat those who differ from us.
What we must do to be saved.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What great question arose in the Church? "Whether the Gentiles must become Jews in order to be saved." 2. What did they do about it? "They discussed it freely among themselves." 3. What next? "They asked the advice of the older Church at Jerusalem." 4. What was the decision as to salvation? "That no rite or ceremony was necessary to salvation, but our faith in Christ." 5. What should the Gentiles do? "They should refrain from sin, and from those things which prevented good Jews from uniting with them."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How did our Lord sum up the whole law?
In two great commandments of love to God and to man.

In what form did our Lord give us this summary?

In answer to the question of a scribe, he singled out two commandments given to Israel, and united them, saying: "On these two commandments hangeth the whole law, and the prophets;" and, "There is none other commandment greater than these."—Matthew 22: 40; Mark 12: 31.

ADVENTURES IN WESTERN CHINA.

BY REV. V. C. HART, D.D., F.R.A.S.,

Superintendent of *Canadian Methodist Missions* in China.

II.

The scene was becoming spirited. Some came rushing down the dangerous declivities, and cried this and that, and swearing like demons. Others pounced upon the boat. One sat plump upon the old rice bag and seized an oar, another got hold of the captain and hustled him about pretty lively. I plied more cold water to my head, sat back, fanned and watched operations. At last things brightened a little, a few hundreds of cash were paid out, and the screaming ceased. The word "start" was given. The boatmen were shoving off, when the yells were renewed. The oars were grasped and a man jumped upon the rice bag and attempted to drag it away. We were actually out in the open river and in the direst confusion, two fighting men aboard, dozens screaming from the shore, and a boat in hot pursuit, which in a few moments grappled our boat. Thus we floated and rowed under more volleys of oaths than any warship from bullets. My patience had been a little tried, but I had remained a quiet spectator up to this time. I advised the men who had boarded the boat to return, as my intentions were to proceed down the river.

They replied, "The trouble is with the captain, and not with you."

"Yes," I answered, "but it seriously troubles me. Settle up affairs at once."

We landed three miles below the city for a compromise. After an hour of wrangling upon shore and upon the boat, matters were compounded. The captain was to pay over to the different creditors four

thousand cash. An appeal was now made to me for three thousand cash, with the promise to pay back when we reached Ichang.

Experienced foreigners understand what "pay back" means, and seldom give with out a mental reservation, that so much has gone never to return. Yes, I would lend them the three thousand cash provided they would execute a paper giving me a mortgage upon the boat, which was done. The creditors seemed loath to leave the rice bag, even after the money stipulated had been paid over.

The only redeeming feature of our delay was an opportunity to visit a cool spring of water under the cliff near by, and take on board a goodly supply.

Away we went at six o'clock, happy and hopeful. Just before dusk we tied up for the night in a little inlet, above a small town. Upon the bank were a cornfield and a tobacco plantation. Ten o'clock found me safely stowed in my section of the boat, with my light clothes hung up orderly upon a bamboo at my right. Early the next morning we prepared for our journey. Where were my clothes? The sailor boy, a nice youth for whom I had taken quite a fancy, came from the tobacco field bringing my pants, minus by braces and keys—he had found them under a tobacco plant. Soon after my coat and braces were discovered the braces without the buckles. Fortunately the night thieves did not get my watch or any valuables. My clothes, no doubt, were tempting, but they might be a source of detection, so two native jackets belonging to my servant were substituted. The affair seemed in harmony with the previous day's experience, and I consoled myself with the thought that a bad beginning often has a good ending.

Our boat went down the current like a thing of life. The five oarsmen singing and screaming in turns, over on the alert for whirlpools and rocky points. The water was rising fast; clouds were gathering, and before we had made fifty miles, the rain came, and we tied up at a little village. The farmers were pulling up their corn which was planted along the river bank, and they seemed to me rather unreasonable, for they pulled up the rows twenty or thirty feet above the water. Little did I dream that within forty-eight hours the seething floods would not only reach that height, but forty feet higher. Near evening the sailors mustered sufficient courage to row to the city of Fu Chieu, not far distant, but nothing could tempt them to go farther.

It would be vain for me to attempt to describe my four days under a banyan tree, while the floods rushed and thundered past, boiled over, whirled sideways and backwards, filling every nook and crevice, uprooting trees, carrying away hill-sides, floating houses and wrecking boats. The suburbs of a dozen cities and towns were partially swept away, or more or less injured. On the last morning under the banyan tree I witnessed a novel scene. A boat anchored about ten paces from us was laden with fifty hogs and small pigs. The owners of the herd honoured me by landing the hogs and driving them to a cool shady place by the side of my boat. I have always taken an interest in "porkers," and not having much to do but watch the floods and read, I turned by attention to the interesting tricks of the Chinese hog. The following morning an ancient hog, one who had seen many hot summers, was driven from the boat, panting at a fearful rate. I began to fear that cholera or some other epidemic was breaking out among them in the crowded pen in the boat. Knives were brought and the ears were first lanced, then the mouth, then the tail, and the back was well rubbed. After a little there were more lancing and rubbing. The panting became more severe; the hog was dying. A quick consultation was held, and within twenty minutes the animal was strung to a tree. It was dressed in the orthodox fashion, blown up, well beaten and then carried away. "I don't want no more" Chinese pork.

On the fourth day there was an abatement of the floods, and the cornfields upon the low hill sides began to appear. The mark on the banyan tree, showing the highest point reached, was getting pretty well out of sight. Boats ventured to go down, but our men declared that it was dangerous, and that the other boats would

"tie up" around the corner. After musing down the whirling floods, the captain mustered up sufficient courage to give the word "go," and we went.

In a twinkling the inundated city was loath to view, and we rushed over the deadly rapid into the awful swirls which towered around our light craft like angry demons. When well over, the boatman took long breaths, and commented upon the other dangerous places to be passed. We came to an abrupt stop at four o'clock. It was possible to go farther." The little town near where we anchored looked badly damaged, but workmen were busy reconstructing flimsy houses. During the night the water fell ten feet, and we were, by day-light, almost out of the corn-fields, and our men, no doubt, missed the succulent ears which they had been in the habit of plucking from the boat's side. It was noon before I could put enough western courage into the timid fellows to venture into the "horrid place" a mile below, where they declared, many boats had been wrecked. When I rallied the captain upon his timidity, he would say, "I am not afraid of myself; I am of no account. My boat is only worth ten and a few strings of cash, but I am afraid of you and your baggage. You are t' important one. Ah, me! this miserable little boat!"

Time does not permit me to give a detailed account of my experiences in the "Wind Box" and "Wubhan Gorges." There is much risk in navigating the Upper Yang-tso in July and August, especially after such a flood as I have described.

What the jinrikisha is to Japan the wheelbarrow is to China—the most popular mode of conveyance. It requires two to ride, one to balance the other, unless there is a bundle or some sort of weight, as in the case of the one in which the gentleman is sitting so contentedly in the rear of the picture. These queer carriages are to be seen all over the streets of China, and are, as we have said, the most common mode of travel.

PRESERVE THIS LIST.

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