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# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1895.

[No. 43

## HAY-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

SWITZERLAND is chiefly a grazing and dairy country. Hence the people care all the hay they can. They will climb apparently inaccessible places for a scanty crop of hay which they will bring home on their heads, as shown in the picture. It is remarkable how man or beast can keep foothold on many of the steep mountain sides.

### "PASS IT ON."

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"WASN'T that a good sermon the new minister preached last night?" asked Joe Barton, one stormy Monday morning.

"First-rate," responded his brother Ben, without looking up from the book he was reading.

"I never understood the real meaning of that text before. Did you?"

"Let me see. What was the text?" Ben inquired, lazily.

"Bear ye one another's burdens," replied Joe, wondering how Ben could have been so stupid as not to remember even the beautiful text.

"Yes, yes, so it was. It had slipped out of my mind altogether. A very good text, indeed," Ben returned, indifferently.

"I mean to try to live by it, too, hereafter," Joe went on. "Don't you think that it would be a good text for us boys to practise? I never know till last night how much even boys can do to lighten other people's burdens. Did you, Ben?"

"I think we all have enough to do to attend to our own business, without meddling with other people's," Ben said, good-naturedly. "If we do our chores, run errands, and attend to our lessons, we have not much time to fool away on our neighbours."

"We might do many a little kindness without going out of our way, Ben, and, as Christian boys, I think we should," urged Joe.

"Well, yes, I suppose we should, if only we knew where to begin," assented Ben, closing his book with some show of interest.

"There is Lester Thorp coming up the steps. Perhaps he can think of a plan," said Joe, opening the door to admit his friend. Eagerly he rehearsed the conversation that had taken place between Ben and himself, and when he had finished, Lester agreed to join the brothers, in a kind of a circle, to help others.

"It will be a 'Ten' of some kind, like the girls have, I presume," said Ben, dryly.

"It will be a 'Three' only; but three boys ought to do a little good in the world," replied Joe.

"A sort of a triangle instead of a circle," laughed Ben. "Where shall we begin operations? I want to lift my share of somebody's burden right away, and get back to my book. It is quite a burden to leave it."

"I noticed, as I crossed the street, that the snow was still lying a foot deep on Granny Tate's pavement. What do you say to introducing the reform by clearing it away?" said Lester.

"Pshaw! that old virago! Why, she might scold us for our impudence," retorted Ben, with a wry face.

"There is no one there to do it but that slender grand-daughter, Maria; and they live on the corner, with a pavement clear round two sides of the lot," urged Lester.

"We will go there. I owe it to the old woman," said Joe, in a positive voice.

"Owe it to her!" exclaimed Ben. "Pray, what did she ever do for you?"

"Why, she set her dog on me for crossing her garden, and I know of no better way of getting even with her," replied Joe.

"Don't let us waste any more time, boys. I am aching to work off some of my surplus goodness," cried Ben, with mock gravity, as he picked up his hat.

Ten minutes later the clatter of their shovels brought Maria to the window, with a sullen demand to know their business.

"Clearing the snow from your pavement," answered Joe, pleasantly.

Why can't I help Granny bear her rheumatism by being more patient with her?" Maria asked herself, as the boys lifted their caps and bade her good morning. "I am going to try," and she did; but Granny never knew the boys' part in sweetening Maria's temper.

That afternoon, Joe offered to stay away from the skating pond to take care of the baby, and when his mother questioned him, he told her of the society of "Three," and of the help the minister's sermon had given them.

"I must pass Joe's helpful words on," said the mother, wiping her eyes, and an hour later, when the new pastor dropped

that every country has a great number of war-ships sailing on every ocean and sea. Some are English, some belong to Russia, some to the United States and other lands.

These are called fleets. Each country owns a fleet of war-ships, and we know to what country they belong by the flag which floats from the highest point of every ship.

The very strongest iron and steel are used in building them, and the big guns point out from every side, making them look like huge monsters ready to devour everything.

Every country likes to boast of ships and their brave sailors. Now many are talking about one owned by the United States, named the *Detroit*. Her commander is thought to be very brave and fearless, but he never could stop a storm or make the waves be still when they were dashing over his boat.

We, as mission workers ought to be proud of our Lord's ships, and know the names of them all. They do not need cruel guns to conquer the nations. The white flag of peace waves from every topmast as they sail from country to country, among the spice-perfumed islands that lie like lovely emerald shells turned upside down in the ocean.

They are welcome in every clime, for they sail into the bays laden with good news of a free salvation, and leave happiness and joy behind.

The children of England and Scotland help pay the expenses of such ships by New Year's offerings which amount to many thousands of dollars every year.

A long time ago there was a fleet nobody could conquer. It was called "The Invincible." But after many years the ships were torn to pieces, and now sail the seas no more.

The ships of our Lord alone are invincible, for "the isles of the sea wait upon him."

The *John Williams* carries missionaries from place to place in the South Seas. The *Good News* and the steel lifeboat, *Morning Star*, on Lake Tanganyika, belong to an English missionary society. The *Henry Wright* is on the south coast of Africa. The *Il-la-la* is on Lake Nyassa. The *John Brown* is for the Mendi Mission. The *Ellen Gowan* and *Mary* are for New Guinea.

The new *Morning Star* was built with money given by the children of America. Its history is very interesting, but too long to tell here. It sails on the Pacific Seas, a thing of life and beauty. Scotland owns the *Day Spring*. It is for the New Hebrides. When those poor people heard the joyful news, they surely must have said: "It is through the tender mercies of our God that the *Day Spring* from on high hath visited us; to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to guide our feet into the way of peace."

Soon may many new ships speed on errands of mercy and love! Pray for them, workers.

"My husband is so poetic," said a gushing woman to an old lady. "Have you ever tried rubbin' his joints with hartshorn liniment?" asked the old lady. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he ain't got it too bad."



HAY-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

"That is my work," returned Maria, pettishly. "Granny will not give you a cent for your trouble."

"We want nothing, Maria. It is not a woman's work, and we are just lending a hand in a neighbourly way," replied Lester.

"Thank you over so much," the girl said, brightening. "What can I do in return?"

"Pass the kindness on," said Joe, with a sunny face, as he shouldered his shovel.

"Why, that's just what the preacher said last night," returned Maria.

"Yes," said Joe. "It was the sermon that set us to thinking."

in, looking tired and discouraged, she told him how much good his last night's sermon had done the boys.

"I thought I had made a complete failure in my effort, last night," he said, in a trembling voice; "but now I can go home with a cheerful heart, and pass the kindness on to some other sorrowing heart."

### THE LORD'S SHIPS.

BY MRS. E. E. BRILSFORD.

MANY of our missionary workers know

## Sainthood.

BY REV. EDWARD N. POMEROY.

Not in the brow demure,  
Not in the downcast eye,  
But in the purpose pure:  
Lies sainthood's prophecy.

To gain the holy grail  
And heaven's approving smile,  
Did mighty Lancelot fail,  
Because of purpose vile.

By faith unlogged with doubt,  
By fasting and by prayer,  
The demons are cast out,  
Though hell itself be there.

The victory over sin  
Hath never yet been given  
To those who strove to win  
For only self and heaven.

Self-seeking must depart  
Ere others' homage come;  
The sovereigns of the heart  
Are crowned by martyrdom.

Think not thy sainthood now  
Mankind will recognize;  
They who are crowned below  
Were first crowned in the skies.

At this the fern was greatly troubled.  
Could it be true that she would not always  
stand by the great stone and the quiet  
pool, and enjoy her happy life? The brook  
ran on laughing and singing:

Coming, going, hast'ning, slowing,  
Mirth and music ever knowing,  
Laughing, singing, ever whirling,  
'Mong the rocks my wavelets curling,  
Autumn days will find me flowing  
Where now flowers and ferns are growing.

The song of the brook made the fern unhappy. She longed to live on with no thought of leaving this beautiful world. She looked at her reflection in the quiet pool, wondering if that might not remain. But she felt sure the fickle brook would care little to preserve it, and she turned to the stone where her shadow fell in perfect and delicate tracery. Perhaps she might discover some way by which that would remain. So she asked the sun for help; but he seemed to be on a journey like the brook, and though he smiled kindly on her, he was often gone away, and then her little shadow was lost in the great darkness that was over everything. The fern then asked the wind, but the wind only sighed so that the fern trembled violently and the shadow was blurred. Then she asked a cloud that was sailing across the sky, and as the cloud paused to listen, other clouds came to her side, and they wept in sympathy with the fern. Their tears refreshed her, but she saw with sadness that they, too, cast a shadow, and that hers was lost in theirs.

The bright summer days passed on. The violets had gone long since. The lily was now beginning to droop, and the fern noticed that some of her own beautiful fronds were growing brown and sear. There were more cloudy days now than in the summer. Sometimes the rain fell all day long. The more it rained, the noisier and gayer grew the brook. He seemed to deepen and widen, too, as it rained, and the fern began to understand what he meant when he sang:

Autumn days will find me flowing  
Where now ferns and flowers are growing.

Finally the autumn really came, and everything slowly changed. New flowers bloomed in such gay and bright profusion of colour that the bank of the stream looked like an artist's palette; but the wind sighed loudly, and complained to the fern that they gave her no perfume, and that she loved far better the arbutus, the violets, and all the sweet-scented darlings of the springtime.

One day a child straying by the brook wandered along its bank in happy play. The brook sang sweetly to the child:

Follow, follow, follow after,  
Happy song and merry laughter,  
Children's hearts are true and sweet,  
Heaven and earth in childhood meet.  
Follow, follow, follow after,  
Happy song and merry laughter.

So the child and the brook ran on together, laughing and singing, till the child paused to rest. Seeing the large, flat stone where the fern grew, he sat down and looked around in delight on the many bright flowers: "I will gather a great bouquet and carry it to sister." And he smiled brightly at the thought, but the tears came as he added softly: "It will be a long time before she will be strong enough to come out by the brook and gather flowers herself. The winter will soon come with snow, and then all these beautiful flowers will be gone." So he gathered them into a great bouquet, and tying them with some long grasses that grew in the water, he laid them on the stone, and then stooped down by the fern. "And I must gather you, too, beautiful fern, for my sister will say that you are even more lovely than the flowers." The fern trembled. She had long been silent, but now she confided her wish to the heart of the child, even that she might leave some impress of herself in the world. He looked at the beautiful shadow on the stone and then ran down to the brook. The fern thought sadly that he could do nothing to help her, but all the while he was looking among the pebbles of the brook till he found a small, red keil. With this he carefully traced the shadow

on the smooth stone. "This drawing will last for a time," he said to the fern, "but the snows of winter and the spring rains will finally wash it away. But I will carry you to my sister, and she may tell you how your wish may be satisfied."

So the fern was quite content to be carried in the hands of the happy child. As he hastened away, the brook sang a parting song:

Run, dear child, with dancing feet,  
Carry fern and flowers sweet.  
Take thy gift to one who lies  
Watching thee with loving eyes  
From her couch of lingering pain,  
Longing to be free again.  
Follow, follow, follow after,  
Happy song and merry laughter.

It was a new experience to the fern to stand in a vase by the side of the little girl, who never tired of looking at its delicate fronds and who never forgot to have fresh water put in the vase every morning. The brook flowed by the cottage, and from it the child brought water each morning for his sister's fern.

One morning, as the little girl slept, the fern whispered to the water in the vase: "You have left the happy brook to refresh me and I am grateful, but you are quiet and sad. Is it because you miss the wild, free life of the brook?"

"I am not sad," said the water. "I will return to the brook. The kind sun will send down a sunbeam, and it will carry me up to the clouds. Then the wind will blow us together, and we will come down in a shower. The brook and the flowers will drink the rain, so some time I will again go laughing and singing over the pebbles." This was a new thought to the fern.

The little girl stirred in her sleep, and the fern whispered to herself: "She grows stronger every day, while I am fading. Soon she will run and play with her brother by the brook, and I will be quite forgotten."

But in her sleep the little girl heard the whispered regret of the fern, and thought of it all that day. So the next morning she said to her brother: "Give me the fern." He placed it in her hand. Holding it very gently, she said: "The fern has indeed faded and is now quite wilted, but I will never forget its beauty. I will never forget that it has made so many lonely days brighter and happier."

Then the fern knew that to leave one's image on another's heart is better to leave it in stone; that to gladden another's life, and so be remembered, is truly to live on. Through the open window came the song of the brook:

Follow, follow, follow after,  
Happy song and merry laughter.  
Children's hearts have summer weather;  
Flower and fern will grow together;  
Frost has there no power to enter,  
Heart of children knows no winter.  
Follow, follow, follow after,  
Happy song and merry laughter.

—Zion's Herald.

## THE CAGED EAGLE.

A MAN had a young eagle. He had caught it when it was young, alive and unwounded, and had kept it and fed it and brought it up and tamed it as far as it could be tamed. He had kept it shut in and domesticated. But he was going to emigrate to the other side of the world, and he thought where he would bestow his eagle. There was no use in taking it away. And then he thought, well, I will bestow it upon no one. I will give the eagle its freedom; and he opened the hen-house where he kept the eagle—oh, there is a kind of sermon in it; there are a lot of eagles living in hen-houses—he opened it and he took the bird up and set it in his back garden, and to his great disappointment, it did not fly. It went about, very likely enjoying the wee bit bigger walk than it had, but it did not fly, so he actually lifted it, and put it upon the garden wall, and it looked down and he began to be a little sad and sorry, and wished that he could have talked to the bird, and told it what the poet said about it, and how it is the symbol of freedom and power to soar into the very eye of the sun. But suddenly, he said, a cloud that had been

there passed away, and a burst of warm, bright light came out, and the eagle looked up. Could it remember the days of its youth? It gathered itself together, and lifted up one wing, and stretched it out, and it lifted up the other, and then with a scream away it went, and it was soon a mere mote far away in the blue heavens. This is what faith does to the soul that gets quick touch with God. All the chains are broken. The prison door is opened, and every one's bands are loosed. "They that wait on the Lord mount up with wings as eagles."

## SINGING SAND.

THERE are a few beaches in the world on which are found "singing sands;" so called because of a prolonged musical sound heard when walking through the sand or stirring it with a stick. One of the best known beaches where the phenomenon occurs is at Manchester, about twenty-five miles from Boston. Another place is on one of the Hebrides Islands. Some of the sands were sent to an American scientist last year for examination. One portion was sealed in bottles, and another sent in bags. The latter lost their peculiar properties, but the former sang sweetly on being stirred. No satisfactory cause for the curious sound has yet been discovered. One peculiarity of these musical beaches is that they occur in comparatively small patches, and the sound is not always of uniform loudness. It is said that along the shore of the Caribbean Sea there is a place where a disturbance of the sands makes a noise like the barking of a dog.



Epworth League.

## JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

November 3, 1895.

PURE THOUGHTS AND DEEDS.—Exodus 20. 14.

Crimes and all manner of wickedness have their origin in the heart, out of which "proceed evil thoughts," etc. (Matt. 15. 19.) The prayer, "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit," is a suitable prayer to offer at all times. Every means should be adopted to avoid impure thoughts. Obscene pictures should never be looked upon. Persons who attend theatres are sure to see many objects which are of an immoral tendency, hence those who wish to preserve purity of heart should never attend such places. Books and periodicals which tend to impure thoughts should never be read. Book-stands often contain books of this class which do immense harm to young people. Immodest actions and indecent conversation should never be indulged in, for the tendency of both is only evil. In some instances the fashions of dress are productive of evil. John B. Gough testifies that the wicked scenes which he beheld in the earlier part of his life often came into his mind in the after years and were the cause of much misery to him. We have need to pray with the Psalmist, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity." (Psalm 119. 37.) No matter how much we may be tempted with evil thoughts, we do not commit any sin until we yield to them. The best of persons are tempted as Christ was, but yield not temptation, for yielding is sin.

WHILE John Vassar was a liquor seller, nobody thought he was a fanatic in pressing his business, but when he became a Christian, and his one thought was to win men to Christ, they pronounced him a fool. The politician who talks nothing but politics, the lawyer whose mind is absorbed by law, the merchant who thinks of little besides merchandise, is commended by the world, but let a Christian have only one thought, and that for Christ, and make that prominent, he is put down as a fanatic. May God fill our churches with just such fanatical men, men who are not ashamed to carry their hope and the promise on which it is based into any circle, and contend for the faith once for all delivered to the saints, among any company!

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1895.

## THE FABLE OF THE FERN.

BY MRS. FAY M. NEWLAND.

A FERN grew by a little brook. Close to the fern lay a smooth, large stone. Not far away stood a stately tree, and thick among the grass grew violets, daisies, and sweet, woody things; while over all arched the blue summer sky. It was a happy life the fern lived, for she loved the brook, the stately tree, and all her happy neighbours. The brook was always full of talk and laughter and music, but close to where the fern grew was a deep, quiet pool where she could always see a perfect reflection of herself. A tall, white lily grew in the pool and was her dearest friend. They often whispered together.

"What a strange creature is this brook!" said the fern one day, nodding her head wisely to the lily. "He is always running away and always coming again. Such a giddy gossip as he is, too, always talking and laughing and never serious for a moment."

Just then the wind stirred the quiet pool where the lily grew and woke up some little waves, and they ran out into the very middle of the stream and told what the fern had said. On this the brook laughed louder than ever, while he sang over the pebbles:

Flowing, flowing, flowing ever,  
Coming, going, staying never!  
You will go, but ne'er return,  
Happy, careless, fleeting fern.  
You will go, but come back never;  
I will come and go forever.







## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

By a natural impulse, when the time comes, the birds from the South or North are on the move homeward again. A writer says: "How I sympathize with them, especially in the autumn, when they have to move. Some go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the tablelands of Mexico; but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written in the pictorial volume of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire-crested wren, or a plover, or a red-legged partridge, but expects to spend every winter at the South; and after thousands of miles of flight they stop in the same tree where they spent the previous January. In every autumn let them strew the continent with music."

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!  
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?

—"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,  
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,  
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,  
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept o'er the cities in song renowned,  
Silent they lie with the deserts round!  
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled,  
All dark with the warrior blood of old;  
And each worn wing hath regained its home,  
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have you found in the monarch's dome,  
Since last we traversed the blue sea's foam?  
—"We have found a change, we have found a pall,  
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet hall,  
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,  
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so;  
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go,  
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,  
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep,—  
Say, what have you found in the peasant's cot,  
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

—"A change we have found there—and many a change!  
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!  
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,  
And the young that were have a brow of care,  
And the place is hushed where the children played;  
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,  
Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth!  
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air,  
Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair?  
Ye over desert and deep have passed,  
So may we reach our sweet home at last.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1120.] LESSON V. [Nov. 3.

SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

1 Sam. 7. 5-15. Memory verses, 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—  
1 Sam. 7. 12.

## OUTLINE.

1. Penitence, v. 5, 6.
2. Prayer, v. 7-9.
3. Power, v. 10-15.

TIME.—B.C. 1120.

PLACE.—Mizpeh, in the tribe of Benjamin.

RULER.—Samuel; probably the only one of all the "judges" whose control extended over most of the land. He was one of the purest and wisest rulers this world has ever seen.

## INTRODUCTORY.

Samuel was still a young man. As soon as he found the reins of the nation in his hands he sought to bring about a great reformation. He first urged a revival of personal religion; then gathered a public assembly.

## HOME READINGS.

M. Samuel the judge.—1 Sam. 7. 5-15.  
Tu. An upright judge.—1 Sam. 12. 1-5.  
W. Daniel's intercession.—Dan. 9. 8-19.  
Th. Prayer answered.—Psalm 99.  
F. Remembering God.—Psalm 20.  
S. God's compassion.—Joel 2. 12-17.  
Su. Prayer for others.—1 Tim. 2. 1-8.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Penitence, v. 5, 6.
  - What gathering occurred at Mizpeh, and for what purpose?
  - What acts of penitence did the people perform?
  - What confession did they make?
  - What is promised to the true penitent? Prov. 28. 13.
2. Prayer, v. 7-9.
  - Who heard of the gathering at Mizpeh, and what did they do?
  - How did this movement affect the Israelites?
  - What appeal did they make to Samuel?
  - What offering did Samuel make?
  - To whom did he cry, and with what effect?
  - What gracious promise of answer does the Lord give? Isa. 65. 24.
3. Power, 10-15.
  - What danger threatened as Samuel sacrificed?
  - Whose power saved Israel, and how?
  - How far did Israel pursue the Philistines?
  - What memorial of victory did Samuel set up?
  - What did the memorial mean? (Golden Text.)
  - How long had Israel rest from the Philistines?
  - What cities were restored to Israel?
  - With what people had Israel peace?
  - How long did Samuel judge Israel?

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—  
1. That God demands penitence?  
2. That God hears prayer?  
3. That God defends his people?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what did Samuel gather the people to Mizpeh? For a service of confession.
2. What was the great lesson which in substance Samuel here taught them? "Cease to do evil; learn to do well."
3. What was the result of this new consecration? A victory for Israel.
4. In what words did Samuel recognize this divine help? Golden Text: "Hitherto hath the Lord," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The efficiency of prayer.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is worship?  
The service of adoration, praise, thanksgiving and prayer, which intelligent creatures owe to God.

What do you mean by adoration and praise?  
The reverent acknowledgment of the Divine majesty and perfections and works.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOME, AL,  
TORONTO.

## A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY MISS S. M. IVES.

I REMEMBER reading some years ago, "Tis sad to see a man suffer, sadder still a woman, but saddest of all a child." This sentiment struck me at the time as being wonderfully true, and has since been confirmed in my own experience.

For nearly twenty months I was engaged

in hospital nursing at the Sick Children's Hospital, and do not hesitate to say they were the happiest months of my life, although my school and college days are full of bright remembrances.

In merely visiting a children's hospital one is apt to go away feeling depressed and saddened by the sights and sounds seen and heard there, and knowing but little of the bright side of the picture. Therefore, we will for a few minutes take a "peep behind the scenes" into some of the real joys of a nurse's life.

Can any one help loving children? Their freshness, their innocence, and their very dependence upon us call forth our love in no small degree. And if this be true of those who are full of life and health, how much more so of those who (alas, too often through the sin and carelessness of those to whom they owe their very being) are forced to spend long hours in weary pain and suffering. Without this love I am convinced that it would be almost impossible for a nurse to perform the many trying duties which fall to her lot; duties which none but those who have passed through the mill (as the saying is) know anything about.

Imagine a pleasant, airy ward, the walls prettily decorated with pictures and mottoes, and ranging round the room the cots and beds of the little patients. It is seven a.m., and as I enter the room to commence the duties of the day I am greeted with "Oh, nurse, come and kiss me first." "No, me first, nurse," from all sides, and so I move from bed to bed complying with this request, and feeling so many pairs of loving little arms around my neck I assure you I am amply repaid for all the fatigue and care which I know will come during the day. At 8 a.m. our little ones are ready for breakfast, looking as fresh and bright as daisies, as with folded hands and shut eyes they all join in singing, "We thank thee, Lord, for this our food," etc., and even those who are too ill to want breakfast like to "help the others sing." After breakfast come prayers, and then to the work of the morning.

Come and watch this first dressing, one of the most painful in the ward. As we bend over our little Bertie, striving to be as gentle and painless in our work as possible, what do we hear her saying? "Nurse, I don't fink it will be so very bad to-day, do you? 'cos I asked God not to let it be;" and God who cares for the sparrows hears his little one's cry, and gives her strength to bear it.

Let us glance at the next bed a moment or two whilst little Cora is getting her ear dressed. And although we can see by her face the intense pain she is suffering, there is not a sound of murmuring, and when it is all over all she wants is "to lie in nurse's arms and forget the pain."

Now, can you spare a moment or two to come with me into the boys' ward, and as you stand by little Arthur's bed and look at his white, wan face, almost convulsed with pain, you will hear him say, "I am going to try and bear it without crying to-day, nurse, because I know it hurts you so when I cry."

And so the morning quickly passes away. Dinner is served at one o'clock, commenced and ended with the hymn of thanksgiving, and then our little ones in their pretty red and white jackets giving themselves up to the enjoyment of the afternoon with their toys and picture books. This afternoon a little girl is brought in looking the very picture of misery and distress, and when I have carefully tended to her wants and placed her in the pretty green cot with its snowy quilt, her wee, wan face brightens as her eyes wander round the room and seem to feast on the pictures and toys. And bending over her I say, "Is it nice in here, Maudie?" "Oh, yes," she says, "may I stop here always?" and I could but echo that "always," and pray that it might be so, knowing the home from whence she had just been brought.

The afternoon wears away until the teabell rings at 5 o'clock, and by 6.30 the duties for the day are all finished and the bairnies comfortably settled for the night, waiting for what, to both nurse and children, is the sweetest time of all the day, "the singing time." And as I turn from the organ with the quennan, "What shall



it be first, children?" the requests are so numerous that we have to take each one in turn. Then, hark! as through the hush and stillness of the ward there rise from the lips of each little one, with folded hands and closed eyes, the sweet words of the evening hymn,

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless thy little lamb to-night,  
Through the darkness be thou near me,  
Keep me safe till morning light," etc.,

none knowing ere the coming morrow shall dawn which "little lamb" may be gathered by the "tender Shepherd" into the everlasting fold, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

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