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THE PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1889.

[No. 21.]

BURIAL IN THE CATACOMBS.

OUR picture gives us a very vivid illustration of a scene which must have been very common in the early Christian centuries. Possibly the dead man may have been a Christian martyr whose body was brought by stealth, at dead of night, from the place of martyrdom to the quiet resting-place of the holy dead in the underground catacombs.

These were vast excavations, consisting of long corridors and chambers, sometimes three or four stories, one beneath the other, and lined on either side with the graves of the dead in Christ. Here the early Christians gathered for worship and for prayer, and sometimes for refuge; but even here they were often followed by their persecutors, and their place of refuge became their sepulchre. The present writer has told the story of those early days in a couple of volumes to which he refers those who wish to know more about these strange structures. They are entitled "The Testimony of the Catacombs," and "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs." Both are for sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

SELF-CONCEITED JOE.

"If I were a man I'd buy that horse, you'd see! I'd make him mind!" And little Joe threw up his hands and nodded his head, as if he thought himself wiser than everybody else. What a silly little fellow he was, to be sure! Father ought to know best, but Joe thought he knew better than father.

You see, a horse-jockey had a very vicious horse for sale, and he went out among the farmers to try and find a purchaser. Joe's father knew enough about horses to see at once that the horse had a bad temper, and was vicious and unmanageable. Joe was such a self-conceited little chap that he thought even if no one else could manage the horse he could. The horse-jockey thought that if he could get Joe to mount the horse and ride him once or twice through the street, perhaps he might induce some one to think that the animal was gentle. He

therefore beckoned Joe to follow him; and when out of his father's sight, he said: "You are a brave lad. Wouldn't you like to have a ride?" Of course Joe would like nothing better. "Now sit still. Don't jerk on the lines. Don't keep kicking against his sides with your heel. Just sit perfectly quiet, and go once or twice up and down the street, and don't try to make him go fast."

screamed, "Whoa! whoa! whoa!" It was of no use. He held on with both arms around the horse's neck: the farther he went, the faster. Poor Joe! You could not help pitying him, to hear how he screamed. All his vain-boasting, his bragging, wilful ways, his self-conceit, could not help him now. He cried again like a baby. Poor Joe! poor Joe! poor Joe!

The horse ran for nearly three miles, and then turned into the stable of his owner and halted there. One of the stable-boys ran and lifted Joe down, but he was weak from fright and exhaustion, and he could scarcely walk. He was dreadfully bruised, and felt sick and weak, so that he was obliged to lie down on the straw. The stable-boy said he was "real plucky;" but he did not feel elated at the remark, for he felt that it was hard-earned praise.

Do you know what the Bible says about such conceited people? "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him" (Proverbs xxvi. 12). "The way of a fool is right in his own eyes; but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise" (Proverbs xii. 15).—*Children's Friend.*

A STRANGE MIRROR.

THE old city of Rouen, in France, has a pretty sight that is worth describing to your crowd of young folk. The little men and maids are fond of looking-glasses, I know; but I doubt if they all have heard of the queer one of which I shall now tell them. Near the west

door of the church of St. Ouen, in this city of Rouen, is a marble basin filled with water. It is so placed that the water acts as a mirror, and in the face of it one sees all the inside of the church. Look down into the water, and you see pillars, and the ceiling, and pictures and statuary, and nearly all the interior ornamentation of the building.

The stately basin seems to take pride in holding its beautiful picture of the church. I wish you and all your hearers could see it.



EARLY CHRISTIAN BURIAL IN THE CATACOMBS.

That was the instruction the horse-trader gave.

When the boys saw Joe on horseback they began to hurrah. This pleased the vain boy, and he thought that if he could get the horse to go a little faster they would see how smart he was. He therefore began to kick the horse and to whip him with the end of the lines.

That was enough. Away went the horse. Joe could hardly catch his breath. Over the rough pavement, over the bridge, beyond the factories, past the railroad station. On, on, on. Joe

A Mother's Story.

ONE died "on the field of honour,"
Before Shiloh's murderous fire;
And he's lying low where the flowers blow,
By the side of his long-dead sire.

My other, my fair-browed Benjamin,
Too young for that long, grim fight,
Remained at home by his mother's side,
And I tried to raise him right.

But the men of our little hamlet—
They were godly men and true—
Took a fee from a tavern-keeper,
For all we mothers could do.

They said the money would help them
To lay new pavements down;
And it did, but the bricks were set in blood,
All round and through the town.

And Benjamin, last of his mother's four,
Went into the place one night,
And they gave him drink, and led him to play,
And he felt it must be right.

For the village fathers had blessed the place,
And their wise permit to sell
Was nailed up, writ in good round hand,
Where the lamp-light on it fell.

And night by night, and day by day,
My Benjamin went and came:
His eyes took on a glaring look,
And his face a look of shame.

I tried to warn, and I tried to save,
But he laughed all my fears away;
And said the good men knew what was best
When they took the saloon-man's way.

I even went to the wise men,
Who ruled our little town,
And told the curse their license act
On our hearts was bringing down.

But they laughed at me for a woman,
Who knew no business ways;
I told 'em I only knew my boy,
And wanted him all my days.

They said there was no such danger,
As my fond heart pictured out,
And that they were able to run the town,
And wanted no woman about.

I told 'em they'd better have women,
Than men who could not understand
That a license to sell meant sorrow and crime,
By the written law of the land.

They laughed, and called me a foolish soul,
Though they could see the big tears start;
They could not feel as a mother feels,
With a wearing pain in her heart.

And at last it came, as I knew it would,
A night when my boy, drink-wild
Was carried home; and on my breast—
Where he lay when a little child—

He rested for just a moment,
And then, with a maniac shout,
He tore himself from his mother's arms,
And his ruined life went out.

"Woe unto him who giveth drink
To his neighbour," said our God;
And the wise men of our village,
Will have to bow to the rod.

For had they not taken dollars
From the man who wanted to sell,
He could never have put the bottle
To the lips I loved so well.

They nerved his arm with the license,
To hand the bottle around,
And it rested against my boy's lips—
And he's lying under the ground.

One died "on the field of honour,"
With Lincoln and Grant he'll stand
In the grand review of the judgment day,
Far up in the better land.

The other, my fair-browed Benjamin,
Must go to a drunkard's place,
Where the men who for dollars sold him to death,
Will meet him face to face.

BOYS. KEEP AWAY FROM THE SMOKING-CAR.

BY LUCY M. ANDERSON.

ABOUT two weeks ago, at the third Annual Convention of the W. C. T. U. for Halton and Peel counties, the Public School inspector for the former county accosted me thus: "How do you do? I am glad to have this opportunity of congratulating you on the war you were waging with tobacco last winter."

"Thank you very much. I suppose you were in sympathy with me then?"

"Certainly! I was with you in every particular."

After speaking of this a few minutes, he said: "On my customary visits around the different schools I became very much attached to two young boys. They left school after awhile, and I had heard nothing of either of them for some time, until one morning the door bell rang. My little girl answering the door gave the caller a chair, then came and told me that a young man wished to see me. I hurried down to the drawing-room, and imagine my delight and surprise at recognizing the younger of these two boys—no longer a boy, but a tall, fine-looking young man. We talked away for some time, then I proposed that we should go for a drive. The proposal meeting the young man's approval, I went to get my coat and hat. In the hall I met my little girl, "Where are you going, papa?" she asked.

"Out for a drive."

"With whom?"

"The young gentleman caller."

"Well, I wouldn't, if I were you."

"Why, dear?"

"Because he smokes. When I opened the door and told him to walk in, he smelt so strong of tobacco I could hardly stand it."

"I will see about it, my dear," I said, and hurried for the horse and buggy. We drove for some distance before I could detect the least odor of tobacco upon him. I did not want to believe that he smoked, because I thought so much of him, but I was determined to find out, so I said, "My friend, I am going to ask you a question, will you give me a truthful answer?"

"If I can," he replied.

"Well, you most certainly can."

"Then I will."

"Do you smoke or use tobacco in any form?"

He looked so astonished that I was sorry for the moment I had asked him, then his answer came, and as he spoke I knew he was telling me the truth.

"No," said he, "I do not."

"Have you ever?"

"Never! I know nothing of the taste of tobacco whatever."

After receiving my congratulations for his past, and good wishes for his future good sense and behaviour, he said, "Now it is my turn to ask you a question."

I told him I should be happy to return his compliment.

"Then, upon what foundation was your question built?"

I told him of the conversation I had with my little girl previous to starting out for our drive.

"Oh!" he said, "I can easily account for her mistake. Two of my old companions were on the train with me. I had not seen either for a long time, so naturally wanted to have a talk with them. The only place they cared to sit was in the smoking-car, and of course I remained there with them. This is the only explanation I can give."

"It is quite sufficient, my young friend." I understand now. Can you not understand also, boys? If you can take the hint, think about it,

pray about it, and act upon it, and you will be better and wiser than those of your number who make mockery at such things. Does it not stand to reason that tobacco smoke is bad company, when you cannot be in its presence a short time without carrying away the taint of it? And would you like those who love you to form bad opinions of you simply because you were associated with it? Certainly not. Then, whenever you are tempted to sit with a friend in the smoking-car, remember the words of the good old Scriptures, and "shun the very appearance of evil."

THE BOY WHO TRIED.

MANY years ago a boy lived in the west of England. He was poor. One day during the play hour, he did not go forth with the other lads to sport, but sat under a tree by a little brook.

He put his head upon his hand and began thinking. What about? He said to himself:

"How strange it is! All this land used to belong to our family. Yonder fields, and that house and all the houses round, were once ours. Now we don't own any of this land, and the houses are not ours any longer. Oh, if I could but get all the property back!" He then whispered two words—"I'll try."

He went back to school that afternoon to begin to try. He was soon removed to a superior school where he did the same. By-and-by he entered the army, and eventually went to India as an officer. His abilities, but still more his energy and determination, secured promotion. He became a man of mark.

At length he rose to the highest post which a person could occupy in that land—he was made governor-general. In twenty years he came back to England and bought all the property which had once belonged to his family.

The poor West-of-England boy had become the renowned Warren Hastings.—Selected.

STORY OF A WISE MONKEY.

"IN my youth I had a friend who had a monkey. We always took him out on our chestnut parties. He shook all our chestnuts for us.

"One day my friend stopped at a tavern and gave Jack about half a glass of whiskey. Jack took the glass and drank its contents, the effects of which soon set him skipping, hopping, and dancing. Jack was drunk. We agreed to come to the tavern the next day, and see if Jack would drink again.

"I called in the morning at my friend's house; but instead of being as usual on his box, Jack was not to be seen. We looked inside, and there he was, crouched up in a heap. 'Come,' said his master. Jack came out on three legs, applying his fore-paw to his head. Jack had the headache. He was sick and couldn't go. So we put it off three days. We then met again at the tavern and provided a glass for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind chairs. 'Come here, Jack,' said his master, holding the glass out to him. Jack retreated, and as the door opened he slipped out, and in a moment was on the top of the house.

"His master called him down. Jack refused to obey. My friend got a whip and shook it at him. The monkey continued on the ridge pole. His master got a gun and pointed it at him. Jack slipped over to the back of the building. He then got two guns, and had one pointed on each side of the house, when the monkey jumped upon the chimney, and got down in one of the flues, and held on by his fore-paws. My friend kept that monkey twelve years afterwards, but never asked him again to taste whiskey.—Exchange.

"He Careth for You."

BY ELLA A. SMALL.

Is it true the Master careth,
That he cares for each and all,
That his love in infiniteness,
Extendeth to great and small?
Is his pity everlasting,
Does it reach the whole earth o'er,
From the kingdom of the Orient
To the farthest western shore?

Is it true the Master careth
For his children, every one?
Was it a pledge of love sublime,
In giving to earth his Son?
Will his mercy last through ages,
Unchanged as the years roll by?
Can it be he still remembers
"The young ravens when they cry?"

Is it true the Master careth?
Can we say that we are sure
That no earthly love compareth
With his love so strong and pure?
Oh, answer, my heart, and tell me,
Will his goodness endure for aye?
May I trust his love eternal,
Though all else shall pass away?

Yes, it is true that he careth,
My heart in gladness replies;
His love is as deep as the ocean,
And reacheth unto the skies.
Oh, yes! I am sure he careth,
And I know that it is true,
For my faith hath spanned the promise
That says, "He careth for you."

It is true the Master careth,
And our lives to him belong;
He will make them, if we trust him,
An unending triumph-song.
It is true the Master careth;
Write it in letters of gold,
O soul of mine, for "he careth"—
His love will never grow cold.

CRACKING ICE.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

"MOTHER wants some more cracked ice," said Benny Holt, coming out of the sitting-room where his mother lay on the lounge suffering from a sore throat and feverish cold.

"Well," said Nell, who was busy doing double work in the kitchen, "you take this stout towel and go out to the shed and crack some."

"How do you crack ice?" asked Elsie Noble, who had run in for a few minutes' chat with her friend.

"We put a good-sized piece into a stout cloth, and pound it with a hammer or mallet till it is crushed in pieces, and then fill a plate so Ben can give it to mother as she wants it," said Nell, promptly, feeling that this time she could really give some information to her bright friend Elsie, who so often had been the one to impart new ideas to her.

"I heard of another way not long ago," said Elsie, "and I have tried it myself, so I know it can really be done. You can crack ice with a pin!"

"With a pin!" exclaimed Nell, incredulously. "Yes, with a pin! A good strong pin like a shawl-pin is best if the ice is thick. Press the point down firmly on the ice at the spot where you want it to crack, and as the pin sinks in, the ice will crack and split off at that very place. So you can get just what you want, a little piece or a big piece each time."

"Ben, Ben!" called Nell, from the window, "don't pound that ice just yet. Bring it here first."

Ben brought in a good-sized, irregularly-shaped lump, and Nell, taking a pin, pressed it firmly down on a corner where the ice was about an inch

thick. Almost on the instant there was a little snapping sound, and the piece fell off. Then she tried it where the ice was twice as thick, with the same result.

"You do beat all, Elsie Noble!" she exclaimed, "I would not believe it if I did not see it for myself, with my own eyes."

"Yes, it is wonderful," said Elsie, modestly.

"There, Ben," directed Nell, "take this ice and this long pin right into the other room. You can read your new book while you sit there by mother, and every time she wants ice you can crack off a bit and give it to her. It will last ever so much longer than if it were all crumbled up into little pieces to begin with."

TO BOYS CONCERNING BUSINESS.

BE on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers, and to all in authority over you, and be polite to every one; politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting on in the world. And above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body; who falls into no bad habits; who is honest, truthful and industrious; who remembers with grateful love his father and mother; and who does not grow away from his church and Sabbath school, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honor, truth, and industry are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have money to pay for it, and do not buy what you can pay for but do not need. Shun billiard saloons, and bad company, and be careful how you spend the evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books, friends ever true, and full of cheer in time of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty and industry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.—*Selected.*

BOYS WHO SUCCEED.

THIRTY years ago Mr. H—, a nurseryman in New York State, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather, and not a season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse, and went into the kitchen of a farm-house where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr H—at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week."

The other boy, Jim, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery examining the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jim," his father, greatly pleased, said to him on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jim, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterward these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with but two or three hundred dollars each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He worked hard, but is still a

poor, discontented man. Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years, and with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house, and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the State.

"I might have done like Jim, his brother said lately, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it. There's not enough yeast in it." The retort, though disagreeable, was true. The quick, wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character, is partly natural. But it can be inculcated by parents and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open, and act promptly and boldly in every emergency.—*Springfield Republican.*

DAN'S FAIR START.

DAN did not look as if he had ever had very many fair starts in anything. He was born in a cellar, and had taken care of himself ever since he could remember. He had been kicked and cuffed and scolded until he regarded every one as his natural enemy. When he was hungry there were plenty of places where he could "help himself;" he never called it "stealing." At the very moment when he made the most important decision of his life he had on a coat stolen from a dealer in second-hand clothing. His decision was nothing more nor less than a resolve to "make a man of himself," as he expressed it. Some one had told him the story of President Garfield, and it had fired his ambition.

"I don't suppose I shall ever be president," he said to himself, "but I can be somebody decent, and not a loafer all my life. I wonder how I'd better begin? Go to work, I guess, the first thing, and earn an honest living and some good clothes. Why, hello! the coat I've got on this very minute don't belong to me. That isn't a very good beginning. But then I've hooked lots of things before; guess I'll let this go. I'll have to steal my dinner, though, if I don't get a job pretty soon. No, I won't, either; I'll go hungry first. There, Dan Jones, you're really beginning to talk like a man. Shouldn't be surprised if you got to be one some day."

Just then he saw a gentleman carrying a heavy satchel: "Carry your baggage, sir?"

"Yes, I'll give you a quarter to take it to the Central Hotel."

"All right, sir! Saving five cents for his dinner, he invested the rest of his small capital in papers. When they were all sold, late in the afternoon, he stood watching some workmen laying the foundation for a building. As he noted the large stones and the care with which they were placed, he thought, "That's just what I want—a fair start, a good, solid foundation to build on. It's going to be pretty hard work. I know what I'll do, I'll save money to pay for this coat; it was marked a dollar and a half. It will take me a good while, and I'll have to keep at it; so by the time it's done I shall get used to being honest."

Dan kept his word, and before long he found his way into a Sunday-school, where he learned the very best foundation of all for a noble life.

LITTLE Cora heard an older person remark that some one who was in trouble "was in a pickle." Shortly afterward her little brother attempted some difficult feat. "Oh, you mustn't do that," she exclaimed, "or you will be in a cucumber!"

The World's Sunday-School Convention.

Written and recited by MISS M. JESSIE STREET at the above-named Convention.

THE prophets speak, the poets sing, of far-off, golden days,
When round the raptured earth shall ring one triumph-
hymn of praise.

Once, far remote that glorious time; now, more than ever,
near

Since we, from many a distant clime, have met in union
here.

More near! I think we see to-day that splendid reign
begun,

When all earth's kingdoms shall obey, as Lord and Christ,
God's Son,

When to the heaven that smiles above one deathless strain
shall soar—

"Glory and honour, praise and love, to Jesus evermore."

For lo, the song we raise to-day shall swell but never cease,
The joy that gilds our homeward way shall change, but to
increase;

The hands that joined to part are knit in spirit-clasp for
aye,

And one in aim, and one in heart, are we, eternally!

And now, to every zone we turn, to toil in many lands;
But with new faith and love we burn, new courage nerves
our hands.

Here, it has been our wondrous lot to find a heaven below,
Henceforth, about us each a spot of Paradise shall grow.

So, though *this* World's Convention end, a grander one
shall meet,

When we and all the saved ascend to worship at Christ's
feet.

A great, innumerable throng, of every tribe and tongue,
Whose fervent lips repeat the song that first on earth they
sung.

We join that song, we speed that hour, our yearning praise
ascends—

Now, unto JESUS, glory, power, worship that never ends!

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1889.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK IN CANADA.

THE World's Sunday-School Convention held in London, in July, was a very notable gathering, embracing nearly nine hundred delegates from many remote parts of Christendom. Much social attention was given these foreign visitors, including a reception at the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, and a garden party at Dullis Hill, the country house of the Earl of Aberdeen. The Convention cannot fail to stimulate the cause of Sunday-schools throughout Europe, and to further the adoption of the International System of Sunday-school lessons.

We reprint from the London *Sunday School*

Chronicle the following abridged report of the address on Sunday-school work in Canada.

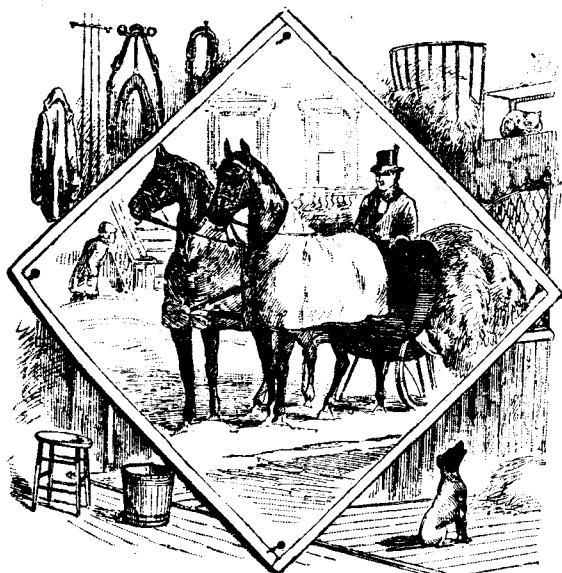
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., in describing Organized Sunday-school Work in Canada, said he greatly wished that the duty of speaking for the Dominion of Canada had fallen to some abler tongue than his, not that he hated one jot of loyalty to his country, or one jot of interest in this great work, but because circumstances over which he had no control prevented him from giving adequate preparation to an address on so great a subject. He had come to this country in charge of a large family of forty-five persons. He never had charge of so large a family before, and as many of them were a good many years his senior, it occupied all his time in looking after them. He expected to have some opportunity on board ship of giving his serious thought to this subject, but unfortunately he was, although "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought"—(laughter)—prevented by that very reason from giving any attention to this matter. (Laughter.) Since he arrived in this tight little island he had been a busier man than ever he had been before, and he hoped up to the last that some better representative would have been selected for this subject. But seeing his name on the programme with the subject opposite it, he could only remember the watchword of one of England's great sailors, which was also their watchword in Canada as well, "That England expects that every man will do his duty," and inadequately though he might, he would endeavour to bring briefly before them some idea of the Sunday-school work in Canada. Illustrating the great extent of Canada, he said that after embarking on ship-board he had sailed a thousand miles before losing sight of its shores. No part of the New World stretched out its arm so far into the sea in greeting to the Old World as his native and beloved Canada. When they remembered that Canada was forty times greater than England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, sixteen times larger than the great Empire of Germany, and that three great empires the size of our Indian empire could be carved out of Canada, they would understand why he shrank back when he was asked to speak for that great Dominion.

Although Canada was in some respects the newest country in the world, it was in other respects the very oldest. Sir Wm Dawson, noted no less for his scientific attainments than for his religious character and Christian activities—(cheers)—if he were here he would tell them that Canada was the oldest country in the world—(laughter)—a great deal older than Great Britain—(laughter)—that it emerged out of the primeval ocean long before Great Britain, and that the oldest rocks in the world were the Laurentian Strata that sprang out of the sea to meet us as we entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He would also satisfy them that the oldest inhabitant of the world was a Canadian, for Sir William Dawson discovered and described him—*Eozoon Canadense* was his name. (Loud laughter.)

It was his profound opinion that nowhere had Sunday-school work won grander trophies, or exhibited greater endeavour than in the Dominion of Canada. Though an alien and a stranger from far over the sea—(cries of "No, no")—he was glad to hear them say that, for as he stood the other day in the grand Westminster Abbey, and laid his hand upon a plinth that had been carved by hands that had mouldered into dust 800 years ago, stranger though he was, he felt he had a part in all the thrilling memories of that great Abbey, and he felt that they had inherited in their new country those grand traditions, those noble principles of the

British constitution on which the foundations of the nationality were based and from which they had never gone back. (Loud cheers.) He was glad to see the bust of a great American poet alongside that of a great English poet. He felt proud to see the bust of Longfellow beside the tomb of Chaucer. He was glad to see the two countries bound together by bonds of love, as they ought always to be, to march onward together for the moral conquest of the world, and the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was his privilege in Canada to be brought into contact with a great many Sunday-school workers all over the Dominion. From all parts of the country; from the mid-ocean island of Newfoundland to the great Pacific island of Vancouver, there came letters to him in connection with his Sunday-school work that touched his eyes with tears, and his heart with sympathy, and he knew that similar letters greeted brethren of the other Churches, and that they were all doing a great work for the Lord and Master through that great land. (Cheers.) All this Sunday-school work was conducted and controlled by two Sunday-school Associations—one in Ontario and one in Quebec. There was one Sunday-school Association there fifty-three years old, which has been in active work all the time. There was also an Association in Ontario, and one for the Eastern Provinces, but he could not say definitely what the Western Associations of the Dominion were doing for they must remember that in Ontario and Quebec they were nearer to England than they were their brethren in the Western Provinces of Canada. He made a tour through some of the Eastern Provinces a year or two ago, and he found at some of their stations that the nearest ministerial neighbour was over 150 miles away. That was but a type of parts of the vast Dominion, and showed the urgent necessity for organization in the carrying on of Sunday-school work. Sunday-school workers were building beacon lights all around the stormy island of Newfoundland, and the peninsula of Nova Scotia far up into the northern wastes of the country away through the region of dense pine forests where they were planting their Sunday-schools and gathering the children together, sometimes in saw mills, sometimes in old barns, wherever they can gather the times they are bringing them up in the admonition and nurture of the Lord. (Loud cheers.)

One of the noblest features about this Sunday-school work is that it is the unpaid work of volunteer service in this grandest of all causes. There is a great army of over half-a-million who are doing their best for the educating and moulding of the young opinion of the Dominion in everything that is wise and beautiful and good, and are succeeding with a degree of success that is marvellous. Go where he might—and he admired the great cities and honoured the great institutions of the Old World—but go where he may, he found a place that seemed to him in all the conditions of higher Christian civilization to be equal to the Province of Ontario and other Provinces in Canada. We have there, it is true, the most consolidated and the most colossal, the most solidly entrenched Romanism that is on the face of the earth; but notwithstanding all that, through the moulding influences of the Sunday-school institutions and other Christian institutions of the country, though he had, he considered, a country which had attracted the attention of other lands as a model of moral and of religious enterprise and energy. Referring to the cordiality and the hospitality with which the foreign delegates had been received at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor, he thought that the City of Toronto, from which he hailed, could be proud of this great city in that respect. He did not know if the Lord Mayor was a Sunday-school teacher,



PROPER WINTER COVERING FOR HORSES.

DESTITUTE WAIF-LIFE IN LONDON.

THE terrible truth of homeless destitution and exposure, portrayed in the realistic picture, receives abundant confirmation from a graphic account which Dr. Barnardo (who is well known in Toronto and elsewhere) gives of his first sad experience of destitute waif-life in London. It is taken from the *Toronto News* of the 28th of January, 1888, and is condensed as follows:—

"I don't live nowheres!"

"Now, my boy, don't try to deceive me. Where do you come from? Where did you sleep last night?"

It was in a building in Stepney, formerly used as a stable for donkeys, but which Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo—then a young medical student at the London Hospital—had transformed into a "ragged school" for the very poorest of the street urchins of East London, that the conversation, from which the above words are taken, took place.

This stable was the cradle of one of the greatest of modern philanthropical institutions—"The East End Juvenile Mission," better known in America and England as "Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Destitute Children." Here it was, on one ever-memorable evening many, many years ago, after the general body of his young scholars had gone home, that Dr. Barnardo noticed, sitting on a bench, a half-starved and nearly naked boy, who had listened quietly throughout the evening. The latter showed no disposition to retire, so Dr. Barnardo said to him, "Come, boy, you had better leave at once, or your mother will be making inquiries for you."

"Please, sir," slowly drawled the lad; "please, sir, let me stop."

"Stop? What for? Indeed I cannot. It's time for you to go home. What do you want to stop for?"

"Please, sir, do let me stop. I won't do no 'arm."

"I can't let you stop. You must go home at once. Your mother will know the other boys have gone, and will wonder where you are."

"I ain't got no mother!"

"But your father, then, will be uneasy. Where is he?"

"I ain't got no father!"

"Nonsense, boy; don't tell me such stories! You say you haven't got a father or mother? Where are your friends, then? Where do you live?"

"I ain't got no friends, and I don't live nowheres."

Further questioning elicited from the boy, who was only ten years of age, that it had been his lot to sleep for many a weary night in empty waggons, cellars, alleys, and other places. Then, for the first time in Dr. Barnardo's life, there came upon him with overwhelming force the following thoughts: Was it possible that, in that great city, there were others also homeless and destitute—as young, as helpless and as ill-prepared to stand the trials of cold, hunger and exposure as the boy before him? He then said:

"Tell me, my boy, are there other poor boys like you in London, without a home or friends?"

"Oh, yes, sir, lots—'eaps on 'em; more'n I could count!"

Dr. Barnardo thought the boy really must be lying; so to put the matter to an immediate test he promised the little fellow to give him a good supper and a warm shelter for the night if he would take him to where some of these poor boys were. The offer was accepted, and after the supper the two sallied forth upon their interesting quest.

Houndsditch was soon reached, and after some little circuitous wandering among its pur-
lieus Dr. Barnardo and the boy stood in front of a dead wall, which barred their further progress.

"Where are they, Jim, my boy?"

"There, sir!"

And, sure enough, there, in every variety of postures—some coiled up like dogs before a fire, some huddled two or three together, others more apart—lay eleven boys! The rags they wore were mere apologies for clothes,

and their ages apparently ranged from nine to fourteen. Of this scene Dr. Barnardo has said: "It was a bitterly cold and dry night, and as the light of the moon fell upon the upturned faces of these poor boys, I, standing there, realized, for that one awful moment, the terrible fact that they were all absolutely homeless and destitute, and were, perhaps, but samples of numbers of others. It seemed as though the hand of God himself had suddenly pulled aside the curtain which concealed from my view the untold miseries of forlorn child-life upon the streets of London!"

"Shall we go to another lay, sir? There's a heap more," said Jim.

But Dr. Barnardo had seen enough. He needed no fresh proof of the truth of the boy's story, nor any new incentive to a life of active effort in behalf of destitute street lads. In a few days he had established a "home"—which has since become famous as the forerunner of many similar institutions in London and elsewhere—for destitute children at Stepney Causeway.—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*



WAIF-LIFE IN LONDON.

When the great International Sunday-school Convention had met in Toronto they found the Mayor of that City, and a majority of the officers of the Corporation all Sunday-school teachers. Their leading men in commercial and civic life were engaged, many of them, in Sunday-school work and in general Christian effort, and the consequence was that their land rejoiced in a better Sabbath than any other land in the world. They had in the City of Toronto 200,000 inhabitants, and not a street car wheel turns on a Sabbath day—(cheers)—not an omnibus starts, and not a drinking house is open—(cheers)—and in building up this Greater Britain of the West on a high plane of Christian intelligence and enterprise, the most important factor, he conceived, was the Sunday-school organizations of the several Churches.

PROPER WINTER COVERING FOR HORSES.

In order to secure this most desirable object, the proper protection for horses, when standing on the streets in winter, the Toronto Humane Society has issued the following on a card:—

"The Humane Society cautions all drivers against the cruelty of leaving horses standing on the streets in cold weather without proper covering. If the offence is persisted in the officer of the Society is instructed to prosecute the party or parties offending."

The following hints and suggestions are from various sources:—

Never put iron or steel bits in a horse's mouth in frosty weather without first warming them. They will take the skin off the horse's tongue.

"Let any one who has the care of a horse these cold, frosty mornings, deliberately grasp in his hand a piece of iron; indeed, let him touch it to the tip of his tongue, and then let him thrust the bit into the mouth of the horse, if he has the heart to do it. The horse is an animal of nervous organization. His mouth is formed of delicate glands and tissues. The temperature of the blood is the same as in the human being, and, as in man, the mouth is the warmest part of the body. Imagine, we repeat, the irritation that it would be to the human being, and if not in the same degree, still the suffering to the animal is very great. And it is not a momentary pain. Food is eaten with difficulty, and the irritation repeated day after day causes loss of appetite and strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause but this. Before India-rubber bits were to be had I used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed with it in freezing weather."—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

LOVING THE LORD'S WAY.

T. R. A.

I WONDER if our little people have all thought of this—that the Lord has a way for each one. He knows just what is best, and he wants every one to obey him, so he can lead them the best way. A bright blue-eyed little girl gave her heart to Jesus, and often testified that she wanted to do the Lord's will all the time. One time an older sister wanted to take her to meeting with her to another town. It was quite a long way from home, but the little girl thought it would be splendid to go with her sister. Her mother said she would think about it first, so the little girl said no more about it for a day or two. The mamma began to think her little girl did not care any more about going. As she came into the room where her mamma and sister were sewing, she watched them sew on her dress, but did not ask whether she could go. Mamma said, "Don't my little girl want to go to the meeting?" "Oh yes!" said she, "if it is best; I have prayed about it, and told the Lord if he thought it best for me to go, to make it so; and if not I would stay at home willingly." Mamma thought if her little girl had such a sweet spirit as that, the meeting would do her good, so she let her go. The little girl shined for Jesus there, and told how she loved Jesus. How good it is to love the Lord's way!

Katie's Question.

"Why do the clovers turn brown, Aunt Sue?
Why did the apple-blossoms fall?
What makes the leaves flutter down, Aunt Sue?
The woodbine grow red on the wall?"

"Summer must pass away, little Kate;
Autumn must come in its stead:
Clover must turn to hay, little Kate,
And fruit comes when flowers are dead.

"The leaves have lived their life, little Kate;
They hurry away to the ground,
To wrap the roots of the dainty flowers,
Till another bright spring comes round."

"But why don't the summer stay, Aunt Sue?
What's the use of frost and snow?
Could not God keep the grass green, Aunt Sue?
And forbid the cold winds to blow?"

"If days were all warm and bright, Aunt Sue,
If rain and snow never fell,
And there was no still dark night, Aunt Sue,
I should like the world twice as well."

"All sun would kill the flowers, little Kate;
Could they speak, they'd gladly tell
How much they loved the showers, little Kate,
And that God doeth all things well.

"They need the rain as much as the sun,—
Each in its turn is best;
And budding, leaving, and blooming done,
They are glad of the winter's rest.

"Rough winds make trees grow strong, little Kate,
The still dark night gives sleep,
And through gloom and storm God guides us on,
As a good shepherd guides his sheep.

"But there is a Land where flowers never fall,
Where no clouds obscure the sky,
And, trusting our Lord, who loves us all,
We shall win it, by and by."

PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FIRE AT THE MILL.

NAT PENDLEBURY kept his watch until his eyes began to ache and his knees grow weary; but still there was nothing to be seen or heard, and he began to think it was only a joke played upon him. At last he could hardly be sure whether his strained eyeballs did not deceive him, but here and there he thought he saw tiny sparks of light dance for a moment and then disappear. But they increased and strengthened, and instead of the deep darkness and the ghostly glimmer of the pale windows, there were flashes of red beams, and a ruddy tinge spreading within the inner rooms of the mill, which could not be seen from the streets without. It sparkled and brightened with a steady growth, and now there was no longer a question as to the evil design of the miscreant, whoever he might be, that had been concealed in the mill.

Once more Nat ran at the door, and set himself with all his strength to burst it open; but the lock, like the bars of the window, was too strongly made to yield to his vain attempts. There was no danger for himself, he knew; for long before the fire could reach his side of the buildings the alarm would have been given, and he would be rescued. But the work of the incendiary was being so skilfully done, that the fire would have gained headway long before it was discovered, and no efforts would avail to save the mill, and probably the buildings adjoining it.

Now, in the increasing light, Nat saw—once or

twice—the dark figure of a man passing and re-passing the brightening windows; and, after a few minutes, which seemed an age to Nat, he could see that he was making his way to the room where the raw cotton—soft as down and inflammable as tinder—was kept. If that were fired, the whole place was doomed.

For another moment or two Nat was held in suspense, and then a strong, clear flame was visible, and the first window was cracked by the heat. With a burst of beautiful and steady blaze, the fire shot up above the roof of the building, and the clouds overhead grew red and lurid with its beams.

There was no longer silence in the quiet streets. Before the flame had burned many minutes, there was the sound of a gathering multitude, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" echoing from mouth to mouth. Then came the rattling of fire-engines, and the thundering at the great gates, until they gave way with a crash. The first men who rushed into the court did not hear Nat's voice begging to be let out; but the door was opened at last by the hand of Banner himself, who had been one of the first policemen attracted by the blaze.

In a few sentences, Nat told him the story of his imprisonment, and pointed out the window at which he had last seen the incendiary. But by this time all the upper story of that side of the mill was in flames, and the casement to which Nat pointed fell in as they looked at it. No doubt the villain, whoever he was, had made good his escape, or might even now be mingling with the crowd, and looking on triumphantly at the mischief he had wrought. So tumultuous had been the rush of people into the court, that without difficulty he could have lost himself in the throng, and so passed by without exciting suspicion.

Nat and Banner were still looking up at the gap where the window had been not a minute before, when a white face—white from the ruddy flush upon every other face—was thrust between them, and they saw Tom standing there with a look of horror in his eyes. He could hardly utter the words with which his parched lips quivered, but with a strong effort he spoke to them at last.

"Father's in the mill!" he said, in a terrified voice. "I saw him at the window yonder only this moment. See there!"

They looked up as he pointed to one of the windows in the topmost story, and there looked down upon the crowd below Haslam's evil face, all lit up in the vivid brightness, until they could see—with an awful distinctness—his teeth clenched over his under lip, and his eyes glaring with terror. He was in the last room of the mill, and the other end, where there was the only outlet, was already in flames. For an instant neither of them could move or speak; but then Banner rushed to where the firemen were working the engines.

"There's a man in the mill!" he shouted; and immediately every face in the crowd was turned toward the window where Haslam stood, and the engines were set to play upon the flames in that story. Almost before one could think of it, a ladder was brought; but the fire in the room underneath was already too strong for any one to venture near their intense fierceness, and it had to be set up at a little distance; while Haslam, in the extremity of his fear, saw nothing of the efforts made to save him.

He ran from window to window, shrieking for help; and every now and then trying to force his way through the flames towards the door, by which there was a bare chance of escape. Unless some one had courage enough to make his way through the suffocating smoke, and the probability of an outburst of fire from the story below, he must in-

evitably perish. But the peril was a great one, and even the firemen hesitated to enter into it.

"Let me go!" cried Tom, forcing his way to the foot of the ladder. "I'm his son, and he is my father! He is my father I tell thee!" he said to the firemen, who would have pushed him back, "and he doesn't love God."

What it was in the boy's white and solemn face, and in the voice with which he spoke, that made every one fall back, and let him take his post of peril, who can tell? Even Nat and Banner stood on one side, watching as he went up nimbly, with his thin hands and naked feet, from round to round of the ladder, his upturned face shining in the lurid light with a strange smile upon it. Haslam saw him too, and stood leaning eagerly at one of the windows to watch his progress, as if too bewildered to see that he could himself reach the ladder by which his son was ascending. The crowd shouted to him, and beckoned; but he leaned upon the window-sill, fascinated and paralyzed.

"God have mercy upon them both!" cried Nat, as Tom was lost to his sight for a moment in the dense smoke from the story below. Just then there was a loud crash heard, and the floor upon which Haslam stood gave way, and fell into the smouldering fire beneath; while the ladder to which Tom was clinging slipped with the falling in of the window, and the boy was hurled down amongst the crowd below. For the father there was no help or deliverance, even though his son had been willing to give his life for him.

"Make way, there!" shouted Banner, pushing his way through the throng; "the lad belongs to me. Oh, Tom! Tom! look up and speak! Don't you know me—Banner and Nat Pendlebury? Look at us, Tom!"

Tom's eyes opened for a moment, and he looked into Banner's face with a look of mingled agony and contentment. But the instant afterwards he was insensible again, and Banner lifted him up tenderly in his arms, and with Nat making way for him, they passed on through the great gates. As they left the burning mill behind them they met Mr. Worthington and Mr. Hope hurrying to it, and Mr. Hope stopped to speak to them.

"A boy injured!" he said. "Was he in the mill? How did he get hurt?"

"It's our Tom," answered Banner, sorrowfully—"Thomas Haslam, sir. His father was in the mill, and he was trying to save him. We're taking him to Pilgrim Street—to Nat Pendlebury's, sir."

"No, no," said Mr. Hope; "you must take him at once to the infirmary. There'll be every care taken of him there, Nat. You must let him go to the infirmary, where there are the best doctors and the best nurses. I'll follow you there, presently myself. Lose no time, Banner. Is he much hurt?"

"He fell from a good height," answered Banner; "but he did not fall on the flags—some of the people caught him. I hope Tom isn't going to die yet awhile. Haslam is dead. He was in the top story, and the floor fell in. It was him that fired the mill, and there's no chance that he's alive. Mr. Hope, I never saw a face look like Tom's when he was trying to save his father!"

By this time a cab had driven up, and Banner, still holding Tom in his arms, took his seat in it, with Nat beside him, and before long they reached the entrance of the infirmary. It is a large pile of buildings, with many windows in it, and in most of them could be seen that soft, subdued light which tells of a room where some malady is being suffered. The illuminated clock in the centre of the building showed that it was still half-an-hour

from midnight—only two hours since Tom was talking to Nat at the door of the mill.

When Banner bore his sad burden into the entrance-hall, he was told that neither the house-surgeon nor the superintendent was gone to bed; and without any delay Tom was carried into the accident-ward, and laid upon one of the beds, which are always in readiness.

As Nat and Banner stood looking sadly upon him, they heard a soft footfall entering the room, and a lady, with a grave and pitiful face, approached the bed, and smoothed back the heavy hair—all singed and scorched by the flames—from Tom's forehead, and sponged the grime and smoke from his face, until he looked almost himself again, except that his eyes were closed, and his lips did not seem to breathe. She spoke to them in a quiet but clear tone, as though she had long learned to lower her voice to the key of a sick room.

"You must leave him to us, now," she said. "The house-surgeon is coming, but you may stay in the porter's room till you hear his report. The boy will have every care taken of him. Are you his father?"

"No, ma'am," answered Nat, to whom she spoke; "but Mr. Banner here and me love him as if he was our son. We'll be glad to stay, if you please."

With slow steps, labouring to make no noise, Nat and Banner trode cautiously through long corridors, on each side of which there were rooms occupied by sleepless sufferers. They had to wait a long time, in growing anxiety, for the report of the surgeon. Both of them almost forgot the fire at the mill, in their intense concern for Tom, except when Banner told the story of his courage that night to the porter, with a choking voice, and with tears in his eyes; while Nat, leaning his head on the table, sobbed and wept like a child.

The report came at last, that no hurt or broken bone could be discovered, but that Tom still remained in a state of unconsciousness, and that they could not see him again before the next day, lest they should disturb the other patients in the same ward. So, with heavy and misgiving hearts, Banner and Nat Pendlebury left the infirmary and retraced their steps to the mill.

The fire was still burning, but not with the same fury as when the flooring of the topmost story had given way. The flames were spending themselves, and the engines set to play on them were gaining steadily, and every quarter of an hour it was evident that the fire was less powerful than before. The crowd of spectators was beginning to thin, as they dropped away, one after another, to return to their homes, and seek the rest which would be necessary for the labours of the coming day. They were talking one to another of Haslam's fate, and comparing this fire with other fires—pronouncing it to be not as bad as they had expected it to be when the first flame shot up into the midnight sky.

Mr. Worthington and Mr. Hope called Nat into the counting-house, and he gave them his account of the whole night, and they agreed that Haslam's sole motive must have been one of revenge.

It was morning before the fire was quite got under, and before the last of the crowd dispersed; and then, with weary steps and a sad face, Nat returned home to his cellar in Pilgrim Street, to make known there the sorrowful events which had happened while Alice and the children had been sleeping peacefully.

(To be continued.)

It is singular how impatient men are with over-praise of others, how patient with over-praise of themselves; and yet the one does them no injury, while the other may be their ruin.

October in the Woods.

How rich the embroidered carpet spread
On either side the common way,
Azure and purple, gold and red,
Russet and white, and green and gray,
With shades between,
Woven with light in looms unseen.

The dandelion's disc of gold,
With lustre decks the meadows green,
And, multiplied a million-fold,
The daisy lights the verdant scene;
The blue mist's plumes
Invite the bees to their perfumes.

A wrinkled ribbon seems the road,
Unspooled from silent hills afar;
Rests, like an angel, lifts the load
And in my path lets down the bar.
And here it brings
A lease of life on healing wings.

Up-floating on the ambient air,
Sweet songs of sacred music rise,
And now a voice distinct in prayer,
Like the lark's hymn, attains the skies,
And the "Amen"
Is echoed from the hills and glen.

The woods a vast cathedral seem,
Its dome the over-arching sky;
The light through trembling branches streams
From open windows lifted high.
Under the firs
Soft shadows shield the worshippers.

"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD!"

"It is well with the child," was a minister's text, as he stood by the side of a little white casket, trying to speak words of comfort to crushed human hearts.

It was a beautiful text, very appropriate for the occasion, and the man of God spoke loving and tenderly, and if words could have carried comfort and consolation to bleeding souls, then the friends of the little child would have felt the heavy burden lifted that was crushing them to the earth.

The sweet child had filled the old home with sunlight for many a day and the parents had worshipped at the only shrine of human purity that is ever found in this world. But the holy dream came to a terrible awakening, for one day the little baby form was brought to them a crushed and mangled thing. A drunken driver had done the deed, and it was very carelessly and cruelly done, too. The young parents were so utterly crushed with grief that they could only weep and moan over the mangled form of the child.

"It is well with the child," the good minister said in a reverent voice, "for little Annie is forever safe in the beautiful city of our God. It is well with the child, but not well with those who are responsible for this awful crime. It is not well with those who in any way sustain the traffic that not only kills the body, but drives the soul an exile from God forever. Little Annie's freed spirit went into the presence of its Maker as pure as the winter snow and as white as the pale lilies and roses that are clasped in her cold, dead fingers."

Little Annie was laid away in her tiny grave in the old church-yard, and for many a day the parents watched over it. Sweet flowers were planted above it, and gently they lent their sweetness and fragrance to beautify the place that was so sacred to those who loved her.

A marble slab was placed above the silent sleeper, with the words of the text engraved upon it. The passing stranger might have thought the inscription, "It is well with the child," a little strange, but not those who knew the story connected with her death.

But the cruel traffic in rum goes on. Little Annie's tragic death did not stay its power for a

single moment. It went on, even in the same community, just the same as it did before, and the very ones who were responsible for her death would keep on in their old ways. The little grave and white marble cross, with its simple words, "Little Annie. It is well with the child," are nothing to them. And the murdered souls that they have helped to send into eternity are nothing to them, and the traffic goes on.

Autumn Fashions.

The maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green, She knew that she had grown, of late, too shabby to be seen!

The oak and beech and chestnut then deplored their shabbiness, And all, except the hemlock sad, were wild to change their dress.

"For fashion-plates we'll take the flowers," the rustling maple said,

"And, like the tulip, I'll be clothed in splendid gold and red."

"The cheerful sunflower suits me best," the lightsome beech replied;

"The marigold my choice shall be," the chestnut spoke with pride.

The sturdy oak took time to think—"I hate such glaring hues;

"The gillyflowers, so dark and rich, I for my model choose."

So every tree in all the grove, except the hemlock sad, According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was clad.

And here they stand through all the soft and bright October days;

They wished to be like flowers—indeed, they look like huge bouquets!—*Wide Awake.*

DON'T SNUB.

SNUBBING is a poor business, anyway. You and I never mean to do it, I suppose. But do we not sometimes show just a bit of that "Not-as-other-men-are" feeling, in look or tone? Somebody has compiled this list of "Don'ts," which it will do no harm to read.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dulness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub any one. Not alone because some day they may far outstrip you in the race for life, but because it is neither kind, nor right nor Christian.

THE life of a child is largely controlled by impressions from the outside world. He yet lives in the senses. The eyes and the ear are the gateways through which his best lessons arrive. The age of reason and judgment, when one can address him through the intellect, is not yet. In this initial stage of his education, you must impress his imagination, stir his sympathies, move his heart; you must come close to him, touch him, and cause him to feel the warm pulsations of your own heart.

The Two Brothers.

In Palestine, long years ago—
So runs the legend old—
Where Kedron's sparkling waters flow
Across their sands of gold,
And Mount Moriah lifts his head
Above the sunny plain,
Two brothers owned—as one—'tis said,
A field of golden grain.

And when the autumn days had come,
And all the shocks and sheaves
Stood waiting for the "harvest-home,"
Among the withering leaves,
The elder brother said one night,
"I'm stronger far than Saul,
My younger brother, 'tis but right
That I should give him all
These sheaves that grew upon the plain
We own together, so
I'll put with his my stacks of grain,
And he will never know!"

Scarce had he left the sheaves of wheat,
When quietly there came
Across the field, with stealthy feet,
An errand just the same:
The younger lad, who said, "I see
My brother Simon's need
Is greater far than mine, for he
Hath wife and child to feed;
And so to him I'll give my sheaves,
It is but right, I know—
And he will never think who leaves
These wheat stacks on his row!"

Next morning when the brothers twain
Began to count their store,
Behold! each found his stacks of grain
To number as before!
"Why! how is this?" in great surprise
Each to himself then said—
"I'll watch to-night and see who tries
These tricks when I'm abed!"
And so, half way across the plain
They met—each one bent o'er
With shocks and sheaves of golden grain
To swell his brother's store!

Good Saul and Simon! Would to-day
More brothers might be found
Who seek each other's good away,
And in kind deeds abound.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1042] LESSON III. [Oct. 20

DAVID'S THANKSGIVING PRAYER.

2 Sam. 7. 18-29. Memory verses, 28, 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. 1 Thess. 5. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Mercies to David, v. 18-22.
2. Mercies to Israel, v. 23, 24.
3. Mercies to David's House, v. 25-29.

TIME.—1042 B.C.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Sat before the Lord*—In the new tabernacle before the ark of the covenant. *To do for you great things*—That is for Israel. He had been addressing God, but in his ecstasy he forgets and thinks of Israel.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That God is the author of all our mercies?
 2. That we ought to thank God for his gifts?
 3. That we may rely on God's promises?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What led David to make his prayer to Jehovah? "God's promise concerning his house." 2. What was the character of this prayer? "It was filled with gratitude." 3. What apostolic injunction could find its prototype in this prayer? "In every thing give thanks," etc. 4. For what does the prayer first express gratitude? "Mercies to himself and his family." 5. What thought

next draws out his love? "God's mercies to Israel." 6. For what does he last pray? "That they be continued forever."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Gratitude to God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

47. Why did God create all things?

For his own pleasure: to show forth his glory, and to give happiness to his creatures.

Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honour and the power: for thou didst create all things, and because of thy will they were, and were created.—Revelation 4. 11.

Of him, and through him, and unto him, are all things. To him be the glory forever. Amen.—Romans 11. 36.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.—Psalm 19. 1.

The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.—Psalm 33. 5.

B.C. 1042-1024] LESSON IV. [Oct. 27

SIN, FORGIVENESS, AND PEACE.

Psalm 32. 1-11. Memory verses, 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. 5. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. The Confession of Sin, v. 1-5.
2. The Joy of Forgiveness, v. 6-11.

TIME.—Sometime during the years of David's prosperity, 1042-1024 B.C.

PLACE.—Doubtless Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*In whose spirit*—That is, in whose heart there is no consciousness of sin. *Bones waxed old*—Men often speak of "bones aching" because of weariness from any exhaustion. *The drought of summer*—A poetic expression for the fever which his agony caused him.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What is there in this lesson that teaches—

1. That we ought to confess our sins?
2. That God only can forgive our sins?
3. That we should praise God for forgiveness?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What blessing does the Thirty-second Psalm describe? "That of forgiven sin." 2. On what condition does the psalm teach that forgiveness depends? "On confession of sin to God." 3. What is the result that comes to the forgiven soul? "The peace of God." 4. When should the soul thus cast its sins on God? "When he may be found." 5. What is the condition imposed on the praying sinner? "Faith in Jesus Christ." 6. What is the result of faith? "Therefore being," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Peace in God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

48. When did God create man?

After the creation of the earth, God made man to be the chief of his creatures upon it.

Thus saith the Lord, . . . I have made the earth, and created man upon it.—Isaiah 45. 11, 12.

The Lord which stretched forth the heavens, and layeth the foundation of the earth, and formeth the spirit of man within him.—Zechariah 12. 1.

CURED WITHOUT THE WHISKEY

A CERTAIN man had a severe attack of illness and called in a physician, who, among other medicines, prescribed whiskey-punch. He purchased some bottles of liquor, and locked them up safe at home in his cupboard, taking the other medicine regularly as prescribed, but not touching the whiskey. After a time the doctor told him to discontinue the whiskey, and take instead certain Drogheda ale which he could purchase of a very superior quality at a certain shop in the city; of this also, fearing the doc-

tor might inquire, he purchased a few bottles and locked them up safely with the whiskey. In a short time the teetotaler was quite well, and his case was spoken of as a most remarkable recovery, of course attributed to the virtues of the liquor. When the doctor paid his last visit, the man thanked him for his kindness, and told him that he had done all he had desired of him except in two instances.

"What were those?" said the doctor, looking very angry.

"Why, sir, I did not take the whiskey-punch or the ale."

"You did not?" said the doctor, looking at him. "And why did you not?"

"Why, sir," said the teetotaler, "I believe that any person who gives up intoxicating drink for the love and honour of the Saviour will never have occasion to try them again."

"Is that your faith?" said the doctor.

"It is, sir."

"Then it was your faith that saved you, and answered all the purposes of the whiskey-punch and ale."—*Selected.*

THE RUST-SPOT.

ONCE upon a time an Arabian princess was presented by her teacher with an ivory casket, exquisitely wrought, with the injunction not to open it until a year rolled round. Many were the speculations as to what it contained, and the time was impatiently waited for when the jewelled key should disclose the mysterious contents. It came at last, and the maiden went away alone, with trembling haste unlocked the treasure; and lo! reposing on delicate satin linings lay nothing but a shroud of rust. The form of something beautiful could be discerned, but the beauty had gone forever. Tearful with disappointment, she did not at first see a slip of parchment containing these words:

"Dear Pupil,—May you learn from this a lesson for your life. This trinket, when inclosed, had upon it only a single spot of rust; by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold—only a blot on its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character will, by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time will leave only the dark record of what might have been. If you now place within a jewel of gold, and after many years seek the result, you will find it still as sparkling as ever. So with yourself—treasure up only the pure, the good, and you will ever be an ornament to society, and a source of true pleasure to yourself and your friends.—*Busy Bee.*

A CLERGYMAN preached from the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," Eccles. ix. 10. A little boy being asked the next day to repeat the text, said: "Stop blowing and go to work!"

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