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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1892.

[No. 43.

## WHALE HUNTING.

This is one of the most exciting occupations in which anyone can engage. The whale is by far the largest game which man can hunt. Some of them will reach seventy or eighty feet in length and weigh many tons. The use of cannon and explosive bombs has almost revolutionized the whale fishery. Formerly the whalers used to leave their ship in open boats and when a whale was seen "blowing," that is, spouting water, at a distance, they would approach as near as possible and the harpooner in the bow would hurl his harpoon with all the

force that he could. At the word "stern all" the boat would instantly back and the whale, lashing the sea with his tail, sometimes cutting the boat in two, would dash away or dive beneath the waves.

When forced to the surface again for the necessity of breathing (for whales are warm-blooded animals like the seal and must have air) the boatman would, if possible, hurl another harpoon into his body. Sometimes after hours of fatiguing chase the whale would get away after all. The line attached to the harpoon was kept coiled up in tubs at the bow of the boat, and often, so great was the speed with which the whale darted away with the

harpoon, that the friction of the rope on the edge of the tub would kindle it to a flame if it were not kept wet. There was danger too of the arms or legs of the harpooner becoming entangled with the rope, when it was in danger of cutting the limbs in two or breaking a bone. These dangers have now been done away with by the use of a gun, as shown in the picture. Sometimes, too, explosive bombs are used, which kill the whale instantly. Great care has to be exercised that the rope is strong or the whale may sink to the bottom. When a whale is

extensively used for making ribs of umbrellas and dressmakers' trimmings, but light steel is now substituted. This whalebone had a fringe of finer fibre attached to its edges by means of which the small fish and minute animal organisms on which this huge monster lives, were screened.

Formerly whale voyages lasted from three to five years. The whaler took immense quantities of "hard tack," that is, very hard crackers, in the puncheons which afterwards held the oil. Now the voyage is very much shortened and its hardships greatly lessened.

day, and have smoked a good many cigarettes. I got the idea of committing this crime from one of Nick Carter's novels, in which a boy chloroformed another person. But I think I must have been under some strange excitement when I did it, for I have only a faint recollection of being in the house. I can only remember leaving the place through a rear window." It goes over us to add that there are many sons of Christian parents who are smoking cigarettes and reading "blood and thunder" cheap literature, and some of them will turn out to be criminals. Brother, is your



WHALE HUNTING.

caught he is towed alongside of the ship. Some of the sailors leap on his back and with sharp spades begin cutting the tough skin or blubber. This is attached to the tackle of the ship and is hoisted on board, the whale being turned over and over in the water as this fatty envelope, sometimes two feet in thickness, is removed from his body. It is then cut into pieces and "tried out" in open furnaces on the deck, built in with brick work. The oil is stowed away in barrels. Its spermaceti, a superior kind of oil taken from the head, of which candles are made, and the whalebone, which was formerly more valuable than it is now, are also saved. Whalebone was

WHAT IS YOUR BOY READING?  
HARRY SLATER, a bright lad of sixteen years, was arraigned before Recorder Morschhausen, of Buffalo, N.Y., on a charge of burglary in the first degree. Slater stealthily entered the house of Mrs. C. E. Noble at night and tried to chloroform her as she lay sleeping with her infant at her side. The police learning of the suspicious conduct of Slater arrested the boy. Finding himself cornered he made a full confession. After having confessed he said: "Dimo novels and cigarettes get the best of me. I worked in the silk factory, and have spent my evenings reading cheap novels. I have been reading one novel a

boy doing either? Look well to his reading, and see that good books and papers are furnished him. It is your duty to see that it is elevating and instructive. Fathers who grumble at spending two dollars a year for an interesting paper would gladly spend one hundred to save the boys from the penitentiary. They should spend ten dollars for papers and books and save the hundred, to say nothing of the disgrace that follows crime. *North Western Christian Advocate.*

Produce who labor, and let the impression that the world moves. Topsy folk.

## A Sunday-School Apparent.

BY ELLEWELL'S A. MORGAN.

"Fill a little card for me!"  
Sweet the voice and tender  
Of the darling by my knee—  
May the Lord defend her!

Life is freedom, joy, and love;  
All the world is before her;  
Where the star eyes blink above,  
Heaven is bending o'er her.

Every morning she delights  
In the sparrows' calling;  
While she wanders, in their flights,  
How they keep from falling!

All this dear old world is new—  
Wonder questions please us;  
While she hums the whole day through:  
"What a friend is Jesus!"

May her teacher, by love's role,  
For his glory reach her,  
Till she, in God's perfect school,  
Finds the perfect Teacher.

This beginning, pure and free,  
Means a soul's eternity.

"The Elms," Toronto.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1892.

## THE TOBACCO HABIT AND ITS EFFECTS UPON SCHOOL WORK.

BY H. H. SEMPLEY,

(Principal of the Iowa State Normal School.)

AFTER making a study of several hundred boys running through a period of ten years, I give only observed facts, and neither assume the conditions or jump at fore-ordained conclusions.

1. Boys that begin the habit at an early age start physically, and never arrive at normal bodily development.

2. Accompanied with the use of the narcotic were certain disordered physical functions, such as indigestion, impaired taste, defective eyesight, dull hearing, nervous affections and diseases of the heart. I have not found a single case of early addicting to the habit of tobacco using that did not suffer with one or more of these direful abnormal conditions.

3. Tobacco, used in any form, destroyed the ability to apply one's self to study, and prevented his comprehending or remembering his lessons. The mental faculties of a boy under the influence of the narcotic seem to be in a stupor, and since depraved nerve power stultifies and weakens the will power, there is but little use for the teacher to seek to arouse the dormant paralyzed energies, or interest and foster the fagged desire. I have not met a pupil that

is addicted to the habit who will go through a single day's work and have good lessons. I have never had one whose scholarship record was good, and in almost every case the department was below the average standard. At the regular examinations for promotion, nearly every one of the tobacco-using pupils fail in doing the most reasonable test work, even if this is not the first time the work has been passed over in class. I have had numbers of cases in which they have remained in the same grade for four successive years, and then they were not ready to be advanced into the next higher class.

*Actual Cases*—1. A high-school boy who had always done excellent work, was reported one term as not getting his lessons. I had a talk with the boy and stated the facts, assuring him that with his past record his poor work was unexplainable, as he insisted that he devoted his time faithfully to his studies. He denied using tobacco at all. His work failed from month to month, and before the year closed his parents withdrew him from school. His father deeply regretted the failure, admitted that a change had come in the boy's conduct at home, but as he had heretofore been truthful and faithful, he could not think that the pre-supposed cause was the true one. In a few months the habit, thus far secret, became more pronounced and more public, and it was absolutely established by the boy's own admissions, that it was begun several months before the trouble noticed at school, and that no one knew it save the salesman that furnished him the supply of the narcotic.

2. Four years ago a boy entered one of my primary schools as a chart pupil. Before the boy was four years of age he had learned the habit of smoking cigarettes and stubs of cigars. His father caught him the use of narcotics, and considered it sport to see his son exhibit the habits and tastes of his elders. During the four years he did not complete the twenty-four lessons on the chart, although he attended regularly, and applied himself as diligently as the average pupil of that grade. He seemed perfectly unable to learn like other children, though he was at the beginning a precocious promising child. His mental activity was so lulled and paralyzed as to render him but little better than an idiot or an imbecile. Experience has shown that the younger the habit is acquired, the more disastrous the results to the mentality of the child.

3. One boy was a successful primary pupil. His work and his interest were constantly praised by his teachers. On his entering the last half of the third grade, his work began to lag and his interest to decline. At the examination for promotion his case was conditioned, and it was detected that he had begun some months before to use tobacco. His parents were informed, and strenuous efforts were made by his teacher to get the habit restrained and corrected. His reform was not secured, and though he remained five years in the same grade, he was never able to advance on merit, and several trial promotions proved failures.

4. In a case where reform was secured and the habit overcome, the pupil again returned to normal progress, and had a successful career as a student.

*Other Observations*.—So far as my observations have extended, not a single boy has passed the examination required for admission to the high school after he had acquired the habit, and not one has graduated from the high school who began the habit after beginning his course in the high school.

For the moral results are also as serious. Pupils under the influence of the weed are constant subjects of discipline, are not truthful, practice deception and cannot be depended upon. A change in character in a formerly good boy is a very strong indication that some habit is getting hold upon him whose tyranny must be broken before he will again be clothed in his right mind. The most characteristic of the habit is a loss of personal self-respect, and of personal regard for the customs and wishes of ladies and gentlemen, especially when among strangers.

If these observations mean anything, they declare that something ought to be done to save child life from the pitfalls that commercial interests are digging, and that greed is encouraging, that more should be done than to instruct by oral or text lessons

in school, that teachers, parents and philanthropists are not yet sufficiently aroused regarding the magnitude of the evil of tobacco using by children; that in the crusade against alcohol we should recognize that other evils, though more quietly, are just as surely sapping the strength and destroying the vigour of the youth of this generation.

## A MANLY BOY.

THERE was a boy in a restaurant on Saturday that I wanted a photograph of. I am not giving to collecting photographs, and I despise autograph nuisances, so it was all the more strange. This lad was probably fourteen—that awkward age when a boy knows that he is not a man and wants to make people believe that he is—that time when he neglects Sunday-school and his prayers and is a little ashamed to be caught kissing his mother. But this was a nice boy. He moved out a chair for his mother, and after they were seated, he rose to help her lay aside her mantle. He did not talk much to her, and he was very round-shouldered and his ears looked like the curly early lettuce in the seedsman's catalogue, so you will understand that he was not by any means an all-round perfect boy. But when they were ready to go he laid the heavy cloak across her shoulders, stood attentively until she was ready, then lifted the chair aside for her to pass out. And the mother—bless her, and bless all the mothers that are wise enough to treat their sons as gentlemen—let him wait on her and accept all his little courtesies with the same quiet smile of appreciation that any gray-haired cavalier would have won. The development of a man's protective qualities of mind and heart comes sooner or later as the women in his boyhood's home encourage or retard their growth. She was well-bred, and her boy, her carefully-taught, gentlemanly boy, showed whose son he was by every graceful attention he paid her.

## A NEGATIVE "NO."

BY HENRY C. PIERSON.

A FINE young fellow was Tom Jeffreys, strong, pleasant and good looking. He was but eighteen when he first began "rail-roading," but he could set a brake with the best. When his clear, deep voice announced the stations, people listened and made no mistake. Old ladies caught the gleam of his pleasant eye, and let him help them on and off with grateful surprise. Mothers with more children than they could manage, tired women bundle-laden and old men recognized a friend and made use of him. Nor were the railroad officials blind to the young man's helpfulness and popularity, and although Tom did not dream of it, he was one on a list of names that meant promotion.

The young brakeman's easy-going good-nature, however, was a drawback in one direction. He disliked to say no. When the train reached Boston he always had two hours to spare. In that time some one of the boys was sure to say, "Come, Tom, let's go to the barber's."

Now, this sounded very innocent, but in the barber's back room was a green door which opened on a stairway leading down into a drinking saloon. Here the men used to gather a few at a time, to take "a little something."

Tom usually said his good-natured no, that meant a reluctant yes, and ended by going. He never felt wholly at ease when taking his beer. He would not have gone for it alone. Over and over again he acknowledged to himself that it was the laughter of his chums that took his courage away, and so things went on. A year slipped by, and beer had become almost an every-day drink with him, when one afternoon he was summoned from the "barber's shop" to the office.

"Jeffreys," said the superintendent, when he entered, "I have been very much pleased with the way in which your duties have been performed on the road in the past, and I find we need another conductor." The gentleman suddenly stopped and then the pleasant smile was gone. "Mr. Jeffreys, your breath tells me that you have been drinking."

"Only a little beer, sir," said poor Tom, flushing crimson.

"I am very sorry," replied the superintendent, "but that will be all to-day, you may go."

The young man left the office downcast, disharmonious. What he had been wishing for, what he had so nearly gained, had been lost through his own misconduct. As he thought of it the good-natured lips took on a firmer curve. The next day one of the boys said, "Comin' over to the barber's?"

"No," replied Tom.  
"O come on, what's struck yer?"  
"That barber has shaved me all ho over will!" was the answer.

Although Tom's "no" seemed very determined in its sound, there was yet something wanting in it. He felt it, and when, after a few days, the real longing for a glass of liquor began to make itself felt, it seemed as if the "no" would be "yes" in spite of himself.

"No use in lockin' the barn door now," said the chum; "the boss is stole; the 'super' knows you've taken a 'snail' now and then, and he'll never forget it. Better be young while you can."

Tom still said "no," but the little negative grew weaker and weaker; the next thing it would be yes. When this was almost accomplished, spurred by his danger and remembering his early training in the right, he went into an empty car and kneeling on the bare floor, prayed for strength to resist.

"And then," he said, "I learned to speak a 'no' that all the men on the road couldn't turn into a 'yes.'"—*Christian at Work.*

## UNQUESTIONING OBEDIENCE.

AMONG the private memoirs of noted men of the last generation, we frequently find incidents which illustrate strongly the singular difference between the training of boys now, and that of a century ago.

The venerable Bishop Meade, of Virginia, for example, gives in his "Reminiscences" an account of an insurrection which took place at Princeton College while he was a student there, and in which he took part with such zeal that even in his old age he felt and said that no collegiate outbreak ever occurred in which there was less guilt on the part of the rebel boys.

One hundred and fifty students out of two hundred revolted, and all of them were sent home. Young Meade, on reaching the old homestead in Frederick county, vehemently poured forth the story of his wrongs to his mother, a high-spirited Virginia woman.

She listened in silence until the whole story had been told to the least detail; then she commanded him to return at once to the college, humbly acknowledge his errors to the faculty, and ask to be taken back on the promise of future amendment.

"Nor," said the bishop, "did I hesitate to obey; for the habit of submission to her authority had been established since my earliest years."

Fifty other young men were thus peremptorily sent back by their parents, and went without remonstrance.

Mrs. General Nelson, a personal friend of Washington, finding that two of her boys had run away from school to enter the army, beckoned them from the ranks white on the way to battle, and ordered them to get into the family coach and accompany her home. From thence she sent them to Philadelphia to school. The significant point in this story is that it did not occur to either of the young men or to the officers commanding them to dispute her authority.

Bishop Meade, writing half a century ago, declared that the day for such prompt, unquestioning obedience from adult children to parents was over. It certainly is long past now.

Whether it was a better system in all respects than that of the sympathy and obedience which usually exists in families of the higher class at the present day is not to be decided off-hand.

It is recognized by the proverbs of all countries that only the man who has been taught to obey knows how to command; and it is certain that the men whose authority led this country through her darkest straight into freedom and light had borne the yoke in their youth of a stern, inflexible discipline.

To-Day and To-Morrow.

BY GERALD MANSKY.

Heart hopes that burned like stars sublime,  
Go down! 'neath the heavens of freedom;  
And true hearts perish in the time  
We bitterlest need them!  
But never sit we down and say  
There's nothing left but sorrow;  
We walk the wilderness to-day—  
The promised land to-morrow.

Our fields of song are silent now;  
There are no flowers blooming!  
Yet life is in the frozen bough,  
And freedom's spring is coming!  
And freedom's tide comes up at ebb,  
Though we may stand in sorrow;  
And our goodly bargains to-day  
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years  
The people's cry ascended,  
And earth is wet with bloody and tears;  
But our meek suffering endeth!  
The few shall not for ever sway,  
The many moil in sorrow,  
The powers of hell are strong to-day,  
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er 'ho past, our eyes  
With smiling futures glisten!  
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies;  
Lean out your souls and listen!  
The world rolls freedom's radiant way,  
And ripens with her sorrow,  
Keep heart! who bears the cross to-day,  
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

O youth! flame earnest, still aspire,  
With energies immortal!  
To many a heaven of desire,  
Our yearning opens a portal!  
And though age wearies by the way,  
And hearts break in the furrow,  
We'll sow the golden grain to-day,  
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all  
Be like a heathen babe.  
Ready to flash out at God's call,  
O chivalry of labour!  
Triumph and toil are twins, and ay,  
Joy suits the cloud of sorrow;  
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day  
Brings victory to-morrow.

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER IV.

ARNOLD AND ALICE.

It was not long ago I discovered that, though Alice Wilnot loved her parents with a full and devoted affection, there was yet another towards whom her young heart was drawn with pure, strong love. My first recollections of Arnold Guestling are associated with a bright Sabbath morning in winter. The snow lay crisp and white all around. Though the sun shone resplendently, the frost was hard beneath. Across the fields, with red cheeks and sparkling eyes, came the children to be gathered together in the cheery kitchen, and there taught to sing and pray. After much stamping and scraping of feet in the porch, the little rustics came shyly into the room, and soon there was a buzz of reading and talking, and then there was a simple hymn, in which the children's voices joined somewhat irregularly, yet not unmelodiously. Alice and her mother were the only teachers; Mr. Wilnot sitting in the corner, with spectacles on his brow, and the big Bible open before him, but looking as often at the young ones as at the sacred page.

I said Alice and her mother were the only teachers, but I should have said that the bigger boys were grouped around a young man, whose animated face presented a striking contrast to the round-eyed, open-mouthed lads who stood staring at him, entirely absorbed by the Bible story of David and Goliath.

That young man was Arnold Guestling, and it was not long before even a stranger might have discovered that between him and Alice there had sprung up a close sympathy and a mutual affection.

I learned that Arnold was the pupil of a neighbouring farmer, in whose house he lodged, and under whom he was acquiring a knowledge of practical agriculture. He came from a distant shire, but was the

scion of a good Methodist family, and thus it was that he had been welcomed by the hospitable family at The Hawthorns; and there a frequent visitor, he had quickly discerned the beauty and worth of Alice Wilnot.

As for Alice, her heart was engaged almost before she knew it. Young Guestling possessed many manly charms of person; he had seen more of life than the good people of Oakshade, who had seldom travelled beyond Winton, or at most Towerchurch, the county town.

He fascinated them all by his frank and open manner, his free and engaging conversation, and his manly piety.

On this part of my story I must not dwell, for so much remains to be told. In less than twelve months from my first acquaintance with Alice, she became the wife of Arnold Guestling.

It was Arnold's purpose to take a farm in the neighbourhood of Oakshade, and there to settle immediately upon his marriage. A farm was secured, but considerable difficulty occurred in the process of negotiations; and when all was arranged, the farmhouse at Brooklea was found so thoroughly out of repair, that a long time was expended in renovating and fitting it for Alice and her husband. For some months, therefore, after her marriage, Alice still lived at home with her parents; and, indeed, did not enter upon Brooklea until about a month before Gilbert was born.

Those were halcyon days. The villagers were right glad that "Miss Alice" was not to be taken far away. In spite of all his popularity, Arnold would surely have found many who would have been slow to forgive him the offence of robbing Oakshade of its fairest flower.

There is hardly a cottage in all the valley into which my mistress and I have not been. From the time that she possessed me I was her daily companion, and she never went into the home of the poor or the chamber of the sick without me. For when she had talked a while, and read a few verses from her Bible, she would say, with a bright smile, "Now shall I read you some nice verses?"

How the poor and suffering delighted to hear the sweet poetry as it fell in musical cadence from her lips! Often and often have I heard them ask for that "pretty piece as Miss Alice read last time her were there."

"Jesus, lover of my soul" and "Rock of Ages," were certainly Alice's and her clients' chief favourites. Young and old alike loved those hymns, and knew some line or two of their precious truths.

It was Alice's common habit to induce the children to learn these hymns, and many a time she bestowed little rewards of books, ribbons, or tippets upon those who proved most successful as scholars.

Alice was an angel of mercy in the abode of sorrow. Her hand was so soft as she smoothed the pillow of the suffering, her little basket was such an inexhaustible treasury of comforts, and, best of all, "replenished" were her lips with grace.

Brooklea was about two miles from The Hawthorns. It was a pleasant spot, surrounded with all the sweet sylvan beauties of an English landscape.

How bright was the life of the happy and harmonious pair, as they watched the growth of their infant boy, who, in their judgment, with the usual partiality of parents, was considered to be a prodigy of beauty and intelligence!

The months sped on, and the Guestlings had now been established at Brooklea nearly a year, when, like the tempestuous wind called Euroclydon, there burst upon the calm and happy home a sudden and terrible sorrow.

Arnold had kissed his wife and little boy after breakfast, and had taken his gun and gone off upon the farm. He would be back before noon, and would bring with him a bird or two and a hare; for Mr. Richmond the minister, was expected at The Hawthorns in the evening, and the good man should not go back to Winton empty-handed.

Alas, alas! Alice little knew, as she saw the sunny smile upon her husband's handsome face, he stood at the gate, turning back to wave his hand to the babe who leaped in her arms, that it was almost the last ray of that light of love which would ever beam upon her. No overshadowing presentiment of the coming awful eclipse

touched her spirit. She knew not that her sun was to be turned into blood, and her sky wrapped in darkness, its noon changed to sudden night.

Arnold Guestling was indeed back before noon, but he was carried to his home a broken, bleeding, dying man.

In climbing over a gate his loaded gun had caught by the trigger, and the whole contents of the charge were blown into his head and neck.

That was a day of horror and deep darkness at the two homesteads. From the first the doctors gave no hope of life. There might be a brief return of consciousness, but it would be the immediate precursor of death.

And so it was. Farmer Wilnot and his wife, and Alice's only brother Clement, were soon at Brooklea, and thither too came good Mr. Richmond—the sorrow of his friends his own.

Poor Alice was heavily stricken. The sudden and awful calamity had, as it were, stunned her, and benumbed her faculties; so that silent, tearless, and deadly pale, her nerves strung to highest tension—she attended upon her husband with an unnatural calmness.

The sun was going down in the west. Its departing rays shed a golden glory into the chamber of suffering, and rested upon the pallid face of the dying man. He moved uneasily, and opened his eyes. They thought the light distressed him, and moved to close the blinds, when for the first time since the accident he spoke. "No, no. The sun shall no more go—" His voice failed, and his eyes closed again. The composure of the bystanders failed them as they heard that voice speaking back to them, as it seemed, from within the margin of Jordan's stream. Alice buried her head in the pillow, and her mother and brother rushed from the room.

Mr. Richmond drew near to the sufferer, and took his hand and waited till the next gleam of intelligence should appear.

The eyes unclosed again, and turned towards the window, through which, with softening radiance, the westering beams still shone. A radiance as beautiful glorified the face of Arnold Guestling—memory, intelligence, faith, hope, joy, all glowed upon his noble features, as he deliberately, and with perfect distinctness, repeated—

"No need of the sun in that day,  
Which never is followed by night,  
Where Jesus's beauties display  
A pure and a permanent light."

He paused and looked wistfully at Mr. Richmond, who, understanding him, took up the strain,—

"The Lamb is their light and their sun,  
And lo! by reflection they shine,  
With Jesus ineffably one,  
And bright in effulgence divine."

"All is well, my dear boy?" said Mr. Wilnot with a broken voice, feeling nevertheless how unnecessary was the question in the presence of that eloquent face, already "bright in effulgence divine." Arnold spread his hands toward the minister and his father-in-law on either side, and as they took them in their own, the dying man's grasp said more than lips could speak.

He looked round and feebly said, "Alice." She put her lips to his, and he flung his arms around her. Oh, the anguish of that last embrace to the wife's breaking heart!

It was the final effort of departing strength on Arnold's part. A cloud passing over the sun dimmed for a few moments its glory. The leaden hue of death spread over the sufferer's cheek. They thought that all was over, when, lo, the cloud was lifted, and a more glorious radiance from the setting sun poured into the chamber. Simultaneously the soul flashed its light once more through the eyes and countenance of Arnold Guestling. For the moment it seemed as if the deadly pallor were all gone, and as if it were a conqueror in his manly might, and not a sinking sufferer, that lay there. His voice rang on, with almost its former strength and melody—

"With him I on Zion shall stand  
(For Jesus hath spoken the word),  
The breadth of Immanuel's land,  
Surveyed by the light of the Lord,

But when on thy bosom reclined,  
Thy face I am strengthened and to see,  
My fulness of rapture I find,  
My heaven of heavens in thee!"

"In thee—in thee,"—an angelic smile, and then the eyes close, and the last sigh is breathed.

The sun's disc dropped suddenly behind the hill, and the glory faded from the chamber. And of Arnold Guestling men said, "His sun hath gone down while it is yet day." But glorious was its rising upon that horizon which never knows a sunset.

(To be continued.)

SORROWS OF HEATHEN CHILDREN.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

NELLIE. Dear me, this lesson is so hard. Kitty, don't you wish you was a heathen sometimes? I do.

Kitty. Nellie White, you ought to be ashamed. That is a sinful wish.

Nellie. I didn't mean to be wicked. I only thought what a nice time little heathen girls must have without any hard lessons or multiplication table to learn.

Dora. I don't think they have near as nice a time as we do, even if we do have hard lessons.

Kitty. I don't want to be a heathen. Our papas and manmas love us, and are glad to have us, but in India the papas are angry and the manmas are ashamed when a girl baby is born.

Nellie. Don't they like girls as well as boys?

Kitty. No; they say girls are of no use, and they cost too much money to raise.

Dora. They never go to school, and learn nothing except how to cook and take care of the house.

Kitty. They get married when they are only eight or nine years old, and go to live with their husband's mother, who teaches them how to prepare his food in the way he likes. When it is cooked they stand behind his chair and wait upon him; and when he has had enough they eat what is left.

Dora. And if the husband should die the wife has to give up all her ornaments and pretty dresses. She can't go anywhere or have any pleasure, but she must stay at home, lonely and despised, because she is a widow.

Nellie. How dreadful! What makes these people so cruel to their girls?

Kitty. Because they do not know and love Jesus.

Nellie. I'm glad I live in a Christian land where our papas and manmas love Jesus and love all the little children he sends them. I will never wish that I was a heathen again.

Dora. And we ought to do all we can to send the Bible to the heathens, that they may learn about Jesus and become good men and women.

A COMPOSITION BY AN INDIAN BOY.

They are five races, which are the white and yellow and black and red and brown. The yellow race like to eat rat, and the black race like to eat man, and the white race like to eat frog, and the red race like to eat buffalo.

The Caucasian is the strongest in the world. The semi-civilized have their own civilization, but not like the white race. The savage race kept their own ways, and they have had three occupations. They were hunted, fished, and fought to the other people. They beat, too. The white race have agriculture, manufacturing, and commerce.

The white people they are civilized. They have everything and go to school, too. They learn how to read and write and they can read newspaper. The yellow people they half civilized, some of them know how to read and write, and some know how to take care of themselves. The red people they big savages; they don't know anything.

This boy that carried the five joyes and two fishes was of some service to the benovient and wonder working Saviour.



WOODPECKER'S HEAD AND TONGUE.

## WOODPECKER.

HAVE you ever gone into the woods and heard the busy woodpecker at work and wondered what that very loud noise was that sounded through the still woods, and then looking up you spied a bird trying with all its might to make a hole in the bark of a tree? The bird in our picture has been busy for a long time drilling into the hard wood and has succeeded in making a pretty large hole.

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 40-44.] LESSON V. [Oct. 30

## THE GOSPEL PREACHED AT ANTIOCH.

Acts 11. 19-30. Memory verses, 21-24.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

A great number believed, and turned unto the Lord.—Acts 11. 21.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

The gospel is a religion of growth and progress.

## HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

*Phenice*—Phoenicia, a strip of country one hundred and twenty miles long and twenty wide, along the Mediterranean, containing the cities of Tyre, Sidon, Beirut, etc. *Cyprus*—A large island, sixty miles west of Palestine. *Cyrene*—On the coast of Africa, south of Cyprus. *Grecians*—Greeks, who were Gentiles. *The hand*—The symbol of power and action. *Sent forth*—To examine the facts, and either (1) to stop this admission of Gentiles who did not become Jews as well as Christians; or (2) to confirm and aid and guide the new movement. *Barnabas*—A native of Cyprus, near Antioch, and familiar with Greek, and favourable to the Gentiles. (See Acts 4. 36, 37.) *A great dearth throughout all the world*—i. e., the land of Palestine, or the Roman empire. *Came to pass*—In A.D. 44, 45, in Palestine, and in various parts of the world at different times in Claudius' reign.

Find in this lesson—

The description of a good man.  
Three ways of saying what it is to be a Christian.  
An example of generosity.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Where was the Gospel next preached to the Gentiles? "Among the Greeks at Antioch."  
2. What was the effect among them? (Repeat the Golden Text.)  
3. Who were sent to their aid? "Barnabas from Jerusalem and Saul from Tarsus." 4. What calamity was fore-



WOODPECKER.

told? "A great famine." 5. How did the disciples of Antioch show their Christian spirit? "By sending Saul to the poor at Jerusalem, each one according to his ability."

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is there said of the excellency of this law?

That "the law is holy, and the commandment holy and righteous and good"—Romans 7. 12.

Psalm 19. 7, 8; Romans 12. 2.

What are the Ten Commandments?

Laws first written by the finger of God on two tables of stone, and given to Moses; but now recorded in the twentieth chapter of the Book of Exodus.

## The Poor Man's Sheaf

BY EDAN E. REXFORD.

He saw the wheat fields waiting  
All golden in the sun,  
And strong and stalwart reapers  
Went by him, one by one.  
"Oh, could I reap in harvest!"  
His heart made bitter cry;  
"I can do nothing, nothing,  
So weak, alas! am I."

At eve, a fainting traveller  
Sank down beside the door;  
A cup of crystal water  
To quench his thirst he bore.  
And when, refreshed and strengthened,  
The traveller went his way,  
Upon the poor man's threshold  
A golden wheat sheaf lay.

When came the Lord of harvest,  
He cried, O Master kind,  
One sheaf I have to offer,  
But that I did not bind,  
I gave a cup of water  
To one athirst, and he  
Left at my door, in going,  
This sheaf I offer thee."

Then said the Master, softly,  
"Well pleased with this am I,  
One of my angels left it  
With thee as he passed by  
Thou mayest not join the reapers  
Upon the harvest plain;  
But he who helps a brother  
Binds sheaves of richest grain."

## GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

I OFTEN ask myself, when I see so many consecrated workers with all their strength concentrated on the betterment of humanity, What is the end for which we are all working? It is not the battle against the liquor traffic only in which we are so deeply involved; not the emancipation of women, the great curative crusade, the immense labour question, the social problem of our starving poor. It is wider, deeper, higher, more comprehensive; it is in one word, Christ. The battle to-day is for one cause, for one principle, for one great issue,—Christ. The world is seeking a panacea for all the ills which weigh down the souls of men and women, stretching out groping hands to find a remedy, and knows not perhaps that the very one it needs is here,—Christ.

There are souls in this great struggle fighting by our sides, and we grasp their hands as we move on together, although we know their eyes are hidden but for a little while. They see before them the great struggling mass of humanity, and they hear within them a voice that bids them go to do battle for right against the power of rum, but they have not realized that that voice is God's voice, and that the very principles which bid them emancipate the world are the eternal truths which were sealed by the death of the Son of God. But the day shall come when the twilight shall be dispelled, and they shall see him as he is, because they saw him dimly, faintly, imperfectly reflected in the suffering world. They have seen the marvellous power of the womanhood of our day, and yet they have not recognized that power has come because, as Christ was born of woman, so the Christ-life to-day is re-incarnated in woman's heart, and it is woman in this hour who is once more presenting Christ to the world when she takes her true place, her right attitude, exercises her real power, on questions which affect the vital life of all humanity.

## THE "GOLIATH" BOYS.

LISTEN while I tell you a story of some heroic boys in our day. Five hundred boys from different workhouses in London were put to school to be trained as sailors on board the training ship *Goliath*. This great ship suddenly caught fire about eight o'clock one winter morning. It was hardly daylight. In three minutes the ship was on fire from one end to the other, and the fire bell rang to call the boys each to his post. What did they do? Did they cry, or scream, or fly about in confusion? No; each ran to his proper place. The boys had been trained to do it, and no one forgot himself, none lost his presence of mind, but all behaved like men. Then when it was found impossible to save the ship, those who could swim (at the command of the captain) jumped into the water and swam for their lives. Some, at the captain's command, got into a boat, and when the sheets of flame and clouds of smoke came out of the ship at them, the smaller boys for a moment were frightened and wanted to push away. But there was one among them, the little matc, his name was William Bolton (a quiet boy, loved by his comrades), who had the sense and courage to say: "No: we must stay and help those who are still in the ship." He kept the barge along side the *Goliath*, as long as possible, and was thus the means of saving more than one hundred lives. And there were others that were still in the ship while the flames went on spreading, and they were standing by the captain who had been so kind to them all, and whom they all loved so much. In that dreadful moment they thought more of him than of themselves; and one threw his arms round his neck, and said, "You'll be burnt, captain;" and another said, "Save yourself, captain!" But the captain said, "No, boys! that is not the way at sea." He meant that the way at sea is to prepare for danger beforehand, to meet it manfully when it comes, and to look at the safety not of oneself only, but of others. The captain had not only learned that good way himself, but had known how to teach it to the boys.

"In the world's broad field of battle  
Be a hero in the strife."

## THE NEW SKATES.

"Oh, ho!" shouted Tom Slade as he balanced himself on his heels, and came up standing to the bank where Ned was buckling on his sister Clara's skates. Just then he spied a new pair on Ned's feet. "Oh, ho! New skates the last of January! Why didn't you wait till June?"

"I should I s'pose, if I hadn't got money enough before," said Ned smiling.  
"My! aren't they beauties," said Tom. "Beat six of mine any day. But I say, Ned, why didn't you get them in some season? Here you've been sliding around on your boots all winter, and now the ice will break up in three weeks."

"They'll be just as good for next winter. I hadn't the money of my own to buy them any sooner, and father don't allow me to go in debt for anything, and that's the reason I've been without all winter."

"Tisn't all the reason, Ned Devitt," said Clara. "You had money enough before Christmas, if you hadn't done something else with it."

"What else could he do to give up skates?" cried Tom.

"No matter what I did," said Ned.  
"Yes it is," persisted Clara, "and I shall tell. He had the money all ready and was just going to buy them, when our washerwoman's boy came with his toes all out of his shoes, and couldn't go to school; and Ned said he guessed shoes were more needed than skates, and he went off and got that boy a pair of shoes, and that's why he didn't have them sooner!"

"Ji go!" said Tom with shining eyes. "I couldn't have done it; but it was awful good in you."

By that time Clara's skates were adjusted and the merry trio darted down the pond as swift as an arrow.

I think Ned enjoyed his skates all the



A YOUNG DIPLOMAT.

"Mamma, I want some more cream to finish my berries."  
A minute later: "Mamma, I want some more berries to finish my cream."

more that day, and for all the rest of the winter, from the fact that they were truly his own. Skates that are not paid for do not belong to the skater, but to the merchant, or to the one who lent the money to purchase them. Debt is a bad thing, and it would be better never to skate, than to use skates covered with debt.

There is another thing, too, of which I wish to make mention: Ned was something of a hero in the eyes of his companions all the rest of the winter. While, as Tom said, they might not have been equal to the task of making the sacrifice that Ned made, they were all able to see that it was a noble thing to do, and they admired him for the unselfish deed.

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