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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vo. XVIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1898.

[No. 45.]

Home.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though hung with pictures nicely
gilded:

Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath
bullded.

Home! go watch the faithful dove;
Sailing 'neath the heavens above us,
Home is where there's a one to love,
Home is where there's a one to love us.

"HONOUR BRIGHT."

"Yes, mother, I will, honour bright!
Did you ever know me to break
my promise?"

"No, my son, I never did,"
and Mrs. Dunning stroked the
soft brown curls lovingly, as
she looked down into the
honest eyes that never in all
Harry Dunning's fifteen years
had failed to look straight-
forwardly back into hers.

"Well, mother, you never
will; I'll be home by ten, sure.
Now I'm off!" and Harry
sprang down the steps, and
was away like an arrow.

His chum, Alden Mayhew,
had invited him to a candy
pull and "general good time,"
and Alden's invitations were
always accepted by his boy and
girl friends: for Father and
Mother Mayhew and grown-up
Sister Nell had to perfection
the "kna-k" of making a
"good time" for young folks.

No wonder that Harry
couldn't believe his own eyes
when, in the height of fun, he
looked up and saw the hands of
the clock pointing to a quarter
of ten. No one else looked
as though even thinking of go-
ing home, but Harry's "honour
bright" promise rang in his
ears. Nobody guessed the
struggle that was going on in
the boy's heart, as he me-
chanically performed his part
in the merry game.

"Why can't I stay until the
rest go? Don't I work hard
enough? And I have not had
an evening out for weeks."

It was all true. Very few
and far between had been his
"good times" since his father
died, two years before, when
little Day was a baby, and left
him to be the support and
comfort of his mother.

"It isn't late," he thought
irritably; "mother's only nerv-
ous." Then his cheeks red-
dened, and he straightened up
quickly. "Who has a better
right to be nervous," he
thought, fiercely, as though
fighting an invisible foe. His
sweet, invalid mother! And
he knew Day was not well; she
had been pale and fretful all
day. And he had promised.
Abruptly he excused himself,
bade hasty good-nights, and
sped away across the fields,
putting on his reefer as he ran.
His mother met him at the
door.

"Day is worse," she whis-
pered, huskily. "It's croup;
run for the doctor, quick!"

And Harry ran—ran as he
had never dreamed he could,
even when he belonged to the
"line," and its honour depended on his
speed and sure-footedness; and the old
doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless
energy, harnessed old Jim, with Harry's
help, in an incredibly brief time, and
drove off down the hill at a pace that
brought night-capped heads from dark-
ened windows and caused many a con-
jecture as to who was sick down in the
"holer."

The keen-eyed old man looked very
serious as he bent over Day; but he was
a skilled physician, and before long the
little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said, im-
pressively, "ten minutes later it wouldn't

have been of much use to call me or any
one else."

Harry listened silently, but when they
were once more alone he drew his mother
down by his side on the shabby little
sofa, and told her of the resisted tempta-
tion.

"And, oh, mother," he concluded, "I'm
so glad I kept my promise 'honour
bright!' I feel as though I just escaped
being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave,
true laddie," said the happy mother,
stroking the bonny head bowed on her
shoulder.—Zion's Herald.

trouble. Everything had to be dragged
up by force of human muscles, often of
slaves made to toil like beasts of burden.
Cruel taskmasters yelled and shouted at
the tops of their voices and enforced
their commands by harsh blows. Thank
God that the conditions of life for the
millions of mankind have greatly
changed for the better through the in-
fluence of the Gospel of Christ.

PUNCTUATE.

The Bible societies are most careful in
their publication of the Word of God lest

SHE WASN'T WANTED.

She was a little old woman, very old, in
dressed in black bombazine that had seen
much careful wear, and her bonnet was
very old-fashioned, and people stared at
her tottering up the aisle of the grand
church evidently bent on securing one
of the best seats, for a great man
preached on that day, and the house was
filled with richly-dressed people who had
heard of the fame of the preacher, of his
learning, his intellect, and goodness, and
they wondered at the presumption of
the old woman. She must have been
in her dotage, for she picked out the
pew of the richest and proudest
member of the church and
took a seat. The three ladies
who were seated there beck-
oned to the sexton, who bent
over the intruder and whis-
pered something, but she was
hard of hearing and smiled a
little withered smile as she
said, gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable
here, quite comfortable here."

"But you are not wanted
here," said the sexton, pomp-
ously. "There is not room.
Come with me, my good wo-
man, I will see that you have
a seat."

"Not room?" said the old
woman, looking at her sunken
proportions and then at the
fine ladies. "Why, I'm not
crowded a bit. I rode ten
miles to hear the sermon to-
day, because—" But the sex-
ton took her by the arm, and
she took the hint. Her faded
old eyes filled with tears, her
chin quivered, but she rose
meekly and left the pew.
Turning quietly to the ladies,
who were spreading their rich
dresses over the spot she left
vacant, she said, gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll
be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pomp-
ous sexton to the rear of the
church, where, in the last pew,
she was seated between a
threadbare girl and a shabby
old man.

"She must be crazy," said
one of the ladies in the pew
which she had at first occu-
pied. "What can an ignor-
ant old woman like her want
to hear Dr. ——— preach
for? She would not be able
to understand a word he
said."

"Those people are so per-
sistent. The idea of her forc-
ing herself into our pew!
Isn't that voluntary lovely?
There's Dr. ——— coming out
of the vestry. Isn't he
grand?"

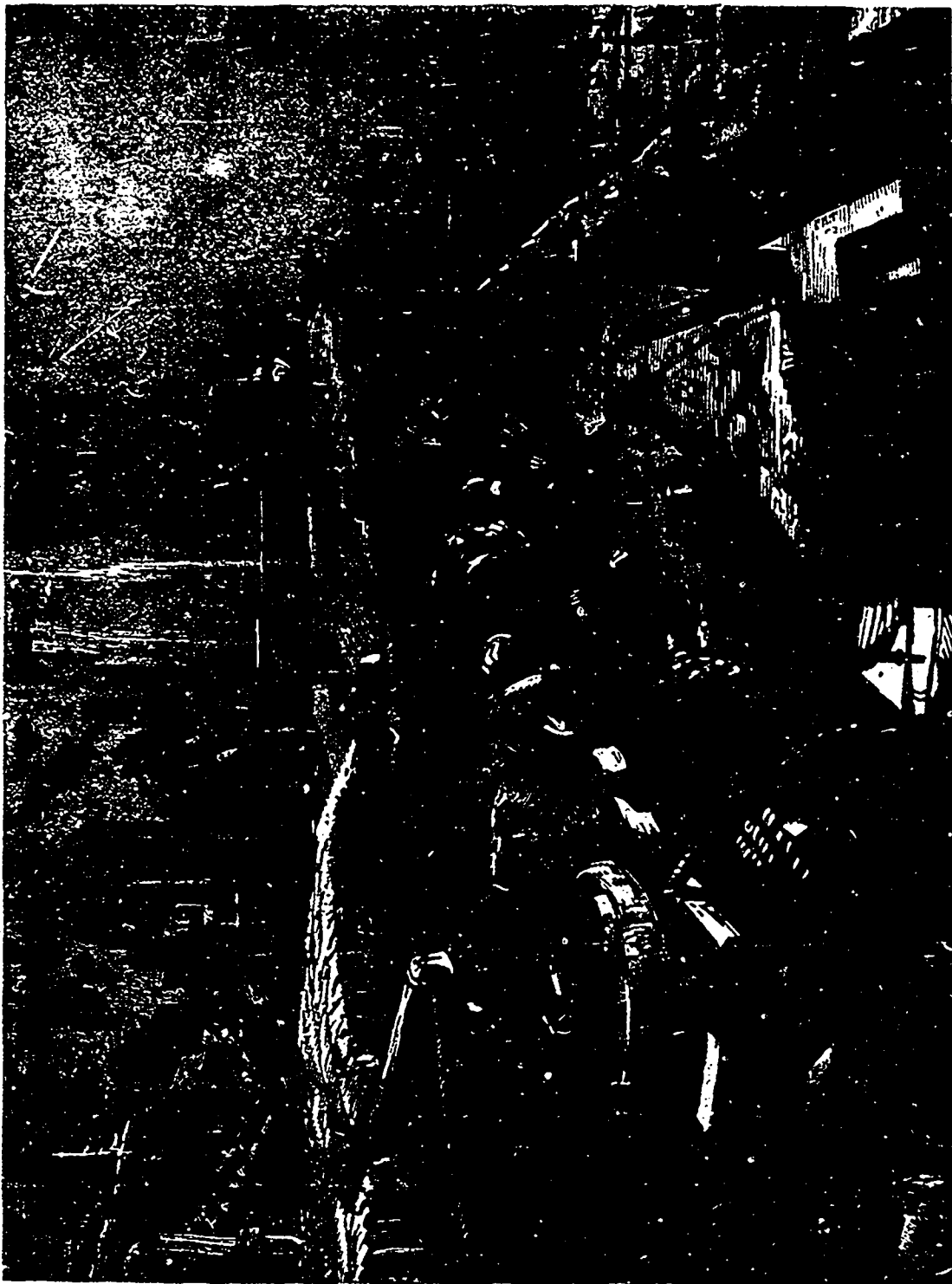
"Splendid! What a stately
man! You know he promised
to dine with us while he is
here."

He was a commanding-look-
ing man, and as the organ
voluntary stopped and the
looked over the vast crowd of
worshippers gathered in the
great church he seemed to
scan every face. His hand
was on the Bible, when sud-
denly he leaned over the read-
ing desk and beckoned to the
sexton, who obsequiously
mounted the steps to receive

a mysterious message. And then the
three ladies in the grand pew were elec-
trified to see him take his way the whole
length of the church to return with the
old woman, whom he placed in the front
pew of all, its occupants making willing
room for her. The great preacher looked
at her with a smile of recognition, and
then the service proceeded, and he
preached a sermon which struck fire
from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who
could not make room for her, as they
passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," was all he
said.



BUILDING WALLS OF ANCIENT CITY OR TOWER.

ANCIENT WALLED CITIES.

Our lesson for November 13th describes
the invasion of Jerusalem by Senna-
cherib, King of Syria. To withstand
such assaults ancient cities were built
with huge walls many feet in thickness
and many yards high. On these were
built towers, from which clumsy ma-
chinery threw huge stones or cast dar's,
as shown in a cut on third page. The
striking picture on this page shows how
these huge walls were built. They had
no machinery like our modern derricks
and steam engines, with which great
weights could be lifted with little

a misspelled word should creep into the
text or the words should be
wrongly punctuated. But great care
also is needed in teaching the heathen
to read the Bible. This is diffi-
cult sometimes. A native of Africa, of
the cannibal sort, once came to the
teacher of religion and asked what the
book meant when it said, "As they were
sitting and eating a woman, one came
who had an alabaster box," etc. You
see the comma made all the difference
between cannibalism and Christianity.
Somebody must have carelessly and in-
correctly quoted the Scripture to the
African. . .

a mysterious message. And then the
three ladies in the grand pew were elec-
trified to see him take his way the whole
length of the church to return with the
old woman, whom he placed in the front
pew of all, its occupants making willing
room for her. The great preacher looked
at her with a smile of recognition, and
then the service proceeded, and he
preached a sermon which struck fire
from every heart.

Give Pennies To-day.

BY JOHN O. PORTER

A penny a day with a prayer,
A mite for a Christian to give;
Yet given with patience and care,
A blessing your heart may receive.

A breath, with a penny amen,
Forgotten, perchance, with the word,
Which written with angelic pen,
Is "good" in the book of the Lord.

A penny, to herald abroad
The tidings unutterably grand;
To send the glad Gospel of God
To mortals in every land.

Withhold not the mites that are due,
Bestow them with reverent care,
Be sure that whate'er you may do
Is sealed with the signet of prayer.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1893.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 13, 1893.

HOW WE CAN SHOW OUR RELIGION AT SCHOOL.

1 Thess 5: 22; Prov. 4: 13-15; Prov. 23: 12.

The school is a little world in itself. It is in its way a preparation for the greater world which the boys and girls of the school will soon enter. It is a training not merely in the school lessons that they learn, but in the larger life lessons which shall fit them for the discharge of their duty in the wider sphere when school is left behind.

The Book of Proverbs is one of much shrewd practical wisdom. If we would follow the counsel of Solomon, the wisest of men, we should be saved from many a snare and peril. He tells us to "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her; for she is thy life. Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it pass not by it turn from it and pass away."

It is most important for boys to learn at school to say "No" when they are tempted to do wrong, and to say boldly "I will" when they are asked to do right. School is the time and place to apply our hearts unto instruction and our ears to the words of knowledge.

Sometimes it is fksome sitting on the hard seats and learning the dull lessons when you would like to be gathering flowers or chasing the butterflies, but you will have time enough for that after school, and during the holidays, and you are at school to learn. When the examinations are over and you come out well up in the class lists, you will not regret the self-denial and the study. But if you prefer having a good time at school, and neglect your books and lessons, that will not be much satisfaction when you find yourself at the foot of the class list, or perhaps plucked altogether.

But there is something more important than merely learning grammar and arithmetic. There is the grammar of life. Of this St Paul speaks: "See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men." The great Dr Arnold almost revolutionized school life at Rugby by making it

the training in morals and religion of the boys under his care.

When the Duke of Wellington saw the Eton boys playing cricket, he said, "It was there that Waterloo was won." He meant that the manliness of character learned in the English schools is the quality that will carry men anywhere, and enable them to do anything in after life. So our schools are the training places for the greater Waterloos in which temptation and sin and Satan are overcome by Christian manliness and trust in God.

THE SILENT PARTNER.

They had been hurrying across the snowy fields as fast as their legs could carry them, and had brought up breathless against the iron gates which formed the entrance to large and well-kept private grounds.

"Robbie, I dissent."

"Dissent what?"

"Ask for a job here. You're all right, but it's too fine for fellers like me,"—and Jimmie gazed down ruefully at his ragged trousers, and disconsolately lowered the broken shovel from his shoulder.

"Pooh!" ejaculated Rob, in disdain, "I'm not afraid to ask Mrs. Wells. Why, mamma and I've been here to dinner and lunch and parties, and I'd just as soon ask her to let us shovel those paths as not."

"All right, then, you can do the talking. You do talk fine, Robbie, but I'll bet I shovel better'n you."

"Well, Jimmie Maloney, I like that! I don't believe you did any better first time you tried. This is a dollar business here. Hurry up."

Rob had his hand on the door-bell, and Jimmie had stepped into the shadow. The tidy housemaid said, "Good morning, Master Robbie," although she looked a little surprised at the broom on his shoulder. Yes, he could see Mrs. Wells if he would go up-stairs to the sitting-room.

Bidding Jimmie put his shovel beside the broom in the vestibule, Robbie caught off his little sealskin cap, and started up-stairs, Jim following timidly on tiptoe.

Mrs. Wells turned from her desk to greet her visitor, and her look of welcome had a gleam of astonishment in it as she caught sight of the other lad, awkward and ill at ease in the fine house, and embarrassed by her glance.

But Rob had plunged into his story: "Please, Mrs. Wells, may Jim and I shovel off your walk? We're partners; he's the silent partner, 'cause I have to do all the talking, but he's a good shoveller. So am I—pretty good—and we'll do it cheap."

"How much?" Mrs. Wells' face was grave.

"Oh, a dollar, I guess, if you don't think that's too much."

"And then you divide the money?"

"No'm." Robbie looked at the carpet.

"We've made other 'rangements."

"Well, never mind," said the lady, kindly, "go and do the work, and I will tell James to pay you."

Once fairly outside, Jimmie drew a long breath.

"Why didn't you tell her what we're going to do about the money? You ought."

"No, I oughtn't. Mother says I mustn't always tell all I know, and I don't have to tell this, if I don't want to."

"You're a brick, Robbie Manning," was the sole response.

The work went on briskly for an hour, and, flushed and tired, the young partners went to the stable to find James.

Robbie flushed scarlet as he saw the look of amused contempt on the coachman's face, and all in a moment he flung out:

"I don't want your old dollar. I wouldn't have it now for anything. We aren't beggars."

Down by the gates again they stopped to talk it over.

"It was an awful lot, Robbie, and we really earned it. That man hadn't anything to do with it; it wasn't his money."

Rob looked at Jim's wistful face, and at his hands, all blue and chapped with cold.

"That wasn't all your money, anyway," said his conscience. In a moment he had taken his resolve. Back to the stable he hurried, and met James half way.

"Say,"—and it was such hard work to get it out—"we earned that dollar, and I guess I'll take it."

James gave it a contemptuous flip into a snowbank.

"It's there, and you can come for it in the spring, if you can't find it now."

Robbie felt another rush of anger coming on, and then he remembered Jim, and the "business arrangement," and doggedly began digging in the snow for the money.

"Robbie, dear," called Mrs. Wells from the piazza, "I want you to come in to lunch with me. We have just the nice things you like, and James will take you home in the sleigh afterward."

With the recovered dollar in his pocket, Rob went up the steps. Here was another difficulty. He and Jim were partners, and poor little Rob had another fight with himself. He could easily run back to Jim with the money, and tell him he couldn't go with him any more to-day. But how could the silent partner get along without him? He would never have the courage to ask for work at the big houses, where Rob knew all the people, and where they paid so well, and Jim did need the money dreadfully.

His mother was sick, and the rent was due to-morrow. No, Rob decided, he couldn't leave Jim when he had promised to "go partners" with him. And yet—perhaps there would be fried chicken, or chocolate cake for lunch!

"I can't, Mrs. Wells, thank you," he said in a moment; "cause you see I'm partners with Jim, and do the talking—and the rent has to be paid, and, O dear, I do want to come awful!"

Mrs. Wells looked puzzled.

"Why, Robbie, Jim can go round and have his lunch with James, if that will make you willing to stay."

"Mrs. Wells," Robbie blurted out, desperately, "I can't. Partners ought to share alike, and I don't want Jim to eat in the kitchen when I'm having a good time with you."

"My little Don Quixote," said Mrs. Wells, laying a gentle hand on the uncovered curly head, "you and Jimmie shall both come in and sit at my table to-day. Go and get him."

Late that afternoon, when Jimmie had gone home in a suit of warm clothes and an overcoat which belonged once to a little boy who used to call Mrs. Wells "mamma," she and Robbie sat taking before the fire.

"I'll tell you about that business arrangement," he said, "if you won't tell a single soul."

"I won't tell," she promised.

"Well, we played we were partners, and he was the silent partner, and I pretended that silent partners took all the money. I don't know whether 'at's the really way or not, but we played it was; Jim didn't want to, but I made him, because you see there was the medicine and the rent, and we earned five dollars. To-morrow we're going to earn some more."

There was a moment's pause. Then Mrs. Wells spoke.

"May I be in the partnership?" she asked.

"You? How?"

"May I be another kind of a silent partner, and may I put in the capital for the firm, so that we can pay the rent right along until summer?"

"That would be splendid!" assented Rob. "I'll ask Jimmie."

PETER'S REWARD.

Peter Redmond went to the village academy and was a studious pupil, but when, near commencement day, his father asked him if he had written a composition for the occasion, he answered promptly: "No, sir! I have not."

"And why not?" inquired the parent.

"Because I could have no chance of the prize. I am only fourteen years old and some of the fellows are as much as twenty; it would be foolish for me to compete with them."

"Of course you will write a composition, my boy. I do not mean to pay schooling for you and have it do no good."

"But, papa, commencement day is only the day after to-morrow. How can I write one now?"

"Well, Peter," said the father, "it is my wish that you should do it. Can you not try to please your father?"

"Yes, father, I will try, though I know I cannot do it very well."

"Do the best you can, and I will not blame you, dear boy."

Peter went to bed troubled over the matter, and all night it was upon his mind, so much so that before daylight he sprang from his couch exclaiming, "I have a subject! I have a subject!"

His father, awakened by the noise, asked from an adjoining room what the matter was.

"Oh, I am going to write my composition," called out Peter.

"A rather strange hour for such a work as that," said the father; "but go ahead."

Peter wrote rapidly, having thought the theme all over in his bed, his subject being "Reputation," and he wrote well, for a sort of inspiration had come over him for the time.

When morning dawned the composition was read to his father, who pronounced

it fairly well done, and Peter took it with him to school.

When called upon to read it Peter felt some trepidation, but read in clear, distinct tones, that could be heard by all. He felt when he sat down once more that he had obeyed his father, and that was reward enough; all he could expect when so many were older and wiser than himself. Presently the prizes were distributed, and every boy was on the alert.

"Peter Redmond!"

Peter started in surprise, and did not stir until the teacher said: "Come, Peter, the prize is really yours, and well earned, too."

At this the boy rose slowly, and with a dazed manner went forward for the beautifully-bound book awaiting for him. He could scarcely believe his own senses; but when he told his father the news and showed him the prize, the latter said: "Of course! of course!" as if it might have been all expected.

Peter is an elderly man now, but remembers with pleasure the prize he won by obeying his father.

This is a true story, and reminds us of the promise of the Fifth Commandment as we find it in Deuteronomy: Honour thy father and thy mother—that it may go well with thee.

GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS MOTHER.

Mrs. Custer, in her "Boots and Saddles," tells this beautiful trait of her husband's character:

"The hardest part of my husband's life was parting with his mother. Such partings were the only occasions when I ever saw him lose entire control of himself, and I always looked forward to the hour of their separation with dread. For hours before we started I have seen him follow his mother about, whispering some comforting word to her, or opening the closed door of her room, where, woman-like, she fought out her grief alone, and sit beside her as long as he could endure it. She had been an invalid for so many years that each parting seemed to her the final one. Her groans and sobs were heartrending. She clung to him every step when he started to go, and, exhausted at last, was led back half fainting to the lounge.

"The general would rush out of the house, sobbing like a child, and then throw himself into the carriage beside me, completely unnerved. I could only give silent comfort. My heart bled for him, and, in the long silence that followed as we journeyed on, I knew that his thoughts were with his mother. At our first stop he was out of the cars in an instant, buying fruit to send back to her. Before we were even unpacked in the hotel, where we made our first stay of any length, he had dashed off a letter. I have since seen those missives. No matter how hurriedly he wrote, they were proofs of the tenderest, most filial love and full of the prophecies he never failed to make of the reunion he felt would soon come."—The Evangelist.

WIDE-AWAKE BOYS.

When General Grant was a boy his mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast and sent him to borrow some from a neighbour. Going, without knocking, into the house of his neighbour, whose son was then at West Point, young Grant overheard a letter read from the son stating that he had failed in examination and was coming home. He got the butter, took it home, and without waiting for breakfast, ran down to the office of the Congressman from that district.

"Mr. Hamar," he said, "will you appoint me to West Point?"

"No, so-and-so is there and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fall, will you send me?"

Mr. Hamar laughed. "If he don't go through, no use for you to try."

"Promise me you'll give me a chance, Mr. Hamar, anyhow."

Mr. Hamar promised.

The next day the defeated lad came home, and the Congressman, laughing at Uly's sharpness, gave him the appointment.

"Now," said Grant, "it was my mother's being out of butter that made me General and President." But it was his own shrewdness to see the chance and promptness to seize it, that urged him upwards.—Christian Advocate.

"I asked little Jim the difference between 'inertia' and 'momentum.'" "Did he know anything about it?" "Yes; he said 'inertia' is something that won't start, and 'momentum' is something that won't stop."

The Red Cross.

BY REV FRANCIS E. MARSTEN, D.D.

O when, palsied by false Abdul,—
Cursed by valiant sons of men,—
Bowed the Cross before the Crescent,
And the Moslem said, "Amen";
When Armenia, desolated,
Reeked with blood of man and child,
And the Kurds amid the carnage,
Ravaged, lusted, fierce and wild;
Then the Red Cross raised its banner,
By a feeble woman led,—
Noblest soul 'mid knights or heroes,—
O'er the dying and the dead,
Vowing that our suffering brethren
In the distant Asian land
Should no more feel hell's oppression
And the curse of Famine's hand.
But the hour of vengeance cometh,
Stamboul soon shall hear its cry,
See the fateful lightning flashing
Fiercely from an angry sky!
Let not Abdul turn to Moscow,
Seek by lies to win his way,
For from out the West there rises
Portent of a Judgment Day.
Peace shall come, and "peace with
honour,"
When black hate, and strife, and guile,
Sink away before the dawning
Of love's universal smile;
When the law of the great Master
Shall prevail in mart and hall;
Then the rights of man, acknowledged,
Shall mean liberty for all.

**WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO
YOU, DO IT.**

BY R. H. GRASLEY.

II.

Mr. Moyles, seeing the pleasure it gave his little favourite to help his poor friends, became so much interested himself that he soon consented to accompany Harry to their humble home, and be introduced to them. This was considered very remarkable, as, up to this time, he had never been known to take any interest in the poor, or to aid them in any way.

As soon as the introduction was over and Mr. Moyles had been seated, he said: "Well, Mr. Sawyer, our little friend here has so interested me in you that I thought I should like to come and hear from your own lips an account of the accident, or whatever it was, that deprived you of those useful members, and left you in such a helpless condition."

"I do not often tell the story," replied Mr. Sawyer, "but I shall take great pleasure in relating it to a friend who has rendered us such very substantial kindness." Harry had never heard a full account of the accident, so he sat and listened very attentively.

"Four years ago last June," began Mr. Sawyer, "my wife, who had been an invalid for years, suddenly died at her sister's, where she had gone in hopes of regaining health and strength. About two weeks after the funeral, my daughter, our only remaining child, and I were returning home. Mary and I sat one evening on the upper deck as the boat drew near one of the wharves, watching some boys fishing in a row-boat not far off, when we suddenly heard a great commotion below, and listening, we caught the cry, 'Boy overboard!' I was at that time a strong active man, and considered myself a good diver as well as swimmer, so I ran down to see if I could be of any use. Finding out where the child had disappeared, I at once dropped in and had but little difficulty in finding and bringing him to the surface, when he was seized by one of the passengers and taken on board. I had some difficulty in climbing up the side of the boat, but had just succeeded in getting one hand over the top when a rush of passengers to that side of the boat swung it against the wharf. Both my legs were caught and mashed between the boat and the wharf.

"I was a stranger in the place, so, as it was impossible to proceed on our journey, I was taken to the nearest hospital. It was soon found that amputation was the only, but not very certain, means of saving my life. For two weeks after the operation I just hovered between life and death. During this time, my daughter, who was then only sixteen, watched over me almost night and day. It was seven weeks before I was thought fit to proceed on our homeward journey. My wife's heavy doctor bills had greatly reduced my not very large store of this world's goods. And now the expense in connection with this accident left us almost destitute. As want seemed to press us closer and closer year after year, we had to part with one thing after another, and when all was gone, Mary received an offer of a situation in the paper-box factory, and

we moved to the city that we might accept it."

Mr. Sawyer paused as if he considered that he had said enough, and Mr. Moyles asked: "Were the parents of the child you saved poor people, or were they wealthy?"

"That I do not know. I did not know them then, and I have never heard of them since."

That night tears glistened in Harry's eyes as he asked his mother if she knew who the man was that saved his life the time he fell over the side of the boat on that long journey to the city.

"No, dear, I was so bewildered at the time that I never thought to inquire for him or even thank him for the great service he had rendered us. As soon as you had come to enough to be moved, we had to hurry into the cars, as the train was standing ready to start."

Harry's head dropped into his mother's lap, and he sobbed as if his heart would break. She stroked his curly hair, but did not question him till his first burst of grief had somewhat subsided. As soon as he could command his voice she asked:

"What is it, dear?"
"Oh, mother, I am almost sure Mr. Sawyer is the man, and that that is how he lost his legs. Miss Sawyer will never speak to me again, when she knows that I was the cause of all their suffering."

His mother comforted him as well as she could, assuring him that both Miss Sawyer and her father would think no less of him but perhaps more when they knew that he was the boy he had saved from such a terrible death.

Next day Mrs. Wade visited and had a long talk with Mr. Sawyer, when it was found that what Harry suspected was true, and it turned out just as Mrs. Wade had said. When Mary and her father found that Harry was the child he had saved from death, the chord of friendship

for by Mr. and Mrs. Moyles during her declining years. Harry was given a full college course, by which he was prepared to follow the sacred calling of his father.

When he had finished his college course and passed all his examinations, he was appointed to a field of labour only a few miles from the city. Mr. and Mrs. Moyles went to hear his first sermon, which was preached from the text, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."
Orillia, Ont.

President Guggenheimer, of the New York Council, has made himself famous by a speech in support of an ordinance against profane and vile expressions in public places. His declaration that decent people need to be protected from the language of indecent people commanded the most hearty general assent. You may not be able to make people either religious or sober by act of Parliament, but it is, nevertheless, necessary to have laws against profanity and obscenity, and to enforce them on the streets. Ordinances cannot compel a man to love his family; but it is their province to restrain him from abusing them. There is a great deal of thoughtless profanity; but it is not the less shocking because it comes from accustomed lips. Too often it is encouraged by listeners who show themselves amused, rather than disgusted. Some of our best periodicals are also guilty of countenancing the vice in their dialect stories. Expressions which would be tolerated in no decent drawing-room are spread upon the pages of our most reputable monthlies, and one writer asks to be forgiven for not quoting from his hero more of a worse sort. The habit of profanity is said to be increasing; it must be, if our best magazines are no longer kept free from it.—Independent.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust
on his mail,
And the tents were all silent, the banners
alone
The lances unlifted, the trumpets un-
blown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in
their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of
Baal;
And the might of the Gentiles, unsmote
by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of
the Lord.

—Byron

A BRAVE CHINESE BOY.

Dr. Griffith John, the eminent English missionary, who has laboured long in China, sends to a mission band of children in England the following story from Hankow:

"It is the story of a brave boy—a Chinese boy, of course. A little boy who had been to a Christian school had made up his mind that he would worship idols no more. Some of his relations were very angry because of this and were determined to force him to worship them. They beat him, but it was of no use; he only became more determined in his mind that he would never worship them again. One day they took him to a temple and tried to force him to go on his knees and knock his head to the idol, but he stoutly refused.

"At last they threatened to throw him into the river which was flowing near by. 'Throw me,' said he, 'if you like; but I will never worship wood and stone again. Jesus is the true Saviour, and I will worship him only.' They took hold of him and pitched him into the water. One of his relatives, however, rushed after him and picked him up again. When out of the water the first thing he said was, 'You have not succeeded. While in the water I never prayed to the idols; I only prayed to Jesus.' A brave little boy that! May you all be as brave—brave for God; brave for Jesus; brave for righteousness; brave for the missionary cause; brave for the salvation of the world. Such bravery will make you a great power for good."

IF YOU PLEASE

When the Duke of Wellington was dying the last thing he took was a cup of tea. On his servant's handing it to him on a saucer and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied: "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them! He who had commanded great armies in Europe, and had long been used to the throne of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life.

Ah! how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters and sometimes to their mothers! This is ill-bred and un-Christian and shows a coarse nature and a hard heart. In all your home-talk, remember "If you please." Among your playmates don't forget "If you please." To all who wait upon you and serve you, believe that "If you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget these three little words—"If you please."

Life is made up, not of great sacrifice, or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure the comfort.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

These pertinent observations are from Book News, a purely literary magazine: "Seeing much of the written work of young men in college, nothing amazes more than the palpable ignorance of the Bible, a well-spring of sound English composition and allusion. To what use a master-hand can put it shines clear in 'The Bible References of John Ruskin,' an anthology of direct quotation and parallel utterance so that there is here heaped the mass of Ruskin which touches on good and ill—the way of sin and the path of life. One learns and sees in these passages how the music and movement of the Authorized Version is a perpetual school in the nobler diction of the tongue. Partly because the Bible is no longer daily read in the family, and children no longer schooled in its style and diction, now tender as the latter rain on the springing herb and now terrible as an army with banners, professors of English letters need to teach this branch of literature in their classes."



THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

"And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four-score and five thousand." (2 Kings 19, 35.)

and love which bound the two families together was greatly strengthened and drawn much more closely.

Mr. Moyles' interest in the cripple was also greatly increased when he knew that his suffering and loss was the price he had paid for the life of his little friend and favourite. His glossy Arabian might now be seen almost every day standing in front of the lowly cottage, while its master was dispensing temporal comforts within.

Although Mr. Moyles gave so liberally from his abundant stores, he received, as he himself afterwards said, far more than he gave. Mr. Sawyer's pious life and conversation soon led him to think seriously of his own selfish life, and his gross ingratitude for the abundance he was daily enjoying. He soon became alarmed about his soul's eternal safety, and was finally led to cast himself and all his possessions at the Saviour's feet, and to receive in return pardon, peace, and a title to treasures above, when he should have to leave all this world's treasure behind.

Miss Sawyer was engaged as Mr. Moyles' head housekeeper at a salary double that she had received at the factory. Mr. Sawyer was taken from the cottage, and became an inmate of Mr. Moyles' splendid mansion, where he was tenderly cared for for a little over a year, when he quietly passed away.

The following year Miss Sawyer received and accepted an offer of marriage from Mr. Moyles, and thus became the mistress of all his great wealth. Mrs. Wade was abundantly provided

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

This famous poem is based upon the record in the Bible. Read 2 Kings 19.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf
on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple
and gold;
And the sheen of his spears was like
stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on
dewy Gallee.

Like the leaves of the forest when sum-
mer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset
was seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when
autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered
and strown.

For the angel of Death spread his wings
on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as
he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly
and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and
forever were still.

And there lay the steed with his nostrils
all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath
of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white
on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating
surf.

The Little Captive.

BY SOPHIE GRAVES FOXWORTH.

Though all the earth with bloom is rife,
How dull that little captive's life!
The golden light that shimmering falls,
Cheers not his gloomy dungeon walls.

'Tis vain the sweetest notes to sing,
To plume the little glossy wing,
And wistful peep at dewy lawns,
When rosy tinted morning dawns.

O never more he'll skim the air,
Nor joyous mount the leafy stair,
Nor join the choir his fellows make
When merry songs the welkin wake.

And never home, or sheltered nest,
With birdies, 'neath their mother's breast,
While he in sadness pines forlorn,
Shall wait his coming, eve or morn.

From side to side he restless flits,
Or else, for hours, he moping sits,
No sweet rehearsals of his songs,
In silence brooding o'er his wrongs;

Then fluttering beats the wiry wall,
As if he'd break his cruel thrall,
And then in desperation sings,
To find how feeble are his wings.

Such tremulous sweetness thrills my heart,

As never a master's practiced art,
When trills that bird in rondos brief,
And molting minors tell his grief.

But God, who marks the sparrow's fall,
Metes justice to his creatures all,
Who robs the helpless of his own,
For such a deed must make atone.

ANCIENT WEAPONS OF WARFARE.

The weapons the Assyrian soldiers mostly carried were few and simple, yet with arms that would seem to us now so ineffective they conquered most of the then known world. We present in this paper two illustrations, showing a form of weapons used for siege purposes, and doing practically the service that is accomplished in modern warfare chiefly by heavy guns.

The lower cut represents the battering-ram. This machine was used for making breaches in the walls of cities and so open a door for entrance. All ancient cities were inclosed with massive walls; and sometimes it required weeks of incessant work to break through the great stones. Usually the men working the battering-rams had to protect themselves with their shields from darts cast from the walls above. In modern warfare such weapons would not be of the slightest value, nor would high walls be any protection to a city. From the distance of one to several miles cannon balls may be so effectively directed as to completely destroy a city in a brief time.

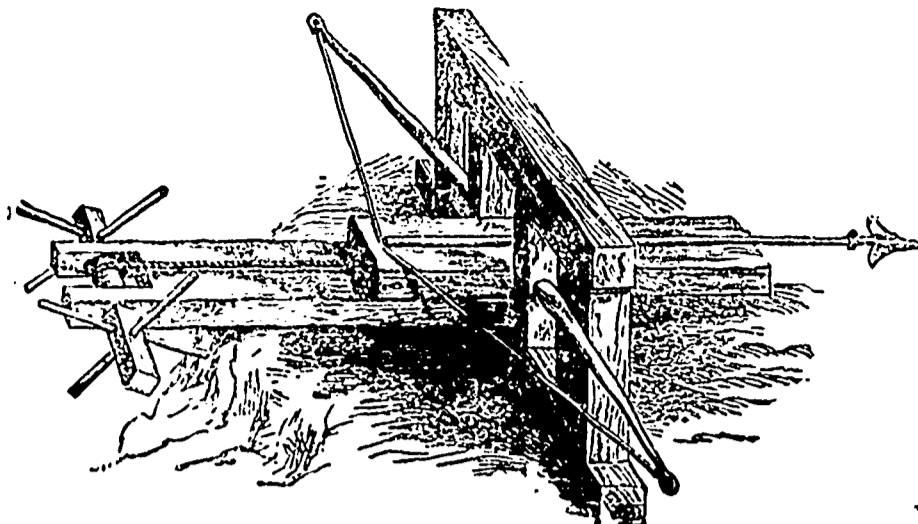
Our other illustration represents what is called the "ballista." It was a device consisting of a heavy frame, supplied with bow and cords, for casting heavy spears or javelins at an enemy. (See verse 22 of the lesson). It was practically a huge bow for shooting heavy arrows. This was, so to speak, the cannon of ancient warfare. But of how little service it would be in a conflict where our modern cannon should be employed against it! In those days gunpowder had not yet been discovered, nor were there any other of the terrific explosives known to modern science, as dynamite, nitro-glycerine, and others. There were, of course, no rifles and no cannon, nor any form of weapon requiring gunpowder or ball.

Yet with such weapons as these—with the sword, and spear, and shield—the Assyrian armies reduced a great portion of the world. We may learn from them that our best success in life does not depend so much on the abundance of our resources as on the skilful and persevering use of the means or advantages we have, and above all, in dependence upon God. Our lesson shows how he delivered Jerusalem from the Assyrians.

"Yes, we went all over Europe, but papa really only enjoyed himself in Venice."

"Ah, yes, no wonder. The gondolas, St. Mark's, the Rialto, the—"

"Oh, it wasn't that. But he could sit in the hotel, you know, and fish out of the window."



ANCIENT BALLISTA.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 13.

THE ASSYRIAN INVASION.

2 Kings 19. 20-22, 28-37. Memory verses, 32-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psalm 46. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. The Holy One of Israel, v. 20-22, 28.
 2. The Protected City, v. 29-34.
 3. The Angel of the Lord, v. 35-37.
- Time.—B.C. 699 or 698, toward the close of Hezekiah's reign.
Place.—Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Refuge in trouble.—2 Kings 19. 8-19.
- Tu. The Assyrian invasion.—2 Kings 19. 20-28.
- W. The Assyrian invasion.—2 Kings 19. 29-37.
- Th. Hezekiah's prayer.—Isa. 38. 1-8.
- F. Thanksgiving.—Isa. 38. 9-22.
- S. A song of deliverance.—Psalm 76.
- Su. Reliance on God.—Psalm 46.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Holy One of Israel, v. 20-22, 28. Who had threatened Hezekiah? Where was he with his army? Why did he want to fight against Hezekiah?

What pleasant prophecy was made about the remnant of the people?
What is our Golden Text?
What about the siege by the king of Assyria?
For whose sake would God defend that city?
3. The Angel of the Lord, v. 35-37. Who left heaven that night on a message from God? What awful fact was discovered in the morning? What did Sennacherib do? Where did he dwell? Whom did he worship? Who killed him? Where did they escape to? Who reigned in his stead?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we see—
1. God insulted by the wicked?
 2. God comforting the godly?
 3. God punishing the wicked?

FIRST DO IT, THEN TALK IT.

A chaplain in the army during the war was passing over the field, when he saw a wounded soldier upon the ground. He had his Bible under his arm and he stooped down and said to the man, "Would you like me to read you something from the Bible?" The wounded man said, "I'm so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water." The chaplain hurried off, and as quickly as possible brought the water. After the man had drunk the water he said, "Could you lift my head and put something under it?" The chaplain removed his light over-



ANCIENT BATTERING-RAM.

What had Hezekiah done to make peace with him?
What was the Lord's first message to Hezekiah?
How might the people of Judah regard the boasting Assyrians?
Against whom was Sennacherib really fighting?
Who had heard his boastful sneers?
What did God say he would do to him?
Where did he say he would send him?
2. The Protected City, v. 29-34. Whom does God now address?
How were the poor people to be fed that year and the next?
What were they to do the third year?

coat, rolled it up, and tenderly lifting the head, put it as a pillow for the tired one to rest on.
"Now," said the man, "if I only had something over me. I'm so cold!"
There was only one thing the chaplain could do and that was to take his coat off and cover the man. As he did so the wounded man looked up in his face and said, "For God's sake, if there is anything in that book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it."
There is a world of meaning in this incident. The need of to-day is the acting of the object-lessons that book teaches.

BITS OF FUN.

Flustered Old Lady—"Does it make any difference which of these cars I take to the bridge?" Polite Pedestrian—"Makes no difference to me, madam."

Miss Bacon—"Wasn't it Admiral Porter who said, 'Take no quarter from the enemy'?" Mr. Lake—"Naw; it couldn't have been; or, if it was, he's the only porter that ever said such a thing."

Bagley—"Bent is a very generous man."

Brace—"In what respect?"

Bagley—"He never passes a beggar that he doesn't borrow a dime from me to give to him."

Professor—"Margaret, please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?"

Margaret—"Why, sir, you are sitting on it."

Mr. Gaswell—"An Eastern astronomer says he has discovered two groups of spots on the sun."

Mr. Gasbill—"I wish he would come to Pittsburg and make an effort to discover the sun itself."

Daughter—"There is only one thing more astonishing than the readiness with which Ned gave up tobacco when we became engaged." Mother—"What is that astonishing thing?" Daughter—"The rapidity with which he took it up again after we were married."

"O my friends! there are some spectacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience, who is always mislaying her glasses.

A candidate for priest's orders, preaching his extempore trial sermon before Bishop Tait and Dean Stanley, in his nervousness began stammering, "I will divide my congregation into two—the converted and the unconverted." This proved too much for the bishop's sense of humour; and he exclaimed, "I think, sir, as there are only two of us, you had better say which is which."

"Did you ever suffer from writer's cramp?" asked a bookkeeper who was conversing with a friend of some literary pretensions.

"Writer's cramp?" echoed the other. "I've suffered from it for years! The papers I write for are nearly always 'too cramped for space' to use any of my stuff."

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