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THE LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 7, 1893.

[No. 40.]

CAMEL RACE.

The camel was one of the earliest animals domesticated by man and is mentioned in Hebrew writings long before the horse. It is, perhaps, the most awkward looking of animals, having a large, ungainly appearance, its hind legs seeming disproportionately long. But we may well excuse its apparent deformities as they make it one of the most useful animals and without it the great deserts would be impassible. Its clumsy-looking, broad feet prevent it from sinking into the sand, its long pendulous upper lip is its organ of prehension, and its nostrils can be closed at will against the

or muddy soil. It slips and slides in it and cannot gather itself up quickly. Camels, on an emergency, will travel from seventy to ninety miles a day, but only for a day or two, over a level country. Their average day's travel is about fifty miles which they will cover in from eight to ten hours. They can run and leap a stream with great speed, as shown above.

THE FISH AT DINNER.

The curious way in which fishes eat is quite a study. Some fishes have teeth, and some have none at all. In some the teeth

methods for those regularly toothless, and the fishes which have teeth show almost as great a diversity in the number, style, and arrangement of them. The ray, or skate, has a mouth set transversely across its head, the jaws working with a rolling motion, like two hands set back to back. In the jaws are three rows of flat teeth, set like a mosaic, and between these rolling jaws the fish crushes oysters and other mollusks like so many nuts. The carp's teeth are set back in the pharynx, so that it actually masticates its food in its throat; while the sea-urchin has five teeth surrounding its stomach, and working with a

refuse, because he made money by it. I have met him in the stores where he bought the cheapest and roughest clothing he could get. I have met him at church. He took no part in any of the exercises; he was all the time looking around vacantly or counting on his fingers while the preacher was trying to interest his hearers in heavenly matters. When the contribution basket was passed around he would shake his head or look for a copper in his old greasy pocket-book.

This old man had starved his body, mind and soul in order to make money. Now in his old age his chief delight is in telling



CAMEL RACE.

drifting sand. The hump upon its back, which seems as if it were solely for the convenience of the rider, forming a natural saddle, is its storehouse of food, which is slowly reabsorbed during its long marches and enables it to stand the necessary privations of the desert. Its power of endurance, strength, ability to live on a very limited quantity of food, and that of the coarsest character, and to do without water for long periods at a time have rightly earned for it the title of "Ship of the Desert."

The camel when ill treated will become unruly and even savage, biting severely, but if kindly treated it is a most gentle, docile animal. Though so well adapted for travelling over the sandy desert, the camel moves with great difficulty in wet, clayey

are found upon the tongue, in some in the throat, and in some in the stomach. Some draw in the food by suction; the sturgeon is one of this class. The jelly-fish absorbs all its food by wrapping its body around the prey it covers. The star-fish fastens itself to its victim, turns its stomach wrong side out, and engulfs its dinner without the formality of swallowing it through a mouth first, much less of asking permission. Then there is a peculiar little crab—the horseshoe crab—which chews up its food with its legs or claws before it passes the morsels over to its mouth; while other crabs and lobsters masticate their food with their jaws, and afterwards complete the work with an extra set of teeth which they find conveniently located in their stomach. So there are all sorts of

peculiar centralized motion, which makes them do as good service as if they were numbered hundreds. And these are only a very few of the odd methods in which fishes eat.

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

I HEARD this question the other day asked by an old miserly man who was hobbling along the street. I know him well; he had accumulated a large fortune in houses and lots, bonds, stocks and money. He had been a long lifetime in making his fortune, but it was at the expense of many of the enjoyments and pleasures of life. I have met him at the meat market, he always bought the cheapest

that he is worth fifty thousand dollars. What a sad picture. I give this that the boys and girls may see the folly of laying up treasures on earth at the expense of everything that is good, pure and noble. What are you worth? is a question of great importance.

Ask your mother what she would take for you, and she will tell you that all the gold in the world could not buy you from her. Ask yourself what you are worth to yourself. That body of yours, how do you value it? Do you value that mind? What will you take for your soul? How much are you worth to yourself? to the world? to God?

Think on these things and write me a little letter, letting me know how much you are worth.

UNCLE MINOR.

There's a Boy in the House!

A gun in the parlour, a kite in the hall,
In the kitchen a book and a bat and a ball,
On the sideboard a ship, on the bookcase a
flute,
And a hat for whose ownership none could
dispute;
And out on the porch, gallantly prancing no-
where,
A spirited hobby-horse paws at the air;
And a well polished pie-plate out there on the
shelf,
Near the tall jelly jar, which a mischievous elf
Emptied as slyly and slick as a mouse,
Make it easy to see there's a boy in the house.

A racket, a rattle, a rollicking shout,
Above and below and around and about;
A whistling, a pounding, a hammering of
nails,

The building of houses, the shaping of sails,
Entreaties for paper, for scissors, for string,
For every unfluidable, bothersome thing;
A bang of the door, and a dash up the stairs,
In the interest of burdensome business affairs;
And an elephant hunt for a bit of a mouse,
Make it easy to hear there's a boy in the house.

But, oh! if the toys were not scattered about,
And the house never echoed to racket and
rout;

If forever the rooms were all tidy and neat,
And no one need not wipe after wee, muddy feet;
If no one laughed out if the morning was red,
And with kisses went tumbling all tired to
bed;

What a wearisome work-a-day world, don't
you see,

For all who love little wild laddies 'twould be:
And I'm happy to think, though I shrink like
a mouse

From disorder and din—there's a boy in the
house!—*Exchange.*

RUSSIAN BOYS.

Russian peasants never even learn that
there are other and fairer lands, where
boys can run in the fresh sunshine and
sport in freedom in their boyish games. In
reality the peasant boy of Russia is little
more than a slave. He never learns to
read and write, his wretched hut is more
fit to be a stable than a human habitation,
while his food is coarse and meagre.

In the middle classes a boy's advantages
are greater, and when he reaches a proper
age he is sent to a government school or
military academy, where he is educated for
business or the army.

Among the nobility the children are sel-
dom cared for by the mother. At an early
age lessons in French, music, and dancing
are given, and when a little older a French
maid is added to their train. Their instruc-
tion is all received at home from private
tutors.

It is too cold in the winter for much out-
door sports, but the boys, clad in their fur
skins, have fine fun on the ice. The rivers,
being frozen over for months, are regular
roads of travel, and much journeying is
done on sleds and skates. In northern
Russia the boys hitch dogs to sleds and
race over the snow to gather wood in the
forests, or on their shining skates skim
over the glistening river for miles. Then
the hunting is good and game abundant.
Of course they build snow forts and have
big battles, pretty much in the same way
as our American boys do.

Among the Cossacks the boys are trained
to endure every hardship. The Cossacks
are tribes inhabiting the Caucasus moun-
tains, and are generally the best and bravest
soldiers in the Czar's army. The boy
babies are all strapped on horseback be-
fore they can walk, and soon learn to
regard the horse as their constant com-
panion. In a few years they can stand
any amount of hard life, coarse food, long
fasts, hard riding and fighting. War and
plunder are their natural occupations, and
to these they are trained in early youth by
stern lessons in the school of privation,
obedience and self-control.

Canadian boys can have little idea of the
life of a Russian, for, accustomed as they
are to pleasant weather and perfect free-
dom, they cannot realize the hardships of
the cold winters or the rigid discipline in
the Czar's domain. Even in schools and
academies the surveillance is kept up, and
often boy students are arrested as Nihilists
and rushed away to Siberia without a mo-
ment's warning. If a student is suspected
of having nihilistic sentiments he is thrown
into jail, and escapes are rare.

This, however, does not prevent a large
number of the Russian students from being
attached to the ranks of the Nihilists, and
even among the children of the nobility
many brave boys have suffered torture and
death for freedom's sake.

BEWARE OF HIM.

I WANT to warn our boys against an ugly
customer that I have met with more than
once in my time. He spells his name with

"An upright and a cross
And a circle complete,
Two semicircles perpendicular meet,
The angle triangle standing up on feet,
Two semicircles
And a circle complete."

I would like our boys to learn the name
of this ugly customer, and think whether
they have met with him; also whether
they have learned to love him. Ask your
father whether he has made his acquaint-
ance, and whether he would recommend
you to his friendship and fellowship. I
once knew a beautiful lady to fall in love
with him, and to the day of her death she
never deserted him. I think he makes his
home in your vicinity. Be on the look-out
for him. You may at first find it difficult
to make his acquaintance, but when you
have once formed an intimate acquaintance
with him you will find him hard to get rid
of. I caution you to beware of him. He
gets men's money, he injures health, he
destroys life, he makes men stupid, stolid,
selfish, sleepy, and filthy. He is bad com-
pany. He comes where he is not wanted.
He makes himself too plenty. He stays
too long. Better "get shut of him" at
once.—*Little Christian.*

IT'S ALL THE LITTLE BOOK.

SOMETHING more than a year ago, as the
writer was sitting in a railway carriage, a
pleasant voice sung out:

"Paper, sir? paper, sir? morning paper,
lady?"

There was nothing new in the words,
nothing new to see a small boy with a
package of papers under his arm; but the
voice, so low and musical—its clear, pure
tones, mellow as a flute, tender as only love
and sorrow could make—called up hallowed
memories. One look at the large brown
eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of nut-
brown curls, the pinched and hollow cheeks,
and his history was known.

"What is your name, my boy?" I asked,
as, half-blind with tears, I reached out my
hand for a paper.

"Johnny ————," the last name I
did not catch.

"You can read?"

"Oh yes; I've been to school a little,"
said Johnny, glancing out of the window,
to see if there was need of haste.

I had a little brother whose name was
Johnny. He had the same brown hair and
tender, loving eyes; and perhaps it was on
his account I felt very much disposed to
throw my arms around Johnny's neck, and
to kiss him on his thin cheek. There was
something pure about the child, standing
modestly there in his patched clothes and
little half-worn shoes, his collar coarse, but
spotlessly white, his hands clean and
beautifully moulded. A long, shrill whistle,
however, with another, short and peremp-
tory, and Johnny must be off. There was
nothing to choose; my little testament,
with its neat binding and pretty steel clasp,
was in Johnny's hand.

"You will read it, Johnny?"

"I will, lady; I will."

There was a moment—we were off. I
strained my eyes out of the window after
Johnny, but I did not see him; and shut-
ting them, I dreamed what there was in
store for him—not forgetting God's love
and care for the destitute and tender-
voiced boy.

A month since I made the same journey
and passed over the same railroad. Halting
for a moment's respite at one of the many
places on the way, what was my surprise to
see the same boy, taller, healthier, with
the same eyes and pure voice!

"I've thought of you, lady," he said;
"I wanted to tell you it's all the little
book."

"What's all the little book, Johnny?"

"The little book has done it all. I
carried it home and father read it. He was
out of work then, and mother cried over it;
they quite frightened uncle, who lived with
us. At first I thought it was a wicked
book to make them feel so bad; but the
more they read the more they cried, and it's
all been different since. It's the little
book; we live in a better house now, and
father don't drink, and mother says 'twill
be all right again."

Dear little Johnny, he had to talk so
fast; but his eyes were bright and sparkling,
and his brown face all aglow.

"I'm not selling many papers now; and
father says maybe I can go to school this
winter."

Never did I so crave a moment of time.
But now the train was in motion. Johnny
lingered as long as prudence would allow.

"It's all the little book," sounded in my
ear; the little book that told of Jesus and
his love for poor, perishing men. What
a change! A comfortable home; the man
no more a slave to strong drink. Hope
was in the hearts of his parents; health
mantled the cheeks of the children. No
wonder Johnny's words came brokenly!
From the gloom of despair to a world of
light; from being poor and friendless the
little book told them of One mighty to
save, the very Friend they needed, the
precious Elder Brother, with a heart of
love and tenderness.

Would that all the Johnnys who sell
papers, and fathers that drink, and mothers
that weep over the ruins of once happy
homes, took to their wretched dwelling the
book that tells of Jesus and his love! And
not only these, but all the Johnnys that
have no parents, living in cellars, and sleep-
ing in filth and wretchedness—would that
they could learn from this little book what
a friend they have in Jesus.

ROBERT RAIKES.

BY UNCLE MINOR.

FROM Prag's history of Sunday-schools
we learn some interesting facts about
Robert Raikes and other earnest workers
for the children in Sunday-schools.

About the year 1780, Mr. Raikes, of
Gloucester, England, was publishing a
small paper called the *Gloucester Journal*.
Not unlike many editors and publishers,
he was anxious to gather news, and notice-
ing the large number of ignorant and vici-
ous children who made the streets of that
city hideous on the Lord's day, in the
goodness of his heart he decided to try and
teach them better. So at first he employed
only one lady to assist him, and afterwards
employed three others at a shilling a day.

He not only taught these children how
to read, but taught them the rich lessons
from the inspired word of God. This
good man rented a large hall and soon had
it filled with earnest pupils.

The children were required to come at
ten o'clock in the morning, stay until
twelve, they then went home and were
given time to eat their dinners. At one
o'clock they assembled again, and after read-
ing their lessons they were conducted to
regular church service where they remained
until half after five repeating catechisms.
They were then dismissed and told to go
home without making any noise, and not
to play on the streets.

This was the beginning of what is called
the modern Sunday-school. Robert Raikes
was not the originator, nor the founder of
church Bible schools. It is true at that
time, the idea of teaching children the
word of God had well-nigh passed from the
old church members. But a revival of
gospel work among the young was needed,
and God in his providence raised up this
good man to do his part.

Church schools or Bible Sunday-schools
were organized more than three thousand
years before the days of Raikes, which I
promise to tell you more about some time.

HOW AN OCEAN CABLE IS MADE.

LET us first see what a submarine cable
is, and how it is made. To do this a visit
must be made to the enormous factory on
the banks of the Thames a few miles below
London. Here the birth of the cable may
be traced through shop after shop, machine
after machine.

The foundation of all is the conductor, a
strand of seven fine copper wires. This
slender copper cord is first hauled through
a mass of sticky, black compound, which
causes the thin coating of gutta percha,
applied by the next machine, to adhere to
it perfectly, and prevents the retention of
any bubbles of air in the interstices between
the strands, or between the conductor and
the gutta percha envelope. One envelope
is not sufficient, however, but the full
thickness of insulating material has to be
attained by four more alternate coatings of
sticky compound and plastic gutta percha.
The conductor is now insulated, and has
developed into "core."

Before going any further, the core is
coiled into tanks filled with water and
tested, in order to ascertain whether it is
electrically perfect—that is, that there is no
undue leakage of electricity through the
gutta percha insulating envelope. These
tests are made from the testing room,
replete with beautiful and elaborate ap-
paratus, by which measurements finer and
more accurate than those even of the most
delicate chemical balance may be made.
Every foot of core is tested with these in-
struments, both before and after being
made up into a cable; and careful records
are preserved.

After all the core has been tested and
passed, the manufacture of the cable goes
on. The core travels through another set
of machines, which first wrap it with a
thick serving of tarred jute, and then with
a compact armouring of iron or steel wires
of various thickness, according to the depth
of the water in which the cable is intended
to be laid. Above the armouring, in order
to preserve the iron from rust as long as
possible, is applied a covering of stout
canvass tape, thoroughly impregnated with
a pitchlike compound; and sometimes the
iron wires composing the armour are
separately covered with Russian hemp, as
an additional preservative against corrosion.
—*Scribner's Magazine.*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. E. WETHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 7, 1893.

FEAR NOT—THE CAPTAIN

WHISTLES.

"FEAR thou not" (Isaiah 41:10),
What! not a little? No; "fear thou not."
But surely I may show some measure of
trembling? No; "fear thou not." Tie
that knot tightly about the throat of all your
unbelief. "Fear thou not," neither this
day, nor any day of thy life. When fear
comes in, drive it away; give it no space.
If God rests in his love, and if God sings,
what canst thou have to do with fear? Have
you never known passengers on board ship,
when the weather was rough, comforted by
the calm behavior of the captain? One
simple-minded soul said to his friend, "I
am sure there is no cause for fear; for I
heard the captain whistling." Surely if the
captain is at ease, and with him is all the
responsibility, the passenger may be still
more at peace. If the Lord Jesus at the
helm is singing, let us not be fearing. Let
us have done with every timorous accent.
—*Spurgeon.*

In the Children's Hospital.—Eddie.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

Our doctor has call'd in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes! But they said, too, of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb.
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead.

II.

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward—every bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."
"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own."
But he turn'd to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day."

III.

Had? Has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by-and-bye.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,
But that he had said "Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these?"

IV.

So he went. And we passed to this ward where the younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty, you see, just now! We have lost her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain, tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years—
Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a cow-slip out of the field;
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's wing;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crossed on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said "Poor little dear,
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live through it, I fear."

V.

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor, as far as the head of the stair,
Then I returned to the ward; the child didn't see I was there.
Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved and so vex'd!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it! O Annie, what shall I do?"
Annie consider'd: "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,

It's all in the picture there: Little children should come to me."
(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but then, if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it's me? Such a lot of beds in the ward!"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and leave 'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so much to see to! But, Emmie, you tell it him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

VI.

I had sat there three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—
My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more.
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass.
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass.
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tossed about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without;
My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife,
And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would escape with her life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see the child.

VII.

He had brought his ghastly tools: and we believed her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane.
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had pass'd away.

A GIRL'S CHIVALRY.

BY K. G. WALKER.

EARLY one bright January morning, a few winters ago, a pleasing little incident happened in an Eastern city. Two or three warm days had been followed by a sleet and weather bitterly cold. Everything was as radiant in the vivid sunlight as though powdered with diamond dust, and the trees were great crystals; but the glassy rime on the sidewalks and crossings was very treacherous, and many an unwary footfall brought dire disaster.

Avis Morton, on her way to her daily work, after many narrow escapes, reached a street-car in safety. She had the good fortune to secure the last vacant seat, and, smiling and warm in her plain, comfortable clothes, she sat watching her fellow passengers. At the next crossing the car stopped, and a shabby little old woman fell on the steps, and was assisted by the conductor, with rough good-nature, on to the platform. Weak and dizzy from her fall, she entered the car trembling in every limb, and with a pitiful appealing look on her pale, wrinkled little face. There were a half-dozen men and boys in the car, but not one of them saw her; of course not, they were all absorbed in their morning papers.

But Avis saw her, and in an instant she sprang up, and led the old lady gently to her place. With a grateful look into the girl's frank, compassionate eyes, she murmured tremulously:

"You are very kind, child, very kind to a poor old woman."

"I ought to be, madam; I am young and strong, and it would be a shame for me to keep my seat while you were standing," was Avis' chivalrous reply.

Several gentlemen arose and offered their seats to Avis; but no, she would not accept one of them. They thus acknowledged that this fair, lithe young girl of fifteen had put a stigma upon each of them.

After riding three or four blocks the old lady wished to alight.

"It is so slippery I am afraid you will fall," said Avis as she arose to leave the car.

"It can't be helped, child; it can't be helped; but I am grateful for your kindness."

The aged voice was very tremulous, and went straight to Avis' heart. She hesitated only a moment—every penny of the three

dollars a week she got for clerking in the great down-town store counted in the petty sum she and her mother could scrape for their living, and she would be docked if she were late—but it was only for a moment. The old lady needed somebody to assist her, and the next moment Avis was on the platform, saying:

"I will see you safely across."

Very carefully and kindly she assisted the shabby, uncertain little figure which clung so closely to her across the glassy street.

"Oh, child, if I had known it was so bad, I never would have come out; but I must go on. Oh, dear!"

"How far have you to go?" asked Avis.

"Two blocks down this street, I think."

"I will go with you," said Avis, quietly.

In a little while Avis had her *protege* safely at her destination.

"Now, child," said the little woman, as she stood at the door, "tell me your name, and where you live. I never want to forget the blessed girl who saved poor old me from breaking my bones."

Avis told her, and then added:

"I am only a poor girl and shall have to make my own living, and I may be glad when I am like you to have some one remember me; but it's nothing at all, ma'am," she added, with a light laugh, "for I should have had the blues all day if I had let you go by yourself."

After making Avis write her name and address on a card, she said:

"Good-bye, child, I can give you only an old woman's blessing."

"I am very grateful for it," replied Avis, reverently. "Good-bye."

She was late, and was docked, and that meant sacrifice; but that did not matter to Avis. Her gifts went with a sovereign freeness that admitted no regret.

A year passed by, and sickness had brought many privations to Avis and her mother. While health lasted they could live; but the fever that had overtaken Avis had made the future very dark. But one day during her convalescence the postman brought an official looking document addressed to herself. Had the stars fallen, she could not have been more astounded as she read: "Christina Long has bequeathed to Avis Morton \$50,000, in remembrance of her chivalrous kindness to an old and helpless woman!"

This is a true story, and not a make-believe one, by any means. A fortune may not reward us for kind acts, but every one lifts us into a nobler life.

DICK.

BY NED GWEN.

"CLEAR out, you little darkey!"

"Home with you. We don't want you!"

Dick Thurston made no reply, but, swinging a pair of skates high in the air, he burst into a perfect roudade of melody.

His one weapon of defence was irresistible, and whether he trilled like the birds of the forest or sang the quaint old Negro songs his grandfather taught him, the village boys were silenced when he chose to have it so.

As soon as skates were strapped, the river, with its sparkling icy coat, was a scene to delight the eye.

Suddenly, when the jollification seemed at its height, little Dick, after a pirouette no other boy dared attempt, struck out for shore.

"What's the matter, Dick?" "Where are you going?" shouted the boys.

"Goin' home to get a lickin', an' I must run."

"What for?" "What do you mean?" cried one and another.

"Cause mammy said if I went on the ice before she said so, she'd whip me; an' she allus say, 'When you get a hard thing to do, Dick, do it quick and have it over; so I'm goin' to cut and take it.'"

"Hurrah for Dick!" cried one of the jolliest of the crowd.

"If you have a hateful old thing to do, why do it. I'm going home to split the kindlings."

"There'll be a splendid moon to-night, and I'll be back," he called to those he left behind.

Fred Danforth looked at Tom, and Tom looked at him.

"That miserable little imp!" muttered

one; and then they both laughed rather faintly. But they pulled off their skates.

As soon as they reached home one "went at that horrid composition," that was usually dreaded and postponed till it became a veritable nightmare; while the other, who "always studied his algebra last, because 'twasn't any use anyway, and he didn't see why a fellow need learn it," was, as he told his mother, "hard at it, to have it over, like Dick's lickin'."

Mrs. Danforth, who had often told her boys to "have nothing to do with that low-lived coloured boy who brought home their laundered clothes," was not only amazed at the unusual spectacle, but she herself could not but think of dreaded duties, and in a few minutes was at the door of a bedridden woman, on whom she had said she would never call except for decency's sake.

The visit so soon followed a previous one, and was so totally unexpected that the sometimes neglected old lady was almost amiable instead of in her usual exasperating mood.

The girls who were skating—but it would be quite impossible to tell you all about it in this little space. Besides, the end is not yet. But if you will follow the advice of Dick's "mammy," you may be sure you will make the world better and brighter for having lived in it.

"DRINK IT? NEVER!"

It was a gay, convivial marriage entertainment. Mabel Howard had just been united to the man of her choice. Many young people were assembled, and all were enjoying themselves greatly. The ruby contents of the wine-cup flashed ruddily in the bright light, and lent a glow to many a manly cheek, and made many a maiden's eye sparkle with brilliancy. Few there were who hesitated to sip the sparkling fluid.

Perhaps the most beautiful being in the entire assembly was Mabel Howard, who had just become the wife of Hugh Harrison. She was a lady of most attractive form and features, admired by all and respected for her strength of character and nobility of nature. A friend led her to the table, and pouring out a glass of wine from the decanter, offered it to her, inviting her to drink with him. Mabel took the glass, and holding it at arm's length, and pointing at the sparkling wine, she exclaimed:

"Drink it! Drink that which has been the cause of so much misery to me! Once I had a noble and generous father. No nobler man existed than he. Admired, respected and honoured by all for his talents and manly beauty, he was nevertheless ruined by the demon—Drink. Lower and lower he fell, until he became a miserable sot—a disgrace to humanity. And now he fills a drunkard's grave. One day, frenzied by this, this which you ask me to drink, he struck my darling mother—his own wife—a fierce blow, and felled her to the ground. She never rose again—for he killed her! And yet you ask me to drink this! This, which has brought so much woe to me! This, which has destroyed the happiness of so many wives and daughters and mothers! This, which has ruined so many noble men! This, which is a curse, and nothing but a curse to society! Drink it? Never!" And she dashed the goblet to the ground, breaking it into a thousand pieces.

A solemn silence rested on the assembly. Surprise and astonishment were visible on every countenance. The wine was removed, and never again was seen on the table of that mansion. From that evening many a man, accustomed to imbibe sparkling wine, refused ever afterwards to touch the ruinous wine cup.

A PONY SAVING THE LIFE OF ITS MISTRESS.

A LITTLE girl, playing one day in her father's grounds, fell into a canal which passed through the estate. No human being was near to save her from drowning. But a small pony, which had become a pet in the family, and of which the children, who often rode on him, were especially fond, was gazing near by. The cries of his little mistress fell on his ear, and, plunging into the stream, he quickly seized her into the stream, he quickly seized her clothing and took her ashore with such gentleness that she was unhurt except by her fright.

* We print, by request, the whole of this poem, which the Rev. Dr. Rose quoted in part in the February number of the *Methodist Magazine*, in his admirable article on "Tennyson's Indebtedness to the Bible."



A FANTASTIC FLY-CATCHER.

A FANTASTIC FLY-CATCHER.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

COME with me into my garden, and I will show you something. Where is my garden? Why, it is in Africa, of course; where else should it be? Don't ask foolish questions, but come down to the farther end of the garden, and sit down on this bench, under the thick green leaves of the cork-tree. Now look at that branch, and tell me what you see on it. "Leaves?" Yes; but what else? "Nothing else." Why, where are your eyes? Put your finger on that leaf and see—"O! O! It is alive!" Indeed, it is very much alive.

That is a chameleon, and a very singular fellow he is. He is a kind of lizard, and—see! Look! how his colour changes! He was green when we first saw him, and now he is nearly black, with round yellow spots all over him. He can change the colour of his dress whenever he pleases, without having to change the dress itself; that is a great convenience. He is so perfectly still you might think him asleep, if it were not for his green, big, round eyes, which are constantly moving. He can move them in different directions at the same time, which is more than you can do, or your schoolma'am either. One up and the other down; one forward and the other back; truly that is the way to use one's eyes. It seems very paltry to be obliged to move both at once, and in the same direction. Ah! he moves a little, just a very little; now he is still again. I think he sees that large fly which has just lighted on the branch. He says to himself, "It is dinner time." (N.B.—It is always dinner time whenever he sees a fly, or any other insect.)

Now, how do you think he is going to catch that fly? It is so far off he certainly cannot reach it from where he sits, and his motions are so slow that the fly might be half a mile away before he recoiled his tail from the branch round which it is closely twisted.

Flash! What was that? Out from his mouth darted a long, slender, round thing, as long as his whole body almost; it darts back again, with the fly on its tip; and Mr. Chameleon swallows quietly the first course of his dinner. That long, slender thing was the gentleman's tongue. "What a very remarkable tongue!" you say, and you say well. It is gun and fishing-rod, knife, fork, and spoon, to the chameleon. He will sit there for hours perhaps perfectly motionless, except for his tongue; and whenever a fly, or other insect, alights within reach of that wonderful member, flash! it is out and in again, and the unhappy insect is devoured before he can say Jack Robinson, supposing that he knows how to say it, which I doubt—Ah, look! You did not look quickly enough, my dear, in the time that it took you to turn your head a dragon-fly came, and was seen, and was conquered, and the last wing of him has just disappeared from view inside the chameleon's gaping jaws. And now I do believe the creature is changing colour again! Yes! the yellow spots fade out, and the black lightens, until now he is a light-brown all over—just the colour of a dead leaf. Pop! Another fly has met his fate.

Have you seen enough of this very greedy fellow? Jump up then and shake the branch. Whisk! Scramble! He is gone. You see he can make haste after all when he tries.



W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

OCTOBER 15, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE NEW LIFE.—Rom. 5. 2; Col. 1. 20, 21; Phil. 4. 6, 7; 1 John 4. 19; 1 Peter 1. 8; 1 John 1. 4; John 16. 24; 15. 11.

Junior E. L. of C. E.

WHY SHOULD WE REJOICE IN OUR TROUBLES?—1 Peter 4. 12-13; Rom. 5. 3.

CONSTITUTION.

IV.

ARTICLE I.

THIS organization shall be known as the Junior Epworth League, auxiliary to the Epworth League.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—Any Junior League that adopts the title, "Junior Epworth League of Christian Endeavour," as a local name, will be entitled to fellowship in the Unions and Conventions of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour.

ARTICLE II.

The Junior Epworth League shall have a Superintendent who shall be the pastor, or person approved by him, who shall be, when practicable, one of the vice-presidents of the Epworth League. The departments of Christian Endeavour and Religious work of the Epworth League are especially expected to assist the pastor and the Superintendent of the Junior League in its work and the instruction of its members. Where there is no Epworth League, the local Sabbath-school Committee may make provision under the pastor as above, and exercise control.

ARTICLE III.

The object of the Junior League shall be to systematize the work and assist the pastor and those appointed by him in the instruction and nurture of the catechumen classes as provided in the Discipline (page 28, par. 78), and to promote in its members an earnest and intelligent spiritual life, and train them in works of mercy and help. The Junior League shall be so managed as to contribute to the interests both of the Sabbath-school and the ordinary juvenile church classes.

ARTICLE IV.

Members of the Junior League shall be boys and girls under fourteen years of age, except as they may be otherwise determined as to age by each local branch of the Junior League for itself. After organization, persons shall become members by a majority vote at any regular meeting of the League.

ARTICLE V.

The earnest co-operation of the parents shall be solicited, and, where practicable, obtained. Meetings may be held Saturday afternoons or otherwise, as may be found convenient, for instruction in the Holy Scriptures, in our catechism, doctrines, history and biography, in moral movements and temperance reform, in all the spirit, manners and practices of the Christian life and intercourse, and in such other subjects as the pastor may choose and direct.

ARTICLE VI.

Any Junior Epworth League may adopt what Departments of the ordinary Epworth League work it prefers; but must maintain

those departments covering the ground contemplated in the disciplinary catechumen classes and the exercises necessary to give effect to the instruction there set forth.

ARTICLE VII.

The officers of the Junior League shall be the Superintendent, as provided in Article II., who shall also be the Honorary President of the Junior League, and have oversight of the work and all its affairs; as many Assistant Superintendents (Honorary Vice-Presidents) as there are departments at work, following the model of the Epworth League; a President, Vice-President, Secretary and a Treasurer; these officers, with the pastor, and under his presidency, shall form the Executive Committee of the League.

The officers, except those appointed, shall be elected annually by the members of the League at a regular meeting, shall assist the pastor in his provision for the leadership of the catechumen classes, and maintain the efficiency of their respective departments to the best of their ability.

ARTICLE VIII.

To meet expenses, voluntary collections may be taken in the League.

ARTICLE IX.

Modification of this constitution may be made by the Executive Committee in any locality to meet its special needs.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

A. D. 58.] LESSON III. [Oct. 15.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

Rom. 5. 1-11.] [Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. 5. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Fruits of Faith, v. 1-5.
2. The Roots of Faith, v. 6-11.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Therefore"—In the two previous chapters the apostle has shown that God justifies all who believe. This word introduces the conclusions from his reasoning. "Justify"—Declare righteous. "By faith"—The condition on which we receive forgiveness. "Peace with God"—God is at constant war with wickedness. "Access"—The privilege of entering in, like Esther, to the king. "Stand"—Remain. "In hope of the glory of God"—In hope of hereafter sharing in God's glory. "We glory in"—We rejoice because of. "Tribulations"—Threshings which separate the chaff from the wheat. "Patience"—Better, steadfastness. "Endurance"—Approvedness. "Hope"—Our approvedness here increases our hope that we shall be approved hereafter. "Maketh not ashamed"—Mocks us not. "In due time"—As we would say, "At the nick of time." If he had come before, if he had waited later, the advent of our Lord would not, even from a human point of view, have been as efficacious. "Righteous man"—One upright, rigidly just. "Good man"—Benefactor of his fellows. "Saved by his life"—If by Christ's death we have been received into favour by an angry God, surely by his life we are triumphantly saved.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That faith brings peace?
2. That trouble brings patience?
3. That the Holy Ghost brings love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Being justified by faith, what do we secure? "Peace with God." 2. What good results do we receive from tribulation? "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience." 3. What does experience work in us? "Hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." 4. What is the Golden Text? "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." 5. If



EVENING ON THE LAKE.

we are reconciled to God by the death of his Son, what follows? "We shall be saved by his life."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Reconciliation through Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is sin?

Sin is disobedience to the law of God, in will or deed.

What was the sin by which our first parents fell from their holy and happy state?

Eating of the fruit of the tree of which God had forbidden them to eat.

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