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PLEASANT KNOWERS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1900.

No 36.

My Way to Make a Flag.

BY M. E. HOWLISTON.

There are many flags in many lands.
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

I know where the pretty colours are,
And I'm sure if I only know
How to get them here I could make a flag
Of glorious Red, White, and Blue.

I would cut a piece from the evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.

Then I'd want a piece of a fleecy cloud
And some red from a rainbow bright,
And put them together side by side
For my stripes of Red and White.

AMONG THE BLUE-NOSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Nova Scotians claim, we believe, to be the Blue-Noses "par excellence." I shall devote these notes to a brief account of that deeply indented peninsula which reaches far out into the Atlantic, as if to be first portion of the Dominion to welcome visitors from the Old World. With the exception of Prince Edward Island, it is the smallest of the Canadian provinces. Its entire length from Cape St. Mary to Cape Canseau is 386 miles. Its breadth varies from 50 to 104 miles. Its area is 13,670 square miles. Its soil is generally fertile, and its climate is favourable to agriculture. For fruits of the apple family it is unsurpassed, and good grapes are often grown in the open air. It was said by an old French writer that Acadia produced readily everything that grew in France, except the olive. No country of its size in the world has more numerous or more excellent harbours; and, except Great Britain, no country has, in proportion to its population, so large a tonnage of shipping.

HALIFAX.

Halifax, the capital of the province, occupies a commanding position on one of the finest harbours in the world. It is the chief naval station of Great Britain in the western hemisphere, and here in "landlocked security" all the navies of Europe might safely float. The city slopes majestically up from the water-side to the citadel-crowned height of two hundred and fifty feet, and around it sweeps the North-west Arm, a winding inlet, bordered with elegant villas. The citadel was begun by the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, and has been continually strengthened till it has become a fortress of the first class.

On every side slopes the smooth glacis, with the quaint town clock in the foreground. Peaceful kine crop the herbage even to the edge of the deep moat, from whose inner side rises a massive wall, concealing huge earth-roofed and sodded casemates within and presenting yawning embrasures above.

A garrulous old sailor, with telescope beneath his arm, pointed out the chief objects of interest—the many churches,



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, HALIFAX.

the men-of-war and merchant shipping; on the opposite shore the pleasant town of Dartmouth, the distant forts, George's Island, which lay like a toy fort beneath the eye, carved and scarped and clothed with living green, and farther off McNab's Island, and the far-stretching vista to the sea, just as shown in the engraving on first page.

Near the citadel hill are the public gardens, comprising seventeen acres, beautifully laid out, with broad parterres and floral designs. Nowhere else have I ever seen such good taste and beautiful gardening, except, perhaps, at the royal pleasure of Hampton Court. The old gardener was as proud of his work as a mother of her babe, and as fond of hearing it praised.

Near the gardens is the new cemetery. The older burying-ground is of special interest. On some of the mossy slabs, beneath the huge trees, I found inscriptions dating back a hundred years. The monument of Welsford and Parker, Nova Scotian heroes of the Crimean war, is finely conceived. A massive arch supports a statue of a grim-looking lion—the very embodiment of British defiance. Here is the common grave of fourteen officers of the warships Chesapeake and Shannon, which crept side by side into the harbour, reeking like a shambles after a bloody sea-fight over eighty years ago.

Opposite this quiet God's acre is the

quaint old brown-stone Government House. In the Court House, near by, is a novel contrivance. The prisoner is brought from the adjacent gaol by a covered passage, and is shot up into the dock on a slide trap, like a jack-in-a-box. The hospital and asylums for the blind and for the poor are fine specimens of architecture, as is also the New Dalhousie College. The new city buildings will be a magnificent structure. The old Parliament House was considered, seventy years ago, the finest building in America. It is still quite imposing.

I was told a story of the Wesleyan Book Room, which if not true deserves to be. A Yankee book-peddler seeing over the door the word "Wesleyan," asked if Mr. Wesley was in. "He has been dead over a hundred years," said the clerk. "I beg pardon," replied the peddler, "I'm a stranger in these parts."

Few cities in the world can present so noble a drive as that through the beautiful Point Pleasant Park—on the one side the many-twinkling smile of ocean, on the other a balm-breathing forest and the quiet beauty of the winding North-West Arm. At one point, in the old war times, a heavy iron chain was stretched across this inlet to prevent the passage of hostile vessels.

Halifax is in appearance and social tone probably the most British city on the continent. Long association with the army and navy have accomplished this.

For a hundred years British red-coats and blue-jackets thronged its streets. Princes and dukes, admirals and generals, captains and colonels, held high command and dispensed a graceful hospitality. royal salutes were fired from fort and fleet, yards were manned and gay dunting fluttered in the breeze, drums beat and bugles blew with a pomp and circumstance equalled not even at the fortress-city of Quebec. It is to a stranger somewhat amusing to see the artillery-troopers striding about, with their legs wide apart, their jingling spurs, their natty canes, and their tiny caps perched on the very corner of their heads.

The early history of Halifax is one of romantic interest. Nearly half a century had passed since the cession of Acadia to Great Britain by the peace of Utrecht, yet not a step had been taken towards settlement. On account of its magnificent harbour, one of the finest in the world, Chebucto, or Halifax, as it was henceforth to be called, in honour of the chief projector of the enterprise, was selected as the site of a new settlement. In the month of July, 1749, Governor Cornwallis, in H.M. ship Sphynx, followed by a fleet of thirteen transports, conveying nearly three thousand settlers—disbanded soldiers, retired officers, mechanics, labourers, and persons of various rank—reached Chebucto Bay. In busy emulation, the whole company was soon at work, and before winter three hundred log houses were constructed, besides a fort, store-houses, and residence for the Governor—the whole surrounded by a palisade.

Our first cut gives a good idea of the handsome Halifax terminus of the Intercolonial Railway. It is a system of incalculable value to the Maritime Provinces. Before its great railroads were completed, the Dominion was a giant without bones. But these roads, extending nearly four thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have given it a backbone, a spinal cord, and a vital artery that will contribute marvellously to its organic life and energy.

I once heard Dr. Punshon say that the ride around Bedford Basin was one of the grandest he ever enjoyed in all his wanderings in many lands. I can corroborate his statement. By daylight or moonlight the effect of winding shore and placid ocean is of extreme loveliness.

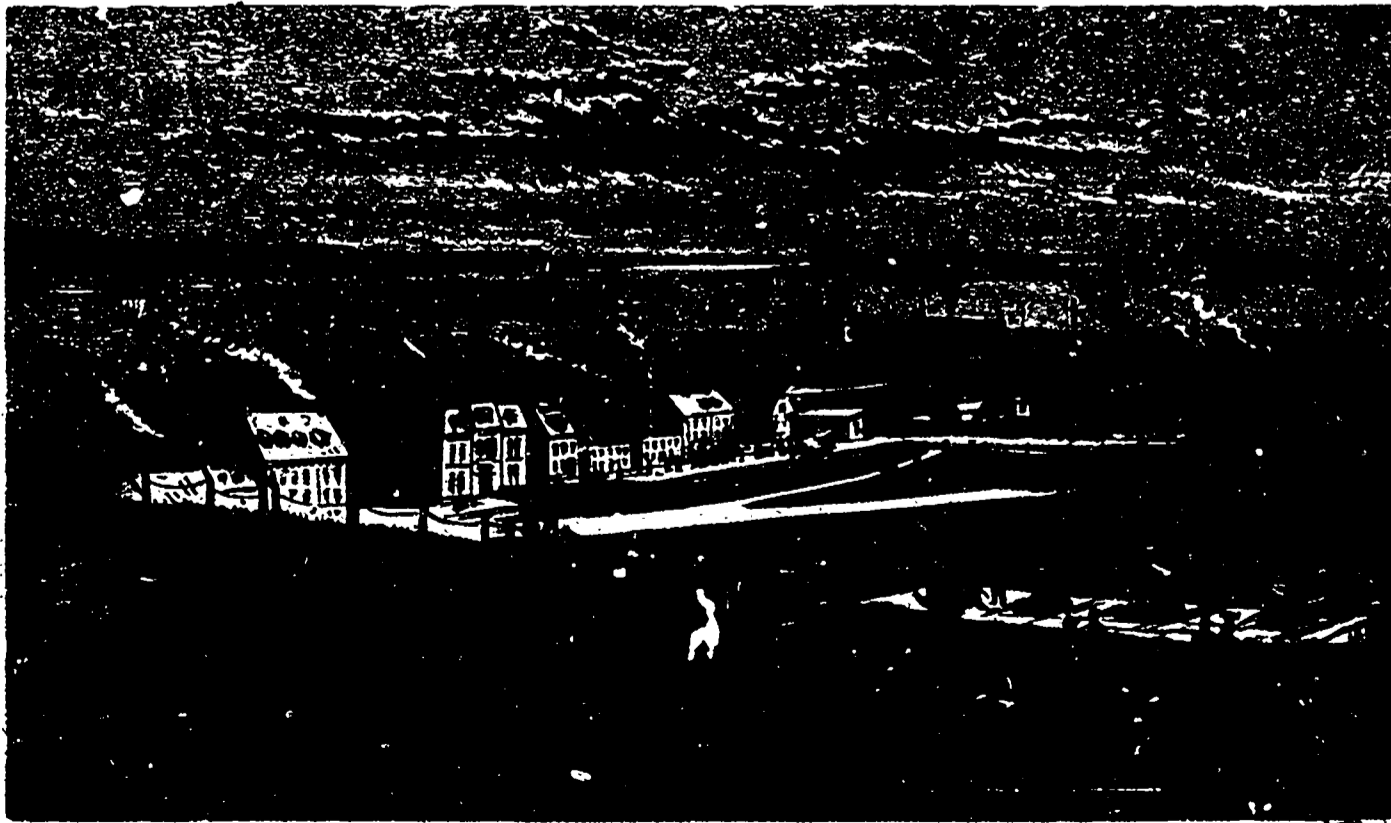
The road from Halifax to Windsor does not, to put it mildly, take one through the finest part of Nova Scotia. But if, as Dudley Warner remarks, a man can live on rocks like a goat, it will furnish

a good living. Some pretty lakes and pleasant valleys and hamlets, relieve the monotony of the journey.

The old university town of Windsor, situated at the junction of the Avon and the St. Croix, presents many attractive features. When the tide is up the Avon is a very respectable-sized stream, and the view, from the hill crowned with the old block-houses and earth-works of Fort Edward, of the widening river and distant basin of Minas, is very attractive; but when the tide is out, the banks of mud are stupendous.

EVANGELINE'S COUNTRY.

We are now approaching the region invested with undying in-



HALIFAX, FROM THE CITADEL.

terest by Longfellow's pathetic poem, "Evangeline"

The following pathetic lines describe the little community and the tragedy of the expulsion of the Acadians.

"In Acadian land, on the shores of the basin of Minas,
Deserted, deserted, still, the little village
of Grand Pre
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows
stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name and pasture
to flocks without number
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had
raised with labour incessant,
Stood out the turbulent tides: but at stated
seasons the floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander
at will o'er the meadows
West and south there were fields of flax,
and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the
plain, and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and
aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists
from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er
from their station descended.

"Many a weary year had passed since
the burning of Grand Pre,
When on the falling tide the freighted
vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household
goods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an
example in story.

"Far asunder, on separate coasts, the
Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow,
when the wind from the north-east
Strikes aslant through the fogs that
darken the banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wan-
dered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to the
sultry Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the
lands where the Father of waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags
them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered
bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes, and many
despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no
longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets
of stone in the churchyards."

The Horton railway station is quite
close to the site of the old Acadian settle-
ment. The scene is peculiarly impres-
sive, and not without a tinge of sadness
In front stretch the vast diked meadows,
through which winds in many a curve
the sluggish Caspereaux. In the dis-
tance are seen the dark basaltic cliffs
of Cape Blomidon, rising to the height
of five hundred and seventy feet. In
the foreground to the left, near a large
willow tree, are shown remains of the
foundation of the old Acadian church.
A gentleman, living in Horton, informed
me that there were in the neighbourhood
the traces of forty cellars of the Acadian
people, also of an old mill and old wells.
A long row of ancient willows shows the
line of the old road. Now, my informant
assured me, there is not a single French-
man in the whole county.

The Acadians reclaimed the fertile
marsh lands from the sweep of the tides,
by constructing dikes with much labour
by means of wattled stakes and earthen
embankments. There were more than
two thousand acres of this reclaimed
meadow at Grand Pre and much more
at other places. These areas have been
much extended from time to time; they
form an inexhaustibly fertile pasture and
meadow land.

Three miles from Horton is the charm-
ing collegiate town of Wolfville. From
the roof of Acadia College, a flourishing
Baptist institution, beautifully situated,
I enjoyed a magnificent view over the
storied scene which Longfellow has made
"more sadly poetical than any other spot
on the western continent."

HOLD ON, BOYS.

Hold on to virtue; it is above all price
to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it
is and ever will be your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are
about to strike, steal, or do any improper
act.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve
you well and do you good throughout
eternity.

Hold on to your good name at all times,
for it is much more valuable to you than
gold.

Hold on to your temper when you are
angry, excited, or imposed upon.

Hold on to God. He is the best trea-
sure of earth and heaven.

Hold on to innocence with a tighter
grip than you hold on to life.

Rally Day.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

All over our country, all over the world,
An army is gathering to-day
Do you hear the tread of the marching
feet

On every street and highway?
In little sod churches far out on the plain.
In great city temples so fair,
In queer mission schools far over the
sea—

The children are everywhere!

'Tis the Sunday-school army that gathers
to-day.

And we are a part of it, too—
Our primary class, with its long roll of
names,

And little hearts loyal and true.
'Twas our Jesus who said: "Let little
ones come."

And gave us his blessing so dear.
We're a part of his flock, we're a part of
this school;

When Rally Day comes, we are here.

Sometime, in the beautiful Home-land
above,

The heaven not far from us all,
When our Father's children are all gath-
ered home,

Will there be another roll-call?
And will our classes each one be there?
Dear Saviour, this we pray—
That every name may be in thy book
At the last grand Rally Day.

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Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. L. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1900.

SAVING UP FOR BREAKFAST.

One learns from a story in The Union
Gospel News how a comfortable farmer
in Western Pennsylvania, who had never
seen anybody hungry, surprised himself
last summer with two "fresh-air ap-
petites." Incidentally the story gives us a
hint, too, of some of the pathetic shifts
of poverty.

Through a recommendation from the
village minister, who told of The Tribune
Fresh-Air Fund, and explained what a
blessing such warm-weather charities
were to destitute families in the city, the
farmer and his wife had consented to re-
ceive two children from New York.

In due time they arrived, Mary, a slender
slip of a girl, hardly strong enough
to carry a rag baby, and Jimmy, her
younger and smaller brother, who could
just look over the back of the farmer's
big dog.

Their forlorn appearance made the
honest man open his eyes wide; but he
opened them wider to see the little crea-
tures eat, when they sat down to their
first meal. They cleared their plates in
about a minute and a half, and were
ready for more.

The good housewife helped them gener-
ously, but the food vanished so amazingly
quickly that she determined to watch
them. That two such tiny bodies could
stow away victuals faster than any grown
man was more than she could believe.
Presently she and her husband exchanged
glances.

"Why, Mary," she said smilingly to
the little girl, "what have you done with
half of the great piece of pie that I just
gave you?"

"In my lap," meekly answered Mary.

"In your lap! Why, what in the
world did you put it there for?"

"Cause I wanted to save it. Jimmy
and I allus at home. We have
to save out half our dinner, 'cause if we
didn't we wouldn't have no breakfast to-
morrer."

The child looked as if she would cry
pretty soon; and the farmer's wife had
to turn round and pretend to scold the
dog, or she would have cried, herself.
The farmer softly lifted the tablecloth,
and there, sure enough, lay the half of
poor Mary's and Jimmy's dinner in their
laps. But he did not laugh.

It took time and considerable coaxing
to make the children understand that
they really had no need now to "save
up" for their breakfast, and that they
were certain to have enough to eat.
When they did realize their wonderful
good fortune, they enjoyed it as only
born prisoners of poverty can.

That evening, after the children were
asleep, the farmer sat and thought a long
time in silence. Any one knowing him
would have expected a chuckle now and
then, if not an hour or two of laughing
comment over the performance of his
queer little visitors. His only remark
was, when he got up to go to bed:

"Mandy," he said to his wife, "you
see that them midgets get so much grub
after this that they'll not want to eat
another thing for a year."

ANGELS STOP TO LISTEN.

Rev. Dr. Drummond tells this pretty
incident: "A little girl once said to her
father: 'Papa, I want you to say some-
thing to God for me, something I want to
tell him very much. I have such a little
voice that I don't think he could hear it
away up in heaven; but you have a
great big man's voice, and he will be
sure to hear you.' The father took the
little girl in his arms, and told her that,
even though God were surrounded by all
his holy angels singing to him one of
the grandest and sweetest songs of praise
ever heard in heaven, he would say to
them: 'Hush! Stop singing for a while.
There's a little girl away down on the
earth who wants to whisper something
in my ear.'"

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.

BY JAMET W. STEELE.

II.

The Mexican is a man who is by nature
picturesque, even in rags, and a Mexican
crowd is a brilliant assemblage in the
white sunshine of the Mexican street,
without regard to the quality of the de-
corations. The gay jacket, wide trousers
and jaunty air were shown in cuts a week
ago. The tourist comes upon the native
now, in all his villages and by-ways, in
the condition in which he has been for
two hundred years. Such an instance
of primitiveness is not to be met with
elsewhere. He is

AWAKENING FROM HIS SIESTA,

but the quaintness of his race and kind
will probably never entirely leave him.
The deep peace which broods upon all his
hills can never entirely depart, and the
sunlit glory will never be dimmed. He
is the vigorous descendant of a powerful
race, whose idols he has abandoned and
whose language and history he has for-
gotten, but whose ancient dominion he
still holds; the Mexican is almost the
pathetic last man.

The ancient and sleepy town of El
Paso del Norte is the utmost northern
point of Mexico. It lies, an agglomera-
tion of adobe or mud brick houses em-
bowered in vines and trees, on the
southern bank of the Rio Bravo del Norte
—known to us as the Rio Grande. It is
a brisk place, and there is always the
queer admixture of the old civilization
with the new. Except where, by a
series of remarkable engineering gymnas-
tics, it climbs the mountains, and the
notched rim of the Valley of Mexico, the
Mexican Central road seems, strangely
enough in so mountainous a country, to
traverse a vast plateau. Cones, peaks,
castles, ridges, lie on every hand. The
train heads straight for some huge bulk,
and always quietly slips by. Many thou-
sands of cattle are passed grazing near
the track; the telegraph poles are rubbed
until they are sometimes smooth and oily,
and cattle trails run in all directions.
The railway runs for some two hundred
and fifty miles through a region that is,
in a sense, a desert. The seeming desert
is grazed by innumerable goats, which
are killed by the thousand for their hides.
The hides are dressed in a manner that
makes them look like fine brown cloth,
and used in the making of the Mexican
breeches.

In the fertile regions, corn, cotton,
wheat, sugar, cane, barley, grow almost
side by side. In most cases crops follow
each other in rapid succession through

all the year. The process of irrigation
solves all agricultural uncertainties.
Sometimes the country, as far as one can
see, is an appalling desolation, untenanted
by even the ravens. Yet even her-
ds of donkeys, bearing curious loads
plod patiently along white roads.

QUEER VEGETATION.

Vegetation takes upon itself the most
unusual and fantastic forms. There is
nothing that is not thorny. The little
pear cactus, so often seen in gardens and
pots with us, becomes here a tree with
a trunk and branches as large as those
of an oak, and with huge green lobes
two feet or more in diameter, for leaves
These and the giant tree cacti, strange,
weird-looking objects in the desert, are
shown in cut on the last page.

The bunch of slender green lances called
by us "Spanish bayonet," is here a tree
sometimes forty feet high, on whose huge
and scaly branches the "lances" stand
in grotesque tufts for leaves.

In any village in these regions one is
astonished to find piles of yellow oranges,
bananas, limes, and fruits of which one
does not even know the names. Tanks,
excavated to catch the rains and hold
water during the dry season, are com-
mon. Often, where the silence of the
wilderness seems to close around impene-
trably, the shapely tower of a church
may be seen above the hills, and a visit
thither would disclose a town, its rule of
life the traditions of two centuries, and
all its hopes bounded by the church door
and the gate of the little "campo santo"
or cemetery.

It is rather a queer sensation to look
from the railroad station down into
Zacatecas. It is a mining town of about
80,000 inhabitants, compact, closely built,
the houses seemingly an immense umber
of red, green, blue, and yellow bricks set
on edge. It swarms with people of the
true and ancient Mexican type, sombreros,
serapes, sandals, buttons and all. There
are no wheeled vehicles to be seen. What
is not carried on the native's back is
relegated to his brother carrier, the
donkey. Altogether it constitutes a
scene not to be found elsewhere in any
land.

In the best hotel the guest occupies the
cell of some departed nun, as the fine
building was once a convent, the beauti-
ful chapel of which is now used by the
native Presbyterians as a house of wor-
ship.

All Mexico is street-car crazy, but the
most remarkable branch of the "tram-
via" system undoubtedly will be found
in operation here. Through the narrow
and crowded streets six good-sized mules
to the car are made to go at a keen
gallop. Once at the top of the hill, the
mules are taken off and the car is turned
loose laden with passengers, running
down the steep incline at something like
twenty miles an hour.

On the authority of so distinguished a
traveller as Bayard Taylor, the

CITY OF MEXICO,

with its surrounding valley, may be pro-
nounced to be one of the loveliest scenes
of the civilized world. It has a popula-
tion variously of about 300,000, and is
situated upon ground that was once the
bed of a lake. The lake was what is
now the Valley of Mexico. Some of the
finest buildings bend downward in their
centres, owing to want of solidity in their
foundations, and there is not the means
of efficient sewerage. The square facing
the Cathedral is the place of universal
resort.

It is the city of churches, as Mexico is
unquestionably the land of churches.
Their towers, always handsome, assist
very much in making up the general
view. It was also once the city of nun-
neries and monasteries, all of which are
now suppressed, and the buildings used
for schools and other purposes, all secu-
lar.

The Executive Mansion is the largest
building in the city. It belonged to the
family of Cortez until 1562. It has been
the Government building through all the
vicissitudes of some three hundred and
thirty years.

Chapultepec was captured by assault
September 27, 1847, and was an ugly hill
to climb under fire, rocky and steep, and
then as now, overgrown with thorns and
brambles. Some of the cypress trees are
about forty feet in circumference.

The Canal de la Viga is an ancient
waterway, and passes through, or by,
what were once the floating gardens of
Aztec times, and are yet almost that.
The means of the journey is either a
scow or a canoe, preferably the former,
upon the bottom of which you sit or lie,
while it is "poled" up stream slowly
by one or two Mexicans, who run up and
down the slant of the prow.

The golden rick, the bursting bin
Of rich and ripened grain
Bespeak the wealth which all may win
In industry's domain.

The Good Samaritan!

By JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.
Woe is me! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state,

O thou Good Samaritan!
In thee is all my hope;
Only thou canst succour man

Still thou journeyest where I am,
Still thy compassions prove;
Pity is with thee the same,

Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,
In mercy have I sought thee out;
At the point of death I lie,

Pity to my dying cry,
Hath drawn thee from above,
Hovering over me, with eyes

Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past;
O my Life, my Righteousness!

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER X.

When Mrs. Dow vacated her cottage,
Tom Klinton generously opened his doors
to her and Maurice. Judge Seabury's
act in turning a poor widow out of doors

Mr. Strong was a stirring man, and the
next six years showed marked results in
temperance work. The gospel temperance

The young minister had felt that the
new course for organized work. Accordingly,
at the next temperance meeting

"Across the sands of Egypt lay the city
of On—a beautiful city—but visited by a
terrible curse.

A ravening dragon with blood-shot eyes
and a mouth that vomited flame.
With gaping jaws and sharp-curved

The people fled, destruction spread, the
king, from his royal city,
Sent for his eldest son, in splendour
stealing, to implore the dragon's pity.

'Not so, my lords,' growled the dragon,
'In these needs I mean to abide;
I like my lair, and I like my fare
by your ancient river's side;

So every day a virgin is torn from her
mother's embrace,
Each noon, I reach, fair victims they
lead to the fatal place—

"Then up arose the king's daughter,
a Christian maid, and offered to give her
life, praying that the sacrifice of a princess
might stay the wrath of the dragon.

"St. George became a knight of England;
and the Queen bore his cross on her bosom,
there where men wear it in signs.

"Fairport-by-the-Sea," continued Mr.
Strong, "is the beautiful city of On,
and like that heathen city, it was cursed
by a dragon—the dragon Intemperance.

Mr. Strong then unfolded in a definite
manner his plan concerning the St.
George League.

"Such a society, to be successful, must
have two things. First, Practical working
methods." Second, Earnest, wide-awake

The paragonage was thronged with
church people, for he it known, the faith-
ful labourer who, during the past few years
had not been truant. He had at last

"If we find out the causes which ruin
our young people," said the pastor, "we
shall be better fitted to counteract the same.

"How can you convert the drunkard
unless he first abandons his cups?"
quietly asked Mr. Strong.

"What if the drunkard is not at church
when he approaches the day when
it shall be in the majority. To such a

time, toward that glad day, Christian
people, go forward!

Several working plans were then dis-
cussed, and one finally adopted. A
large vacant room was to be hired, which

The St. George League was not a re-
form club, as we know them, carried on
outside of the church, and independent

Deacon Chapman sat in the corner,
with downcast, scowling face. Well did
he remember that other committee, so

Mr. Strong had selected his man and
told him plainly that after making and
selling did not bett the office of a dea-
con.

"Nor was Deacon Chapman the only one
who felt himself abused. The apothecary
had received an official notice from the
church saying that he did not adhere

There was another man who could no
longer brook the aggressive work of Mr.
Strong, and that was Phineas Felton.

"Mr. Strong, are you aware that the
work of the Temperance League is at the
church?" If you continue in your course

"What if he continues to do wrong
after all this?"
"Your responsibility ceases."

Mr. Strong rose to his feet. "Mr
Felton," he said, "I believe God has
called me to Fairport to do a special
work. I was brought up in poverty and

"I cannot be friends with one who
follows the bent of his ambitions rather
than the teachings of the Master," replied
the old minister, leaving the study.

Influence.
BY OWEN MERIDITH.
No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its

But what some land is gladdened. No
star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere.
Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest

Ab, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth love's command.
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,

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The Co-worker.

Who doeth good by loving deed or word
Who lifteth up a fallen one or dries a tear
Who helps another bear his heavy cross.
Or on the parched and fevered lips doth pour
A blessed draught of water sweet and cool,
Becomes co-worker with the Lord of all.

May every soul that touches mine—
Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom
Some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the
gathering mists,
To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

DESCRIBED BY MISS K. JOHNSTONE, A RETURNED MISSIONARY.

The Chinese character and civilization must be studied at first hand to be understood. Miss K. Johnstone has been working amongst the Chinese in the great province of Canton, which contains twenty million people, for eleven years. She dealt chiefly with young people in the schools—a most hopeful work, but she knows the Chinese well. Miss Johnstone is home for a furlough, and naturally she dropped in upon the Rev. Dr. Thomson, the Montreal Chinese missionary. It was at the residence of this gentleman on Thursday that Miss Johnstone spoke of her work, and the present crisis in China. With regard to the latter, Miss Johnstone remarked that while there were signs of unrest before she left, she had no idea that events would so quickly develop. She had long known that the various secret societies were working to bring about a revolution, but the Boxers must be distinguished from those earnest men in China who were working in secret for the regeneration of their countrymen, many of them of the highest attainments, including mandarins who formed themselves into secret orders, working in the dark, to escape detection, and who wanted to depose the present Manchu dynasty and exalt the old Chinese regime. Such men believed in reform, and desired to see their country prosper, as did the western nations. The Boxers, in her judgment, were little better than robbers, for they looted the Chinese, and were desperate characters, who wanted to precipitate chaos for their own selfish ends. On the other hand, societies like the "Kolaowui," to which her travelling companion, Dr. Tseung, belonged, had the noble aim of the regeneration of the country.

Miss Johnstone had never seen a real Boxer in the flesh, and her work in Lienchau, in the province of Canton, took her out of the reach of the great political movements which had their centre in Peking, but she sincerely hoped that the outcome of the present crisis would be that Great Britain would obtain the right to establish order and rule, for from what she had seen in Hong-Kong, she recognized that England, from her past experience, had, of all the powers, the clearest genius for governing such people as the Chinese.

"I am a loyal American," said Miss Johnstone, "but I know that England could do the business of governing better than any of the other powers, from the experience she has gained in dealing with foreign populations. In Hong-Kong you see the most perfect order under British rule. I particularly admired the even-handed justice which is meted out to all, without regard to race. A number of British sailors smashed some Chinese lamps in the Chinese quarter upon the occasion of a new year's celebration. It was good fun to them, but they were locked up for the night and the following morning they were brought before the magistrate, who ordered the tars to be sent to prison. This was an object-lesson which the Chinese remembered. Many wealthy Chinamen from the mainland were coming over to establish their homes in Hong-Kong, so confident were they of order and safety and justice under British law."

With regard to the story of the burning of the legations in Peking, and the massacre of the occupants, Miss Johnstone said that such stories must be received with caution.

"You know there is yellow-journalism in Shanghai, as well as nearer at hand," interposed Dr. Thomson—a remark which Miss Johnstone endorsed.

"There is Sir Robert Hart," said Miss Johnstone, "a man who knows the Chinese character if anybody does; a man



MISSION HOUSEHOLD AT TA-LE-FA.

of infinite resource; a man who will certainly not be caught napping, and who has it in him to devise means of safety. I do not believe the stories."

Miss Johnstone described her work in the province of Canton; the hopeful results among the young; how the natives supported their own churches, how faithful the Christians were, enduring persecution, and, in some instances, taking to the mountains, and living in caves rather than recant; her own pleasant life of eleven years, spent among a people whom she learned to love, and from whom she had received nothing but kindness. She laughed at the idea of the Chinese soldiers stationed in her own town—soldiers who were something like Falstaff's army in buckram—ragged creatures as primitive in their accoutrements, in their general aspect, as the soldiers of the first Caesar. The latter could fight, at any rate; but the Chinese soldiers always provoked Miss Johnstone to irrepressible laughter. Military garrison—why, it was like children playing at soldiers. They could not keep step; they drilled about twice a year; and they used bows and arrows for weapons.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 16.

THE RICH FOOL.

Luke 12. 13-23. Memory verses, 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?—Mark 8. 36.

OUTLINE.

1. Jesus' Question, v. 13-15.
 2. The Rich Man's Question, v. 16-19.
 3. God's Question, v. 20, 21.
 4. The Conclusion, v. 22, 23.
- Time.—Winter of A.D. 29-30.
Place.—Probably somewhere in Perea.

LESSON HELPS.

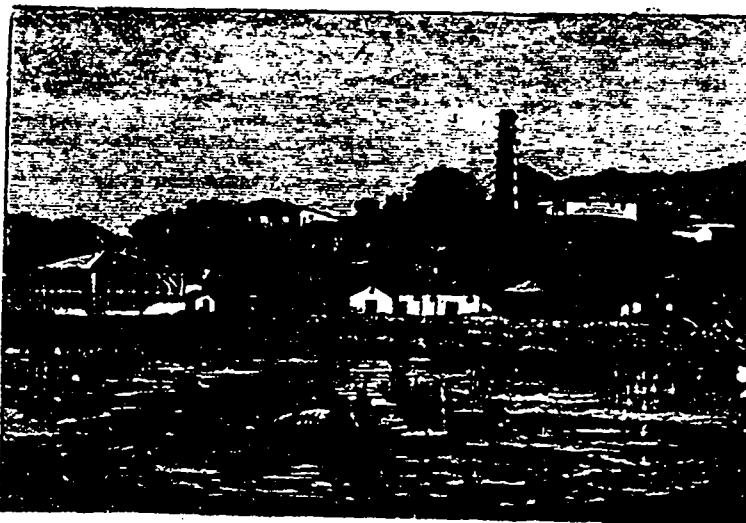
13. "One of the company"—The multi-

his brother."—Alford. "Said unto him"—"Spoke to him out of the multitude, interrupting the discourse in a moment's pause." "Speak to my brother"—"It was customary for contestants to choose a rabbi for arbitrator. The custom came into use as early as the captivity, when the Jews preferred to have their own cases tried not by foreign courts, but by their own Jewish referees."—Whedon. "That he divide the inheritance"—"He had no more use for the Redeemer's word than to gain by means of it a few more acres of the earth for himself."—Arnot.

15. "Unto them"—The listening multitudes. "Beware of covetousness"—"Such a disposition of mind is never satisfied; for as soon as one object is gained the heart goes out after another."—Clarke. "Covetousness is a weed which checks the best grains in the best soils (Matt. 13. 22)."—Abbott. "Both the Old and New Testament abound with repetitions of this warning. Balaam, Achan, Gehazi, are lawful examples of this sin in the Old Testament; Judas Iscariot, the Pharisees, and Ananias, in the New."—Farrar. "A man's life"—His truest, best life. "Consisteth not"—"How poor a rich man and how rich a poor man may be!"—Lange. (1) Character, not wealth, constitutes the real life.

16. "A parable"—"Like that of the Good Samaritan, it reads like an actual history."—Plumptre. "The ground"—"Our Lord evidently referred mentally to the story of Nabal, whose name means 'Fool' or 'Churl' (1 Sam. 25)."—Cambridge Bible. "Brought forth plentifully"—His riches came not by extortion, but by the innocent method of agriculture.

19. "Much goods"—"Great possessions are generally accompanied with pride, idleness, and luxury, and these are the greatest enemies to salvation."—Clarke. "Take thine ease"—In the original, "Rest, eat, drink, enjoy." "Indolence, gluttony, drunkenness, and licentiousness—in these four things lie this man's conception of life."—Whedon. (2) What higher conception have we? 20. "But God said"—Unexpectedly the Eternal speaks. "Thou fool"—Literally, senseless. "The man who wants the moral sense; that is, the proper good sense in moral or religious matters."—Whedon. "Required of thee"—"His



FUCHOW, CHINA.

tude (Luke 12. 1) before whom Jesus has been speaking. "Evidently not a disciple, but some random hearer whose mind had been working in him during our Lord's last sayings about the care of Providence for God's friends. He thought this was just the care his circumstances wanted, being, as appears, oppressed by

time for repentance is past."—Bliss. "Then whose"—"What shall we take with us through the gates of the grave?"—Kliefoth.

21. "So is he"—Everybody. "This is not an individual case."—Clarke. "Treasure for himself"—"A complete fool, a miserable failure."—Peloubet.

22. "What ye shall eat"—"Care more for soul life than for bodily life; more for soul food than for the food of the body."—Cowles. "I have heard of a political economist alleging this passage as an objection to the moral teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, on the ground that it encouraged, nay, commanded, a reckless neglect of the future."—Lightfoot. (4) But we are to make all proper provision for the morrow.

23. "The life is more than meat"—More important, and more valuable in God's sight. "You turn it exactly round; food is meant to serve life, but life forsooth serves food; clothes are to serve the body, but the body forsooth must serve the clothing, and so blind is the world that it sees not this."—Luther.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The rich fool.—Luke 12. 13-21.
Tu. The lesson to be learned.—Luke 12. 22-34.
W. Lest we forget.—Deut. 8. 11-20.
Th. Riches cannot save.—Psa. 49. 6-20.
F. The better trust.—Psa. 52.
S. A snare.—1 Tim. 6. 1-10.
Su. Use of riches.—1 Tim. 6. 11-21.

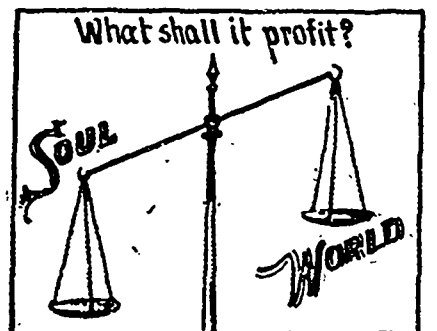
QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Jesus' Question, v. 13-15.
What question did Jesus ask?
What called forth the question?
Was it at all Christ's mission here to deal with earthly things?
What did every act of Christ's on earth show forth?
What warning did Christ give?
How did Christ regard earthly possessions?
2. The Rich Man's Question, v. 16-19.
What happened to a certain rich man?
How did he regard his increase of wealth?
What did he decide to do?
Are we held responsible for our possessions?
Are they really ours or only held in trust?
To whom does the earth and its increase belong?
What did the rich man forget?
3. God's Question, v. 20, 21.
How did the Lord regard this selfish rich man?
What question did he ask?
What would naturally be expected of a man whom God had prospered?
What would be the right thing to do?
What does God say about it?
Did the increase of wealth prove a blessing?
How should all gifts be used?
4. The Conclusion, v. 22, 23.
What warning did Jesus give his disciples?
What do you understand by taking "no thought for food or raiment"?
Can you possibly obtain these things if God does not provide them?
What then should be our first thought?
Has God promised to provide all necessary things for those who first seek him?
What do you understand by "the life is more than meat, the body than raiment"?
Give the Golden Text.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That life is better than food or clothes?
 2. That our soul is of much more value than our body?
 3. That the only treasure that lasts is what God keeps for us?

How the Lord must have been grieved at the wrong use this man made of the good gifts which were meant to be shared! How solemnly God spoke to



him at last, asking him who should have these good things when he should be called away from them to tell what he had done with them.

"Do you have matins in this church?" asked the High Church visitor of the verger of the village church. "No, indeed," replied that dignitary, with scorn; "we have oilcloth, and right up the chancel, too!"