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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

No. 45.

The Clouds of God.

BY ROBERT CLARKSON TONGUE.

The city is full of labour,
And struggle and strife and care.
The fever-pulse of the city
Is throbbing in all the air;
But calm through the sunlit spaces,
And calm through the starlit sky,
Forever over the city
The clouds of God go by.

The city is full of passion,
And shame and anger and sin,
Of hearts that are dark with evil,
Of souls that are black within;
But white as the robes of angels,
And pure through the wind-swept sky,
Forever over the city
The clouds of God go by.

The city is full of sorrow,
And tears that are shed in vain;
By day and by night there rises
The voice of its grief and pain.
But soft as a benediction,
They bend from the vault on high,
And over the sorrowful city
The clouds of God go by.

O eyes that are old with vigil!
O hearts that are dim with tears!
Look up from the path of sorrow,
That measures itself in years,
And read in the blue above you,
The peace that is ever nigh,
While over the troubled city
The clouds of God go by.

—Youth's Companion.

LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.

Memories of the Mayflower.

BY THE EDITOR.

"That man is little to be envied" said Dr. Johnson as he moralized amid the mouldering monuments of the early Cul-dee faith, "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." So also, we think, his must be a very sluggish nature whose pulses are not quickened as he stands on Plymouth Rock and recalls the thrilling memories of the Mayflower. Those old colonial towns upon the New England coast—Portsmouth, Newburyport, Salem, Plymouth, Newport, Providence, with their historic associations of the Pilgrim Fathers, have all a strong attraction to the British subject no less than to the citizen of the Republic. Indeed, the heroic memories of the Puritans are the common heritage of all mankind.

Nowhere in the world can the founding of an empire be so minutely studied as at the town of Plymouth. In the stone vaults of the Registry Office may still be seen the earliest records of Plymouth Colony, in the handwriting of the men who are now held in reverence the world over, for their courage in braving the perils of an unknown sea and an equally unknown shore, to face the dangers of savage men and savage beasts, in their constancy to what they believed to be their duty, and for planting on this spot the principles of a theocratic government by the people.

Here is their writing, some of it quaint and crabbed, some fair and legible. Here, on these very pages, rested the hands, fresh from handling the sword and the musket, or the peaceful implements of husbandry, of Bradford, and Brewster, and Standish, and others of that heroic band. Here is the original laying out of the first street, Leyden Street. Here is the plan of the plots of ground, first assigned for yearly use, which they called in the tinge of the Dutch tongue they had acquired in their long residence in Holland, "meersteds." Here are the simple, and yet wise, rules,—laws they can hardly yet be called,—laid down for the government of the infant colony.

The seed of the three kingdoms, says the old chronicler, was sifted for the wheat of that planting. Winnowed by the fan of persecution, of exile, of poverty, of affliction, the false and fickle fell off, the tried and true only remained. Even after leaving the weeping group upon the shore of Delft-Haven, and parting with



THE MAYFLOWER.

their English friends at Southampton, the little company of exiles for conscience' sake was destined to a still further sitting. Twice was the tiny flotilla driven back to port by storms. One of the two small vessels of which it was composed, and a number of the feebler-hearted adventurers, were left behind, and only a hundred souls remained to essay the mighty enterprise of founding a nation.

In the little cabin of the Mayflower were assembled some of the noblest and purest spirits on earth, whose names are an inspiration and a moral power forever—the venerable Brewster, Governor Carver, and Bradford, his successor; Allerton, Winslow, the burly and impetuous Standish; Alden, the first to leap ashore and the last to survive; and the heroic and true-hearted mothers of the New England commonwealth. Before they reached the land they set their seal to a solemn compact, forming themselves into a body politic for the glory of God, the advancement of the Christian faith, the honour of king and country, and their common welfare. "Thus," says Bancroft, "in the cabin of the Mayflower humanity recovered its rights and instituted government on the basis of 'equal laws' for the general good."

On the wild New England shore, at the

beginning of an inclement winter, worn and wasted by a stormy voyage, and with a scant supply of the necessaries of life—behind them the boisterous ocean, before them the sombre forests, haunted by savage beasts, and still more savage men, even stouter hearts than those of the frail women of that little company might have failed for fear. But we read no record of despondency or murmuring; each heart seemed inspired with lofty hope and unflinching faith. The first landing was effected on the barren sand dunes of Cape Cod, an arm stretched out into the sea, as if to succour the weary voyagers. In debarking, they were forced to wade through the freezing water to the land, and sowed the seeds of suffering in their weakened frames. "The bitterness of mortal disease was their welcome to the inhospitable shore."

But they must seek a more favourable site for settlement. By the good Providence of God, they reached safely the quiet harbour—since known, in grateful remembrance of the port from which they sailed, as Plymouth Bay. The next day, despite the urgent need of despatch, they sacredly kept the Christian Sabbath in devout exercises on a small island. On Monday they crossed to the mainland, and a grateful posterity has fenced and

guarded the rock on which they stepped. Thither, as to a sacred shrine of liberty, many men of many lands have made a reverent pilgrimage. "Plymouth Rock," in the brilliant rhetoric of one of these, the accomplished De Toqueville, "is the corner-stone of a nation." The principles of which it is the symbol are certainly the foundations, broad and deep, on which national greatness is built.

The Mayflower soon anchored in the quiet bay, and on Christmas Day its passengers debarked and began the building of the town of Plymouth. By the second Sunday the "Common House," some twenty feet square, was ready for worship; but the roof caught fire, and they were forced to worship beneath the wintry sky. At length, little by little, in frost and foul weather, between showers of sleet and snow, shelter for nineteen families were erected. But disease, hunger, and death made sad havoc in the little company. "There died," says Bradford, "sometimes two or three in a day." At one time only six or seven were able to attend on the sick or bury the dead. When spring opened, of one hundred persons, scarce half remained alive. Carver, the Governor, his gentle wife, and sweet Rose Standish,—

"Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed by the wayside,
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower;"

with many another of unremembered name were laid to rest in the "God's acre," overlooking the sea, still known as "Burial Hill." In the spring, wheat was sown over their graves "lest the Indian scouts should count them and see how many already had perished."

At length the time arrived for the departure of the Mayflower, and as the signal-gun of departure awoke the echoes of hill and forest—

"Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people.

Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible.

Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in earnest entreaty.

Then from their homes in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth

Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower:

Homeward bound o'er the seas and leaving them there in the desert.

"Meanwhile the master,
Taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,

Sprung into his boat and in haste shoved off to his vessel.

Glad to be gone from a land of sand, of sickness and sorrow,

Short allowance of victual and plenty of nothing but Gospel

Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true! not one went back with 'the Mayflower!'

No, not one look'd back, who had set his hand to this ploughing.

"Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel.

Much endeared to them all as something living and human.

Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapped in vision prophetic,

Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth

Said, 'Let us pray,' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them

Bowed and whispered the wheat on the field of death, and their kindred

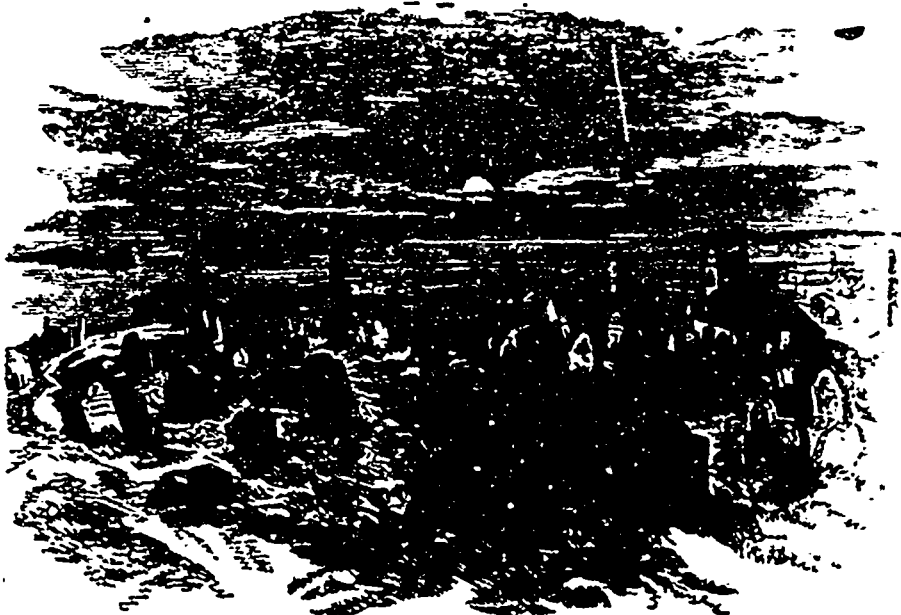
Seemed to wake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.

Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean,

Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard,

Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of returning."

* Down by the sea shore, now protected by a graceful canopy, is the huge boulder on which sprang John Alden, the first of the Pilgrims to land, the last of them to die.



BURIAL HILL, PLYMOUTH.

(Continued on next page.)

My Mother's Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small!
And you, I know, would wisely think
That they are fair at all!

Such beautiful beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad
Those patient hands kept tolling on,
That the children might be glad!

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hands and heart and brow!

But, oh, beyond the shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well those old hands
Will palms of victory bear!

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The Week', 'The Herald', 'The Standard', etc., with their respective prices and frequencies.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
170 St. Patrick St.
W. H. GARDNER,
57 St. George St.
W. J. COOPER,
170 St. Patrick St.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

USELESS STUDIES.

The other day a young girl of our acquaintance, who is pursuing a selected course of study in one of the collegiate institutions of the city, was examining the curriculum with reference to deciding what study she should take up next term.

calmly and intelligently the everyday experience of accidents and illnesses which are inevitable in every family—Harper's Bazar

PLAYING POOL.

An industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time in a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him.

Landmarks of History.

(Continued from first page.)

We make no apology for quoting so fully from Longfellow's truthful account of the Pilgrims as have carefully compared his poem with Governor Bradford's Journal, and other contemporary documents, and have been struck with its marvellous fidelity to historical fact.

But their sufferings were not yet ended. At the beginning of the following winter came an arrival of new emigrants, not quite unprovided with food.

"Thinking all day of the hedgerows of England, Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark as the generation And the village street, and the village church, and the quiet graves in the churchyard."

Burial Hill is thickly studded with gravestones, bearing rudely-carved inscriptions of the descendants of the Pilgrims. Among the characteristic Puritan names are the following: Consider, Experience, Patience, Mercy, Thankful, Desire, Abigail, Selah, Submit, Able, Antipas, Bethiah, Silvanus, Seth, Nathaniel, Batsheba, Elizabeth, Ebenezer, Job, Perez, Ephraim, Meketabel, Tabitha, Zilpah, Benajah, Gideon, Ichabod, Israel, Zabdell, Pella, Zeruliah, Eunice, Jerusha, Lolo, Lemuel, Priscilla, Penelope, and many others.

They found also certain subterranean stores of Indian corn for which there was no claimant. A severe pestilence had shortly before desolated the entire New England seaboard, sweeping away entire tribes.

But it was not altogether free from alarm. Sundry wandering Indians made unwelcome visits to the settlement, and the sachem of the Narragansett, a murderous, hostile tribe, sent, as a deadly challenge, a rattlesnake's skin, filled like a quiver with arrows.

"A preacher who spoke to the purpose, Stead, straightforward and strong, with irresistible logic. Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen,"

"Longfellow does not give the full name of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, as perhaps unsuited for poetic uses. It was Priscilla Mullins.

and the little garriest kept "watch by night and ward by day on their half rations, no man of them sleeping but with his weapon beside him ready for battle."

Even the seed entrusted to the ground seemed to have perished. For six weeks sowed with drought. The heavens were brass and the earth iron. "It seemed as if God had forsaken them."

"Thus, amid manifold privations and sufferings, amidst cold and fever, and peril, and death, but sustained by a lofty hope and an unflinching faith, the foundations of empire were laid."

"As one walks to-day beneath the venerable elm of the old street, whose name commemorates the old Dutch town where for a time the Pilgrims sojourned, the past is more real than the present. The scene is haunted with old-time memories."

"Thinking all day of the hedgerows of England, Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark as the generation And the village street, and the village church, and the quiet graves in the churchyard."

"The Pilgrim Maiden of Longfellow's poem, as the late spring came to Plymouth, were

"Here I thought buried you body of that precious servt. of God, Thos. Cushman, who after he had served his generation in the service of God, and especially the church of Plymouth for many years in the office of a ruling elder, fell asleep in Jesus, Dec. 10, 1690, in the 84 yr of his age."

"The seed of the Pilgrims were long-lived. I noticed several of advanced age, as 79, 85, 90, and one 99. On one stone is the epitaph of four children, aged respectively, 36, 21, 17, and 2 years. And I have seen a child aged one month we read the quaint comment—

"He glanced into our world to see A sample of our miserie."

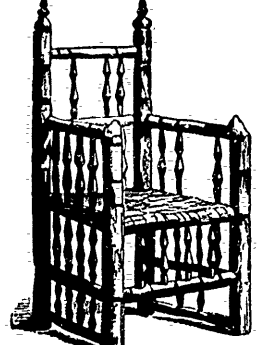
"The following epitaphs of this first cemetery in New England, are perhaps worth noting:

"The spider's most attenuated thread Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie."

"As young as beautiful, as soft as young, And gay as soft, and innocent as gay."

"This modest stone, what few vain marbles can, May truly say, here lies an honest man."

"He listened for a while to hear Our mortal griefs, then tun'd his harp To angel harps and songs, and cried



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

To join their notes celestial, sigh'd and died."

"Death does not always warning give, Therefore be careful how you live, Repeat in time, no time delay, I in my prison was called away."

"Remember me as you pass by, As you are now, so once was I; An I am now, so you will be, Therefore prepare to follow me."

"This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did, Death but entombs the body, Life the soul; Hers was the meekness of the plains morn."

The epitaph of Tabitha Plasket, written by herself, breathes such a spirit of defiance that it attracts much attention: "Adieu, vain world, I have seen enough of thee; And I am careless what thou say'st to me;

"Thou shalt I wish not, Nor wilt thou frown I fear, I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here."

Mrs. Plasket, in her widowhood, taught a private school for small children, at the same time, as was the custom of her day, doing her spinning. Her mode of punishment was to pass skins of yarn under the arms of the little culprits and hang them on nails. A suspended rod was a ludicrous sight.

One tombstone commemorates seventy-two women, who were wrecked in the harbour. Near by is the cenotaph of Adoniram Judson—whose body, deeper than plummet sink, lies buried in the Indian Sea.

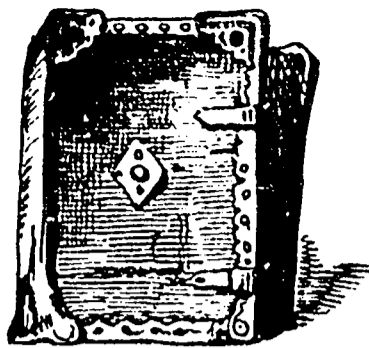
An extremely interesting collection of relics of the forefathers of New England: Governor Hancock's clock, with its appropriate motto, "Tempus fugit," still keeping time correctly, though 180 years old; Elder Brewster's chair; Alden's Bible and halberd; the cradle of Peregrine White, the first child born in New England; the sword of Miles Standish, the valiant captain, "who knew, like Caesar, the names of each of his soldiers." This is an ancient Saracen blade, brought from the east during the crusades. There is shown a piece of embroidery, wrought by the dear, dear mother of our first daughter, and bearing the following verso:

"Lois Standish is my name, Lord guide my heart that I may do thy will;

Also all my hands with such convenient skill

As will compare to virtuous void of shame And I will give the glory to thy name"

There are also, in a glass case, the original of the famous "Hymn of the Breaking waves," dashed hymn, and of Bryan's poem: "Wild was the day, the wintry sea," a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, whose strange words no man can read, and other objects of interest. A noble painting of the embarkation of the Pilgrims will rivet the attention. The faith and hope and high resolve written on each countenance; the pathos of the partings, such as writing the life out from young hearts; the high-souled heroism of even the women and the children will long linger in the mind. Near Plymouth Rock is the old Winslow House, with its quaint interior architecture and decorations, which I was kindly permitted to examine. Near the town is the noble "Forefathers' Monument," crowned with a majestic statue of Liberty—over eighty feet high.



JOHN ALDEN'S BIBLE.

FIGHTING THE GIANTS.

BY ALICE FRANCES.

Harry, Maud, and little Frank had just come home in time for tea. They had been to spend the day with their cousins.

"Well, children," said their mamma, "did you have a nice time?"

"Yes, indeed!" they answered.

"What did you play?" asked mamma.

"Cousin Fred asked some more boys to come over, and we played war," said Harry.

"Yes, mamma," said Maud, "Mabel and I wanted to play too, but they would not let us, because we were girls."

"And they wouldn't let me play, either," said Frank. "They said I was too small."

"That was too bad, indeed," said mamma. "I hope it did not spoil your good time."

"It did for a while," said Maud, "but we got our dolls and played house, and Frank played with us."

"How would you like me to tell you of a war in which all may be soldiers?"

"What! girls, too, mamma?" asked Maud.

"Yes, girls, too."

"Little folks like me, mamma?"

"Yes, my dears; men and women, boys and girls, little and big. None are too small or too young for this war."

"Oh! goodie! goodie! goodie!" shouted Frank, and he clapped his hands to show how glad he was.

"Begin right away, mamma," coaxed Maud.

"Don't be in too big a hurry, children. Wait until after tea."

Just then papa came in, and the children had to tell him all about their visit.

After supper the children could hardly wait until the work was done, for mamma's stories were always "just prime," as Harry said. At last, however, everything was done, and they all gathered round the bright coal fire.

"Well, children," said mamma, "I think by the way you act you are all eager to be soldiers in this war. I am glad of that, for you will have many, many battles, and if you don't fight you are sure to be beaten. This story is called 'Fighting the Giants.'

"These giants are all the harder to fight because they cannot be seen."

"Then, mamma," said little Frank, "how can we fight them?"

"My dear, we can feel them. You know, children, how eager I am to have you grow up to be grand, true and noble. I want you to be loved, honoured and trusted by all good people. I want you to try to make this old world of ours better. These giants I am going to tell you about, try, oh! so hard, to keep us from being and doing good, and it is only by hard fighting that we win. These giants like to get hold of boys and girls, because they know that if they can get to do as they wish, they are quite sure of them when they are men and women. The first giant to come to us is named 'Selfishness.'

"He comes when we are tiny little children. He is the biggest giant of all. He is always looking over the heads of others. He never seems to see any one else, unless he wants some one to do something for him, and he tries to make us like himself. No matter how much of anything we have, we are never willing to share with others."

"I know one boy who let that giant get him," said Harry, "and that is Sam Smith. His uncle gives him money nearly every day, and he comes to school with his pockets full of candy. Suppose he'd give us any? Not much. He goes walking around as though he owned everything, but never gives a bite to any one."

"Yes, my dear," said mamma, "the giant has that boy for sure. I fear he will not grow to be a useful man, unless he turns right around and fights that giant. But we must be very careful to look at ourselves, and see whether he has hold of us or not. You see he gets into our work as well as into our play. He tries to keep us from doing anything for others."

Harry's face turned very red, and he hung his head.

"What is the matter, Harry?" asked his mother.

"I was just thinking, when you said he got into our play, that he had me, too," said Harry.

"How is that, my boy?"

"Well, you see, I might have let the girls and Frank play with us boys this afternoon, but I did not."

"Yes, my boy, he had you for a time, but I hope you will fight him very hard after this."

"I will try, mamma," answered Harry.

"He had me, too," said Maud.

"Well, my dear, how did he have you?"

"I would not let cousin Mary have my doll," answered Maud.

"Yes, children, he gets all of us if we are not careful. But there is a sword which is sure to kill him, if we always use it."

"Oh, what is it?" they all cried at once.

"Don't you remember the Golden Rule? Frank, say it for us."

"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," said Frank proudly.

"That is right, my boy; so we call this sword 'the Sword of the Golden Rule.' If you wish to be truly happy, try to make others happy. Never let a day pass without doing good to some one."

"I will tell you about another giant tomorrow night. But you must go to bed now." So, after kissing her "good-night," they all went to bed.

GIANT DECEIT.

"There is another giant," said mamma, the next evening, when they were all together again, "who is a great friend of 'Giant Selfishness.' He is as black as he can be, but he has the power of sometimes seeming as white as snow. If we could only see how bad he is, we would never wish to have anything to do

like and trust the most—those who are truthful or those who are not?"

"Why, those who are truthful, of course," they answered.

"And then," said mamma, "remember what the Bible says about it. Don't you remember how Ananias and Sapphira were punished for lying?"

"Yes, mamma," said little Fred, "they were both killed by God."

"Yes, children. God cannot bear deceit of any kind. So we must be very careful to fight this giant every time he tries to get us to deceive. What sword shall we use for this giant?"

"The sword of truth," they all answered at once.

"That is right, my dears; never forget it. But now it is time to go to bed."

As they went out mamma noticed that Harry looked very sad and thoughtful. After she had gone to her room for the night, she heard a rap at her door. When she opened it, she saw Harry, with great tears running down his cheeks.

"Why, my child!" she said, "what is the matter? Are you sick?"

It was some time before Harry could stop crying so as to tell her. At last he said, "Oh, mamma! I deceived you."

"Why, my dear child, when did you do that?" asked mamma.

"Don't you remember yesterday when I was late from school?" sobbed Harry.

"Yes," said mamma; "you told me you were kept in."

"So I was, but not all the time. I was only kept in about five minutes. Some of the boys wanted me to go for a swim. I did not want to go at first, because I knew you had told us not to; but they made so much fun of me, that at last I went, and then I was afraid to tell you. But, oh! mamma, indeed, indeed, I am so sorry," and he sobbed again as though his heart would break.

"My darling child, I am so glad you told me yourself. If I had found out in any other way, I would have been very,



OLD FORTIFIED MEETING-HOUSE, ON BURIAL HILL.

with him. He is an awful coward, and he makes cowards of us. This giant is called 'Deceit.'

"He it is who gets us to make believe something is true that is not true. We may either tell what is not true or act what is not true. Do you know how we may act what is not true?"

"Yes," said Maud, "Jennie Smith copied off me at school yesterday, and then stood up for having the right answer."

"Yes, my child," said mamma, "that is one way. Copying is very bad, indeed. It is not only telling or acting what is not true, but it is also taking what does not belong to us. We take an answer that does not belong to us, and then give it to the teacher for our own. I do hope my children will never, never be so mean as that."

"Well, I guess not," said Harry.

"No, indeed!" said Maud.

"Do you know why we try to deceive?" said mamma. "Why did Jennie Smith copy from Maud?"

"Because she could not get the answer herself," answered Maud.

"Was that the only reason?" said mamma.

"No, she was afraid of having to stay in," said Maud.

"That is it," said mamma. "The reason is always that we are afraid of letting the truth be known. So you see what I meant by saying that this giant makes cowards of us all."

"Then, if we let this giant into our lives, people will not trust us. Those who deceive are not believed even when they do tell the truth. Now just think of all your playmates. Whom do you

very much hurt. It would almost break my heart if my children grew up so that I could not trust them."

"Oh! mamma, I'll never, never do it again. Indeed, indeed, I won't. Oh! won't you believe me?"

"I do believe you, my darling boy. That is, I do believe you will try. But you know that this giant needs fighting all the time, and you must be careful not to let him get ahead of you. But you must remember that I am not the only one you sinned against, and whose forgiveness you need to ask."

"I did ask God to forgive me, mamma," answered Harry.

"That is right, my boy. Now, good-night, and try to grow up a good, brave man."

GIANT TEMPER.

The following evening they had company, so that mamma could not tell them about any other giants; but when the next evening came, the children were very eager to hear more.

"The giant I am going to tell you of to-night," said mamma, "gets us to do such awful things. He even changes our looks. I have seen lovely faces changed in a second into such ugly faces that I could not bear to look at them."

"Oh-h-h!" said little Frank, "what an awful giant he must be!"

"Yes," said mamma, "I have known people, who let this giant get hold of them, to throw themselves on the floor, kick and scream, and often they strike their heads on the floor, and they blame themselves dreadfully."

"That's awful," said Maud. "What

do they let such a giant get hold of them for?"

"It is awful," said mamma, "but it is true, nevertheless. Then there are others who knock some one else down; yes, who even kill some one else. When I was a young girl I knew a boy who took out his knife and killed his playmate. We often see in the newspapers that some one has killed his own father or mother, sister or brother, wife or child, and it is all because that person has allowed this giant to do what it liked with him."

"Oh, mamma," said Frank, "do tell us the name of this awful giant."

"Have none of you guessed?" asked mamma.

"Is it Temper, mamma?" said Harry.

"Yes, my son, it is Giant Temper which gets us to do such awful things. Whenever you feel the least bit angry, remember it is Giant Temper that has you, and if you do not fight him now, while you are young, he may lead you to do some such awful thing as I have told you of. I was very sorry indeed to see all of my children let this awful giant get hold of them this morning."

"I know when, mamma," said Maud. "It was when we were quarrelling."

"Yes, my dear, he really had you all that time. I do hope you will enter into a good hard battle with this giant and beat him."

"But, mamma, you have not told us the sword to use for this old giant," said Harry.

"The sword of self-control," said mamma. "Do you know what that means?"

"I think I do," said Maud. "Doesn't it mean to just hold on to yourself and not let yourself get angry?"

"Well, yes," said mamma, with a smile, "I think that will do very well for an answer. Now, children, I have told you of these three giants, but they are not the worst one. They are only the servants of one who is master of all."

"Oh, who is he?" they cried.

"Who is it that is master of everything that is wrong?" said mamma.

"Satan," they answered.

"Yes, my dears. Satan is the one who gets these giants to try to get hold of us, because he wants to drag us down to where he is. So that every time we fight these giants, we fight Satan also, and when we fight against Satan, we fight for God, and you know that God has promised to help us when we fight on his side. Now, my dears, it is past your bedtime, so we must say good-night."

After giving their mamma their good night kiss they went to bed, with their minds fully made up to fight these giants always.

The Boy to the Schoolmaster.

"You have quizzed me often and puzzled me long;

You have asked me to elpher and spell; You have called me a dolt if I answered wrong.

Or a dunce if I failed to tell Just when to say lie and when to say lay Or what nine sevens may make.

Or the longitude of Kamtschatka Bay, Or the I-forget-what's-its-name lake,

So I think it's about my turn, I do, To ask a question or so of you."

The schoolmaster grim, he opened his eyes,

But he said not a word for sheer surprise—

Can you tell what phen-dubs means?

I can.

Can you say all off by heart

The 'onery, twoery, hickory aun,'

Or tell 'commons' and 'alleys' apart?

Can you sing a top, I would like to know,

Till it hums like a bumble-bee?

Can you make a kite yourself that will go

Most as high as the eye can see,

Till it sails and soars, like a hawk on the wing,

And the little birds come and light on the string?"

The schoolmaster looked, oh, very demure,

But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost sure.

"Can you tell where the nest of the oriole swings,

Or the colour its eggs may be?

Do you know the time when the squirrel brings

Its young from their nest in the tree?

Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop,

Or where the best hazel-nuts grow?

Can you climb a high tree to the very tip-top,

And gaze, without trembling, below?

Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run,

Or do anything else we boys call fun?"

The master's voice trembled, as he replied,

"You are right, my boy, I'm the dunce,"

He sighed.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 19
PUBLIC READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Neh. 8. 1-12 Memory verses, 1-3
GOLDEN TEXT.

The ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the law.—Neh. 8. 3

OUTLINE.

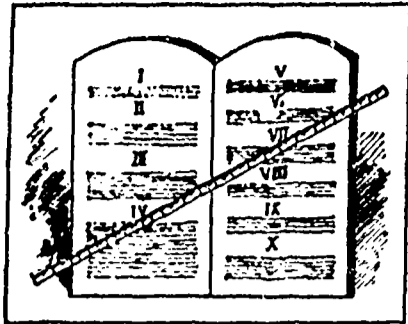
1. Reading the Word, v. 1-6.
 2. Teaching the Word, v. 7, 8.
 3. Receiving the Word, v. 9-12.
- Time.—About B.C. 444.
Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "The street that was before the water gate"—This gate led from the temple to the brook Kidron. "Ezra the scribe"—The scribe was more than a scribe or copyist; he was a man of learning, and edited what he wrote and prepared a commentary upon it. "To bring the book of the law of Moses," which Ezra had revised and written out in the Chaldean character.
2. "All that could hear with understanding"—One must hear and then understand. To comprehend spiritual truth there must be a spiritual state of mind. Prayer aids the intellect. "Upon the first day of the seventh month"—On the first day of the civil year, which was ushered in by the sound of trumpets, and on this first day was held the feast of the trumpets. It was about the time of the autumnal equinox. The ecclesiastical year began in the spring of the month Nisan, at which time the Jews came out of Egypt.
3. "The ears of all the people were attentive," as well they might be, for they were not familiar with the book of the law.
4. "A pulpit of wood"—A raised platform, so that the reader of the law could be seen and heard. Many so-called pulpits seem intended to partly hide the preacher from his congregation. Ezra's pulpit was not of that kind. "Beside him stood," etc.—Thirteen men whose names live in history because they aided Ezra in a religious service.
5. "All the people stood up"—Out of respect for the sacred word. Let us reverence the service of the church.
6. Blessed be the Lord for the law which he had given and which was now to be read. Let us be thankful for the Holy Scriptures.
7. "Caused them to understand the reading"—Ancient Hebrew was partly lost by the Jews in their seventy years of captivity. The law in Hebrew was read by Ezra, and those beside him translated it into the Chaldee dialect, and gave brief explanations. Besides the interpretation, some of the rites and ceremonies had to be explained, as the feast of the tabernacles. The law was (1) distinctly, which refers, not to pronunciation, but means with some exposition, (2) the sense was given—its value shown, and (3) in such a way as to make the truth clear and impressive.
8. "This day is holy"—The holidays were then holy days. This was the first day of the civil year. All the people wept, partly for joy over a long-lost national treasure. They heard Jehovah speaking to them out of the past. Joy prompted tears.
9. "Send portions unto them," etc.—While feasting think of those who of necessity are fasting, and give something to them out of your abundance. As God gives his truth, and we joy over it, let the hand of charity be open, that the poor and needy may also rejoice.
10. "Because they had understood"



PUBLIC READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.



Truth prompted to joy and joy to charity. Truth does not sadden, but the memory of sins may, and ought to, until we repent and are forgiven.

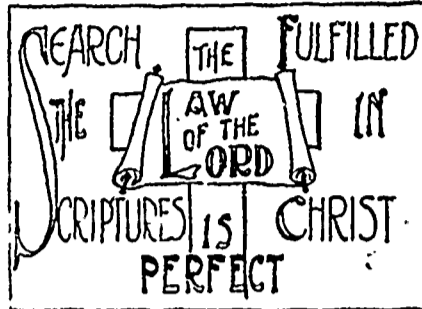
HOME READINGS.

- M. Public reading of the Scriptures - Neh. 8. 1-12.
- Tu. Obeying the law.—Neh. 8. 13 to 9. 3.
- W. God's word to be studied.—Deut. 11 13-21.
- Th. Delight in the word.—Psalm 119 1-16
- F. The Scriptures believed.—2 Kings 22 3-13.
- S. The word rejected.—Jer. 36. 9-24.
- Su. Reward in keeping.—Psalm 19. 7-14.

By whom was it given?
Why was this command necessary?
How were the people to show their joy?
What was a source of strength to them?
What did the Levites say to the people?
Why did the people obey promptly?
Who is a wise hearer of the word?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson have we a good example—
1. For Sunday-school scholars?
2. For Sunday-school teachers?
3. For all of God's people?



THE ALPINE GOATHERD.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Reading the Word, v. 1-6.
Where did the people assemble?
For what did they ask Ezra?
Why did they ask this of Ezra? See Neh. 7. 10.
Before whom was the law brought?
Upon what day and month?
How long was the law read?
How did the people receive the word?
Who were with Ezra as helpers?
How did the people show their reverence for the word?
To whom did Ezra offer thanks?
How did the people respond?
What is the duty of all who have ears? Rev. 2. 7.
2. Teaching the Word, v. 7, 8.
Who were the teachers in this Bible school?
What clause in verse 7 shows that they were good teachers?
What three things are stated of their teaching? Verse 8.
Under what king of Judah had the people been taught the law? 2 Chron. 17. 9.
3. Receiving the Word, v. 9-12.
What command was given to the people?

THE ALPINE GOATHERD.

Many pleasing pictures have been drawn for us, by travellers, of the Alpine goatherd and his flock. The grassy slopes of the Alps afford fine pasturage for the herds of cows, goats and sheep owned by the mountaineers. Both men and women tend these flocks, often along the precipitous sides of the mountains, where it would be death to any foot less sure to tread. The short skirts of the women and the bobtalled jackets of the men, give them the appearance of boys and girls, until their faces are seen. These Swiss mountaineers are sturdy, hardy people, generally honest and polite, though always on the sharp lookout to make whatever fee they can by guiding travellers over the precipitous slopes of the mountains. Their flocks consist chiefly of goats. These goats are usually belled, and each bell is said to possess a different tone. When they are all clanging together, travellers declare that it is really like listening to music to hear them. Each goatherd carries, in addition to his alpenstock—a stick for climbing—a great horn, known as the "Alpine horn." This horn is truly a huge affair, and it

is often the source of wonder to travellers how the goatherd can bear to be burdened with it. Sometimes it is as much as eight feet long, and nearly always from four to six. It is made either of wood or metal, and often a most musical combination of sounds can be produced upon it by a skilful player. Sometimes an entire air is played, the principal one being the Swiss "Ranz des Vaches," or the cattle call. When they hear it the flocks always quit their browsing, and find their way to the goatherd in answer to the summons. In this way they are gathered together for their homeward journey. The goatherd in the picture does not seem to have a horn anything like so long as the Alpine horns are said to be. Doubtless he is too sensible to provide himself with one so cumbersome.

The I. B. R. A. The International Bible Reading Association (known by the initials I. B. R. A.) was organized in London in 1882 for the purpose of promoting Bible reading in the home, as well as to aid teachers and scholars in studying the Sunday-school lesson. Since that time there have been issued 630,000 membership cards, an average of over 37,000 yearly. The work has spread into sixty different countries, and the same daily portions of the Scriptures are read by members speaking thirty different languages. We have several times had occasion to refer to this association, and with pleasure refer to it again. Those interested and desiring further particulars may apply to Dr. Price, Dental Surgeon, Toronto.

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