

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898.

[No. 38.]

Luck and Pluck.

You will find that luck
Is only pluck
To try things over and over;
Patience and skill,
Courage and will,
Are the four leaves of luck's clover.

THE LAND OF PLUCK.

BY MARY MAPES DOBGE.

Far over the sea is a famous little country generally known as Holland; but that name, even if it mean Hollow land, or How land? does not describe it half so well as this—The Funny Land of Pluck.

Verily, a queerer bit of earth was never shone upon by the sun nor washed by the tide. It is the oddest, funniest country that ever raised its head from the waves (and, between ourselves, it does not quite do that), the most topsyturvy landscape, the most amphibious spot in the universe—as the Man in the Moon can't deny—the chosen butt of the elements, and good-naturedly the laughing-stock of mankind. Its people are the queerest and drollest of all the nations; and yet so plucky, so wise and resolute and strong, that "beating the Dutch" has become a by-word for expressing the limits of mortal performance.

As for the country, for centuries it was not exactly anywhere; at least, it objected to staying long just the same, in any one place. It may be said to have lain around loose on the waters of a certain portion of Europe, playing peek-a-boo with its inhabitants; now coming to the surface here and there to attend to matters, then taking a dive for change of scene—and a most disastrous dive it often proved.

Rip Van Winkle himself changed less between his great sleeping and waking, than Holland has altered many a time between sunset and dawn. All its permanence and resoluteness seems to have been soaked out of it, or rather to have filtered from the land into the people. Every field hesitates whether to turn into a pond or not, and the ponds are always trying to leave the country by the shortest cut. One would suppose that under this condition of things the only untroubled creatures would be turtles and ducks; but no, strangest and most mysterious of all, every living thing in Holland appears to be thoroughly placid and content. The Dutch mind, so to speak, is at once anti-dry and waterproof. Little children run about in fields where once their grandfathers sailed over the billows; and youths and maidens row their pleasure-boats where their ancestors played "tag" among the haystacks. When the tide sweeps unceremoniously over Mynheer's garden, he lights his pipe, takes his fishing-rod, and sits down on his back porch to try his luck. If his pet pond breaks loose and slips away, he whistles, puts up a dam so that it cannot come back, and decides what crop shall be raised in its vacant place. None but the Dutch could live so tranquilly in Holland; though, for that matter, if it had not been for the Dutch, we may be sure there would have been, by this time, no Holland at all.

And yet this very Holland, besides holding its own place, has managed to gain a foothold in almost every quarter of the globe. An account of its colonies is a history in itself. In the East Indies alone it commands twenty-four millions of persons.

NOT TO BE CAUGHT TWICE.

A collier in Scotland, whom I know well, is in the habit of fetching from his master's room slippers, cap, keys, or anything he is sent for. One day, sent on the usual errand, he did not reappear. His master followed, and found that the door of the bed-room had blown to, and that the dog was a prisoner.

Some days later he was again told to fetch something; and as the wind was high, his master, after a few minutes' delay, followed him. He found him in the act of fixing the door firmly back with the door-mat, which he had rolled up for the purpose, and having taken this precaution, the prudent animal proceeded to look for the slippers.

It is known that ignorant persons use such expressions as "Him and me went uptown," or, "You and me was seen." People learning that such expressions are incorrect, somehow get the notion that it is never correct to use such a form as, "you and me," or "him and her," or "them and me." Doubtless if they heard a person say, "They asked him and me to come to the dinner," which is correct, they would have a sense that an error had been made. They seem to feel that the conjunction "and" has a kind of double-action control, governing the nominative case at both ends. A little reflection would remind them that this word has nothing at all to do with the cases.

A cure for this habit is to drop the "and" and use each of the pronouns alone. What person, for instance, who would say, "They asked you and I to come," would also say, "They asked I to come"? or what person who would without hesitation say, "Let you and I go," could be caught saying, "Let I go"?

OUR GIRLS.

Can we not help our girls to feel and to know that to become strong, helpful women they must be, in their measure, strong, helpful girls? That, if they are to be earnest and true women, they must be earnest and true girls? Can we not lead them to see that every gift and grace of mind or body is better and more beautiful if kept for the Master's use? Can we not show them that their refinement and culture are never so resplendent as when they shine in the darkened homes of the poor and the sorrowful? that the knowledge of "tongues" that won the language medal of school is never so well employed as when it interprets to dull ears the precious truth that God loves the world? that the voice which charmed the gay crowd at Commencement is sweeter and truer when it swells the chorus of praise at the prayer-meeting, or leads the children in glad songs at the mission Sunday-school?

Do we not too often in our schools shut our girls out from the real world with its real needs, and shut them in to the narrow ways of self and selfish aims? St. Paul says; "Be ye transformed from the world." Do we not too often say to the bright young daughters, fresh from college with honours and diplomas, "Be ye conformed to the world"? The human heart is all on our side, and self triumphs, and the blessed Jesus, who beholding them loves them, turns sorrowfully away. Dear girls, do not wait longer for us. Say to the Master to-day—

"Take my hands and let them
At the impulse of
thy love.

"Take my feet and
let them be
Swift and beautiful
for thee.

"Take my lips and
let them be
Filled with mes-
sages from
thee."



A SCHOOL IN CHINA.

A SCHOOL IN CHINA.

Look at all the little Chinese boys sitting at their desks and so attentively reading their lessons. They all seem to be reading at once, or perhaps they are having a singing lesson, for some of them certainly are opening their mouths too wide for ordinary reading. Round the walls are maps, pictures, and some of the strange signs used in the Chinese language, and on the table, by the master's side, we can see the familiar form of a tea-pot and two little cups; for what Chinaman can get through the day without his cup of tea? The funniest thing is that the boy reading stands with his back to the master. There can be no "looking on" in his case.

YOU AND I.

There is one extremely common mistake in English, says an authority on English—the use of such expressions as "Between you and I," "They asked you and I to come," or "Let you and I go," or, worse still, "They saw he and I uptown." In other words, it is the use of the nominative form of the pronoun as the object of a preposition or a verb. The reason for this is obvious. It

This is a point to which it would be well for "you and me" to give our attention.

QUAINT VEHICLES IN NORWAY.

Norway is noted for its characteristic vehicles. For instance, there is the "cariole," which is described as a most comfortable little car on two wheels, for one passenger. The seat is shaped like a shell and nicely padded, and the traveller goes along with his feet resting in fixed stirrups at the side, unless he likes to tuck them up in front of him, or dispose of them elsewhere on the framework of the carriage. The driver sits behind on a box. A "stolkjaerre" is intended for two persons and a driver. It is a rough cart, and again the driver sits behind. Very often these drivers are tiny lads. As the little yellow ponies know the routes inch by inch, and as it is the custom when numbers of conveyances are going the same way for them to form a very long procession, there is not much need for a crack whip. A "trille" is rarely seen. It carries four persons and is more or less like a small English barouche. As for the driver, the way in which he manages to stow his person away in a luggage-crowded vehicle is one of the wonders of Norway.

Begin with the little duties, very humble, very homely though they be, that are nearest to you. As daughter and sister and friend be faithful and true to every opportunity for service, and by the doing of noble deeds day after day, make life one glad, sweet song. Your work cannot be in vain, though the world give no medals. If you serve the Lord Christ, "of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance." He said, "Let him that would be greatest among you be servant of all." "I am among you as one that serves."

The Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton tells of a visit he once paid a poor sufferer who kept a little shop, just after Mr. Gladstone had been staying at Dollis Hill, Lord Aberdeen's place, near Willesden. She lay bedridden, selling to any chance customers. Beside the bed was a box, and as she talked she pulled out of it a book, and, passing it to her visitor, said, "Mr. Gladstone gave me that." Dr. Horton opened it, and on the title-page was the woman's name in Mr. Gladstone's handwriting, and the words, "From her friend, W. E. Gladstone." Mr. Gladstone had gone in again and again and read and prayed with her, and had given her the little book of devotion as a memorial of their friendship.

The Children Who Were Blessed.

BY MARGARET E. SANDERSON.

I wonder if ever the children
Who were blessed by the Master of old
Forgot he had made them his treasures,
The dear little lambs of his fold.
I wonder if, angry and wilful,
They wandered and went far astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at
evening,

Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet, childish voices in prayer,
Of bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer,
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the
shelter,

Shut out from the feast and the song;
To the day of gray hairs they remem-
bered,

I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their heads when Christ
uttered.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
He has said it to you, lads and lassies,
Who spell it in God's word to-day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
You also believe and obey;
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in
heaven

If one, only one, shall go wrong—
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the
most popular.

	Yearly Subs
Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated.....	1 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.....	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward to- gether.....	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Forward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 60
5 copies and over.....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 50 copies.....	0 25
Over 50 copies.....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter).....	0 07
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly.....	0 06
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$1 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

O. W. COOPER, S. F. HORTON,
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1898.

SOME THINGS THE BIBLE FORBIDS.
COVETOUSNESS.

(Ex. 20. 17; Luke 12. 15; Job. 13. 5.)

He that said, "Thou shalt not kill,"
said also, "Thou shalt not covet." "Be
content with such things as ye have,"
says St. Paul, "for he hath said,"
that is, God has said, "I will
never leave thee, nor forsake thee."
Well, if we have God as our com-
panion and friend, certainly we need
not envy what anyone else may possess.
"So that we may boldly say," continues
the Apostle, "The Lord is my helper,
and I will not fear what man shall do
unto me."

Envy and covetousness are among the
meanest reptiles that can creep into a
man's soul—or boy's, or girl's either.
"Beware of covetousness," says our
Saviour himself, "for a man's life con-
sisteth not in the abundance of the
things which he possesseth." If we
knew how miserable often those who have
great possessions are we would not envy
them nor covet their riches. Godliness,
with contentment, is great gain, and we
may all have both the one and the other
of these.

If it is wrong to covet or to envy, then
it is right to be glad in the gladness of
others, to rejoice with them that do re-
joice as well as to weep with them that

weep. This is sometimes not so easy
to do. If we are poor and lack many
things, and another is rich in possessing
all things, it is a very high and generous
spirit that rejoices in the prosperity of
another. For the boy that loses the
prize to congratulate the one who gains
it is sometimes hard, but it is glorious.
The cultivation of this largeness of spirit
is its own exceeding great reward.

IN A MINUTE.

Ethel was out on the long plank wharf
when the dinner bell rang. She was
feeding the cunning little baby ducks
with cracker crumbs.

"I'll go in a minute," she said to her-
self, as she broke another cracker into
tiny pieces, but the baby ducks were
hungry, and it was such fun to feed
them that Ethel forgot all about her
dinner and the big brass dinner bell,
just as she had done over so many times
before.

She had only one cracker left when
Bruno came running down the wharf to
see her. The old mother duck spied
him as he came bouncing over the
planks.

"Quack!" she called, loudly; and what
do you think? Every one of those baby
ducklings scrambled and scrambled, and
into the water they went with a splash.

"Quack!" said the mother duck again,
and all the little duckies swam hurriedly
"for her and disappeared among the
rushes that grew by the edge of the
pond.

"Why," exclaimed Ethel, in astonish-
ment, "they didn't wait to gobble an-
other piece. They minded their mother
the very first minute she called them."

Very still she stood for a second,
thinking; and then she gave her basket
to Bruno, and ran quickly up the wharf,
across the street, and into the house.

"Late, as usual," said brother Hal,
as Ethel came into the dining-room and
took her seat at the table. "It's twenty
minutes, instead of one, that you waited
this noon," he continued, as he glanced
up at the clock.

"But it's the last time I'll be late,"
said Ethel, decidedly, "cause—cause—
it is."

And Ethel kept her word. She had
learned her lesson, and learned it well;
and nobody but the big white mother
duck knew who taught it to her.

I'm very sure that she will always keep
her secret; but why? She can't tell it;
that's all.—Youth's-Companion.

SOWING SEEDS BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY GEO. E. HARTWELL.

Monday, January 10th, the sun came
out bright and warm, a beautiful day
to begin my journey into the country.
About three o'clock we bade farewell to
Mrs. Hartwell and the children, and
started on foot for the north gate, bound
for Pen Hsien. Our party consisted of
a coolie, carrying books and bedding,
and myself. Eight miles distant there
was a large market town. There we
would spend the night. Arriving early
and finding the place full of people, I
took a handful of books and started for
an open space. A crowd assembled, and
the tracts and calendars began to fly
as fast as I could dispose of the cash.

Fortunately for book-sellers in China
there is no charge to be handed back,
as everybody uses cash. Sixty tracts on
the Christian doctrine, and fifty calen-
dars containing portions of the Bible,
were sold in a short time. At intervals
some one would ask to have the books
explained, opening an opportunity to
preach. Sometimes these crowds get
boisterous and try to make a little sport
out of their fair-skinned, blue-eyed vis-
itor. A little patience and firmness,
however, will gain the victory, and make
friends. Returning to the inn, I had
the small boy as an escort. They
watched me eat an evening lunch with
great interest. A ginger cake to each
won their good will. Afterwards an
orange was divided between eight boys.
This act assured my standing as the
boy's friend. A singing-school was then
and there established.

The courts of the inn rang with boys'
voices. Glow a ping ting, etc., the
substitutes for do ra me fah, startled
the guests. Then one verse and the
chorus of "Jesus loves me," was learned,
and a brave attempt made to sing it.
This done, the boys asked when I would
return. The last thing I heard as they
scampered down the courts of the inn
was, "Ea su ngaiing waa pu tso,"—
"Jesus loves me, this I know,"—music to
a musician not harmonious, but to my
ear sweet, as it was the harbinger of a
grand chorus that will yet resound in
this busy market town.

The upper part of the inn court opens
into another court occupied by several
families. Chinese inns have no stoves,

so the guest must walk to keep up cir-
culation. While thus engaged, two or
three elderly women came in from the
inner court and said, "Teacher, we want
to hear the doctrine, please instruct
us." The ice broken, several others
standing about gathered around the
table, the catechism was opened, and
most probably for the first time these
old mothers heard the story of God's
love to mankind." China contains hun-
dreds of thousands of just such mothers.

Tuesday morning early we started out
for a twelve-mile tramp before break-
fast. Had a fellow traveller, who
listened attentively to the Gospel for
about ten minutes. His curiosity then
asserted itself, and during a pause for
breath he got in a question, namely, if
we had any farmers in our country, and,
if so, did we grow rice.

The first town had wheelbarrows to
hire. Five miles cost three cents, in-
cluding the barrow man and his barrow.
It was not a comfortable ride, sitting
astride a barrow without chair or springs
in January, but I believe the old country
people we met on the way who knew the
barrowman will be more ready to
listen to the Gospel the next time I pass
that way. A horse was hired at the
next city for two-thirds of a cent a mile
to my destination. Stories once in cir-
culation die hard. For the most part
the people are friendly and courteous,
yet I was hailed as a rebellion-creator,
a man-eater, a child-stealer, a foreign
evil spirit, a seller of bean curd, a
teacher, a scholar, a saint, on this one
short journey.

Thus, if necessary, we are willing to
be all things to all men that some may
be saved.

Every trip into the country, every
book sold, every exhortation on the road-
side is preparing the way for His coming.
Chentu, China.

AB'S EXPENSIVE LADDER.

BY EUGENIA D. BIGHAM.

Two boys came hastily across the plat-
form, thick grass back of Grace
church, talking earnestly. They were
taking a straight course to a side gate,
but suddenly Ab paused and said, "Why,
here's a ladder, Amos. Look!" With
that he darted back toward the church,
while Amos followed, looking hesitat-
ingly at his comrade. Leaning against
the church was a strong, light ladder,
and Ab's hands were in position for mov-
ing it before Amos reached him.

"Come," he said. "We'll see inside
that nest in a twinkling. It's an oriole's
nest, I am almost sure."

"But we don't know about this ladder,
Ab. We have no right to use it."

"Oh, take hold and quit talking. You
are forever preaching to me about hav-
ing no right to do so and so."

Amos put one hand on the ladder, but
took it off as he said,

"It's the truth, Ab. We ought not
to take it. Some one is using it, else
it would not be here."

An angry expression darkened Ab's
eyes.

"If you are through with your speech,
take hold!" he said. "We will have
the ladder back here in ten minutes, and
no harm done."

"All right. Only you shoulder the re-
sponsibility," Amos said. The next mo-
ment the ladder was being borne across
the grass plat toward a tall tree grow-
ing in Ab's yard. Some of the branches
hung over the fence into the church lot,
and a bird's nest had been built on one
of them. Neither of the boys could rob
a bird of her eggs, but each had an
overwhelming desire to see into that
particular nest. Now, with the aid of
the long, light ladder, their wish was
fully accomplished. They did see into
it, and it was an oriole's nest, the shape
and splashes of colour on the eggs be-
ing familiar to the boys. They were so
interested, indeed, that they forgot how
the minutes were passing, and stayed
far longer than they had meant.

Soon after the ladder was moved from
the church the sexton came from the
further side of the belfry and started
down the steep roof. He went down
backward on a ladder which was hooked
to the roof near the base of the steeple.
When he reached the end of this ladder
he put one foot down, expecting it to
touch the first round of the other ladder.
Instead, his foot moved about in space.

Cautiously he felt about with his foot.
Had the ladder fallen? Surely no one
had moved it. The street was a quiet
one at the busiest hour of the day, and
now, late in the afternoon, it seemed
utterly deserted. The sexton had been
so absorbed in the work he had been do-
ing that he could not recall having
heard any one near the church lot since
he first touched the roof. Being in a
hurry to get down, and thinking that
the ladder had probably slipped, just be-

yond reach of his foot, he tried so to
twist his body as to look over the edge
of the roof.

Possibly his motion was awkward; per-
haps he became dizzy. He could never
decide how it happened, but just as the
two boys came back around the corner
of the building with the ladder a man's
form came tumbling to the ground.
Frightened and anxious, Ab and Amos
called for help at the top of their young
voices, and soon a crowd of people
gathered at the spot.

When kind people were carrying away
an old door on which lay the uncon-
scious sexton, Amos turned his white
face toward Ab and said:

"You see, now, we had no right to
take the ladder. It is every bit your
fault, Ab Hallsey! You've no more re-
spect for the rights of others than for
for so many bits of gravel."

Ab seemed petrified. But he was not;
for, when he had gazed at Amos long
enough to take in the full meaning of
his words, he turned on his heel and
walked away. Straight home he went.
He entered noiselessly and shut himself
in his room. No guilty prisoner ever
felt more guilty or more full of fore-
boding. He believed every word Amos
had said, and for the first time in his
life he realized that he had a habit of
riding rough-shod over the rights of
other people.

Ab's father was a man of the strictest
justice. He heard the story of the
ladder, and, before he would think of
going home to supper, he went to see
the sexton. When he left the sexton's
house he went to see Amos, and, after
talking with him, Mr. Hallsey felt that
he understood matters.

It was pretty sad at Ab's house that
night. Ab cried just as unrestrainedly
as if he were nine instead of thirteen
years old, and his mother cried with
him. Ab's tears were not all on ac-
count of what his father said to him,
though that hurt him considerably. He
was afraid that the sexton would die;
he was sorry for his fault, and very
sorry that he was not to be allowed to
take a certain trip which had been a
dream of bills, in contemplation, for al-
most a year. Now his father had put
an end to the dream.

It had been Mr. Hallsey's intention to
take Ab on a trip to the White Moun-
tain, leaving home the second week of
vacation. But now Mr. and Mrs. Hall-
sey would go, and Ab was to work on
a farm in order to earn the money to
pay the doctor's bill for the sexton and
to pay a man to take the sexton's place
until he should get well, if he should
recover.

"I deserve it, oh! I know I do; but it
is hard, just the same!" Ab said to his
mother. And she could not comfort
him. The words gave Mr. Hallsey pain,
but he wisely thought that his course
would result in lasting good to Ab.

When vacation came Ab went to a
farm, where he was made to work hard
and steadily, boy though he was; and
his parents went on their pleasure trip.
But everything worked out beautifully.
With the money Ab earned during vaca-
tion, and during the long hours after
school, up to Christmas, he paid the tem-
porary sexton; he paid for every drop
of medicine the sexton had, and he paid
the doctor. And, to the boy's great joy,
the sexton got well after all. Moreover,
Ab had lost his disregard for the rights
of other people. His father said, "I
am proud of you," and his mother said,
"You have not a cent of money, my
boy, but my heart tells me you are
worth your weight in diamonds."

THE TENTH DIME.

"Have your shoes shined?" sung out
a small boy near the Union Station,
among a group of people just from the
train. A young man who heard the
cry stayed his steps, hesitating, for he
had not much more money in his pocket
than he had blacking on his shoes; but
to hesitate was to fall into the shoe-
black's hands, and the brushes were soon
wrestling with splashes of rural clay.

When the shine was completed, the
young man handed the boy a dime, and
felt that he had marked his way into
the great city with an act of charity, for
at his heart he did not care how his
boots looked; but, as he was pulling
himself together for a new start, he saw
the boy who had cleaned his boots ap-
proach the blind beggar who sits behind
the railroad fence and drop a dime into
his cup.

"What did you do that for?" asked
the young man.

"Yer see," said the boy, "that was
me tenth dime terday, an' me teacher
at Sunday-school told me I oughter give
a tenth of all I make to the Lord. See?
An' I guess that ol' blind man wants a
dime more than the Lord, so I give it to
him. See?—Unknown."

The Garden of Life.

BY A. H. GODFREY.

Beautiful thoughts make beautiful lives,
For every word and deed
Lies in the thought that prompted it,
As the flower lies in the seed.

Each of each action lay the thought
We nourished until it grew
Into a word, or into a deed,
That marked our life-work through.

Gracious words and kindly ways,
Deeds that are high and true,
Slanderous words, and hasty words,
And deeds we bitterly rue.

The Garden of Life, it beareth well,
It will repay our care,
But the blossom must always and ever be
Like the seed we're planting there.

Keep thine heart," the Life-Guide saith,
"With daily, diligent care;
For out of it are the issues of life."
Be they foul or be they fair.

On things that are pure and of good re-
port
Our hearts must daily dwell,
If we would see Life's garden full
Of blossoms that please us well.

For beautiful thoughts make beautiful
lives,
And every word and deed
Lies in the thought that prompted it,
As the flower lies in the seed.

A Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RESCUE.

Soon after the stars began to show themselves the moon crept out from behind the fleecy clouds, and the shipwrecked children were able to discern surrounding objects almost as clearly as at noonday.

It must have been nearly high water when the Island Queen was flung stern foremost upon the rocks, at the foot of a precipitous cliff which rose directly out of the sea several hundred yards from the mainland.

The bow of the sloop had received the greatest injury, because the waves could exert their full force upon it; and as little Ellen gazed, eager to note every detail, she saw that all the planking forward had been crushed and riven, while aft the timbers were apparently intact. The bowsprit had been carried away, but the mast still remained standing.

Now the waves hardly reached the wreck, and the rocks were so nearly bare that it would have been safe to venture out upon them. In fact, Master Seabury proposed to do so instantly they were exposed to view; for his terror was so unreasoning that he feared to remain on the shattered hulk any longer than was absolutely necessary.

"You must not go, Thomas Hardy! Indeed you must not go!" the little woman cried, as she clutched him by the coat-sleeve with one hand, while she held the baby firmly with the other. "Those rocks, covered with seaweed, are slippery, and you might be drowned even now, when we are no longer in danger."

"Do you s'pose I'm goin' to stay on this wreck all night?" Master Seabury cried, struggling frantically to free himself.

"But this is the safest and most comfortable place, Thomas dear. There is no longer any fear the vessel will be destroyed, for the waves hardly touch her. Stay with me, like a good boy, and when it is light we'll climb up on that mountain."

"But the water will come back. It only runs down just so far, and then rises again."

"Captain Hiram told us it was twelve hours from one high tide to another, and surely it will be morning before then."

"It seems as though we had been here two or three nights."

"But you know we haven't, Thomas dear. Perhaps it isn't even twelve o'clock yet. We must be patient and wait. Don't you know what Captain Hiram said about patience?"

"I don't want to hear that old plate's name!" Master Seabury exclaimed; and saw that his terror had subsided in a slight degree, he was capable of displaying anger. "If it hadn't been for his miserable vessel, and your foolishness in wanting to go for a sail, we'd be home with mother now."

"Why, I am sure, dear, you were glad

to go when he offered to take us out in the boat."

"I'd rather done something else. It was only 'cause you wanted to go."

"Don't you think, Thomas dear, it would be better if you should sit down here and feel thankful because our lives have been saved? Remember how much danger we have been in, and how secure we are now. First, there was the steamer, when it seemed certain she would run over us. Then came the wind, and our being wrecked; yet through it all God has let us come to this place where we are safe."

"You'd better wait and find out whether we get off or not before you commence being so mighty thankful."

Ellen gave no heed to this ill-tempered remark, but set about doing something to make amends for her neglect of Samuel Abner.

The water had partially run out of the cuddy as the tide receded, and she had but little difficulty in getting sufficient food to satisfy his hunger.

It was impossible to change their drenched clothing, and the night wind was chilling. To pace to and fro on the inclined deck was not an easy matter, but it afforded such exercise as kept her comparatively warm; and little Ellen trudged to and fro, singing to the baby which she carried in her arms, until Thomas Hardy said irritably,—

"I wish you would stop climbin' up

why an immediate move should be made; and he, grumbling as usual, consented to her proposition that they try to make their way up the face of the rock.

It was beyond their power to ascend the ledge to its summit, but they succeeded in gaining a point where it was not probable the water would reach them, and Ellen made Samuel Abner as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, after which she would have turned her attention to Thomas Hardy, but that he peevishly rejected her proffered assistance.

"I'll sit right where I am till I die, and that's what's going to happen to all of us," he said irritably.

"Captain Hiram will be certain to come now that it is light, and we may as well be patient as to grumble. Will you go down to the vessel for some food, or shall I?"

"Why didn't you bring it with you, and not have to climb up here twice?"

"Because I had the baby in my arms and couldn't, Thomas dear."

"Well, it's your fault we didn't bring it, and you can go after it."

"Will you take care of Samuel Abner while I'm gone?"

"I'll see he don't tumble off the rocks, and that's all I will do. I didn't fetch him into this scrape, so I shan't take care of him."

Little Ellen clambered slowly down the cliff and on board the wreck, return-



ON THE ROCKS.

an' down! What good does that do?"

"It keeps me warm. My clothes are very wet."

"So are mine; but I don't make so much fuss about it."

"You ought to, or you'll get cold."

"I'd better do that than be drowned."

"For mother's sake, it is your duty to do what you can to keep yourself from being sick."

"She ought to feel glad I ain't dead."

"Now you are talking foolishly again, Thomas Hardy, and I won't listen to it. It is wicked to be so discontented and peevish after we have had such a narrow escape."

Then, perhaps to prevent any reply, little Ellen began to coax the baby into dreamland by singing; and by the time her limbs were so tired that it seemed impossible to continue the exercise, Samuel Abner was being entertained by the dream-elves, regardless of his wet clothing and forlorn condition.

Ellen crouched against the lee-rail with the representative of the Jones family in her arms, and kindly sleep came to her eyelids at brief intervals during the night, while Master Seabury slumbered peacefully all the while.

On day finally dawned the waves had begun creeping toward the rock once more, and Ellen understood that they must quit the shattered vessel for a refuge on the cliff.

Arousing Thomas Hardy, she explained

ing shortly afterwards with such provisions as had not been spoiled by the salt water.

Thomas Hardy partook of the fruits of his sister's labour without the slightest compunction, paying no attention as to whether she and Samuel Abner had a full share.

Ellen looked at him curiously. "Now what's the matter with you?" he asked surlily.

"Nothing. I was only thinking that the dangers we have passed through have taught me a lesson."

"So they have me."

"What is it?"

"Not to go out sailing with that old pirate again."

"But he wasn't to blame for anything that has happened, Thomas dear. You know as well as I do that the Island Queen wouldn't have been wrecked but for your meddling with the rope which was tied to the anchor."

"That's right! Pick on me same's you always do, an' perhaps I'll make you feel better!"

"I'm not picking on you, Thomas Hardy. You are a fretful and ungrateful."

"Why shouldn't I be?"

"If you don't know by this time, I'm afraid I can't explain; but I'm glad now that I haven't a middle name. I did think that was what children needed, but perhaps it doesn't make any difference."

"I don't know what you're driving at, but by the way you talk anybody'd think I hadn't lifted a finger since we got adrift."

"Perhaps we'd better not say anything more now, for it seems wicked to be almost quarrelling at such a time; and with a little sigh Ellen turned her attention to the care of Samuel Abner.

(To be continued.)

A CELEBRATED DOG.

Innumerable stories are told of the hospitality and untiring humanity of the monks of St. Bernard; and the fidelity and sagacity of the well-known breed of dogs, kept by them to assist in their labours, have long been equally celebrated.

The most noted of all the dogs, Harper's Round Table says, that have lived and striven and died in the service of the monks was Barry. This faithful creature served the hospital for the period of twelve years, and during that time he saved the lives of no less than forty persons. His seal was unconquerable. It was his custom, after a heavy fall of snow, to set out by himself in search of lost travellers. He would run along, barking at the top of his lungs, until he was entirely out of breath, when he would often fall over in the snow from sheer exhaustion. No place was too perilous for him to venture into, and when he found, as he sometimes did, that his own strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed by the cold, he would immediately hurry off to the hospital to fetch the monks.

One day Barry found a child frozen apparently to death between the bridge of Dronax and the ice-house of Balsora. He began at once to lick him, and having succeeded by this means in restoring animation, he induced the child to lie himself to his body. In this way he managed to carry the poor little wretch to the hospital.

When he became too old to get about, the prior of the convent, by way of reward, pensioned him at Berney, and after his death his skin was stuffed and placed in the museum of that town, where it is still preserved.

The little flask in which he carried brandy for the relief of travellers whom he found exhausted in the snow on the mountain is still suspended from his neck.

ONE GIRL'S LIFE IN A MILL TOWN.

Annie was ten years old when she was badly burned by an accident with a lamp, and she has never walked since.

I asked her if she ever went outdoors, says a writer in The Atlantic.

"Oh, no," she said pleasantly. "Sometimes, when it's very hot, I get downstairs to the back door. I've never been down street. I've never seen the town. I wish I could see what Main Street is like. I was only ten years old when I was burned, and I'd hardly ever been down street before that time."

I asked her if she could go to drive if I came for her.

"I haven't any clothes of my own," she said, "but I could wear my sister's things."

The mother showed no special interest when I told her that I was coming to take her crippled daughter out. When she was all dressed for her little journey, the driver took her in his arms, and placed her in the open phaeton.

It was a shabby little town, but in it Annie saw the kingdoms of this world, and the glory thereof.

"I don't know how to thank you for your kindness," she said, as she found we were returning.

It seemed cruel to take her back. The driver lifted her with tenderness out of the carriage, and insisted on carrying her up the outer steps into the house.

Annie called out good-bye, and waved a timid farewell from the stairs, and I scarcely noted the mother's face or voice, for the girl's eyes were shining as I think I never saw any other human eyes shine.

"De trouble 'bout advice," said Uncle Eben, "is dat de man who has made a sho-nuff success in life is gin'rally too busy ter stop an' give lessons."—Washington Star.

Hoodooed—Perry Patette—"I seen the new moon over my left shoulder." Wayworn Watson—"That settles it. I'll bet the very next place you ask fer work you git it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Ah!" said his mother, as she found him at the preserved cherries, "I have caught you red-handed. I think by the time I get through with you, you will know better." "Yes'm," said the little boy. "I will. I'll use a spoon next time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Trio of Evils.

BY J. PASCOE.

A trio of evils existing there are,
Destroying mankind like a Juggernaut
car;

Tobacco is one, and opium another,
The third and worst is the alcohol
brother

Then use not tobacco, because it is
wrong;

Away with the opium, an evil so strong;
And banish strong drink forever and
ever,

Oh, touch not, taste not, oh, yield to it
never!

Strong drink is a demon, destroying the
soul,

Strong drink is a monster that none can
control,

Away with it then, this greatest of evils,
This source of all vice, this potion of
devils.

Arise, men and women arise, all the
true,

Arise in your vigour your courage re-
new,

Arise in your strength, and cease not,
oh! never,

To banish these evils banish them ever!

Away with tobacco, opium and strong
drink,

Oh, do not grow weary, at evil don't
wink;

Strong drink is the greatest, the worst
of the three,

To fight this vile monster we all must
agree.

We all must agree, yes we all must
unite.

To banish it then we will valiantly fight;
"Prohibition" our watch-word ever shall
be,

We'll write on our banner the word
"victory!"

A CHINESE TRAVELLING RESTAURANT.

"A travelling restaurant! Who ever heard of such a thing? What is it? A thing that walks or rides? How can a restaurant travel?"

Did you ever hear of a dining-saloon on a steamboat or a dining-room car? Why not, then, have a travelling restaurant? But if any of the readers of this paper wish to know what a travelling restaurant is, let them study the picture.

No matter now about the distant pagoda in the background or the part of a temple to the right; the restaurant is in the foreground of the picture. Not only may the restaurant, but the proprietor and one of his customers, be seen. The man with the broad-brimmed hat is the restaurant-keeper, the other is the customer, and in front of the two is the restaurant or eating-saloon. This last is not only table, dishes, cooking utensils and furnace, but contains also a supply of provisions and fuel. It is a complete outfit, and is now seen in active operation.

The round basket at the right is the provision-store. In that are kept not only the provisions, but spare dishes and whatever else may be needed. Within the square box on the other side may be seen another similar basket, also used as a storeroom (either for provisions or dishes, or, more likely, for fuel. Above it is the furnace, with a place for stowing away a spare cooking utensil or two. In pots or other vessels placed on this furnace the food is cooked. The pole between the two boxes or baskets is used for carrying them. They are slung by means of the ropes fastened to the ends of the pole over the owner's back, and thus he can carry his whole restaurant wherever he wishes to go. Those round baskets are usually composed of several flat ones, set one directly over the other, the bottom of the top one fitting into the top of the one below.

These men go about the streets and travel from village to village, usually trying to be at the market-towns on market-days, doing what restaurant-keepers do—provide people with meals. They are ready at almost any time to get up a good warm meal of food in a few minutes. All the hungry man needs to do when meeting one of these is to ask for what he wants. In a moment the pole is dropped as the basket and box are set on the ground, and at once the cook begins fanning the fire in the furnace, adding more charcoal. If the fire be out, with a flint, steel and tinder-box and soft paper the man soon has a fire started, and then he fans it to a brighter, stronger heat, or, as likely, with a hollow bamboo, one end in his mouth, the other in the fire, he blows until there is heat enough, then he begins cooking. The hot charcoal fire soon does the work, while the customer

and the cook look on, the latter either finishing his preparations or blowing the fire now and again to emphasize his talk to the waiting customer. When the food is ready the two men change places, the cook looking on while the other works—at eating. Of course if another customer comes he is served as soon as possible, the owner taking the longer time to rest when no customer is waiting.

The man eating is doing it as fast as he can. He has his dish or bowl close to his mouth, and with chopsticks is shovelling in the food as rapidly as his mouth will take it. That is the way Chinese frequently, if not usually, eat. They do not, as many suppose, eat rice by picking up one grain at a time, instead, after placing the bowl close to the lips, they shovel in the rice with the chopsticks as fast as they can. They do, however, pick up other articles of food piece by piece; this they can do with great skill. They can even pick the bones out of fish with the chopsticks, and can take up with these (to us) clumsy implements the smallest particle of food. They do not use knives and forks at the table; their food is cut small enough to be put into the mouth before it is brought on the table. Chinese, when they first try to use knives and forks, are as clumsy as we would be with chopsticks. They think that chopsticks are the most polite and proper things with which to eat, and regard foreigners as barbarians for eating with iron and steel instruments.

Though tables have been referred to, the people of China do not care very much to eat from tables. Anything serves them very well as a table, and, if nothing better can be found, the eater sits on the ground, and, placing his

several other dishes, from which he now and then picks a bit with chopsticks to make him enjoy the principal dish the more. On these side-dishes may be fish, pork, goat's meat (seldom beef), beans, other vegetables, and often water-melon-seeds. Nearly everything eatable goes to make up a Chinaman's diet. He cares less about what he eats than how to get it. Food with that people is scarce, and money to buy it is still more difficult to get, so they must eat anything they can; little goes to waste in China.

There are two other things in which the people of that strange country differ from us in their eating. They sometimes stand while they eat, as the man in the picture; but that is not new to us. The wives, mothers, daughters and sisters do not eat with the men; they are not considered good enough. They must wait until husbands, fathers, brothers and sons have finished, or at least eat away from them. When the Chinese sit down to eat they do not wait to ask a blessing, but begin eating at once. The Christian Chinese seek God's blessing first, but the others do not. They are heathens and without God. Like the brutes, they think only of the food, and not of Him who gives food, and the ability to enjoy it. Did you ever see Americans who acted like Chinese at the table?

THE SCHOOL IS OUT.

This looks very much like a scene in a public school in Canada, but it is not. It illustrates a scene in Turkey. I take this picture from a German book in which appears the title, "Die schule ist aus," which interprets itself very readily



SCHOOL'S OUT.



A CHINESE TRAVELLING RESTAURANT.

dishes beside him, taking his rice-bowl in one hand, chopsticks in the other, leans at work at once. When his bowl is empty it is refilled, and the man starts anew, eating sometimes several bowls of soft-boiled rice at a meal. Rice forms the principal food of these able to buy it, though not the cheapest the people can get. With rice the hungry man wants

into English, "The school is out." The old school-master in the rear seems to look somewhat grimly on the eager mob of little Turks rushing out of school. We have no doubt they enjoy their recess just as much as any Canadian boys or girls. Tom Hood pleasantly describes school-boys at recess as playing "like troutlets in a pool."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Psalm 84. 11.

HOME READINGS.

M. The kingdom divided.—1 Kings 12. 16-25.

Tu. Elijah the prophet.—1 Kings 17. 1-16.

W. Elijah on Carmel.—1 Kings 18. 30-39.

Th. Elijah's spirit on Elisha.—2 Kings 2. 6-15.

F. The Shunammite's son.—2 Kings 4. 25-37.

S. Naaman healed.—2 Kings 5. 1-14.

Su. Captivity of the ten tribes.—2 Kings 17. 9-18.

1. Give the Titles and Golden Texts of each lesson.
2. Name the principal characters in the lessons.
3. Make a list of the successive kings of each kingdom.
4. Compare the dates of the first deportation; the captivity of Israel; and finally of the captivity of Judah.
5. Make a list of the miracles recorded in the lessons of the quarter.
6. What is the principal lesson you have learned from the studies of the quarter?

There are fashions in words as well as in frocks and flowers, as the columns of a recent newspaper go to prove. Among the book advertisements were the Passing of Thomas and the Passing of the Reds; an editorial considered the Passing of a famous baseball captain; an extract from another newspaper noted the Passing of Spain, while a religious communication bemoaned the Passing of Calvinism. Stevenson's advice to avoid the use of hackneyed phrases, however clever, is in order: "Find your own expression for your own thought. Use words; do not let them use you."

WYNDHAM'S DAUGHTER

A STORY OF TO-DAY

By Annie S. Swan.

Cloth, - - - \$1.25 - - - Postpaid.

Contents: Hannah Thrale's Invitation—Mrs. Wyndham Interferes—A Socialist Meeting—Mrs. Wyndham's Impressions of the Meeting—Philip Dane—In a Clerkenwell Flat—Daughter against Mother—A Talk With Hannah Thrale—What Mr. Wyndham Thought—Tom in the Background—A Little Dinner—Hopes and Fears—Another Disappointment—In Hyde Park—The Quarrel Under the Elm Tree—The Unexpected Guest—Behind the Veil—The Serpent's Tooth—The Next Morning—The Pain Speech of Hannah—The Reality—Under Currents—The Reality of Life—Past the Rubicon—An Unexpected Visit—Not Welcome—Near the Unseen—It Must be Stopped—No Easy Task—Tom's Mother—"Come Home!"—The Unpalatable Truth—Clearing Up—What It Cost—Philip Dane's Farewell.

Sunday-School Outlines

—BEING—

Normal Studies

For Teachers' Meetings, Normal Classes, Normal Institutes, Young People's Societies, and Individual Students.

By W. Bowman Tucker, M.A., Ph.D.

Price, Cloth, 35c. net, postpaid.

Contents: Chapter I. The Principles of Sunday-school Work. II. The Book. III. Bible Study. IV. The Home Class Department. V. Sunday-school Dynamics.

We have just issued this useful little work and believe it will be of immense service to our Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues. The attention of Normal Class teachers particularly is requested. Send for a copy and get it introduced into your school.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX.