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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XVI.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 21, 1896.

No. 47.

The Sin of Omission.

BY MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.
For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion,
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache,
At the setting of the sun.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

Susie came hurrying home from school one afternoon to prepare for a long walk in the woods which her teacher had promised the class. "We are to carry our lunch-baskets, mother," she cried, "and have a picnic. Won't it be splendid?"

"I hope you'll enjoy it, dear," replied her mother faintly; and then Susie noticed for the first time that her mother was really sick. Little Bessie, too, had a very lonely look as she sat on the floor with her toys.

"You have one of your bad headaches, mother, I am afraid," said Susie, "and I had better stay at home to-day." But Mrs. Parker could not bear her daughter to lose such a treat, and urged her to go. Susie hesitated a little; it was pretty hard to give it up; but presently she smiled, and, kissing her mother, said, "No, I could not be happy to leave you when you are so sick; I must take care of you."

Then she bathed the aching head, and urged her mother to try and sleep, while she kept little Bessie so quiet that presently the child fell asleep in her arms, and she put her gently in the cradle. Next, she got supper ready, so that when her father came in he found mamma looking better and everything ready and in order.

In answer to his question, Susie heard her mother say, "Oh, I am much better, for I have had the rest I needed. Susie has been so good, and gave up her afternoon's pleasure of her own accord to stay at home and help me. She is such a comfort, I do not know what I should do without her."

And when, added to this praise, Susie received her father's hearty kiss and words of approval, she felt more than repaid for the sacrifice she had made. She was following the dear Saviour, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister unto (or serve) others.

PARENTS AND DAUGHTERS.

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. They have been taught to despise labour and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn and miserable women belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. Every daughter ought to be taught to earn her own living. The rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. The good Lord, whose Son worked with his own hands, intended that none should be idle.—Morning Star.

A GOLD MEDAL.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to

look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day—"I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.
"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighbouring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in re-

had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy, 'I will drive the cow.'"

But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that, but

ask you was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.

BROWNING AS A BOY.

You might easily guess that Robert Browning would not be like other boys, but there are some points of difference wherein it would be well for the "other" boys to be like him. The first point I would hold up for imitation is his kindness to animals. He had great love for them, and the knowledge of animals shown in his writings is largely due to his friendship for them in his childhood.

"It is a mark of a king you know, according to Dr. Conwell. You have heard probably how passionately fond of dogs were those kings of poetry, Scott and Byron, and how that queen of art, Rosa Bonheur, tames animals, even the king of beasts, by love and kindness alone. But Browning did not only love those animals which most boys love; he still further showed his kingship by loving those which most boys hate, and tease, and kill.

Have you ever read "Aunt Jo's" pretty story of the little girl who started out to found a hospital for needy animals and insects, and who took in first a wounded snake, whereat she thought she obeyed the command, "Love your enemies"? Well, Browning loved them, not as enemies, but as friends; and his father used to come home sometimes bringing his pockets full, not of sweetmeats, but of snakes, for his little boy, who admired their beautiful colours and graceful curves.

He also made pets of toads and frogs; he never threw sticks at them or gave them any reason to fear him in any way. Having gained the confidence of one particular toad, it became so attached to the future poet that it would follow him. He used to visit it daily, where it burrowed under a white-rose tree, call it forth by a few grains of gravel dropped into the hole, and the creature, recognizing the signal, would crawl forth and allow its head to be gently tickled, and would reward the act with a loving glance of the soft full eyes, to which Browning refers to in one of his poems.

Browning was a handsome boy; vigorous, fearless, very active; and it may comfort some of us to know he had a fiery temper. He was very affectionate, however. He never had a brother or sister, and so I do not know whether he would have teased them or not, but his mother "filled his heart." He never could sit beside her otherwise than with an arm around her waist, and never, even when he was a grown-up man, went to bed at night without a good-night kiss, when he was where his mother was. If this had been all there was to his affection, the outward show only, it would have been worth very little; but all his acts and words "accorded thereto," and in his reverence for his mother, Browning was a model son, as he was afterward a model husband.—Selected.

A little fellow who had his wits about him, when the contribution-plate was passed at church, administered a rebuke to his mother, who, on the way home, was finding fault with the sermon. "Well, mother," he said, innocently, "what could you expect for a cent?"

"Do you sell good, honest goods, my man?" asked the fussy man. "Well," said the baker, thoughtfully rubbing flour on the end of his nose, "I have an idea that the soda-crackers are square, but, to tell you the truth, I am almost sure that the pretzels are crooked."



SELF-SACRIFICE.

spect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who

here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely." The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial was discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I

Lost.

Has any one seen my jewel,
My precious jewel rare?
I lost it,—yes, I lost it,
Though 'twas so bright and fair.
Oh, could I find my treasure,
I'd value it now, I ween!
But the jewel I lost will never be found,
Its beauty will never be seen,
And how shall I meet my Master,
Who gave me the precious stone?
He said: "There is much you may do,
My child,
With this little jewel alone.
You may polish it well with patience,
And touch it with holy love,
And I'll place it then in a crown of light,
That is waiting in heaven above."
I dreamed sweet dreams 'mid the roses,
And my jewel forgotten lay,
Now 'tis lost, and I'll never find it:
For my precious gem was—a day.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 21, 1896.

"LEND A HAND."

When? Where?
To-day, to-morrow, every day, just where you are.

You have heard of the girl who sat down and sighed the morning hours away longing to be a missionary and help somebody, while her mother was toiling in the kitchen and looking after three little children at the same time. Perhaps your mother has servants in the kitchen, but you can lend a hand all the same. You can find a place to help brother or sister or friend, and you can help everybody in the house by your patient, kind, obliging the house spirit, "in honour preferring one another," self-forgetful, and mindful of others.

It seems a very little thing to "lend a hand" in these quiet home ways, but if you could see the record the angels make of such a day, you would see that it was a very great thing.

Boys, girls, watch eagerly your chance. Don't be cheated out of your happy privilege. It is a great, noble, blessed thing to be able to "help a little," no matter how little it may be.

THE BALLOON IN RUSSIA.

The Russian Geological Society is trying to give the people of northern Russia and Siberia a clear idea of a balloon, and to impress them with the fact that they may see one next summer. A leaflet is now scattered among all these northern people embellished with two pictures of a balloon, one sailing through the air, and the other alighting on the earth while people are running toward it from all directions. The leaflet tells the story of Dr. Andree's coming balloon voyage in language as simple as that of the one-syllabled stories in old-fashioned spelling books.

"Three men who know a great deal," the leaflet says, "will go up into the clouds next summer, to get some more knowledge. They will be in a basket that is fastened to a great big bladder filled with a sort of air that puffs it out. This is a balloon, and when it is up in the air it will look like picture No. 1. Now a balloon won't hurt anybody. Look at picture No. 2, and see the people running to it when it comes down to the ground. They wouldn't run to it if it

was anything to be afraid of, so nobody should be scared if they see the balloon. "Neither should any one be afraid of the three men in the balloon. They are good men and everybody should help them. It will be pleasing to God and to the Czar if those who see these men are kind to them and give them food and take them to the nearest officials, and the king of Sweden will reward the good deed."

It would be interesting to know if any of the Czar's subjects, whose state of culture fits em only for this infantile sort of talk will be able to read the leaflet after they get it.—New York Sun.

AN INCIDENT.

A traveller in Switzerland last summer, in writing of his experiences in that country, gives the following incident: The window of a little shop, in an old arcade in Berne, was filled one day with crosses and hearts intended for the decoration of graves, and among them were several slabs of marble with the inscriptions, "In Memory of my Sister," "To the Best of Husbands," and the like.

As we were in the shop, three or four idle tourists had halted to laugh at the uncultivated taste shown in these cheap votive offerings. Apart, and quite unconscious of them, stood a poor Swiss maidservant. Her eyes were full of eager longing, and the tears slowly ran down her cheeks. The slab which she coveted was the cheapest and ugliest of the lot, a black slab, white lettered, but the inscription was: "To My Dear Mother."

"She stops every morning to look at that," whispered the shopkeeper, "but she won't have enough money to buy it in years."

"Tell her that she can have it," said one of the tourists, a well-dressed man, in a loud voice. "I'll pay for it."

"Monsieur is very generous," answered the shopkeeper, "but I doubt—she is no beggar."

While they were speaking, a young American girl who, with sympathy expressed in her face, had been watching the woman, drew her aside. "I am a stranger," she said. "I have been very happy in Berne. I am going away to-morrow, never to come back again. I should like to know that somebody here would remember me kindly. Will you not let me give you that little slab to lay on your mother's grave?"

The woman's face was filled with amazement, and then with delight. The tears rained down her cheeks. She held the girl's hand in both of her own. "You too have lost your mother? Yes? Then you can understand! I thank you, gracious lady."

That was all, but two women went on their way happier and better for having met.

Almost every Christian, man or woman, has at heart the wish to heal the hurts of life for others, but few have the delicate tact which can touch a wound without giving pain.

An acquaintance of the late Mrs. Astor—whose charities were as secret as they were wide—spoke once of her habit of sending her carriage out with friends who were ill, or not able to afford the luxury of a drive.

"She did not send the carriage," quickly remarked a friend. "She went in it. The drive was not an aim. It was a pleasure to herself, which the invalid made pleasanter by sharing."

"A copper farthing," says the Irish proverb, "given with a kind hand, is fair gold, and blesses as it goes."

AN EVERY-DAY GIRL.

"Will you have to give up going to college this year, Miss Lou?"

The young girl turned from the rows of books that lined the minister's study and answered in an unsteady voice. "Yes, sir, my mother's illness, coming when it did, makes leaving home quite impossible to me." She turned again to the books, but not before the minister had seen the lips quiver and the eyes fill with unshed tears.

"I am sorry to hear it," he continued. "I had hoped better things for you this year, but we must follow where duty leads."

There was a moment's silence, when Lou turned to him a face full of emotion, and said: "It is very wrong of me, Mr. Raymond, but I fear that I do not feel just as I should about the turn affairs have taken. I feel within me the ability to rise to something, to do a great work for God. It is my ambition to become all that I am capable of becoming. This means, first, a thorough education. To make this possible I have prayed and worked for months, to be met at last with utter failure and disappointment." This time

she did not try to hide the tears that rained down her cheeks.

Mr. Raymond laid his hand on the head of the excited girl, and said gently. "There are many things that we cannot understand, my child, but God's ways are not our ways. Keep close to him, and your duty will be made clear."

The clock on the mantel chimed ten, reminding Lou that she must be off, for noon would find her father at home from the office and the children from school, and everything depended on her since her mother's health had failed. As she hurried along the street, the battle had to be fought all over again. It was so hard to give up the desire of her life, that for which she had planned and sacrificed so long. "Surely," she said to herself, "no one knows what staying at home, even for the sake of those I love, means to me." As she went through the gate at home, she wiped away the traces of tears, that her mother might not suspect that she was still grieving over her disappointment. She laid aside her hat and the book that she had borrowed from the minister, and went at once to the kitchen, trying to put aside all thoughts of self; but she felt gloomy and depressed, life was crisscross anyway, everything went wrong. The bread that she had left to rise had not come up an inch, the fire had burned down, and the wood, damp from last night's rain, came near putting it out entirely.

The hour hand pointed to twelve, and still the fire refused to burn, and the dinner was not half cooked. Lou, in despair, punched and coaxed at the fire, and, in trying to turn a half-burned stick, touched the burned end, which left a long, crisp blister. While she was tying up her finger, her father came in with the anxious inquiry: "Dinner ready, daughter? I'm a little late, and must hurry back."

Before she could answer, in rushed the children, all clamouring for dinner. With the help of Clara, a younger sister, it was ready at one o'clock, but the children were obliged to hurry off in answer to the school bell with their appetites half appeased. When they were all gone, and the dishes were waiting to be washed, and the poor burnt finger was aching, Lou laid her head down on the table and had a good cry.

Mrs. Ramsay, from her couch in the sitting-room, saw that something had gone amiss with her usually cheerful daughter, but wisely held her peace, and left Lou to herself.

To her it was a day of trials and hardships, hard to bear, but it came to a close at last. When the duties were all done, and the house was quiet for the night, Lou crept up to her own room, and, with aching limbs, sat down to read her evening lesson. Opening the Bible at random, her eyes fell on these words: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Accustomed as she was to the words, they came to her that night a special message, with a sweet new meaning. The sacrifice that had cost her so much, the uncongenial work she was forced to do, were the denying herself and taking up her cross, and only enabled her to follow the closer. In a moment the sacrifice of her school work, the trials of the day, everything was swallowed up in a sweet peace. There in her little room she made surrender of herself, realizing that the little things of everyday life, done bravely and in his name, were more acceptable than any great thing that she could do.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

ABOUT INTRODUCTIONS.

"I do so dislike to introduce people to each other," said a little friend to me one day last week.

"Why, pray?" I asked. "It seems to me a very simple thing."

"Well, when I have to do it I stammer and feel so awkward," she replied. "I never know who should be mentioned first, and I wish myself out of the room."

"I think that I can make it plain to you, my little friend," I said. "You invite Mabel Williams to spend an afternoon with you. She has never been at your house before, and your mother has never met her. When you enter the sitting-room all you have to say is: 'Mabel, my mother.' If you wish to be more elaborate, you may say to your Aunt Lucy: 'Aunt Lucy, permit me to present Miss Mabel Williams, Miss Williams, Mrs. Templeton.' But when you introduce Mabel to your father or the minister, or an elderly gentleman, mention the most distinguished gentleman first. When you present your brother, or his chum, and your Cousin John to the young lady, call her name first. Fix it in your mind that among persons of equal standing the younger are introduced to the older, and the interiors in

age, position, or influence, are presented to superiors. Be very cordial when in your own home you are introduced to a friend, and offer your hand. When away from home a bow is sufficient recognition of introduction. Please, when performing an introduction, speak both names with perfect distinctness."

The Carpenter's Son.

BY MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

They said, "The carpenter's son." To me no dearer thing in the Book I see; For he must have risen with the light, And patiently toiled until the night. He, too, was weary when evening came, For well he knoweth our mortal frame, And he remembers the weight of dust, So his frail children may sing and trust!

We often toil till our eyes grow dim, Yet our hearts faint not, because of him The workers are striving everywhere, Some with a pitiful load of care, Many in peril upon the sea, Or deep in the mine's dark mystery; While mothers nor day nor night can rest—

I fancy the Master loves them best; For many a little head has lain On the heart pierced by redemption's pain.

He was so tender with fragile things, He saw the sparrow with broken wings. His mother, loveliest woman born, Had humble tasks in her home each morn, And he thought of her the cross above, So burdened women must have his love;

For labour, the common lot of man, Is part of a kind Creator's plan; And he is a king whose brow is wet, With the pearl-gemmed crown of honest sweat.

Some glorious day, this understood, All toilers will be a brotherhood. With brain or hand the purpose is one, And the master workman, God's own Son.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 29, 1896.

Hymn 38, Junior Hymnal, and Church Hymn Book, Hymn 152.

THE HYMN.

This hymn is well known. There are few churches in which it is not often sung, and there are few hymn books in which it is not found. It leads us to contemplate the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the inconceivable price which Christ, the Son of God, paid for our redemption. We were not redeemed or bought back with corruptible, that is, perishable, things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as a Lamb without spot or blemish.

THE AUTHOR.

Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D., was the author of this sublime hymn. He composed several other hymns, all of which reflect the greatest credit both upon his head and heart. But probably none of his poetical compositions equal this, and we believe the last verse is the best even in this grand hymn.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small, Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all."

Commit this verse to memory, as well as verses 1 and 2.

GALATIANS 6. 14.

This is Paul's estimate of the subject now in hand. Paul was a man of varied learning, a citizen of no mean city, an Israelite of the Israelites. In all these he might have boasted, but, no, he cast all these aside, and gloried only in the cross of Christ, which is but another name for the great scheme of divine mercy whereby sinners are reconciled to God, and made partakers of saving grace. This is the only way of salvation. Paul regarded everything else but dung and dross. He trampled them all under foot, and made this his boast. He renounced everything else. He was crucified to the world, and the world was crucified unto him. Everything else was cast aside, and on this grand truth he rested his whole salvation. We must do the same, our learning, our wealth, our reputation, in short, everything, must be cast aside, for "other refuge there is none." Here is the only foundation, the name which is above every name, the only Saviour, but he saves all who believe. Let every one now say, "Christ loved me, and gave himself for me."

Look at it this way: The world and everything in it is yours to help you make a true man of yourself.

Grandpa's Crazy Quilt.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

That's what I call grandpa's farm.
Here's a red patch, that's the barn;
Here's a white one, that's the house;
Here's one, gray, just like a mouse;
That's the granary, big and old;
Yonder is a patch of gold—
Grandpa's wheatfield, bright and yellow
Rippling in the sunshine mellow.

'Way up there a patch of green
On the hillside steep is seen
Stitched all round with barbed-wire
fence,—

That's where grandpa's woods commence.
Dark green patches,—that's the pines;
Strips of light between, sometimes;
Squares of dark, rich, golden brown,—
That's where grandpa's ploughed the
ground.

Mamma's crazy quilt is pretty,
But somehow it seems a pity
Hours and hours to sit and sew
On that sort of thing, you know.
When it's done it's far too nice
To use, they say, at any price.
So I think that grandpa's quilt
Is better than one made of silk
And satin pieces, 'cause, you see,
His is useful as can be.

DRIFTED AWAY.*

By Edward William Thomson.

CHAPTER I.—Lost.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of a raw March day, the report ran about Toronto that two boys in a skiff, without oars, paddles, or sail, were being blown out in the open lake. This alarm originated with a butcher who had driven into town along the shore of Ontario from the mouth of the Humber River, some four miles westward of Toronto Bay.

A keen though not a great wind prevailed that afternoon. Navigation had scarcely begun, hence it was almost certain that no incoming vessel would pick the boys up. The probability that they could be found before nightfall by a tug seemed small. Only one Toronto tug had steam up, and that little vessel would not return till nightfall from its work at a long distance from the wharves.

Scarcely had the report begun to travel by word of mouth, before an evening paper distributed it broadcast. Home-going business men, leaving their offices to shoulder through the evening throng, heard newsboys calling, "All about the boys adrift!"

The gas-lamps just then being lighted seemed to accentuate King Street's cheerful bustle, and so impress people more distinctly with a sense of the quick spread of night over the face of the waters on which the two lads were helplessly floating away. Toronto people are so familiar with the lake that thousands had instantly grasped the full significance of the rumour.

In a few minutes it roused something like a panic. Groups formed round men who talked loudly of the chances of rescue; women hysterically inquired the names of the boys; cries of sympathy went up from persons who, on coming out of stores, suddenly learned of the case. The imminence of darkness forbade confidence that the boys could be found alive, and the meagreness of information left a multitude of parents to fear for sons they had not seen during the day.

By six o'clock a great crowd had formed on and about Brown's wharf, where the tug A. G. Nixon was almost ready to start. As she whistled, a cheer went up, which was understood by the people farther back, caught, passed on, and echoed to and fro and sidelong and far away up many an avenue. At that, factory operatives pouring into the streets and homesteaders who had not yet heard of the thing stopped, or rushed out to question what was the matter.

Just as the Nixon was about to leave, a man running down the middle of Yonge Street into the crowd, cried:

"Stand aside and let me pass! One of them is my little boy!"

So quickly did the people push aside to give Mr. Lancely room that three men were thrust off the slip into the water. At this the scared crowd struggled to get back off the wharf to firm land, and the general attention was distracted from the boat till the three men were pulled out. By this time the Nixon, with Mr. Lancely aboard, had started.

* From a new volume, "Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss, and Other Stories." Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25. Illustrated.

Before she left the slip he had explained from her deck that his son, nine years old, and his servant-boy, perhaps seventeen, were certainly those adrift.

"He's the only child we have left," said the gentleman. "I want somebody to go out to my house. Take a cab and hurry. Tell my wife that I've started with the tug, and we're sure to catch the skiff soon. Say sure to, mind that, sure to, or she'll die of anxiety."

"All right, Lancely. I'll go myself!" cried an acquaintance. "Keep your heart up. You'll find Charley all right, poor little chap!"

At that there was a cheer from the people, and the throngs began to break up; but many persons remained on the wharf to see the Nixon make her way out through the floating ice-cakes that still swung to and fro in the harbour. As the tug passed beyond the western gap a cloud of snow drove forth from the land, blotting her out at a breath.

"God help the poor boys! God help them!" said some man in an earnest tone, and the prayer and the emotion went up, repeated from many lips. Meantime the captain of the tug was questioning the anxious father.

"Will they have plenty of clothes on, Mr. Lancely?" asked the Nixon's skipper.

"I don't know. All I know is in this

"What about the servant-boy? Would he likely be well covered?"

"No, poor fellow. He has a big, warm old overcoat of mine, but he's almost too proud of it to wear it. He never had a whole coat before, and it's altogether likely he went to the boat-house without it on."

"Pretty bad, pretty bad, sir. I'll see and have some blankets put over the boiler to heat, and they'll be ready in case we find 'em."

"In case! Surely, you don't doubt that, captain?"

"Oh, we're bound to find them, bound to find them. But when? There's no telling how the currents will act round this part of the lake. Hey! No finding em if we can't see the surface of the water! Consume it all, here's what I was afraid of!"

At the word a coming cloud of snow hid the land and the lights ashore.

When the snow had cleared away, the tug, steaming slowly with the wind, was far from land. Soon afterwards the straggling clouds blew away, leaving over the sullen expanse of Ontario a moonless, starlit vault. Low on the north horizon the light-house dwindled. Nothing but the sighing wind, not gale enough to rouse a tumbling sea, could be heard responding to the long shrieks of steam with which the Nixon strove

After the tug had run out to about where the captain thought the boat should be, he headed due east, kept that course for some two miles, and then went back and forth, east and west, steaming south or with the wind a few minutes upon each turn. Thus the little steamer described many long, narrow parallelograms on the surface of the lake, but the skiff of the lost boys was not seen.

Soon the evening past, and the depths of darkness drew on. It was after midnight when the skipper, pointing to the north, shouted with joy.

"Where? Show me!" cried Mr. Lancely. "I can't see them! Where? Do you see the skiff?"

"No, sir, I didn't mean that. But see! Yonder! There's more help coming!"

Away off toward Toronto a light gleamed, then another and another, five in all.

"Five more tugs! Good boys!" cried the captain. "Hurray, now we can do something!"

Across the intervening league a dull bass note came with the wind.

"It's the commodore's steam yacht," said the skipper. "Soon the little vessels were all within hail."

"Lancely!" shouted the bluff old commodore of the Yacht Club. "When we left, there was word from your house that your wife was bearing up well."

"Thank heaven for that!"

"I thought you'd be anxious, old man, and so I telegraphed for news of her while steam was getting up. Now, we're going to find Charley pretty soon, I hope," and he rapidly explained his plan to the Nixon's skipper.

Soon the little steamers were systematically ranging to and fro, passing and repassing, over a tract some five miles wide, whistling in unison every fifth minute by the watch, that the hoped-for replies of the boys might be heard in still intervals.

But the night seemed to thicken till far toward morning, when a thin moon came up over the waste. The constellation of the Great Bear wheeled high and far past the pole, the wind slowly fell, and the solemnity of the face of the waters deepened in the hush, while still the searching father gazed from the bow, praying dumbly to see again the flaxen head and bold blue eyes of his little son.

(To be continued.)

THE EMPEROR AT THE FORGE.

Boys often resent being called upon to do a piece of work which they think beneath them, especially if it is a task which properly belongs to some one else. But every one should cultivate an obliging disposition, and be able to help in any emergency to the extent of his ability.

Emperor Joseph set a good example in this respect one day when travelling in Italy. A wheel of his carriage broke down, and he repaired to the shop of a blacksmith in a little village, and desired him to mend it without delay.

"I would," said the smith, "but this being a holiday, all my men are away at church; even the boy who blows the bellows is away."

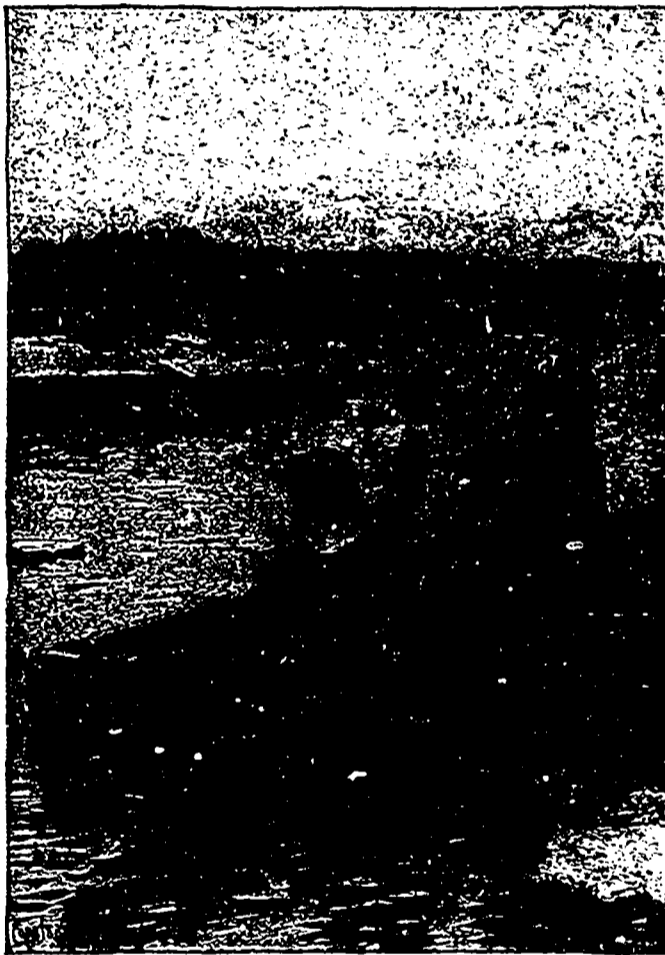
"Now I have an excellent chance to warm myself," said the unknown emperor. So, taking his place at the bellows, instead of calling an attendant to do so, he followed the smith's directions and worked as if for wages. The work was finished, and instead of the little sum which he was charged, the sovereign handed out six gold ducats.

"You have made a mistake," said the astonished blacksmith, "and given me six gold pieces, which nobody in this village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the laughing emperor, as he entered his carriage. "An emperor should pay for such a pleasure as blowing the bellows."

I have known some shop boys who would have waited long, and sent far for help, before they would have "come down" to blowing a blacksmith's bellows. It is not boys with the best sense who thus stand upon their dignity. A readiness to oblige, and to take hold of unaccustomed work when necessary, has often been excellent business capital for a young man.—Youth's World.

"Can you tell me where I will get the Lancaster Avenue car?" inquired a middle-aged fussy woman, who was standing in the middle of the car-track, of a man who was in a great hurry. "Yes, you'll get it right in the middle of your back, if you stand there," he replied, and then passed on.



DRIFTING AWAY.

telegram that a district telegraph boy handed to me just as I was preparing to go home:

"Charlie and Isidore are adrift in the skiff without oars. I can see them floating out half-way between the island and the Humber. Act quickly. No one here can suggest anything except to send out a tug."

"That's from my wife," said Mr. Lancely. "I instantly ran down and found your boat starting. No, I can't imagine how they got adrift, though this morning I told Isidore—he's my servant-boy—to loosen a strip of carpet that runs the length of the skiff. It got frozen down at the stern last fall because I forgot to bail her out. Isidore is very fond of my little boy, so I suppose they went together to the boat-house and somehow got afloat and were blown out. How long before we shall catch up to them, captain?"

The skipper looked gravely at him, glanced at the northern sky, and replied, "Well, sir, we will likely make out to reach them if the wind don't change or something worse happen."

"Surely the wind won't change!"

"No, I don't say it will. I'll do my best, you may lay to that, sir. What I'm most afraid of is that the little fellow will be done out with cold. Would he likely have his overcoat on?"

"I'm afraid not. He's fond of going round without it, no matter what we say."

"Boys is all like that, sir."

"Still he may have had it with him, for Isidore is very careful of Charley. If not, he'll be half-frozen, and have a frightful cold."

to let the boys know she was seeking them.

"That will hearten them up, anyhow," said the captain.

As the tug "teetered" up and down the scarcely broken swell, Mr. Lancely in the bow gazed steadily forward, around and down. Often he thought he saw the skiff rising upon some shouldering billow, but ever the lapse of the roller renewed his increasing fear. Once the bow struck some heavy thing. His heart fell at the sudden contact. He sprang to look over, expecting to see the skiff; but before he had fairly peered down, the grinding sound betokened a cake of ice.

Once, after abandoning the idea that he had darkly seen the skiff on a wave, a thought that it had perhaps been there grew to an overpowering fear that they were leaving Charley astern. The pitying captain backed up then, and ran to and fro over the adjacent water. Then the wretched father groaned with self-reproach for having caused the loss of time.

"Could the skiff swamp in this sea?"

"No, that's not likely. There's scarcely a break of water anywhere, and she'd drift easy. Do you suppose that servant-boy of yours would know enough to rig up any kind of a sail? But I forgot, they'd nothing to rig one with. So I reckon we're all right."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we'll be more likely to find her than we would if she were drifting instead of just drifting. She can only go straight ahead and we'd ought to find her."

Do Something.

BY ALFRED F. HOUGH.

Be something in this living age,
And prove your right to be
A light upon some darkened page,
A pilot on some sea.
Find out the place where you may stand,
Beneath some burden bow;
Take up the task with willing hand—
Be something, somewhere, now.

Be something in this throbbing day
Of busy hands and feet:
A spring beside some dusty way,
A shadow from the heat.
Be found upon the workman's roll;
Go sow, go reap, or plough;
Bend to some task with heart and soul—
Be something, somewhere, now.

Be something in this golden hour,
With action running o'er;
Add some momentum to its power,
A voice unheard before;
Be not a king without a throne,
Or crown to deck the brow;
Serve with the throng, or serve alone—
Be something, somewhere, now.

BURIAL IN THE CATACOMBS

Our picture gives us a very vivid illustration of a scene which must have been very common in the early Christian centuries. Possibly the dead man may have been a Christian martyr whose body was brought by stealth, at dead of night, from the place of martyrdom to the quiet resting place of the holy dead in the underground catacombs. These were vast excavations, consisting of long corridors and chambers, sometimes three or four stories, one beneath the other, and lined on either side with the graves of the dead in Christ. Here the early Christians gathered for worship and for prayer, and sometimes for refuge; but even here they were often followed by their persecutors, and their place of refuge became their sepulchre. The present writer has told the story of those early days in a couple of volumes, to which he refers those who wish to know more about these strange structures. They are entitled, "The Testimony of the Catacombs," and "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs." Both are for sale at the Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

BOYS' LEISURE HOURS.

A boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and he had the daily papers to amuse himself with. He began to study French, and at the little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper, and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable. A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the "Eclogues" of Virgil, but could not read it, so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading.
"Only a bit of 'Virgil,' my lady."
"What? do you read Latin?"
"A little, my lady."
She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him.
In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

"How are you, old chap? Are you keeping strong?"
"No; only just managing to keep out of my grave."
"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that!"

"Ho is a mighty unlucky man."
"In what way?"
"Well, he married to get out of a boarding house."
"Yes."
"And now his wife runs one to support him."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 29.

THE FAME OF SOLOMON.

1 Kings 10. 1-10. Memory verses, 6-8. GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, a greater than Solomon is here.—Matt. 12. 42.

Place.—Sheba was probably Yemen, the southern part of Arabia, near the mouth of the Red Sea. This was the spice country of the ancient world.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read of Solomon's fame (1 Kings 10. 1-13). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Tuesday.—Read an account of Solomon's gold (1 Kings 10. 14-23). Learn the Golden Text and Place.

Wednesday.—Read about Solomon's world-wide renown (1 Kings 10. 24-29).

Thursday.—Read the story of Solomon's pleasures (Eccles. 2. 1-11). Study the Notes.

Of what were gifts a token in the East? How much was her present of gold worth in our money. What else did she give?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Earthly things cannot satisfy the soul. We should not grudge the efforts needed to increase knowledge and goodness. Of Christ's love, the joy of his service, and the glory of his home, it may be truly said the half has not been told. Let us sacrifice the lower for the higher. The benefits we receive from Christ should be openly confessed.

A FAITHFUL CAT.

During the Crimean war, a little cat, reared in his mother's cottage, followed a young French soldier when he left his native village. The lad's heart clung to this small dumb member of his family; and he gave pussy a seat on his knapsack at night. She took her meals at her master's knee, and was a general pet in the company. On the morning that his regiment was first ordered into action, the soldier bade his little cat farewell, and left her in charge of a sick comrade. He had marched about a mile from the camp, when what was his sur-

The Boy.

When you hear a fearful racket
Like a miniature cyclone,
With some sounds so strange that surely
Their like was never known,
While the mother listens calmly,
Even with a smiling face,
You may know that it is nothing
But the boy about the place.

When there's famine in the cupboard
And the milk pail soon runs dry,
And you can't keep pies or cookies,
No matter how you try,
When you vainly seek for apples,
That have gone and left no trace,
Hard times is not the trouble—
There's a boy about the place.

When there's sawdust on the carpet,
And some shavings on the beds,
When the rugs are tossed in corners,
And your chairs stand on their heads,
While, if a tool you're needing, you
All round the house must race,
You may know he's making something,
Is the boy about the place.

When the house is full of sunshine
On the darkest kind of day,
And you have to laugh at seeing
Some outlandish, boyish play,
And when eyes so bright and loving,
Oft are raised to meet your face,
You will pray, I know, "God bless him,
Bless our boy about the place."

WHY ONE FEELS CHILLY WHEN LYING DOWN.

The reason is simply this: Nature takes the time when one is lying down to give the heart rest, and that organ consequently makes ten strokes less a minute than when one is in an upright posture. Multiply that by sixty minutes, and it is six hundred strokes. Therefore in eight hours spent in lying down the heart is saved nearly five thousand strokes, and as the heart pumps six ounces of blood with each stroke it lifts thirty thousand ounces less of blood in a night of eight hours spent in bed than when one is in an upright position. As the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, one must supply then with extra coverings the warmth usually furnished by circulation.—Harper's Bazar.



BURIAL IN THE CATACOMBS.

Friday.—Read concerning God's greatness (Psalm 89. 1-8). Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read of One greater than Solomon (Matt. 12. 38-42).

Sunday.—Read John's description of Christ (Rev. 1. 9-18). Prepare to tell the Story of the Lesson.

QUESTIONS.

- I. What the Queen Heard, verses 1-3.
 1. How far did the queen come? What led her to make the journey? What kind of questions did she ask? 2. How long would the journey take? What was her train? For what was her country famous? What did she gain by her visit? 3. How did Solomon show his wisdom?
- II. What the Queen Saw, verses 4, 5.
 1. Tell some of the eight things which surprised her? What is known of Solomon's palace? 5. How was a king's glory estimated? Who were the cup-bearers?
- III. What the Queen Said, verses 6-9.
 6. How did Solomon's greatness compare with the report she had heard? 7. In what ways did she show her sincerity and earnestness? 8. What privilege did the king's courtiers enjoy? Have we a greater blessing to be thankful for? 9. To what did she attribute Solomon's wealth and prosperity?
- IV. What the Queen Gave, verse 10.

prise to see Miss Puss running beside him. He lifted her up on her usual seat, and soon the engagement commenced. Twice did the soldier fall, but the cat clung fast hold. At last a severe wound stretched him bleeding on the field. No sooner did pussy catch sight of the blood flowing from her master than she seated herself upon his body and began to lick his wound in the most assiduous manner. Thus she remained for some hours, till the surgeon came to the young lad, and had him carried off to the tent of the wounded. When he recovered consciousness, his first question was, "Shall I live?" "Yes, my good fellow," was the surgeon's answer, "thanks to your little cat; for if she had not used her tongue so intelligently you would have been too exhausted by loss of blood to recover." You may be sure that pussy was well cared for; and contrary to all regulations, she was allowed to accompany the young soldier to the hospital, where she was regaled with the very nicest and the choicest morsels from his plate, and became a very distinguished character.

Mrs. Newife—"I acknowledge that I have my faults and am sometimes cross, Jack, dear, but if I had the last two years of my life to live over again, I should marry you just the same."
Mr. Newife—"I doubt it."

Christmas is Coming!

And we would have you keep in mind that a good book is always an acceptable gift, and when it is a Canadian book, all the better. Here are some of the newest and best, all by Canadian authors:

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