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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

[No. 21.



A WISE HORSE.

NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XII.

"A THANKLESS SON."

THERE was no further attempt that year to rob the B— Bank, and Jack went on in his quiet routine of life with no special excitement. Early in the summer his Aunt Hannah died, and Uncle John removed to Mrs. Manice's house. His wife had lingered much longer than the physician thought was possible; and in constant care and anxiety for her, Mr. Boyd's health had broken down, and when the need to keep up was removed from him by her death he became so ill that his sister-in-law removed him at once to the rooms the old aunts had occupied.

This brought a heavy burden on Manice's shoulders; not only was John a helpless invalid now, but the prospect of his restoration to health or energy was very slight, and he had literally no money.

His wife's long illness had demanded the expenditure of every cent he received, and Will had not helped him at all. When the family met after the funeral, Will told his aunt that he thought the best place for his father to go to was the house of his old coachman, who had bought a farm out in the remote country and would no doubt board Mr. Boyd cheaply in consideration of such light work as he could do about the house and garden.

John Boyd looked up from the sofa where he was lying with an expression almost amounting to terror at this proposition. Manice smiled across at him and put her fingers to her lips. Will saw neither smile nor gesture, but went on in his weak, pompous way: "In fact, I have already talked with Patrick on the subject, and he has fixed his price. For four dollars a week he will supply board and washing, and father will be expected only to fetch in wood, weed in the garden, drive the stock to pasture, hoe corn a little, keep the shed in order, and take care of the poultry; light and amusing work, you see, and calculated to interest his mind. The arrangement strikes me as peculiarly advantageous, and Mrs. O'Brien will be ready now at any time. I think myself that four dollars a week is a high charge, but I hold a mortgage on the place, and this secures me the interest on it, at least while the arrangement lasts."

Jack coloured hotly and opened his lips to speak, but Manice laid her hand on his shoulder and whispered, "Don't."

"You propose to pay four dollars a week, then, for your father?" said Manice to Will, in a voice that fell cold on every ear.

"Yes, that is all I can afford, and the law requires me, I believe, to see that so near a relative is not thrown upon the town; though I do not really know how to afford it. My investments require me to have ready money on hand in case of calls, and some of them are at present unproductive, though safe, perfectly safe."

The two girls looked at each other, and Manice's calm face flushed with disgust; but she controlled her voice and said, very quietly,

"As you acknowledge before these witnesses that you intend to pay that sum for your father's support, I wish to say that I will take him home with

me and make him comfortable for that same sum without exacting from him any labour."

"O—O, well, but Aunt Manice—you see—well, I can't afford to pay you what it is worth here; and—and—then, there's my mortgage, and—"

"Wilson Boyd!" said Mrs. Manice, with a severity Jack had never heard her use before. "You shall not send your father in his age and weakness to be the drudge of any man, and wear out his last days far from any friend or relation. I do not propose to take him to my house and care for him without your help, though he would in any case be a welcome guest here always. But if you have no feeling and no principle, think at least how unwise it would be for you; what a stain and shame on you as a business man to turn your father off in this manner! You can't afford it! You are too well known in Danvers to do it without injuring your character."

Will stood silent and shame-faced for once. Jack's countenance glowed as he looked and listened. Manice's grave, worn face lit up with positive beauty while she spoke—the beauty of a just, generous, and tender soul. Long since the tender tints, the soft rounded outlines, the sparkle and glow of youth, had left her face,

"But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,"

and the peaceful faith of a heart that rested always in God and tended forever toward "the things which are above," had wrought out a loveliness on Manice Boyd's countenance that youth never knows—the real, literal "beauty of holiness."

"Well, I'm sure," whispered Will, "I'm awfully obliged. I know you'll take good care of him."

Manice did not answer.

"Jack," said she, "I told Dawson to send a carriage here an hour after we came back. I think it has just driven up. Help your uncle out to it, and you and Anne go home with him; his rooms are ready. Alice will help me here, and you will please tell the driver to come for us in another hour."

While she spoke Will had slipped out of the door and taken himself off. He was not a particularly sensitive youth, but his aunt's words had really pierced the armour of his selfish soul. He sneaked back to his business, and visited his self-contempt on the clerks beneath him all the rest of the day, till they were weary of their lives for the remainder of its lingering hours.

So Manice and Alice packed up Mr. Boyd's belongings and Aunt Hannah's things, while Jack and Anne established Uncle John in the pleasant rooms with south windows and a crackling wood fire, which Mimy had hastened home from the funeral to light. She had also warmed some strong broth which she fetched up to Jack to give his uncle, and when the poor old man was laid on the sofa, warmly covered, and Anne sat down in the window with her sewing, so that he might not feel altogether lonely at first, Jack went down stairs, being waylaid by Mimy, who hurried him into the kitchen, and, slamming the door behind her, began at once,

"Well, how was it? How did that Wilson let you fetch him? I heard of his contraptions quite a spell ago, and put your ma up to 'em. I should hope he didn't air 'em dyrect his pa got home!"

Jack told her all about the painful scene, and Will's proposal.

"Well! the' aint no words for sech everlastin' littleness! I should think Will Boyd would want to go away and hate himself to death. But land! them that can do sech things aint never the ones to see how despicable they be; if they was they wouldn't do 'em. And there never was a truer word spoke than that one about making a whistle out of a pig's tail. I tell ye an angel couldn't whistle that feller!"

"I really think though, Mimy, that mother did make him a little ashamed of himself. You ought to have heard her."

"Well, she's as nigh an angel as they make 'em down below. I've said so before, an' now I say it ag'in; but he won't stay ashamed, now I tell ye."

"Mother," said Jack, as he sat on the sofa by her that night, for a quiet talk, as he was to go back to B— in the morning. "I want you to understand that you're not going to spend your substance on Will Boyd."

"My dear Jack, what are you talking about?"

"It amounts to the same thing, your taking Uncle John for four dollars a week, and you're not going to do it. Here am I, getting three hundred dollars a year extra for playing at scare-crow. Now, ma'am, that money is going to be paid right over to you, to be used for Uncle John."

The tears rose to Manice's eyes; she could not speak. Jack went on:

"All the same, don't you let Will go back on his pittance. Make him pay you regularly or threaten him with the law. O! you worldly-wise little mammy! how did you know that your cut-and-thrust about his reputation in business would fetch him so square? That was a regular slugger!"

"Jack! don't be slangy," laughed Manice, who was just ready to cry, but never allowed herself that feminine indulgence except when she was alone—if she could help it!

"But, my dear Jack, I can do a great deal for Brother John without much expense; much to make him comfortable, I mean. And I want you to begin to lay up a little money. I suppose some day, like all young men, you will want a home of your own, and it will be twice as valuable if you lay aside and deny your small wants to that end. I have already put a share every year of what you sent me into the savings-bank here in your name, and for this purpose. If you want to supply Uncle John with some small luxuries that will make his life more pleasant I shall not object. Send him a daily paper if you like, or an illustrated magazine, or some nourishing delicacy that you can get in B— and I cannot get here. The girls and I wish and intend to do all we can for him, and Will must and shall pay his share. It is promised, and I think I can assure it. You know already I can use forcible arguments."

Jack laughed, bidding Manice good-night and good-bye together, as he went back to his work early in the morning. It was well for him that his mother was just as well as generous; and he had occasion to bless her for it shortly after.

Augustus Jones, the teller, had taken of late quite a fancy to Jack—took him out to drive sometimes, after bank hours; invited him to lunch at an expensive restaurant on the most costly

dishes, and did his best to induce him to drink various wines as part of the feast, but Jack persistently and stoutly refused to taste any thing of the sort.

He had also asked Jack to dine at his house, a beautifully furnished and commodious apartment flat, where his pretty wife presided, looking like a fashion-plate in her rich dress and tasteful ornaments.

Jack had a clear head, and this style of living did not seem to him possible on what he knew was usually a teller's salary.

"You're a lucky fellow, Jones!" he said, as Augustus ostentatiously exhibited to him one day a pony and basket-phaeton he had just bought for Mrs. Jones. "You seem to be in such 'fluent circumstances,' as our old Mimy says. Can't you get translated into a cashier's place somewhere, and let me slip into your shoes? A teller's salary must be worth having!"

"My dear fellow!" said Jones, "I trust you're not so verdant as to suppose all this comes out of my teller's pay? Not much! I know a trick worth three of that. Just you keep your eye on the stock-market quotations, Boyd, and watch how they go up and down. Well, sir, that's 'mine oyster!' I've got a friend in the brokerin' business in New York; he wires me the tip, so I buy in low and sell out on a rise, and make dollars easy as you can turn your hand over. I tell you this is the golden goose! Nothin' like it. Any time you've got a hundred or so to spare, fetch it to me; I'll double it for you, and you'll get the idea when you pocket the cash. Why only yesterday I sold out fifty shares of the Black Rock and Shoddyville Road that I had held six weeks for a rise, and made a cool thousand. How is that?"

Jack's head began to turn. Here indeed was a gorgeous prospect. He could not possibly save a thousand dollars in three years, but here Jones had made it in six weeks! He went home in a dream, the dream that has haunted and ruined its tens of thousands, and he wrote to Manice at once. Here is his letter:

"DEAR MOTHER: Will you let me have \$100 of the money you have put in the savings-bank for me? I see a way to double it without any work at all. Our teller does a good deal in buying and selling stocks, and is willing to give me the straight tip now and then, and, as he says, it's the thing to do, 'venture a sprat to catch a whale,' you know. So, mammy, you may be a millionaire's mother yet. Send it in a check, please.

"Your big boy,
JACK."

Manice's answer came as quickly as the mail could bring it; but there was no inclosure, and the first word Jack saw was—"No!"

MANICE SAYS "NO!"

"No, my dear boy. It is time to-day for me to use our watch-word. "In the first place, the money is invested in your name, and how was I to get it without an order from you? Dear Jack, your head was too thoroughly turned to remember even this small detail. Is such excitement wholesome for either your soul or body?"

"In the next place, have you forgotten your experience in betting at that billiard-table at the shore? Speculating in stocks is just as much gambling as that was; it is risking

money on chance. Did Mr. Jones tell you, when he recounted the gains of stock-dealing, what its losses were? Did he detail to you the long black list of ruined men, of suicides, of defaulters for whom this business is responsible? I don't think he did. Speculation is the refuse of the lazy, the discontented, the dishonest, the self-indulgent, the extravagant, and the greedy. Do you want to be classed with any of these? God did not say to Adam, when he sinned and lost his first estate, that he must take his chances in the outside world; that would have been a curse indeed! No; he was set no such task. Work for bread was his penalty, and, like all our Father's chastisements, it was a disguised blessing. Work for what you need and want, my boy; and take the healthy innocent enjoyment in it that honest work brings. But believe me, Jack, much as I love you, I would rather see you working on the road with shovel and pick than see you in the stock exchange making millions of money by speculation.

"Besides all this, you are a Christian man, bound by your solemn public profession to follow Christ as your Captain and King. What would He say to a mode of money-making that grew on the losses of others, as a toadstool grows on a fallen and decayed tree? For every gain you make in this way is some other man's loss. And have you any right to destroy the usefulness or the life of the body dedicated to His service in the excitement and anxiety of a speculator's life?

"Now, my Jack, you will very naturally say that all this does not refer to your trying to double up a hundred dollars; but it does. That is the first step, and the very excitement you show about it proves that it is like the first dram, a beginning of that down grade which leads into the very jaws of death. My dear boy, I have said very little to you about the constitutional tendency in your case to unnatural excitement, both mental and physical. It is a dreadful inheritance which is not your fault; but there is all the more reason that you should manfully resist it. Strength is one of the results of conflict, and unless you want to make shipwreck of faith and character you must fight, and fight the beginnings of evil, its first temptations. I say again, 'Quit yourselves like men, be strong!'

"This is the longest letter I ever wrote you, Jack, but I am in an agony for you, my boy; and I go from this letter to God, to ask Him who is mighty to save, and who once rescued 'the only son of his mother, and she a widow,' from the grave, to rescue my only son from spiritual death.

"Think it all over, Jack, and then write to me.

"Your very loving MAMMY."

Jack read this long epistle with very mixed feelings at first. His pride was hurt at the idea that he could not do what he would with his own, for he did not reflect that this sum in the savings-bank was the result of his mother's self-denial of many a little thing, for which use he had sent her his superfluity. And then, man-like, particularly like a young man, he thought she had made a great fuss about a small matter. He felt disturbed and chagrined, but he resolved not to answer her at once.

It was a habit with Manice never to answer a letter of importance, or one

that stirred her feelings much, till she had a night's sleep. The evening Bible reading, the prayers of night and morning, the rest of sleep, all calmed her mind and strengthened her soul. She had trained her children to the same practice, and now Jack found its use. As he lay in his bed, still perturbed about this matter, but more tranquil than at first, there came into his mind certain verses of Scripture about the uses and dangers of wealth, of making haste to be rich, of the love of money, of Christ's poverty and patience, of the apostolic warnings to the churches in the epistles, and he could not but see that all trended toward his mother's position, all seemed to be in unison with her words. Gradually he recognized that her wisdom was from above, her voice the echo of the Master's, and he fell asleep in the rest of submission, and in the morning sent her just these words:

"DEAR MOTHER: I won't! By the help of God I never will.

"Your thankful JACK."

He would have been rewarded for a greater sacrifice could he have seen Manice's upward look of gratitude, or heard her whispered thanksgiving as she laid the letter away in her Bible against the record of Jack's birth. Not six months after he had cause for an equally fervent thankfulness on his own account. Augustus Jones made an unfortunate speculation, and not only lost all he had gained, but, in a desperate effort to recover his losses, plunged deeper into the stormy sea of stock-broking, took money from the bank—borrowed it, as he phrased it—that is what Lew Denning called it too—and, after all, lost again, lost not only his money, but his character and his position. He fled to Canada, and his wife went back to her father's house: she had cared for what Augustus could give her rather than for him. So in due time she obtained a divorce, her gay dream of pleasure being over, and is of no further concern to this history.

Augustus drives a public hack in Montreal, and only wishes he had stolen enough money to enjoy the good things of this life in that "foreign" country, as plenty of his fellow-sinners and compatriots do. Perhaps he will learn before he dies just what the pleasures of sin are; and what is the real meaning of that little book so sweet in the mouth, so bitter in the digestion, that St. John tells of.

But now Jack had become a man in reality. He was of age, was made a voter, had a class in Sunday-school, and was Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association to which he belonged. He began to consider society a real pleasure, and, thanks to Mr. Gray, he had introduction into that which was agreeable and respectable.

He made a good many calls, and being a bright, pleasant, honest-faced young fellow, was frequently invited out to spend the evening at places where there were small parties.

Of course, he met many young ladies, some whom he liked more than others, but none who really deeply interested him. Manice's son had a high, if unconscious, standard of what a woman should be, and none of the girls he saw could bear a comparison with his mother and sisters. There were good girls and lady-like girls among them, but in the society of men they did themselves

great injustice, for they were so eager to attract and please that they put on a thousand airs and graces which were absurd.

Jack expounded his opinion of them at some length to his sisters when he went out to Danvers for his yearly vacation.

"O Nan and Ally," he said, as he swung idly in the hammock, and, with half-closed eyes, watched the girls at their sewing, "how glad I am you haven't learned to handle your eyes, like the B— girls!"

"Handle our eyes!" exclaimed Anne.

"Yes; that's what they call it."

"How do they do it?" laughed Alice.

"Ask me if—well—if I'll have a glass of water, and I'll show you."

"Mr. Boyd, will you have a glass of water?" said Anne, demurely.

"O thanks, yaas, if it's not too awfully much trouble," and Jack bent his head to one side, gently closed his eyes, and opened them with a forced expression of shy modesty that made the girls scream with laughter.

"Then here's another way they do," and Jack looked at his sisters in a sidelong manner, dropped his lids, gave a shy look the other way, and put on a simper that overpowered Anne and Alice utterly. They laughed till they cried.

"What do they do it for?" gasped Alice, when she caught her breath again.

"O, they think it is pretty; that the gentlemen like it!"

"Do they?" asked Anne, dryly.

"Like it! If those girls could only hear 'em poke fun at it! There's one girl whom all the fellows call 'Eyes right.' She's rather pretty, and she thinks she is a great beauty; but you just ought to see her roll her eyes up like a dying duck, or drop the lids as if they were hatchway doors, or look askew, the way I did, or shut 'em when she speaks whenever there's a man 'round. It is too ridiculous! If she'd look out of her eyes straight, and speak in her natural voice, and be jolly and straightforward, she would be a bright, pretty girl. As it is, she is an absurd idiot, and only a laughing-stock to the very ones she is so anxious to please."

Mimy, who was dusting the parlour that opened onto the piazza, had heard all this through the window. The girls and Jack knew she was there, so her eye-dropping was innocent, and she put her head out now, and said,

"Seems as though you don't make no great fist at sweet-heartin', Master Jack, to be talkin' so onreverent about girls."

"That's so, Mimy. I don't see anybody so good as I've got here. What do I want of a sweetheart when I have mother and Alice and Anne? I don't see anybody that can hold a candle to them."

The girls got up with mock dignity, and executed two old-fashioned "curtseys" (were they not originally "courtesies?") at him, and solemnly said, "Thanks, me lord, for your kyind approval," much to Jack's delight.

"Well, you'd better kurchy to him. 'Tisn't every day folks get a tell like that," went on Mimy, brandishing her duster emphatically,

"But don't you boast too much, my young man; Miss Right haint come to town yet. When she does, you'll go down like a nine pin, now I tell ye! You're just the one. But for the land's sake, do look before ye leap! It's one

thing courtin' a girl and bein' bewitched an' beset about her, and another thing to be married up to her and exper'ence all her up's and down's; that you didn't so much as guess at before all your nateral life. Set the one that you think you've got to have, whether or no, along-side of your ma; that's the way. I don't say 't any girl can be jest like her, beshooshemay! It takes time an' patience to make a mulberry leaf satin, but you want to make sure 'tis a mulberry-leaf you've picked an' no other. A mullein-leaf won't so much as make brown crash!"

Jack laughed for answer, but there came a time when Mimy's homely wisdom returned to him as a sort of moral shower-bath, and braced up his soul to say to itself the watch-word of his life with desperate emphasis.

Soon after Jack returned from his vacation, he found himself promoted to be teller, vice Augustus Jones, fled to parts unknown, afterward known to be Canada.

One day as he was writing at his desk the heavy door of the bank slowly opened, and there entered a figure that seemed to Jack something between a fairy and an angel. Really, it was Miss Jessica Blythe, the daughter of the president of B— Bank, the Hon. Solomon Blythe, once mayor of B—, twice United States Senator, and now bank president and millionaire. No wonder at the prefix to his name.

Mr. Blythe was in the directors' room ostensibly conducting important business all by himself—actually reading a New York morning paper.

Miss Jessie had been in Europe for the last five years, four of them passed at school in Paris, the fifth travelling with her mother and her grandfather all over Europe.

She was a remarkably beautiful girl, and many another youth besides our Jack had considered her, for a time, a supernatural being.

Her hair was soft and bright, and rested on her low white brow like the crinkled golden fleece of the witch-hazel's blossom; her eyes blue as the turquoises on her satin-white fingers. Her features were regular, her figure slight and graceful, her dress faultless in taste; and as she glided across the dingy bank floor to the room where she knew she should find her father, and get her empty purse refilled, no wonder Jack was dazzled!

The sweet ring of a girlish voice, the ripple of girlish laughter from the directors' room, deepened the impression Miss Jessie had made on the young teller.

He made inquiry of Frank Sherman, and found out who she was, and from that hour Jack's dreams, by day or night, were haunted by the beautiful face of Jessie Blythe.

Had "Miss Right come to town?"

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS HOPE?

A LITTLE girl was once asked: "What is hope?" She smiled, and answered: "Hope is like a butterfly, if we could see it; it is a happy thought, that keeps flying after to-morrow."

"No," said another little girl, "my hope is not like that. It is a beautiful angel, who holds me fast, and carries me over the dark, rough places." Which was right?

A Better Way.

In ancient days the young were wont,
With rosy garlands crowned,
To sing their bacchanalian songs
The festive board around,
While wine inflamed their fathers' hearts,
And roused their senseless mirth,
And left them viler than the brutes
That crawl upon the earth.

But we have found a better way
To give our parents joy ;
We spurn the wine cup from our lips—
It charms but to destroy.
What though it seems so clear and bright,
So fair and sweet a thing ;
It hath at last a serpent's bite,
The deadly adder's sting.

—The Temperance Record.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

A NOBLE LOVE.

THE love between David and Jonathan remains to the world one of the most beautiful of all pictures of true affection. The two men stood in the relation of apparent rivals. David knew that he had been divinely designated for the throne of Israel. But he knew also that Jonathan was the recognized heir to the throne, that the king intended that upon his own death Jonathan should possess the crown, and he might easily suppose that the people would most likely support the claims of the king's son upon the death of the king. On the other hand, Jonathan understood perfectly that David was destined for the throne, and that so long as David lived he would remain as a dangerous rival for the crown. Saul also understood this, and bitterly chided his son for his friendship for David. Yet between these two men, either of whom might have desired the other to be out of the

way, there existed the most extraordinary affection.

But our thought rests upon two other men, whose names we dare not here mention, between whom there exists so deep and delicate an affection that it stirs our profoundest admiration. The two men are not persons whom chance has brought into acquaintance, but hold the relation of father and son. The father holds eminent place in the thoughts of millions, and his name is familiar on the other side of the ocean. The son is a tall, robust young man, athletic in strength, a graduate from one of the best colleges in the country, and has travelled extensively on both continents. The son and the father often travel together, occupying the same room and bed for the night. On these occasions the stalwart young man, before composing himself to sleep, habitually embraces his father, and presses upon his lips a tender kiss, as he did when he was a child. Now, to the young men who think it manly to be distant toward their fathers, or unmanly to be warm and tender toward their mothers, and to the young ladies who treat either father or mother with coldness or reserve, we wish to say that for the young man of whom we write we cherish a measure of respect that no words can express. We know that before him lies a career of the truest honour and worth. And to every young man who would attain to the noblest and best type of manhood, we commend warmly his example. "Honour thy father and thy mother" stands as one of the commandments which were especially distinguished by being grouped together as ten in number, and engraved by God's own finger upon the tablets of stone ; and upon it the most distinguished of the New Testament writers has left the comment that it is "the first commandment with promise."

KIND WORDS NEVER DIE.

"YES, Dr. T. is a good physician and a good fellow, too ; no airs ; plain matter of fact ; a manly man. I shall never forget how he took me down once. He did it very neatly, and, I confess, gave me a new idea. I have tried to act upon it ever since. I was engaged with him in the work of a dispensary. He was older and more experienced than I was, and so one day he ventured this criticism : 'Doc, I notice you often speak cross to these poor people who come here. They have to come here because they're poor. They can't help but come, and they've no redress against your temper. Be kind to all poor patients. Be cross to rich ones, if necessary. They can go elsewhere if they don't like it. In this view, I think gentleness is more manly.' I have often thought of his reproof, and have always been compelled to agree with Dr. T. He's a mighty good fellow, very much respected in the profession."—Selected.



PRAYER-MEETING IN A SALOON.

PRAYER-MEETING IN A SALOON.

A STRANGE place for a prayer-meeting, isn't it? Yet such a scene often took place during the Woman's Temperance Crusade in the West. Good women would go to a saloon and ask leave to hold a prayer-meeting, and often, as a result of their prayers, the saloon would be closed. God grant that good women everywhere shall cease not to pray against this evil till it is banished forever.

THE INFLUENCE OF A NURSE.

THE home into which the late Lord Shaftesbury was born was such as to discourage the growth of true piety. His father was an able man, and of keen sense, but engrossed in public life ; his mother, daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, was a fascinating woman, and attached, after a certain manner, to her children, but too much occupied with fashion and pleasure to be very mindful of their religious training. Occasionally his father asked him a question from the Catechism, but for the rest he was left to grow up in the cold, formal religion of the time.

But there was in the household a simple-hearted, loving Christian woman named Maria Millis, who had been maid to young Ashley's mother when at Blenheim. She loved this gentle, serious little boy, and was wont to take him on her knee, and tell him stories from the Scriptures. Throughout his life, it seems to us, can be traced the effects of these teachings, which, growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength, ripened into a firm and intelligent but childlike faith. She taught him the first prayer he ever uttered, and which,

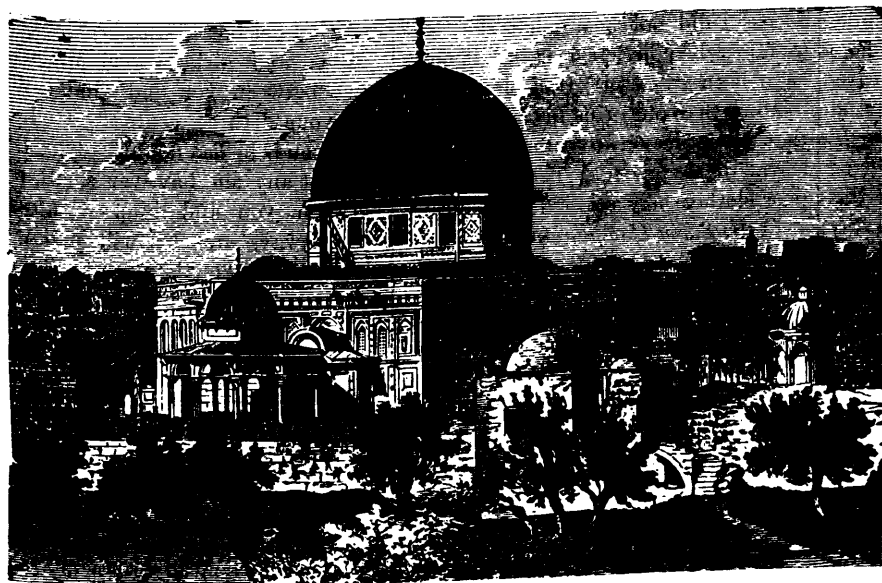
even in old age, he found himself frequently repeating. He promised Mr. Hodder, before his fatal illness, to put this prayer into writing, but he was never able to fulfil this promise.

A LIGHT FOR OUR FEET.

MAY lived in a big city where the streets were bright with light every night. Once she went to visit her grandpa in the country. May saw many things she had never seen before. She had fine rides in grandpa's carriage, and walked by the side of the brook and saw the fish playing in the water. One evening grandpa and May went to church. Grandpa got down his lantern to take it along. May wondered what the lantern was for. When they started to go home from church grandpa lighted the lantern. When they walked along the way the light in the lantern showed them where to walk. May was much pleased ; for she had never walked by the light of a lantern before. Then grandpa said, "The Lord's Word is like this lantern." Then he told May what the psalmist meant when he said, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

It is a dark world through which we are passing ; there are dangers all about us ; and to get through it safely we need a light to guide us. We may all have this same lamp the psalmist talks about as a guide for our feet and a light for our path. We will find it in the Bible. Let us all try to walk by its light.

If you would retain the love of a friend, you must not be selfish, nor too exacting.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

Beautiful Days.

SPLENDOURS of gold and crimson,
Pass from the clouded hill;
Shadows fall on the valleys,
Lying so dark and still;
Sadly the autumn's beauty
Fades in a cold, gray haze;
Where have ye drifted from us—
Beautiful days?

Joys that came in the morning,
Rosy with dawning light,
Dreams that we fondly cherished,
Hopes that were fair and bright,
All like the leaves have vanished;
Yet, o'er life's wintry ways
Softly your memory lingers—
Beautiful days.

Bright in unchanging beauty
They have hurried on before,
Beckoning us from the shadows
On to the heaven-lit shore;
Out in the world's cold darkness,
Sending their warm, soft rays,
Waiting us—calling us upward—
Beautiful days.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

THE Mosque of Omar is beautiful; its walls are adorned with marbles of delicate colours, and the dome is roofed with tiles of a brilliant blue, and some green and yellow. The effect from the Mount of Olives is of a turquoise dome roofing walls of pearl. It stands high; white pavements and tall cypresses around; steps lead down to other courts, once the Court of the Gentiles, the Court of the Great Brazen Laver, etc., and olives, and grass of emerald green, and abundant with flowers, cover the nakedness where Solomon's offerings had enriched the entrance ground between the Golden Gate and the eastern walls of the Temple itself.

Inside the mosque is exquisite. A circle of marble pillars enclose the veritable rough rock top of Mount Moriah, and support the inner part of the dome, which is rich in mosaic, worthy to be compared with that in Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. Portals and partitions inlaid with tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and ivory, divide the little side chapels from the central passage-way between them and the sacred rock, the scene

of Abraham's awful obedience, and of the sacrifices which interpreted to men, and made them partakers of the one great Sacrifice of the Son of God. We saw the opening cut in the rock for the escape of the sacrificed blood, and, descending into the excavation below, we found a similar opening communicating with a duct which discharged into a cesspool by the Brook Kedron. We crossed the outer southern court, and passing the fountain supplied by the same water as its grander predecessor on the backs of brazen oxen, we descended beneath the present mosque, El Aksar, close to the mosque of Omar, into the very same gallery which led to the old Temple from the south, and up which our Lord walked again and again when he was here. It is now half-filled with rubbish and earth, but the ceiling is still so high above, that we needed to be reminded that the ground level is far down under the rubble. The pillars in single, solid blocks, the round keystone in the roof, and the lintels of long single stones, are witnesses of the glory which has departed. Leaving this gallery, we climbed the city walls by the Golden Gate, and walking south at the angle of the walls we descended under ground into the stables of Solomon. That they may have been utilized by him, and certainly were by the Crusaders, the halter-rings declare; but it seems that the original intention was to raise the level of the valley, and the thick forest of pillars are chiefly for support.—*Sophia M. Palmer.*

"ALL NATIONS SHALL SERVE HIM."

WHEN William Carey pleaded long ago with a pastoral meeting at Northampton to send the Gospel to the heathen, the president arose and said, "Young man, sit down; when God is pleased to convert the heathen, he will do it without your aid or mine." By God's grace, William Carey's zeal was not extinguished by the presidential rebuke, and the Baptist Missionary Society that delights to honour

were John Venn, Henry Thornton, Scott the commentator, and William Wilberforce. In the society's Fuhkein Mission eleven years passed without the apparent result of one convert; after fourteen years of labour, that branch reported 3,000 adult converts and 70 preaching places. "Ye shall reap," says the Master, "if ye faint not." A workhouse chaplain tells of two poor women inmates who came to him after a service and brought him a contribution "for the missionaries." He found three sixpences and two pennies in the paper. "One of the old women," says he, "is blind, and the other nearly so; this must be the savings of some time, and the denial of a little tea and sugar for some time to come."—*The Quiver for September.*

BEGINNING AND END.

THE progress of dishonesty is not hard to trace. The only safety of character is in resisting the beginning of evil. There are three hundred and sixty degrees in the circle of a cent as well as in the circle of the equator—and so is there as much dishonesty in a boy's theft of a cent as in a man's theft of a thousand dollars. Two pictures below will illustrate this.

The beginning: A school-boy, ten years old, one lovely June day—with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the labourers in the wheat-fields—had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there were seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it. At noon this boy had stood under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself: "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why, I can get it again." He never gave back the money.

The ending: Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He wrapped them in his coat and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell;

but he set his feet that way when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents. That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was dead, the old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.

The Wind to the Sailor-Boy.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

WHAT did it say to the sailor-boy,
The wind at the casement singing?
The morn is fair, the sea is gold,
The vessel strong, the captain bold,
Hurrah for those the voyage beginning!

What did it say to the sailor's home,
The wind at the casement humming?
The ship is back, the voyage o'er,
With cargo rich it nears the shore!
The surf a welcome home is drumming.

What says the wind to the sailor-boy,
A thrill to the heart now sending?
Furl, furl the sails! Rest, rest the hands,
Your home is near, above the sands!
To God give praise, the voyage ending!

THE DROPPED SACK.

A LADY, staying in a country village, went out one day with a few tracts, asking God to enable her to take the water of life to some thirsty soul. She had not gone far when she saw a large waggon some distance before her on the road, with a man walking by the side. She felt a great desire to give him a book and to speak to him, but he was a long way ahead. Presently, however, a sack dropped from the waggon, and the man did not notice it, until some one called to him to stop. As he came back to pick up the sack the lady spoke a few words to him about the Saviour. She found that he was in great trouble, having just lost his wife and two children, and he listened earnestly as she told him of One who could fill up the void in his heart, and give him happiness here and hereafter. She gave him a tract called "The Substitute," and asked him to read it carefully at home.

A few weeks later, the lady was calling upon some of the villagers to invite them to a gospel address, when she noticed several men, with carts, passing along the road, and she thought she would ask them also. To her astonishment, the driver of the first cart she stopped proved to be the man who had dropped the sack. "I am so glad to see you, miss," he said, "to tell you how the Lord has used that little tract you gave me. I know now that Jesus died for me, and that all my sins are forgiven through his death for me, and it has made me so happy. The Lord bless you, miss!"

Does not this show us how God in his mercy sometimes uses a trifling occurrence to bring the gospel message to the heart that is ready to receive it?

To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it; to study the world is better than to shun it; to use the world is better than to abuse it; to make the world better and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.

"And Enoch Walked With God."

BY EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

ONCE on a breezy morning with my small, thoughtful maiden,
I sat and watched the blue waves in the bay.
Birds from their nest soared skyward; all the air with sweets was laden,
And the white sails in the distance bore away.
Then the sweet grave face was lifted as she questioned of the story:—
"How did Enoch walk with God? I want to know.
Did God leave all the angels, all the brightness and the glory,
Just as Jesus came from heaven long ago?
"If I had lived then, mamma, in that far-off, strange Judæa,
When he walked along the Jordan's sacred brink,
Could I have walked beside him while he talked for me to hear?
Would he have led and loved me, do you think?
Would he have held my fingers? Would he have cared to guide me,
If I never had been anything but good?"
And I answered with fond kisses on the gentle face beside me:
"Yes, I think, my little daughter, that he would."
Then the fair morn died in sunlight as I talked unto my treasure
Of the love of God, so boundless and so free;
How he comes to walk beside us, if we love him without measure,
As he walked of old with John in Galilee.
Years have passed with my small maiden since, on that breezy morning,
We watched the dancing waters of the bay.
In that heart so fresh and tender the truth had then its dawning;
Now I think she walks with Jesus every day.

A RAILWAY LESSON.

It was a hot, dusty day, when a stylishly dressed young man entered the train, who wore a stiff, white hat, patent leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs, the shiniest of stand-up collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a sick baby. I never saw on any face a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and the cinders blew in at the open door and windows. The heat and dust made travelling even for strong men, almost unbearable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman: "Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby awhile. You look very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised; the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner. "Oh, thank you, sir!" said she tremulously. "I am tired." And her lips quivered.

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! it's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest awhile. Have you come far?" "From the Black Hills." "What! By stage?" "Yes, but my babe was well when I started. I was on my way home to the east. My husband, my husband—" "Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man, in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of crape on the little travelling hat.

By this time he had taken the baby, and was holding it in his arms. "Now you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?" "To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a valise and prepared to lie down in the seat. "Ah, yes, I see! And you haven't money to go in a sleeping car, have you, madam?"

The poor woman blushed faintly, and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her worn fingers. I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

A woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It's asleep." "So it is. I'll surrender it to you now" (with a cheerful smile).

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said, in a clear, earnest voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each one of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land, and have had Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman" (pointing at the sleeping mother) "has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is on her way to Connecticut. Her husband is dead; her baby is ill. She hasn't money enough to travel in a sleeping-car, and is all tired and discouraged. What will you do about it?" "Do," cried a big man down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do! take up a collection." (The American citizen's last resort in distress.) "I'll give five dollars."

The effect was electrical. The hat went around, and the way the silver dollars and the quarters and the ten cent pieces rattled in it would have done any true heart good. I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke and the money was given to her. She tried to thank us all, but failed; she broke down completely. But we didn't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping car on the train, and the young man saw the

mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"

More than one of us in that car took that little lesson to himself, and I learned that even stylish as well as poor clothes may cover a noble heart. —C. H. S., in *Companion*.

THOSE THREE CENTS.

WE want to tell you a story we heard the other day. It is true from beginning to end. A clergyman told it, and told it about himself.

He said that when he was a little fellow he was playing one winter day with some of his boy friends, when three cents, belonging to one of them, suddenly disappeared in the snow. Try as they would they could not find them, and the boys finally gave up the search, much to the disappointment of the one who owned them. "The next day," said the clergyman, who was telling us the story, "I chanced to be going by the spot, when suddenly I spied the three coins we had been looking for. The snow which had covered them the day before had melted, and there they lay in full view. I seized them, and put them in my pocket. I thought of the candy I could buy with them; and when conscience would not keep still, but insisted on telling me what it thought of me, and, above all, what God thought of me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to satisfy it by saying that Charlie R— had given up thinking about his three cents by this time, and that the one who found them had the right to them.

"Well, to make my long story short, I spent the money, ate my candy, and thought that was the end of the whole matter. But I was never more mistaken. Years passed on. I grew from a boy into a man, but every now and then those three cents would come into my mind. I couldn't get rid of them. They would come. However, in spite of them, I had all along a strong desire to be a good boy, and to grow up to be a good man—a Christian man. This desire grew stronger and stronger, for God never left me, and so I gave myself to him, and finally, when I grew up, became a clergyman. Now perhaps you may think my trouble was over. But no, every now and then 'those three cents' would come into my mind as before. Especially when I would try to get nearer to God, there were 'those three cents' right in the way.

"At last I saw, what God had all along been trying to make me see, that I must tell Charlie R— that I had taken them! To be sure, he was a man by this time, and so was I, but no matter, God told me, as plain as I am telling you now, that till I had done this, he could not bless me. So, then and there, I sat down and wrote to him, inclosing in my note twenty-five cents—the three cents with in-

terest. Since then I have had peace, and God has blessed me."

Boys and girls, a very little may come between you and God. What are your "three cents?" God will show you if he has not already. Don't ever let any sin, however small, come between you and him. Confess it right away, and he will make you clean. You should try so to live that you may be always sure of the smile of Jesus. Then you will be happy, and then you can be blest.

The People of To-morrow.

THERE is such a crowd of you, boys and girls!

You are thronging in every place:
If we did not conquer you now and then,
You would fill up all the space.

You take the world as it were your own;
You merrily laugh and sing,
As if there was not a fading time,
And life could be always spring.

We send you out of the way sometimes,
In the midst of your mirth and noise,
For old heads ache and old hearts fail,
And cannot share your joys.

But the world belongs to you after all,
And others aside must stand,
That you may be able to do and dare,
And be masters in the land.

You are so busy at school and play,
That you have no thought to spare
For the problems that puzzle grown-up folks,

And make them gray with care.

But you are the people, my happy ones;
And all that we do to-day
Will be more to you than it is to us,—
For you will the longest stay.

We are quick to give to you praise and blame:

What will you give us, when
You weigh as judges our words and deeds
In the time when you are the men?

What will you think of the laws we make
When you read the records through?
And the manners and customs of mart and home,

And the cities we build for you?

Boys, be generous; girls, be fair!
We are trying to do our best,
We are beginning some good, brave work—
'Tis for you to do the rest!

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

"WHAT a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss? What do they do that for?"

"O, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting; what is that for?"

"It's the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers can't go home without grinding and chipping; why do they do that?"

"O, they're so happy they can't help it," said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all; I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet to my ears compared with the constant croaking of a frog."

The Fairies' Frolic.

"We've nothing more to paint, mamma!
We've nothing more to paint!"
One bright September morning,
The fairies made complaint.
"The woods are green, the rocks are gray,
The sky is fresh and blue;
We've nothing more to paint, mamma,
We've nothing more to do!"

The eyes of Mother Nature
Were sad and full of dreams;
Mixed with her dusky tresses
The silver lay in gleams.
Within a sunny hollow,
On soft and fragrant grass,
She sat with idle fingers,
And watched the hours pass.

But when the little fairies
Came flocking to her feet,
She smiled a tender pity,
And said in accents sweet,
"Why should I check you longer?
Soon come the frost and rime;
A few short hours are left us,
This is the fairies' time.

"A few short hours of sunshine
Before the ice-king's breath
Will chill our leafy woodlands
To stern the silent death.
All spring you've done my bidding,
And through the summer hours,
With rose and azure colours
Decked out my bridal flowers.

"I need you now no longer,
Your mother's work is done,
The summer's toil is over,
Go, frolic in the sun!
Dance, play and take your pastime,
On meadow, grove or hill—
This is the fairies' hour,
Go revel as you will!"

Then, oh, the silver laughter!
And, oh, their twinkling feet!
They kissed their mother's tresses,
They kissed the eyelids sweet;
Then tripped a fairy measure,
The merry little crew,
And spreading wings of azure,
Swift fled as morning dew.

"The world is all too solemn,
The world is all too green;
Let's paint it with such colours
As never yet were seen,
Now that mamma is napping!"
The little fairies said,
"Let's paint the elm trees yellow,
And paint the maples red.

"And paint the oak dark crimson,
Dye golden brown the brake,
The moose a dusky purple,
The woodbine scarlet make!
The world is all too sombre,
The world is all too green:—
Let's paint it in such colours,
As never yet were seen!"

And when, in crisp October,
Their mother, in amaze,
Aroused and gazed about her,
The world was all ablaze.
Gold, scarlet, russet, purple,
Beneath the arching blue;
This was the fairies' pastime,
The roguish little crew!

A BULLFINCH FINDING A THIEF.

A poor musician had an ebony flute,
with silver keys. The flute, however,
like many other things, had more
beauty than use, for there was a defect
in one of the upper keys, so that the
note had to be skipped.

The musician had for a friend a
tailor, who, having some taste for
music, would often come to the
musician's room to sing; and when he

came he liked to try his skill on the
flute with the silver keys. One night,
when the musician was out, the flute
was stolen. The tailor seemed sorry
for his friend's loss, and tried to help
him to find out the thief. They
suspected an old woman that was
about the house, but as there was no
proof against her she was let off, and
the real thief, whoever he or she was,
escaped detection.

In a few months the tailor went to
live in another town. After a year or
so the musician paid him a visit, and
he found his friend had for company a
beautiful bird, a bullfinch, who could
whistle several tunes very correctly.
This, of course, delighted the musician,
and he liked to hear it; but what was
very curious, he soon found that the
bullfinch, whenever it came to a
certain high note, always skipped it
and went on to the next. He was
greatly puzzled to make out how this
could be; but as he pondered over the
matter, it struck him at last that the
note which the bird skipped was the
very note which had ceased to sound
on his own old flute, and so he came
to the conclusion in his own mind that
the bullfinch must have been taught
in some way from his stolen flute.

He charged the tailor with having
stolen the flute, and the miserable man,
pale and trembling, confessed the
theft.

AUTUMN TINTS.

It is an error to suppose that the
bright colour of autumn leaves is
given them by the frost. At the time
of writing this article there has been
no frost in the vicinity; yet there are
large branches and occasional small
trees whose leaves are as highly
coloured and as brilliant as any that
autumn ever displays. Branches are
now hanging in my room that vie in
splendour with the most gorgeous
flowers.

These leaves begin to turn red early
in August. Every year the autumn
queen gives notice of her approach by
displaying her blood-red banner as
soon as the twentieth of the eighth
month, and sometimes earlier. August
14, 1882, while among the hills of
New Hampshire, I plucked a branch
from a large maple-tree whose entire
top was blushing with flame. These
leaves had assumed this colour before
any frost appeared. All along the
sides of the low mountains might be
seen, here and there, patches of crim-
son and scarlet, that contrasted with
the dark green of the forest and the
gray battlements of granite like flags
planted on the towers of an embowered
castle. In 1883 I saw, near Spectacle
Pond, Massachusetts, branches of the
June-berry shrub whose leaves were
as bright in the latter part of June as
they could have been in October; yet
there had been no late frosts or cold
weather.

The theory advanced some years
ago by Mr. Thoreau, of Concord,

Massachusetts, is certainly the true
one. He holds that leaves, like fruit,
take on bright hues when they are
fully ripe. Some leaves turn red,
some crimson, some scarlet, some
bronze, and some yellow, while others
remain green until killed by the frost.
Just so it is with fruit. The fruit of
the same tree takes the same colour
every year, and so do the leaves. The
fruit is most highly coloured wherever
it is most exposed to the sun, and so
are the leaves. Some seasons are
more favourable for bright leaves than
others, and the same difference is
noticeable with respect to fruit. The
branch that bore the red leaves in
June had been injured, causing the
leaves to ripen prematurely; and the
same thing happens to fruit, especially
when bored by insects.

Blossoms are beautiful, and young
leaves are fresh and delicate; but no-
where else does nature display so rich
a combination of colours as in ripe
fruit and leaves. Just so it is in life.
The innocence of childhood is sweet,
the bloom of youth is lovely; but a
mature character, well ripened off for
the kingdom of heaven, is the grandest
thing on earth.—*Instructor.*

THE LITTLE CARD.

"Oh, Tony, just see!" exclaimed a
ragged, barefooted girl to her brother,
as she brushed the dirt from a card
she had found in the dust-heap. "It's
most as nice as new; and there's a
verse on it, and some flowers. I'm
real glad I found it."

"So am I," answered Tony.
"There's so many, I suppose somebody
didn't want this one. We hain't
found only ever so few rags; but I'd
rather have the card."

"So had I, though I'm pretty
hungry. Seems as though folks was
getting awful saving of their rags."

"I guess they be, Dolly; and when
I grow up I mean to be saving of
everything, so I shan't be so dread-
fully poor. Good many folks always
have all they want to eat. Mother
says she used to, before father—"

It was not necessary to finish this
sentence; and, putting the soiled card
in his pocket for safe-keeping, Tony
was again exploring the dust-heap. A
penny was all they earned that day,
and but for the card they would have
been quite discouraged. It was a
pitiful way of living; but they were
too small to work, and this seemed
their only resource.

Fortunately, they had gained the
good-will of the baker, who sold them
bits of broken bread, and who gave
them according to their need, rather
than their ability to pay.

"Such a lot," whispered Dolly;
and, hastening home, they divided the
bread with their mother, who ex-
plained to them the message of the
card.

"Temperance makes home happy."
That means that when there don't
anybody drink any wicked stuff every-

body is happy; but if there's a drunk-
ard in the family it makes trouble,"
said Tony, with a shake of his head;
adding, after a pause, "We know all
about that, don't we?"

"I guess we do," replied Dolly.
"Let us pin the card up by the win-
dow, where father can't help seeing it."

The father saw it and read it, then
sat down, sullenly, as usual; but it
was not long before he again turned
to the card, which he was about to
tear down and destroy, when Tony
exclaimed:

"Don't, father, don't burn it up.
Dolly and I want it to look at when
we are cold and hungry. It will help
us forget."

"Forget!" echoed the father.
"Yes, sir. It is awful hard for us
sometimes, and it is harder for mother
than it is for us."

"I don't want any such nonsense
'round where I am."

"But mother says it is all true;
and oh! I do wish we had temperance
to make our home happy. Dolly and
I wish we were the ones to make the
temperance."

"Where did you get the card?"

"In the dust-heap, where we were
looking for rags to sell, so as to get
some money to buy bread with."

No more was said; but, when the
children were asleep on their miser-
able bed, the father sat, with the card
in his hand, reading the simple words
over again.

The next morning he went out
early, not returning again until even-
ing, when he came bringing so many
bundles that the family were really
startled.

"Something to eat," he said. "Some-
thing for you all. I earned it,
and—"

"Oh, I know," cried Tony. "Tem-
perance has come."

"Oh, I do believe it has come, really
and truly," chimed in Dolly. And
the children were right.

The little card had done its work.
Another year, many beautiful cards
adorned the walls of the happy home
which sheltered Dolly and Tony; but,
of them all, no other was so highly
prized as that which had been rescued
from the dust-heap—soiled and stained,
yet precious for its message of wisdom.

NO WARMTH IN WHISKEY.

No warmth in whiskey; at least this
is the testimony of a street-car con-
ductor, who relates his experience thus:
"I stayed on a car a whole day some
years ago with the thermometer
fourteen degrees below zero. One
driver was all that kept on the line
with me. The rest all changed off.
Of course we had hot coffee now and
then. I never want any whiskey such
days. They may say what they like
about it being warming. I know
better. Cold water is a long way
ahead of it; for whiskey loses its effect
quick such days, and then you are
worse than you would be without it."

The Best That I Can.

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,
 "To make the dark world bright!
 My silvery beams cannot struggle far
 Through the folding gloom of night!
 But I'm only part of God's great plan,
 And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can!"

"What's the use," said a fleecy cloud,
 "Of those few drops that I hold?
 They will hardly bend the lily proud,
 Though caught in her cup of gold!
 Yet I am part of God's great plan,
 So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
 But a thought, like a silver thread,
 Kept winding in and out all day,
 Through the happy golden head.
 Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,
 For you are a part of God's great plan!"

She knew no more than the glancing star,
 Nor the cloud with its chalice full!
 How, why, and for what, all strange things
 were—

She was only a child at school!
 But thought, "It's part of God's great plan,
 That even I should do all I can!"

So she helped a younger child along
 When the road was rough to her feet,
 And she sang from her heart a little song
 That we all thought passing sweet.
 And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
 Said, "I, too, will do the best that I can."
 —The Baptist Weekly.

LESSON NOTES.**FOURTH QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
 MATTHEW.

A. D. 28.] **LESSON IV.** [Oct. 23.

THREE MIRACLES.

Matt. 9. 18-31. Commit to mem. vs. 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

According to your faith be it unto you.
 Matt. 9. 29.

OUTLINE.

1. The Diseased.
2. The Dead.
3. The Blind.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS.—Ruler (of the synagogue)
 —Every synagogue had a presiding officer,
 who acted not only as a president of the
 board of elders, but also directed the ser-
 vices of the Sabbath. *The hem of his gar-
 ment*—The fringe upon the border of the
 garment worn in obedience to the law in
 Num. 15. 38. *Minstrels and the people*—
 The customary ceremonial which followed
 death and preceded burial had begun; these
 were hired mourners and pipers to conduct
 the mourning service. *Maid is not dead*—
 She was dead; but Jesus meant to prepare
 them for the restoration of life, and also to
 teach them to look upon death as other than
 an absolute ceasing to be, as so many
 believed. *Laughed him to scorn*—Laughed
 loud and scornfully, till they aroused him
 to severity. *People were put forth*—He was
 there by authority of the ruler, and for a
 set purpose, and he used his authority to
 expel the scoffers. *Son of David*—A com-
 mon designation of the Messiah. *Into the
 house*—Into Christ's own dwelling at Capernaum.
Eyes were opened—They were made
 to see. *Straightly charged*—Explicitly and
 sternly commanded them.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, do we learn—
 1. That Jesus knows all things?
 2. That Jesus has all power?
 3. That Jesus pities all sufferers?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who asked Jesus to come to his house
 and heal his dying child? A certain ruler.
 2. Whom did Jesus heal while he was on
 the way to the ruler's house? A woman
 with an issue of blood. 3. What did Jesus
 find when he came to the ruler's house?
 That his laughter was dead. 4. What did
 he do? He brought her back to life. 5.

What did he say, in the GOLDEN TEXT, to
 two blind men? "According," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrec-
 tion.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

4. What lesson does the death of Christ
 teach us? The great evil of sin, and the
 strict holiness of God, which could not
 suffer sin to go unpunished.

Galatians iii. 13. Christ redeemed us
 from the curse of the law, having become a
 curse for us.

A. D. 28.] **LESSON V.** [Oct. 30.

THE HARVEST AND THE LABOURERS.

Matt. 9. 35-38; 10. 1-8. Commit to mem.
 verses 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Freely ye have received, freely give.
 Matt. 10. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Harvest.
2. The Labourers.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—The country of Galilee and
 Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Went about*—Journeyed
 on foot, making the last tour of his loved
 province. *Teaching . . . , preaching . . . ,
 and healing*—His work was one of use to
 someone wherever he went. *Moved with
 compassion*—Filled with compassionate,
 loving pity, since he knew so well their needs.
They fainted—They were jaded and worn,
 physically and spiritually. *Sheep having no
 shepherd*—Without a nation; without re-
 ligious teachers; without the salvation
 which he would so gladly have given. *The
 harvest*—The spiritual harvest; the multi-
 tudes were ready if only they could be
 reached; he could not reach them, for his
 work was to die. *Lost sheep of the house of
 Israel*—See Jer. 50. 6. The nation had for
 six centuries been called a nation of lost
 sheep.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
 1. That God's work needs human helpers?
 2. That power to do good is God's gift?
 3. That the Gospel is God's best news to
 man?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did Jesus feel for the multitudes
 of people who were without teachers? He
 was moved with compassion. 2. What did
 he say of the harvest of souls? "The
 harvest truly is plenteous." 3. What did
 he tell his disciples to pray to God? To
 send forth labourers. 4. Whom did Jesus
 send out to preach to the people? His
 twelve apostles. 5. What command of
 Jesus to the apostles is given in the GOLDEN
 TEXT? "Freely ye," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The missionary
 spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. Is that the only lesson? No; we learn
 the blessed truth that God is love: for it
 was his love that provided a Saviour for
 men.

John iii. 16. For God so loved the world,
 that he gave his only begotten Son, that
 whosoever believeth on him should not
 perish, but have eternal life.

CLEVER PACK-MULES.

I SUPPOSE you have often heard the
 phrase, "Stubborn as a mule." My
 own opinion is that mules are taught
 to be stubborn by their stupid drivers,
 who are sometimes very cruel to the
 poor, over-worked animals. Mules
 often show a good deal of wisdom.
 For instance, a traveller in Jamaica
 relates this instance of cleaverness in
 getting rid of too heavy a load on the
 part of pack-mules which carry coffee
 from the plantations to market: "They
 have to pass through some narrow
 paths bordered on one side by sharp
 rocks. The mules have found out that
 by rubbing the bag against the sharp
 rocks they can tear a hole, out of which
 the coffee-berries run, so that the weight
 is soon lessened. Some shrewd old fel-

lows have observed that making a hole
 on one side only destroys the balance of
 the burden, and so they rub first one
 side and then the other, the berries
 spilling out equally. Ten or a dozen
 mules walking in single file, with a
 negro boy riding on the leader in front,
 have been seen to reach town from the
 plantation without a berry left in the
 bags on their backs." This is cer-
 tainly very provoking, but it is very
 clever, too, and looks a great deal like
 reason on the part of the beasts.—Har-
 per's Young People.

NOBLE COURAGE.

A POOR boy was attending school one
 day with a large patch on one of the
 knees of his trousers. One of his
 schoolmates made fun of him for this,
 and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried
 one of the boys. "I'd give it to him
 if he called me so."

"O," said the boy, "you don't sup-
 pose that I am ashamed of my patch,
 do you? For my part, I'm thankful
 for a good mother to keep me out of
 rags. I'm proud of my patch for her
 sake."

This was noble. That boy had the
 courage that would make him suc-
 cessful in the struggles of life. We
 must have courage in our struggle if
 we hope to come out right.

THE INQUISITIVE BOY.

A YOUNG lady and a small, bright-
 eyed boy entered a street-car on Lake
 Avenue, yesterday afternoon. The
 lady deposited her fare and the boy's,
 and the bell rang.

"Aunt Ella," said the boy, "what
 makes the bell ring?"

"The driver rings the bell," was the
 reply.

"What does he do that for?"

"Why, he does it to register the
 fare."

"What does he do that for?"

"Because he has to."

"Oh!"

Then there was a silence for half a
 minute. Presently the boy said,
 "What is that round thing up there?"

"That is the register."

"What is that for?"

"To register the fare."

"You said the ring registered the
 fare."

"No, I didn't say that."

"Yes, you did, Aunt Ella."

"Now, Johnny, don't you contra-
 dict me. You are a naughty boy."

"Well, that's what you said."

A silence of two minutes followed.
 It was broken by the boy, who said,
 "Say, Aunt Ella, what made you tell
 me that the ring registered the fare?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You did say so, didn't you, Aunt
 Ella?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"Then what made you say that
 you didn't say it?"

"I didn't say that I didn't say so.
 Don't bother me, Johnny."

"Johnny" was only one name for
 that boy. What would you call him?

C. L. S. C.

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