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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

THE LITTLE BROTHER A CHILD'S TALE.

(Translated from the German.)

BY ELLA WITHROW STAFFORD.



ONE lovely May morning little Emilie went for a walk, to take her baby brother to her grandfather's farm, just outside the village. The little brother was not very well, indeed through the whole long winter he had not been strong. The sun shone so beautifully, the grasses waved in the wind, and the daisies were beginning to blossom—yes, surely spring was here.

How pleasant it was at the old farm-house! There stood the old barn, with the cowstables

under it, and the gay weather-cock on the roof, and there on the other side was the poultry house and all the hens, ducks and geese! Here they come, cackling and gabbling, each with an air of great importance. And there stands Liese, the great brown cow, Emilie's own cow, which her grandfather gave her. And, oh! see Carlo, see how he wags his tail, as if he would laugh because Emilie is come again. She was at grandfather's a year ago, but now she has a baby brother with her. But the dear little fellow has grown tired; see how his little eyes wink, and then again he sleeps, and dreams of angels, and smiles so sweetly. There is a lovely spot between the flowering elderberry bushes, that is usually grandmother's favourite seat in the summer time. Emilie sits down upon the wide bench; she is tired too, she has carried her little brother such a long way. She takes the hay-fork and makes a bed of hay, and lays him on it and seats herself beside him. She looks up at the bright sky above, then she looks at the brown Liese; what is she thinking about? Ah! here comes a sheep through the door with its little lamb. Then Emilie leans her head against the wall, and softly sings—

"What will you give,
What will you give
For my little brother fair?
Nothing is bright as his lovely blue eyes,
Or soft as his curly hair.

"What will you bring,
What will you bring
To trade for my treasure here?
No one can show me a thing so sweet,
Anywhere far or near."

"What will you give for little brother?" The brown Liese looks at little Emilie out of her great, soft eyes, and says, "Dost thou really think so much of thy baby-brother there? Can he run and jump and play yet?"

"Oh! no," says Emilie, "he cannot walk yet."

"So?" How old is he, then?"

"Eleven months."
"Eleven months! My baby could run before it was two days old! I do not wish thy baby." And the brown Liese blinks disdainfully.

"M-a-a! m-a-a!" says the old sheep coming through the door, and the wee lammie by its side cries out too, "M-a-a! m-a-a!" "Let me too see the little brother thou would'st sell! Hum! He pleases me, but he has only two legs!"

"Yes," says Emilie, "that is all."

"Then my baby is worth twice as much as thine, for mine has four legs. And it seems to me thy baby has no wool."

"Oh! but see his beautiful golden curls."

"It is too thin, too thin," says the sheep, shaking its head, "I think I shall not exchange with thee." And away goes the old sheep, and the little white lamb kicks his heels in the air and follows his mother out.

"Gluck, gluck!" comes the hen, picking up seeds on the ground—a clucking hen with twelve chickens. "Gluck! gluck!" she calls, and shows them a grain of corn in the grass, or a little beetle on the ground.

"Well, and how art thou, Nellie?" says the hen, passing by; "art thou here again?" Listen, dost thou want to sell thy little brother? What can he do, then? Can he find worms and eat them?"

"What!" says Emilie, offended, "eat worms? He eats soup and drinks milk!"

"Oh! indeed," says Mrs. Hen, angry too, "and he has no yellow feet, and I fear he has no feathers." And off she goes with all her brood, and does not look again at the little boy.

"Purr! purr!" comes from the corner under the hay, and Emilie wonders what can it be, till she sees the old gray Minzie who has made a little bed there for her kittens.

Emilie calls the cat and the little purr-kittens to her.

"Thou art very proud," says Minzie, looking at the hen, "What need of that? Twelve chicks! That is frightful! Who will find food for them all? I think three or four children are enough. Dost thou not think so too, Emilie?"

"One is enough," answered the child, "when he is sick and teething."

"What is that! My kittens have no trouble with their teeth, I am sure. Do not be angry, but I think I shall not take thy little brother, because I fancy he will hardly be able to catch mice. If thou wish—for old friendship's sake—I will let thee have one of my pets to play with for a while. That will comfort thee perhaps, because thy wee brother is of so little use."

"No," said Emilie, "I would rather have my little brother than anything in the world."

At that moment there streamed in a sunbeam from behind a cloud and played on baby-brother's sweet little face, and the dear little fellow laughed in his sleep.



and her young lamb by her side, and the old hen was strutting to and fro in the yard so proudly, she had forgotten the little dreamer. But the sunbeam was there yet, on the face of the sleeping baby, lighting up and warming his face with the glow of returning health. With thoughtful eyes Emilie looked on the dreaming form of the wee lammie, and then she softly hummed the rest of her little song.

"Nothing will do, nothing will do,
You may travel the world around;
But never on earth, or sea, or air,
Will a brother like him be found."

SAY not caustic things, but ordinarily let your conversation be instructive, abounding with anecdotes neatly told. Maintain an affectionate regard for others, which will cause them to show the like to you. Let kindness and grace make up your style. Your presence will be welcomed by all.



And out of the sunbeam—Emilie saw it distinctly—glided so soft and slowly a beautiful angel from heaven. He was so quiet and gentle, his wings hardly rustled at all. He stood before the sleeping baby-boy and bent over him, the locks of his hair falling on the pure forehead of the child, and his lips lightly touched his sweet mouth.

"Wilt thou give him to me," said the angel, lingering and looking long into Emilie's eyes.

"What wilt thou do with little brother?" anxiously answered Emilie.

"I will bring him to God, so he will become well again and happy."

Emilie gazed pleadingly into the angel's mild, kind face, her lips quivered and her little heart beat faster, and at last she said brokenly, "If thou wilt bring brother to God in heaven, take him with thee!" She could say no more, but burst into sobs, and two great tears rolled down her cheeks. Then the angel bent over her and laid his hand in blessing on her head and on her little brother's, and softly breathed,

"Be better, little brother; be happy, Emilie; the Lord give you always a pure and unselfish heart. Some day I will come to take you both to heaven."

But what has happened to Emilie? Has she then really been sleeping and dreaming all this time? She rubbed her eyes. There stood the old brown Liese, as if she had not stirred. And there was the old sheep

A Good Time Coming.

WHEN we are old enough to vote,
We'll make a great commotion,
We'll sweep our land of whiskey, clean,
From ocean unto ocean.

Old alcohol will have to fall
From his exalted station,
We'll smite him on the right and left
And drive him from the nation.

Some day the world will hear the song
Who now are only boys, sir,
For we are learning lessons true
With all our fun and noise, sir.

And when we're old enough to vote
There'll be a mighty rattle
Of falling forts and castles gray,
For Right must win the battle.

We will not fear to speak the words
That God would have us speak, sir;
With him for our right hand, you see,
We never can be weak, sir.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

REMEMBER

THE

S. S. AID COLLECTION

OR

REVIEW SUNDAY,

SEPTEMBER 18TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from this fund. Superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the Fund. (See Discipline, secs. 354-356).

"FIRST!"

A TALK WITH BOYS.

BY PROF. HENRY BRIDGEMAN, F.R.S.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

I HAVE three heads to give you. The first is "Geography," the second is "Arithmetic," and the third is "Grammar."

I.

GEOGRAPHY.

First, Geography tells us where to find places. Where is the kingdom of God? It is said that when a Prussian officer was killed in the Franco-Prussian war, a map of France was very often found in his pocket. When we wish to occupy a country, we ought to know its geography. Now, where is the kingdom of God? A boy over there says, "It is in heaven." No; it is in the Bible. Another boy says, "It must be in the Church." No; it is not in the Church. Heaven is only the capital of the kingdom of God; the Bible is the guide-book to it; the Church is the weekly parade of those who belong to it. If you would turn to the seventeenth chapter of St. Luke you will find out where the kingdom of God really is. "The kingdom of God is within you"—within you. The kingdom of God is inside people.

I remember once taking a walk by the river near where the Falls of Niagara are, and I noticed a remarkable figure walking along the river bank. I had been some time in America. I had seen black men and red men, and yellow men, and white men; black men, the Negroes; red men, the Indians; yellow men, the Chinese; white men, the Americans. But this man looked quite different in his dress from anything I had ever seen. When he came a little closer, I saw he was wearing a kilt; when he came a little nearer still, I saw that he was dressed exactly like a Highland soldier. When he came quite near, I said to him, "What are you doing here?" "Why should I not be here?" he said; "Don't you know this is British soil? When you cross the river you come into Canada." This soldier was thousands of miles from England, and yet he was in the kingdom of England. Wherever there is an English heart beating loyal to the Queen of Britain, there is England. Wherever there is a boy whose heart is loyal to the King of the kingdom of God, the kingdom of God is within him.

What is the kingdom of God? Every kingdom has its exports, its products. Go down to the river here, and you will find ships coming in with cotton; you know they come from America. You will find ships with tea; you know they are from China. Ships with wool; you know they come from Australia. Ships with sugar; you know they come from Java. What comes from the kingdom of God? Again we must refer to our Guide-book. Turn to Romans, and we shall find what the kingdom of God is. I will read it: "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy"—three things. "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy." Righteousness, of course, is just doing what is right. Any boy who does what is right has the kingdom of God within him. Any boy who, instead of being quarrelsome, lives at peace with the other boys, has the kingdom of God within him. Any boy whose heart is filled with joy because he does what is right, has the kingdom of God within him. The kingdom of God is not going to religious meetings, and hearing strange religious experiences: the kingdom of God is doing what is right—living at peace with all men, being filled with joy in the Holy Ghost.

Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, or delight in meetings as she can, don't think you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age you will have your grandmother's kind of religion. Meantime, be a Christian as a boy. Live a boy's life. Do the straight thing; seek the kingdom of righteousness and honour and truth. Keep the peace with the boys about you,

and be filled with the joy of being a loyal, and simple, and natural, and boy-like servant of Christ.

You can very easily toll a house, or a workshop, or an office where the kingdom of God is not. The first thing you see in that place is that the "straight thing" is not always done. Customers do not get fair play. You are in danger of learning to cheat and to lie. Better, a thousand times, to starve than to stay in a place where you cannot do what is right.

Or, when you go into your workshop, you find everybody sulky, touchy, and ill-tempered; everybody at daggers drawn with everybody else; some of the men not on speaking terms with some of the others, and the whole feel of the place miserable and unhappy. The kingdom of God is not there, for it is peace. It is the kingdom of the Devil that is anger and wrath and malice.

If you want to get the kingdom of God into your workshop, or into your home, let the quarrelling be stopped. Live in peace and harmony and brotherliness with everyone. For the kingdom of God is a kingdom of brothers. It is a great society, founded by Jesus Christ, of all the people who try to be like him, and live to make the world better and sweeter and happier. Wherever a boy is trying to do that, in the house or in the street, in the workshop or on the baseball field, there is the kingdom of God. And every boy, however small or obscure or poor, who is seeking that, is a member of it. You see now, I hope, what the kingdom is.

CHRIST GIVETH THE VICTORY.

BY MRS. S. ROSALIE BILL.

EDWIN MERTON had won the heart and hand of a lovely girl, married and settled down in a quiet country village to enjoy life. The Mertons were well-to-do, much respected, so that when Annie Banks married Edwin Merton, nearly every one said "Annie has done exceedingly well." But Annie's Aunt Ruth did not say so; she shook her head gravely and said, "Edwin has one bad habit, and that is he occasionally drinks."

Two years had now passed since the Mertons had set up housekeeping and already Edwin Merton staid out late some nights, and when he returned his wife knew he had been drinking too much. There came an infant son to the Mertons, and Annie thought the father would reform, as he was very proud of the child. But the mother grew sad to see that this new bond was not strong enough to keep the father at home. Sometimes the infant was caressed, but more often it remained unnoticed, save when it cried, when its father became raged, often scolding, and sometimes striking it, until the poor mother became alarmed for the safety of her darling, striving to keep it out of its father's way as much as possible. Edwin Merton had been attentive to business at first, having a good situation as overseer in a large flouring mill, but as he became more in the habit of drinking he had to take a lower position. The pretty cottage began to take on a forlorn appearance, and the garden to grow up to weeds. Annie, who had been very beautiful, became pale, and her eyes had the hunted look one sees in the eyes of a frightened fawn.

But it is needless to describe all the ills, and the sadness which came to the Merton home, for we have all heard the same story repeatedly, and our villages and hamlets are full of such cases. God grant that the day may soon come when such homes shall be banished from our fair land, and we shall stand before the nations of the earth as a Christian nation should.

Five years had now passed, and little Johnnie Merton had a sister two years old. Want now reigned within the home, although Annie strove to do all she could for her loved ones.

One day Aunt Ruth came in and said: "Annie, you cannot go on in this way; I think it is a sin for you to try. What if your precious Johnnie should become a drunkard? You have done everything you could to reform Edwin; but it has been of no avail. Go home with me and stay. If Edwin ever reforms, you can live with him again."

Life was so hard for Annie Merton she

accepted of Aunt Ruth's offer. Edwin now strove to break himself of the liquor habit by resorting to the use of morphine, which he used in large quantities.

Nearly two decades had passed away, and still Edwin Merton used morphine, when some Christian people became deeply interested in his condition, and told him that if he would trust Jesus for healing, he could be released from his terrible bondage. The chains were strong, but Christ was stronger, so that after a struggle the poor man overcame, and to-day he is sitting clothed and in his right mind.

Did I say "sitting"? Rather let me say he has gone forth to work for the Saviour, who has done so much for him, and to-day he tells the glad story that Jesus is able and willing to save to the uttermost. Should these lines be read by any one who has forged the awful chains of the drunk or morphine habit, let them go to Jesus the strong one for help—who has said, "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Annie Merton went to the better land long ago. But I doubt not she was one of the angels who rejoiced when Edwin Merton was released from bondage.

SACRED CATS IN EGYPT.

ANCIENT Egypt was indeed a "cats' paradise." The goddess Bast, or Pasht, was a cat; and being under her protection, and typos of her, all cats were sacred. During life they were treated with respect, and their personal safety was guaranteed by rigorous laws; when dead they were buried with solemnity. They wore earrings and necklaces; but whether this honour was accorded to all cats or only to those of high degree and exceptional sanctity, is uncertain, as only some of the statues show these ornaments, while some have also a jewel on their foreheads.

But not only individuals were dedicated to Bast. We know that she had a town of her own (Bubastis) especially devoted to her worship. Cats were sometimes sent to the sacred city to be buried, especially those that had been venerated in the temples of Bast.

The father of history, Herodotus, has something to tell us about cats. He says, "When a house caught fire, the only thought of the Egyptians was to preserve the lives of their cats. Ranging themselves, therefore, in bodies around the house, they endeavoured to rescue these animals from the flames, totally disregarding the destruction of the property itself. But notwithstanding all their precautions, the cats, sometimes leaping over the heads and gliding between the legs of the bystanders, rushed into the flames as if impelled by divine agency to self-destruction; and when an accident of this kind happened, a deep sorrow took possession of the Egyptians. When a cat died a natural death the people of the house shaved off their eyebrows; but if a dog died they shaved the head and the whole body."

All the provisions in the house, too, were thrown away as having become unlawful food.

Any one who killed a cat or an ibis was condemned to death; and it was found impossible to save the life even of a Roman citizen who had accidentally committed this offence. Even in times of famine, when in their extremity they were driven to eat human flesh, the Egyptians preserved their cats.

WHAT A BOY ACCOMPLISHED.

A boy who attended one of our Sabbath-schools went out into the country to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure. He went to help the men harvest. One of them was an inveterate swearer. The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man,

"Well, I guess I will go home to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said, "I thought you were going to stay all summer."

"I was," said the boy; "but I can't stay where anybody swears so. One of us must go; so I will leave."

The man felt the rebuke, and said, "If you will stay I won't swear." And he kept his word.

The Careful Messenger.

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam;
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My mother gets in such a pos!

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There in the hay the children play—
They're having such jolly fun,
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of—or—new-laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite;
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to try to make it fly
Ever so much higher
Than the church spire,
And then—but there—

A pound of three and one at tea,
A pot of new-laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now here's the shop; outside I'll stop,
And run my orders through again;
I hav'n't forgot, no, no'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new-laid jam.

-Selected.

LOST IN LONDON

By the author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XVI.

GONE.

THEY had to leave the cab in the street,
and walk across the chapel yard. A bright
light shone through John Shafto's window,
and fell upon the gravestones, and the
almost level graves, covered with rank
grass. What a quiet place to live or die
in, in the very heart of the city! Mr.
Mason trod softly, as if his step might
already disturb the dying boy, and Sandy
tenderly hushed Gip, who was chattering
merrily in his arms. The kitchen was
dark and empty, for Mr. Shafto was no
longer in the arm-chair in the warmest
corner; and they passed through, and very
gently climbed up the old staircase. The
door of John's room was open, and they
could see him before they entered, his head
lying against his mother's shoulder, and
her arm about him, while the tears stole
slowly down her cheeks. John's white
lips still wore a smile lingering about the
mouth, though his eyes were closed. Mr.
Shafto stood at the foot of the bed watch-
ing him, as if he could not bear to lose one
moment of the few that were left in which
he could see his boy's living face.

"John!" said Mr. Mason, very quietly,
as he drew nearer to him, "John!"
"Sandy's found you!" murmured John,
opening his heavy eyelids; "I thought it
would be too late. Where is Sandy?"
"I'm here, Johnny!" cried Sandy from
the doorway, "me and little Gip. Little
Gip's found at last, Johnny!"
"Little Gip!" he said, rousing himself;
"bring her to me for one moment, Sandy."
"Gip must be very good," said Sandy,
coaxingly, and pulling back the scarlet
hood from her small face. "Gip must love
Johnny, and kiss him, and say good-bye."
"Me be good," promised Gip, looking
about her without any shyness; "me kiss
everybody, and say good-bye. Me go
across the great sea to-morrow."
"No, no," cried Sandy, "little Gip's not
going away, it's Johnny that's gone; and
he must put her little arms round his
neck, and kiss him; there's a good little
girl!"
He laid her down on the bed by Johnny,
and the dying boy turned his face towards

her, while she put her arms around his
neck, and kissed his cheek gently, as if she
knew how ill he was. He took her small,
soft, warm hand into his own chilly one,
and held it fast, while Sandy stood by,
scarcely knowing whether joy or sorrow
was nearest to him at that moment.

"I'm so glad!" whispered John Shafto;
"it's all true, every word of it."
"What is true, my boy?" asked Mr.
Mason.

"That about him leaving the rest, who
are safe, and coming after that which is
lost," he said, "compelled to pause often be-
tween the words to gather strength to
speak again, and when he finds us, he is
so glad! He's more glad than I am! And
he calls all the angels to him, and says,
'Rejoice with me.' All the world's like
little Gip; but he'll be gladder than we
are some day when he finds us. It's all
true."

"All true!" repeated Mr. Mason.
Sandy fell on his knees beside John
Shafto, and stretched his arm over him to
feel little Gip. Johnny's eyes rested on
his face with a look of unutterable tender-
ness.

"He's taken care of little Gip for you,"
he said; "you must never forget that or
leave off loving him, though you cannot see
him. You'll be like a son to me when he's
leaving her to you."

"O! Johnny! Johnny!" said Mr.
Shafto, in a lamentable voice, "I've been
a poor father to you, and a very poor
husband to Mary; but say a word to me,
as if I'd been all I should have been. Can
Christ save me from my idleness and
selfishness? If you can but live, and see
what a father I would be!"

"Have you been a poor father?" asked
Johnny, smiling, "I never thought that,
never. But perhaps I've loved mother
most; she's been so good to me. She'll be
good to Sandy and little Gip now."

There was so deep a stillness for some
minutes after that, that all the indistinct
sounds from the busy streets seemed to
grow and come nearer. Gip lifted up her
little head to look about her; but when
Sandy held up his hand, she laid it down
quietly again on the pillow beside Johnny's
white, still face. His fingers dropped her
tiny hand. Which of them was Sandy to
gaze at? Gip's rosy cheeks and glittering
eyes, or John Shafto's pale, cold face,
with a film creeping over his sight, and
the smile dying away from his lips.

"Oh, Johnny!" he sobbed, "couldn't
you stay just a little bit longer? Wouldn't
you like to stay with little Gip just for one
day? Don't die to-day, Johnny, just when
I've found my little Gip."

"I'm very glad she's found," he
whispered, his lips so near to Sandy that
he could catch every word, "but I cannot
stay. 'Lost and found! Dead and alive
again! Rejoice with me!' He is saying
that."

"Who says that?" asked Sandy. But
there was no answer. They were all look-
ing at Johnny's face; even little Gip's
black eyes were fastened upon it, for it
shone with a strange light. His lips
moved slowly, though Sandy himself could
not hear what they were speaking. His
eyes shone with a steady beam of gladness.
Then his head fell lower upon his mother's
breast; and she uttered a single cry of
great anguish, for she knew that he was
dead.

(To be continued.)

THE OTHER SIDE.

JARED LINCOLN, an uneducated man,
who had made within a few years a large
fortune by speculation, while driving out
to Central Park passed Mr. Crouse, a
plainly-dressed, middle-aged gentleman
who was on foot.

"That man," he said to his wife, "be-
longs to one of the oldest families in New
York. His grandfather was one of the
signers of the Declaration. He has been
brought up in the midst of refined and
scholarly people. He belongs to a set into
which I can not enter. I would give half
what I am worth for his start in life."

Meantime Mr. Crouse looked at the
carriage and its sumptuous equipments,
and thought, "If I had some of that man's
money, how many comforts I would bring
into our bare lives!"
Down one of the leafy avenues a man

sauntered thoughtfully, with a book in
his hand, throughout the country as a
brave and sanguine.

One of the foremost men in Wall Street
rode past him, leaving just at
the club, bowed to each other, and
thought the novelist. "If I could have writ-
out writing anything but the piece."

"That fellow is a brute," thought Dives,
on horseback, with an anxious sigh. He
had in his pocket-book a yellow news-
paper clipping, in which his name occurred
having made a few remarks at a dinner.
Dives thought of this clipping, and said to
himself, "What happens it must be to
see one's name in print every day? How
much finer a gift than money is fame!"

The name of a wife whom his body had
taken out for a grave, saw one of the
passionless pass, a woman who ruled in
an exclusive fashionable clique. A thrill,
almost of envy, disturbed her calm breast.
How pleasant it must be to live in a social
atmosphere pure and refined, to escape all
that is vulgar and painful of life!

Another woman's eye was troubled as
she looked wistfully into the stern face
of the clergyman's wife. "Oh, to have her
faith," she thought, "I would not mind a
death come, to know where to turn. I
do!" To live always apart from the busy
and joy of the world, elated!

So each man and each woman went on a
separate way, enjoying the other. The
great mistake in life is that each of us
overrates the peculiar blessing which he
has bestowed upon our neighbor, and is
blind to the good which he has given to us.

A LESSON FOR TWO.

"Is it a good for my father, I don't see
why it's bad for me," said Master George.
"Any way, I mean to take a good swig of
it now I've got a chance."

The bottle of wine, which was generally
locked up, stood on the buffet, and no one
was there to hinder him. Master George
pulled out the stopper, raised the bottle to
his lips, threw his head back, and took his
"good swig" like an old toper.

But he did not smack his lips after it as
he had seen his father to. On the con-
trary he gave a yell that brought his
mother flying to see what was the matter;
and she discovered that the matter was
very serious, indeed, when she found him
dancing with pain, and declaring that he
was burning up inside.

Some ammonia had been put into an
empty wine bottle, and a careless servant
had left it on the buffet, where she had
been cleaning some articles. A doctor, a
stomach pump, bitter medicines, and days
of suffering taught George a wholesome
lesson. His father also wisely took warn-
ing by it, and he will set his son a better
example in the future.

GAMES IN INDIA.

BY BISHOP THORBURN.

THEY have a ball game there which is
amusing and fascinating to watch. The ball
is hardly so large as one of our foot ball.
The players are not permitted to touch it
with their hands, but must strike it with
their bare feet and legs. The object of the
game seems to be to keep the ball constantly
in the air. It is really marvellous the way
these fellows kick at the descending ball.
If it falls behind them, up goes a heel like
that of a kicking horse. At one side a blow
of the ankle gives the necessary impetus.
Many a time I have watched one of these
games outside a village, and hugely enjoyed
the extraordinary sight of these barefooted
fellows kicking in every direction as if there
were no such things as joints in the human
frame.

Perhaps the average young American
would be more surprised and interested in
the Hindoo method of shooting than in
anything else I could mention. In-
stead of shooting from the knees and on
bent knees, the young Hindoo remains
standing and uses his index finger as a sort
of spring gun of catapult. With the thumb
and forefinger of one hand he holds the
marble in front of the finger tip of the
other hand, pulls the finger back as if it
were a spring, takes aim at the marble on
the ground, and lets go. The little street
urchin becomes very skillful in shooting,
and could show the American boys "a thing
or two," very likely.

A TRUE STORY OF FLORENCE
NIGHTINGALE

When the celebrated philanthropist,
Florence Nightingale, was a very little girl
and living in Derbyshire, England, every-
body was struck with her thoughtfulness
for people and animals.

There lived near the village an old shep-
herd named Roger, who had a faithful
sheepdog called Cap.

One day Florence was riding out with a
friend and saw the shepherd giving the
sheep their night feed, but Cap was not
there, and the sheep knew it, for they
were accustomed to find in all their
Florence and her friend stopped to ask
Roger why he was so sad, and what had
become of his dog.

"Oh," he replied, "Cap will never be
of anymore use to me, I'll have to hang
him, poor fellow, as soon as I go home to-
night."

"Hang him?" said Florence. "O!
Roger! how would I get that! What has poor
old Cap done?"

"He has done nothing," replied Roger,
"but he will never be of any more use to
me, and I cannot afford to keep him. One
of the mischievous school-boys threw a
stone at him yesterday and broke one of
his legs. And the old shepherd wiped
away the tears that filled his eyes. 'Poor
Cap,' he said, 'he was as knowing as a
human being.'"

"But are you sure his leg is broken?"
asked Florence.

"Oh, yes, miss! It is broken sure enough;
he has not put his foot to the ground since."

Then Florence and her friend rode on.
"We will go and see poor Cap," said the
gentleman. "I don't believe the leg is
really broken. It would take a big stone
and a hard blow to break the leg of a great
dog like Cap."

"Oh, if you could only cure him, how
glad Roger would be!" exclaimed Flor-
ence.

When they got to the cottage the poor
dog lay there on the bare brick floor, his
hair disheveled and his eyes sparkling with
anger at the intruders. But when the little
girl called him "poor Cap" he grew
pacified, and began to wag his short tail,
then he crept from under the table and lay
down at her feet. She took hold of one of
his paws, parted his rough hair, and talked
to him while the gentleman examined the
injured leg. It was badly swollen, and
hurt him very much to have it examined,
but the dog knew it was meant kindly,
and, though he moaned and winced with
pain, he licked the hands that were hurt-
ing him.

"It's only a bad bruise; no bones
broken," said the gentleman; "rest is all
Cap needs, he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad," exclaimed Florence.

"But can we do nothing for him? He
seems in such pain!"

"Plenty of hot water to foment the part
would both ease and help to cure him."

"Well, then," said the girl, "I will
foment poor Cap's leg!"

Florence lit the fire, tore up an old
flannel petticoat into strips, which she
wring out in hot water and laid on the
poor dog's leg. It was not long before
he began to feel the benefit of the applica-
tion and to show his gratitude in looks and
wagging his tail. On their way home
they met the old shepherd coming slowly
along with a piece of rope in his hands.

"O Roger!" cried Florence, "you are
not to hang poor old Cap. We have found
that his leg is not broken after all."

"No, he will serve you yet," said the
gentleman.

"Well I am most glad to hear it," said
the old man, "and many thanks to you for
going to see him."

The next morning Florence was up early
to bathe Cap. On visiting the dog she
found the swelling much gone down. She
bathed it again, and Cap was as grateful as
before.

Two or three days later when Florence
and her friend were riding together they
came up to Roger and his sheep. Cap was
there too, watching the sheep. When he
heard the voice of the little girl his tail
wagged and his eyes sparkled.

"To look at the dog, miss," said the
shepherd, "he's so pleased to hear your
voice. At for you I would have hanged
the best dog I ever had in my life."



(See first page.)

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON XIII.—Sept. 25.

THE FOUR PILLARS OF TEMPERANCE.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The duty of temperance is founded on the Scripture, on reason, on science, and on experience.

RECITATION OF THE PLEDGE.

We hereby pledge ourselves to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

Let those who will, add: From the use of tobacco, and from all profanity.

Signed _____

Temperance is a divine temple built upon our corner pillars, and no Samson of intemperance can pull them down.

1. THE PILLAR OF SCRIPTURE.

See such passages as Isa. 5. 11, 22; 23. 7; Prov. 20. 1; 23. 19-21, 29-32; Gal. 5. 19, 21; Hoa. 14. 9; Hab. 2. 15. Also, Rom. 14. 21; 15. 1; 1 Cor. 9. 22.

2. THE PILLAR OF REASON.

"Temperance is the moderate use of all good things, but total abstinence from all bad things." Arguments for total abstinence are found in the evils to which intemperance leads, the crimes which it fosters, the ruin it works on body and soul, and the tendency of intemperance to injure others. Weigh all this against the pleasures which drinking brings. Is it reasonable to begin a habit which is so apt to become incurable, and which leads to so many evils to ourselves and others?

3. THE PILLAR OF SCIENCE.

Scientific investigations show that alcohol injures the body, weakens its powers, renders it more liable to disease, harms the nervous system, and shortens life. Special investigations have been made by the insurance companies, which show that total abstainers live longer than drinkers. Investigations by the United States Government in military and naval academies, and by several European Governments, show that even tobacco is injurious, especially to the young.

4. THE PILLAR OF EXPERIENCE.

Observation shows what results are reaped by those who test in their own experience the

effects of drinking. Everyone can see on every side the fearful effects of intemperance.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What injuries are done by the demons of the cup? "They destroy life, they squander property, they injure the health, they destroy happiness, they incite to crime, they ruin families, they are a curse to the country, they lead the young astray." 2. By what means can they be cast out? "By the Gospel, by temperance literature, by temperance societies, by instruction in temperance, by public meetings, by prohibitory laws, by good example, by signing the pledge, by personal effort, by the power of the Lord Jesus inspiring and working in all these ways."

STRANGE USE OF LANGUAGE.

H. L. CHARLES, in the *Christian at Work*, gives some amusing illustrations of the violation of the purity of language by young people, especially by boys. He says:

Among the still more common errors in the use of language are these: The mispronouncing of unaccented syllables, as terrible for terrible, the omission of a letter or short syllable, as goin' for going and ov'ry for every, and the running of words together without giving to every one a separate and distinct pronunciation.

I know a boy who says, "Don't wanter" when he means "I don't want to;"

"whajor say?" when he means "what did you say?" and "where de go?" instead of, "where did he go?"

Sometimes you hear "ficed," instead of "if I could," "wilforean," instead of "I will if I can," and "howjer know?" for "how do you know?" And have you never heard "m—" instead of "yes," and "ni—" instead of "no?"

Let me give you a short conversation I overheard the other day between two pupils of our high school, and see if you never heard anything similar to it:

"Warejorgo las right?"
 "Hadder skate."
 "Jerfind th' ico hard- 'ngood?"
 "Yes; hard'nough."
 "Jer goerlono?"
 "No; Bill'n' Joo went- orlong."
 "Howlate jerstay?"

"Pastate."
 "Lommeknow wenyer-gangain, woncher? I wantego'n'showyer howter-skate."
 "H—m; ficedn't skate better'n you I'd sollout'n'quit."
 "Well, we'll tryaraco 'n'scofyorcan."

Here they took different streets, and their conversation ceased. These boys write their compositions grammatically, and might use good language, and speak it distinctly if they would try.

But they have got into this careless way of speaking, and make no effort to get out of it. Whenever they try to speak correctly they have to grope their way along slowly; and their expression seems forced or cramped, as though it were hard work for them to talk.

Every one talks enough to keep well in practice; and those who try to speak correctly on every occasion soon find that the practice makes it just as easy for them to use the best language at their command as to use the most common.

Speak Gently.

BY THE REV. PHILIP B. STRONG.

SPEAK gently! Thou dost little know
 Another's hidden wound or woe;
 Thy words will either hurt or heal;
 Though oft thou mayst not even guess
 How deeply they do blight or bless,
 Since hearts their secrets so conceal.

Speak gently! Ah, what weight of care
 Full many a burdened breast doth bear;
 Thy words will either lift or load,
 Will make the burden less or more;
 For feeble feet, fatigued and sore,
 Will make more smooth or rough life's road.

Speak gently! 'Tis a simple thing
 Some sorrowing soul joy thus to bring;
 A simple thing, yet most divine;
 And though so little it doth cost
 Its sweet reward is never lost—
 In blessing, blessings shall be thine.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A LADY in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand, and asked where she was going.

"Down town, to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name, asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little one.

The lady then tried to lead her along, saying, "You had better come with me. I think you came from this way."

"Yes; but I don't want to go

back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh, as if her head would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" "I want to kiss him."

Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From enquiry it appeared that her papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

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