

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

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

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

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

A GIRL OF HOLLAND.

The peasant women of Europe are noted for their picturesque costumes especially in the more remote parts. In the black forest we have seen some of the most beautiful costumes of bright colours. At a peasant fair in Bulgaria we saw great crowds of men and women arrayed in the most gorgeous dresses. The women in blue gowns embroidered with gold lace and the men's coats elaborately decorated. The peasant girl of Holland in our picture has one of those curious costumes which are so characteristic of these peasant women almost everywhere through Europe. You may almost tell from what province or part of the country they come from by some sort of peculiarity in their headgear. The one in our picture is by no means so ornamental as some of them. The women of Holland often have gold bands on their heads with gold spiral ornaments on them and frequently all their wealth is spent on these ornaments. The engraving shows beautifully the transparent quality of the veil which partly covers the face. The bright coloured kerchief worn around the neck is one of the most picturesque features of this garb.



A GIRL OF HOLLAND.

SOME SECRETS ABOUT AIR TRAVELLERS.

"See that fine fellow? Way above your kite he goes, Fred. I wonder why that swallow doesn't go up here? I wonder why all the little birds stay low, and all the big ones sail high? Are the little fellows afraid, do you think, Fred, like the boys in swimming, who are afraid to go into deep water?"

"No, they are not afraid—the birds are bravest—at least some are. Haven't I seen king-birds whip hawks? The big ones are stronger and have wider wings, that's why they can fly higher."

"Fred", with a very wise

"I believe they are some-thing, 'cause why can't our turkey fly higher than I?"

"You think they are afraid, mamma?"

"Now you want me to decide which is it, I see. Neither of you have found the whole. It is not the size of the wing, nor the amount of confidence in the air. I don't believe birds think anything more about being in the air than men do about being on the ground, nor do they get dizzy, no matter how high they fly. The shape of the wing decides how high they fly."

"But aren't all birds' wings shaped just alike, mamma? I thought they were."

"That shows that you have not thought about it. See here, when you try to push my sunshade against the wind, which way does it go easier?"

"Why it pulls hardest, because the wind gets in the hollow place."

"Yes, it pushes more air ahead of it, or displaces more air that way. Well, the birds that soar high have wings made very

hollow, or concave, and as they have to displace, or push away so much more air, it makes it easy for the bird to keep up. That bird up above Rob's kite is a vulture. He can sail for hours without flapping his wings."

"But the swallow can beat him, mamma. I saw a race one day, and the little bird got away."

"That is because the smaller bird has flat wings, narrow and sharp-pointed. He

can work them faster. If you try to fan yourself with your hat, you can't make as rapid strokes as with a flat fan."

"But mamma, some fans move quicker than others, I know."

"Yes, because some are stiff, and some bend. The stiff, flat fans are like swallows wings, this plant, silk fan, fringed with feathers, is like the owl's wings."

"What's the name of that pretty fellow who wavers so—see him?"

"He'll tell you his name when he gets where he's going; listen for it. The reason of his wavering is that he first closes his wings and then opens them—there!"

"Do you mean that pounder? Oh, I know; it's a wood-pecker."

"Well, I cannot see yet why our old turkey can't fly as well as any of them. His wings are hollow."

"Yes, they are hollow, but not concave and long like the eagle's."

"Then I can tell after this by their wings how high or how fast birds can fly."—*Youth's World.*

"YOU'LL DO, ABRAHAM."

NEARLY all great men have been plain men. True greatness lies very near to the heart of the common people. There is very much that is homely and simple in it. That is why it is admired. A writer in a Chicago paper, in describing the journey of Mr. Lincoln to Washington, to his first inauguration, relates this incident.

As we neared New York it was hinted that Mr. Lincoln rather dreaded meeting Fernando Wood, then mayor of the democratic city, who had achieved a reputation as an orator.

"I have no speech ready," said Mr. Lincoln, when I spoke to him upon the subject; "I shall have to say just what comes into my head."

When the train slowed up and the crowds could be seen through the windows, Mrs. Lincoln said:

"Abraham, I must fix you up a bit for these city folks."

She was a little, old, plump, and motherly woman, and, as she opened her hand bag, Mr. Lincoln lifted her upon the seat of the car. Standing there she combed, parted, brushed his hair, and arranged his necktie.

"Do I look nice, now, mother!" he inquired affectionately.

"You'll do, Abraham," replied Mrs. Lincoln, and he kissed her and lifted her down.

Boys Make Men.

When you see a ragged urchin
 Staring wistful in the street
 With torn hat and knee-loose trousers,
 Dirty face and bare, red feet,
 Pass not by the child unheeding
 Smile upon him. Mark me, when
 He a grown old he'll not forget it!
 For, remember, boys make men.

Have you never seen a grandaio,
 With his eyes aglow with joy,
 Bring to mind some act of kindness
 Something said to him, a boy?
 Or, relate some slight or coldness,
 With a brow all clouded, when
 He recalls some heart too thoughtless
 To remember boys make men.

Let us try to add some pleasure
 To the life of every boy;
 For each child needs tender interest,
 In its sorrow and its joy.
 All your boys home by its brightness;
 They avoid the household when
 It is cheerless with unkindness,
 For, remember, boys make men.
 —Youth's Companion.

OUR PERIODICALS:

FIFTY YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	\$4 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	\$4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	\$1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 64 pp., 2ya, monthly	\$0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, binder 5 copies	\$0 40
5 copies and over	\$0 30
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	\$0 25
Less than 20 copies	\$0 25
Over 20 copies	\$0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	\$0 15
10 copies and upwards	\$0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	\$0 15
10 copies and upwards	\$0 15
Reverend Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	\$1 40
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 a dozen, 25 per 100 per quarter, 64 a dozen; 60c. per 100.	\$1 40

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COYNE,
2 Henry Street,
Montreal.S. P. BROWN,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

SABBATH EVENING THOUGHTS.

DELIGHTFUL, tranquil, Sabbath evening. Its hallowed light still reddens the Eastern sky, and lingers on the mountain's highest peak. The day has ended; the sun has gone down; the clouds have turned to gold, and twilight is spreading over hills and valleys. There is a general homeward march; flocks and herds repair to their folds. The birds sing their evening songs and seek their nightly rest in the thickest leaves of the trees. Who can describe the grandeur and glory of a calm, quiet Sabbath evening? No sudden transition of day to night. But a gradual, pleasant, transporting change, and yet a real, wondrous, mighty change. A great hour for inspiration, meditation, thought sublime. The heavens declare the glory of God; the clouds that cover the mountain's gleaming heights reflect his wisdom and glory, too; and the mellow light that tints the quiet hills is the symbol of that reign of universal peace which shall come to all the saints of God in the new world. Ho! comrades and strangers, too, let us seek repose in the solitude. A little while and all this glory will pass away. See already how the shadows of night are chasing each other over the plains. A gloomy darkness will soon cover the land and the sea. But we fear not the darkness; its gloom is no omen of ill to us. We can even lie down in the woods and sleep in peace and safety. Why? Because we know that another morning is coming and that the same almighty power that guides us during the day-time will also guard us during the darkest night. We are also assured

that the starry heavens will measurably dispel the darkness, and cause the night to be even more delightful than the day. Time passes on. The seasons of the rolling year follow each other in rapid succession. The Summer Sabbath evenings are all gone. This is an autumn Sabbath evening; but not less glorious. The forest leaves have a deeper green; the flowers a richer hue. Or, perhaps, leaves and flowers are tinged by autumn winds and frosts—and see now what variegation of colours! Everywhere, far and near, on the hills and in the valleys; on the mountain's gleaming summit, and in the valley's flowery depths, we behold the beauty and grandeur of a world—a fading world. Go forth, ye men of contemplative minds; survey the world; let your thought take wing and soar beyond the starry skies whence emanates this transporting evening glory. If such is the beauty of the fading, what must the unfading and the infinite be? If such is the grandeur of the world destined to destruction, I ask, what will be the glory of that world which will last forever and forever? O mortal man, think of your immortality! Think of the indestructibility of that mind which leads you forth this hallowed Sabbath evening to scenes of wondrous meditations in fields and woods, on hills and in valleys; and enables you to survey the starry world with so much pleasure and delight. If such is the glory of the natural world, our temporary abode only, what must be the glory of the infinite and eternal world, the permanent and everlasting home of the children of God, to which they are gathering homeward from every land? As their weary feet touch the shining shore, they lay down their travel-stained garments, put on the beautiful white raiment, and rest, sweetly rest forever more. Through the waters of death they come, although the waves of the river are dark and cold, they take hold of the staff and follow the Light, the Redeemer and Guide of the saints to the evergreen heavenly hills of paradise. Oh, let us cast all our cares and fears to the wind, with the fair city in view and our fair Saviour to help us.—Selected.

AN AGATE FOREST.

SOME wonderful specimens of agate from Arizona were lately exhibited by a well-known house in New York City. This agate is "petrified wood," but like no other petrified wood previously discovered. The colouring is brilliant and beautiful; glowing red, the delicate blending and tinting of grays, blues, and greens, with here and there a glistening quartz crystal, make a rare combination.

These beautiful slabs, two or three feet across, were sawn from great stone logs. The perfect likeness of the tree is there—concentric rings, the radiating lines, the rough, gnarled bark, and even every knot has its facsimile in the stone.

Petrifications in wood have been discovered before, but they have been in neutral tints; the size and richness of the colouring are what render this recent discovery remarkable, for, previous to this, agates thirteen inches in diameter were considered large.

The finding of this agate forest as it might properly be termed, is interesting. When the Apache chief, Geronimo, led the frontiersmen such a lively chase in Arizona, he ran better than he knew. During the pursuit of the Indians, the heart of the Apache country was penetrated. It was on one of these wild chases that a cowboy named Adams found himself in the before undiscovered petrified forests of Arizona.

As soon as he was able, he reported his wonderful find to the Governor of Arizona. His story was laughed at. "All right," said the cowboy, "if my story isn't true, I'll bear the expenses of the journey there and back."

The story was true, and there, prone in the depths of the lava desert, they saw the remains of a forest, changed into brilliant-hued, translucent agate, held in form by the petrified bark, every ridge and knot perfectly translated. For ages the water impregnated with silica, played over and amongst these forest trees, wearing the wood away, and, cell by cell, atom by atom, replacing it by the stone.

It is assumed that powerful geysera may

have burst forth, and with their heated waters covered this forest, and then perhaps, after centuries, settled away, leaving as monuments of their work these agate petrifications. Stumps, trees, twigs, fallen logs are all represented in the beautiful stone.

The cutting and polishing of these great agates is a work of exceeding difficulty. Thirty-five days were consumed in sawing across one of the stone logs. No steel instrument can make an impression, can even scratch the polished specimen on exhibition. Diamond dust and saws with diamond teeth alone will cut them.

Of course much of the work must be done on the spot. Hence a fortified camp has been set up in the Arizona wilderness, and here are sawn out the blocks and slabs of agate.

A STORY WITH TWO SIDES.

A WOMAN stood at the bar of justice, and by her side two stalwart policemen. Her name was called and she answered. Then the judge asked the clerk to read the charge against her.

"Disorderly conduct on the street and disturbing the peace," read the clerk.

"Who are the witnesses against the woman?" asked the judge; and the two policemen stepped forward to be sworn.

"Now tell the story," said the judge, and one of them began.

"I arrested this woman in front of a saloon on Broadway on Saturday night. She had raised a great disturbance, was fighting and brawling with the men in the saloon, and the saloon-keeper put her out. She used the foulest language, and with an awful threat struck at the keeper with all her force. I then arrested her and took her up to the detention house and locked her up."

"The next witness will take the stand," said the judge; and the other policeman stepped up.

"I saw the arrest and knew it to be just as stated. I saw the woman fighting as the saloon-keeper put her out on the street. I heard the vile language she used in the presence of the crowd that gathered in the street."

"Call the saloon-keeper. What do you know of this case?"

"I know dis voman vas makin' disturbance by my saloon. She comes there and she makes troubles und she fights mit me, and I puts her the door oud. I know her all along. She vas pad voman."

Turning to the trembling woman, the judge said:

"This is a pretty clear case, madam; have you anything to say in your own defence?"

"Yes, judge," she answered in strangely calm though trembling voice.

"I am not guilty of the charge, and these men standing before you have perjured their souls to prevent me from telling the truth. It was they and not I that violated the law. I was in the saloon last Saturday night, but I'll tell you how it happened."

"My husband did not come home from work that evening, and I feared he had gone to the saloon. I knew he must have drawn his week's wages, and we needed it all so badly. I put the little ones to bed, and then waited all alone through the weary hours until after the city clock struck twelve. Then, I thought, the saloons will be closed, and he will be put out in the street. Probably he will not be able to get home, and the police will arrest him and lock him up. I must go and find him and bring him home. I wrapped a shawl around me and started out, leaving the little ones asleep in bed, and, judge, I have not seen them since."

Here the tears came to her eyes and she almost broke down, but restraining herself she went on:

"I went to the saloon where I thought most likely he would be. It was twenty minutes after twelve, but the saloon,"—pointing to the saloon-keeper, who seemed to want to crouch out of sight—"was still open and my husband and these two policemen"—pointing to those who had so lately sworn against her—"were standing at the bar with their lips still wet with drink, and the fleck of foam not yet settled in the empty glasses before them. I stepped up to my husband and asked him to go home with

me, but the men laughed at him, and the saloon-keeper ordered me out. I said, 'No, I want my husband to go with me.' Then I tried to tell him how badly we needed the money he was spending, and again the keeper cursed me and ordered me to leave. Then I confess I could stand no more, and I said, 'You ought to be prosecuted for violating the midnight closing law.'

"At this the saloon-keeper and policemen rushed upon me and put me out into the street, and one of the policemen, grasping my arm like a vise, hissed in my ear, 'I'll get you thirty days' sentence in the workhouse and then see what you think about suing people.' He called a patrol wagon, pushed me in, and drove to the house of detention, and judge, you know the rest. All day yesterday I was locked up, my children at home alone, with no fire, no food, no mother."

It was well the story was finished for a great sob choked her utterance, and she could say no more.

"Dismissed," said the judge in a husky voice, and the guilty woman who had so disturbed the peace passed out of the courtroom.

But what of the saloon-keeper, who violated the law by keeping open after twelve o'clock at night? And what of the policeman who violated their obligation by drinking while on duty, and who threatened an honest woman with a sentence in the workhouse if she dared tell the truth? Oh, nothing at all. They were too guilty to be prosecuted.

The facts of this story will be found on record in Judge Ernston's court.—Cincinnati Living Issue.

A GOOD PLAN.

Two boys were going down the street of a little village one hot, dusty day. "I'm very dry," said one of them, as he wiped the sweat from his face, "and I am tired too. Ain't you, Robert?"

"Yes, I am," answered Robert.

"Let us stop somewhere and rest and get a drink."

"I am favourable to that plan," said the other lad.

"Here's a cool looking place; let's go in."

The place he referred to was a saloon. On the windows were painted in gilt letters, "Liquors and cigars. Come in."

"No," said Robert, shaking his head, "I won't go in there. Let's go on farther."

"But why not stop here?" asked the other lad. "The place looks pleasant—more so than the other place I can see."

"Yes, it looks pleasant enough," said Robert; "but it's a saloon. They sell liquor there."

"What of that?" asked the other. "We're not obliged to drink any of it if we go in, are we?"

"Well, no," answered Robert; "but I don't like getting into the habit of lounging about such places. There seems to be something about them that fascinates a fellow. I've watched the men who go in there, I've heard them talk about it. They say they know they ought not to hang about the saloons, but if they stop to-day, tomorrow they want to go again, and something seems to draw them there in spite of their judgment. They don't visit a saloon very often before they get to smoking and drinking and playing cards, and the first they know they are neglecting their business for the pleasure they find in this kind of life. It's down, down, all the way, and from what I've seen of this drink business it seems to me it's just as it is with us when we take a run down hill: we get to going faster and faster, and we can't stop till we reach the bottom; it seems as if we were obliged to keep on going when we get fairly under motion. It's just so with most men who get into the habit of drinking; when they get started they can't stop till they get to the bottom. I don't want to get started; I don't want to put myself in the way of being tempted to start; so I think best to keep out of the saloon. As long as I keep away I'm safe."

"You're right," said the other. "I didn't think of that. I don't want to be a drunkard any more than you do, and I'll shake hands in keeping out of the starting place of drunkards if you will." And they shook hands on this good resolution, and I hope they will always adhere to it.

The Workshops.

BY GAY PAGE.

Clang! clang! clang! how the great hammers rang
With never a moment of quiet between;
From morning to night they were swung by the might
Of the strong arms, all brawny and blackened, I ween,
For the clang! clang! clang!
As it noisily rang,
Seemed over its deafening din to increase;
And a fair lady cried,
As she pensively sighed,
"How I wish that its horrible clamour might cease."

At soon came a day when the great workshops lay
All silent and dim, like a giant asleep,
And the strong arms that swung the great hammers now hung
Like the sails of a vessel becalmed on the deep,
For the clang! clang! clang!
No longer it rang:
And the stout heart grew faint and the calm eye turned wild,
For what can be worse,
Or more bitter a curse,
Than no work to win bread for the mother and child?

And then, once again, like a glad, joyous strain
Of music the sweetest, was borne on the air.
The hammer's quick blow, as it swung to and fro,
Keeping time to the music of hearts free from care.
For the clang! clang! clang!
Now joyfully rang,
Like a pean of victory, buoyant and free!
And the sad hearts grew light,
As lips whispered at night,
"Thank God, who sends labour for you and for me."
—Stratford Beacon.

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW OWNER.

"To the bottom of the sea!" Yes, such it might well be supposed by my late master, Gilbert Guestling, had been my fate. But while the greater part of the wrecked *Metropolitan* and her contents sank in the waters of the Straits, the sea-captain's chest, with other "flotsam and jetsam," was washed upon the shingly beach of the Kentish coast. Here I fell into the hands of a fisherman, who had built for himself a rude hut beneath the shadow of the towering chalk cliffs. It was not the first time he had won spoil from the sea; and, like many of his class at that day, he deemed that whatever the ocean might wash to his feet, like that which it yielded his nets and lines, was his lawful possession.

Thus it was that I found myself transferred to the dingy and dusty shop of a broker and dealer in second-hand books and curiosities. The little snuffy old man eyed my morocco cover with satisfaction, though he sought to give the lowest possible price for me. The fisherman cared nothing for me, for he could hardly spell the smallest words; and if he could have read my pages, would, I fear, have found delight in the perusal.

So I came to stand in the window of the broker's shop, side by side with several faded volumes of "Caskets of Poesy" and "Annual Remembrancers." There I remained for some weeks, until I began to assume the general tone and colour of the books and its contents. Many passers-by stopped for a moment or two to contemplate the medley of trinkets and books, oddments of china and glass, and faded pictures in gilded frames. But no one directed more than a passing glance to "Wesley's Hymns," though occupying a prominent place, and labelled "Cheap."

shop, and after a good deal of rapping and stamping to bring forth the broker from some remote retreat at the back, a short colloquy ensued between the old man and this new customer.

As the result, I was taken out of the window and examined by my young friend—for I could not help the feeling that such he was. The price was paid, and I was transferred to the possession of him whom I afterwards came to know as Henry Duncan.

My new owner placed me carefully in his pocket, and carried me to his home. His delight at becoming my possessor reminded me of the first hours I had spent with my beloved mistress, Alice Wilmot.

I was soon conveyed to Henry's own room. It was a large, old-fashioned garret, evidently running over the whole top floor of the house. The tastes and occupations of its tenant were indicated by many a token. While one side of the room was occupied by the bed and the usual furniture of a sleeping chamber, the remainder of the room was manifestly the study and museum of the occupant. A number of books filled a little range of shelves. Another part of the room displayed a collection of fossils, and coins, and antiquarian relics, varied by cases of butterflies, eggs of birds, and specimens of sea-weeds and grasses. On the walls were pencil-sketches and water-colour drawings, obviously the production of a juvenile hand, but bearing marks of taste and ability. A violin hung in a corner, while an ancient bureau stood open, strewn with papers and books.

Seating himself in one of the low and capacious window seats, Henry examined his new treasure; for as much, I was proud to feel, he esteemed me. First he did what I do not remember anyone else but Gilbert Guestling doing—he read my preface! Then he glanced at the general divisions of the book, and then, referring to another and larger book, he examined my index, evidently with a view to trace some quotation.

Henry Duncan became a diligent student of my pages, and read every hymn within my covers. He was as greatly delighted as surprised. For, like many others, especially thirty or forty years ago, he supposed that Methodism meant ignorance, vulgarity, and rant.

His study of the hymn-book, however, completely changed this opinion. He admired the Spiritual theology, the rich religious experience, and the lofty poetry by which the hymns were characterized. His soul had but lately been the subject of strong and deep religious feeling; for little more than a year had passed since his decision to lead a Christian life. As he read the hymns of the Wesleys, he felt a strong desire to know more of the writers, and of that great evangelical revival with which they had been associated. This led him to draw closer to his Methodist friend, George Butler, and to frequently converse with him, as well as through him to seek access to Methodist biography and history.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

HENRY DUNCAN, my new owner, as I had already discovered, was a member of the Church of England. He had been baptized and confirmed therein, and always carefully educated in what are known as "sound Church principles." His parents and all his friends were active members of the congregation worshipping at St. Clements.

His friend Butler had been early instructed in the kingdom of God. He was the child of devoted Christian parents, who were possessed of experimental religion, and daily exemplified its joys and beauty before their children. Their prayers and counsel and example had resulted in the early conversion of all their children, and George, their youngest son, had been from about his thirteenth year a consistent member of the Church.

While Duncan loved and respected his friend for his own sake, he had no very high opinion of the Methodists. If he had been asked to give a reason for this, he would have found it difficult. Inasmuch as his opinions were the result of entire ignorance, they were only prejudices.

But he found by intercourse with Butler that there was real religion among these

people whom he had despised and even ridiculed. He found that they had a literature and a ministry by no means contemptible. As he read the books his friend supplied him, he found that the Methodists were a body of Christians whose doctrines were Scriptural, and whose Church polity seemed to approach very nearly to the New Testament model. The biographies of John and Charles Wesley had greatly increased him. And the hymn book with which he had now become acquainted, increased his admiration of the truth as held and practised by "the people called Methodists."

Duncan was deeply impressed by the fact that with Methodists religion was understood to be an experience and not a profession. The doctrine of a consciousness of pardon, and an assurance of Divine favour, was as delightful as it was new to him.

Delighted as George Butler was to see the progress of his friend in Christian life and knowledge, and earnestly as he sought to aid and counsel him, he very carefully abstained from anything like proselytizing. A week of special services occurring, he happened to speak of them, and to show Henry the announcement. The arrangements included sermons at an early hour in the morning, and the novelty of the idea of hearing a sermon before breakfast, as he expressed it, led Henry himself to propose going with Butler to one of them.

My owner attended the service, and for the first time since I had been used by Gilbert's mother, I found myself again at home, in a Methodist service, in a Wesleyan chapel. The freedom and fervour of the service made a deep impression upon Henry Duncan. For the first time he heard a preacher who made no use of liturgy for his prayers, or manuscript in the delivery of his sermon.

The subject and tenor of the discourse deeply interested and powerfully affected him. It was the deliverance of a man who felt the truths he spoke, and whose earnest eloquence was so accompanied by spiritual power that he made his hearers feel also. The hour was sped all too rapidly. Henry expressed his delight, and avowed his attention of being present again. This intention he fulfilled, and not only so, but attended also a social gathering, at which many ministers and people spoke of what the Lord had done for their souls. The simplicity and soberness, yet deep feeling, which marked these utterances moved Henry Duncan strangely. I felt his hand trembling as he held me while he joined in the closing hymn:

"Say, are your hearts resolved as ours?
Then let them burn with sacred love;
Then let them taste the heavenly powers,
Partakers of the joys above.

"Jesus, attend, thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thou in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

"Thou God that answerest by fire,
The spirit of burning now impart;
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

"Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the father is:
In the eternal life we know—
And heaven's unutterable bliss."

(To be continued.)

THE PYRAMIDS.

THE old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. In the pyramids there are blocks of stone which weigh three or four times as much as the obelisk in Central Park. There is one stone the weight of which is estimated at eight hundred and eighty tons. There are stones thirty feet in length which fit so closely together that a penknife may be run over the surface without discovering the break between them. They are laid with mortar, either. We have no machinery so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet to girdle in unison, as these stones in the pyramids do. It is supposed that they were rubbed backward and forward upon each other until the surfaces were assimilated. —Presbyterian Banner.

TANGLES, THE CHINESE GIRL.

TANGLES' feet are bound very tightly with white bandages; they are very small, and she wears red shoes embroidered with coloured silk, which are always very wet and dirty, for she has to go out in all weathers to feed the pigs and hens, and sometimes to the sea-shore to gather periwinkles to eat with her rice. I was in her home the other day, and there were three pigs, four geese, a number of chickens, two dogs, and twelve rabbits running about in the dining-room, which could not be very clean, could it? When Tangles is not busy feeding the animals, picking up shell-fish, or minding the baby, she has to make notes to sell. With so much to do she has little time for improving herself. I taught her the letters of the alphabet this morning; in the afternoon she knew them all, and now she can spell small words. I have told her that I will come back at the end of the year, and if she can read the Testament by that time I will give her a picture-book. She is so quick that I think she will earn the book. Her father can read, and he is to teach her in the evenings after his work is done.

GIVING.

THE teacher of a girls' school away in Africa, wished her scholars to learn to give. She paid them, therefore, for doing some work for her, so that each girl might have something of her own to give away for Jesus' sake. Among them was a new scholar,—such a wild and ignorant little heathen that the teacher did not try to explain to her what the other girls were doing.

The day came when the gifts were handed in. Each pupil brought her piece of money and laid it down, and the teacher thought all the offerings were given. But there stood the new scholar hugging tightly in her arms a pitcher, the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table and put it among the other gifts, but, before she turned away, she kissed it. There is One who watches, and still watches people casting gifts into his treasury. Would he not say of this African girl, "She hath cast in more than they all!"

CLEAR THE WAY.

BY J. R. MILLER.

A PARTY of us went out driving not long ago, and the young lady on the front seat aspired to being "whip" for the occasion. She was a novice in the art, and her father often stopped his talk to give her hints about it. By and by there came a big hay waggon lumbering slowly toward us, and the girl, of course, turned to the right. But her father leant across her, and, drawing in the rein more decidedly, said "Pull out further, my dear. Did you not know that you must give the whole line to a loaded team? That is part of a driver's code."

I wish it was part of everybody's code. In plain English, I wish, when we see some one struggling with all his might to carry forward a useful undertaking, we could have the grace to keep out of his way. How often we fail to do this! We criticize, ridicule, wonder, we want to see the "wheels go round," we count the wisps of hay that have fallen by the roadside, and gravely shade our heads, or perhaps list but not learn, we cup and talk about the weather.

Under this last head let me quote a gentle joke which went the rounds of the papers some time ago. It was something like this: "We request that any man who is going to kill time, please to confine himself to his own time." The caution is a wise one. When we have anything in especial to do, how great is the temptation to inflict ourselves on those who have probably

Again, there are many who will walk on unwearingly through people's eyes, and sometimes who are yet more temperate sometimes too ready to put down their flag before the forces of temptation. Those who cry, Ah, Ah, are responsible for much of the stultified effort of the world, and would do well to consider what the gentle "Prophet of Nazareth," in whose mouth dwelt the law of love, has to say of those who cause their brother to stumble.



THE STORK FAMILY.

In many lands the stork family is held in high honour. In many parts of the European continent they are encouraged to build their nests on the chimneys, steeples, and trees near dwellings. Indeed, as an inducement to them to pitch their quarters on the houses, boxes are sometimes erected on the roofs, and happy is the household which thus secures the patronage of a stork. In Morocco and in Eastern countries also storks are looked upon as sacred birds, and with good reasons, for they render very useful service both as scavengers and as slayers of snakes and other reptiles. In most of the towns a stork's hospital will be found. It consists of an enclosure to which are sent all birds that have been injured. They are kept in this infirmary—which is generally supported by voluntary contributions—until they regained health and strength. To kill a stork is regarded as an offence.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A. D. 46.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 20.

PAUL'S FIRST MISSIONARY SERMON.

Acts 13. 26-43.] [Memory verse, 38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

To you is the word of this salvation sent.—Acts 13. 26.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The promises and prophecies of the Old Testament are fulfilled in Christ Jesus.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

Paul and Barnabas, without tarrying at Perga, where they lauded from Cyprus, went inland to the north, till they came to the large city of Antioch, a very different city from that from which they started on this journey. Here on the Sabbath they went to the Jewish synagogue, and were invited to speak. Paul began by rehearsing some of the early history of the Jews. He would show them how the Scriptures were fulfilled in Jesus.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

This Salvation—In Jesus. (Verses 20-25.) *They knew him not*—They did not recognize him as the Messiah. So Jesus said: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." *Fulfilled them*—Such prophecies as Isa. 53; Zech. 13. 7. Only a crucified Redeemer making atonement for sin could be the true Messiah. But that alone was not enough. He

must be alive, a living Saviour. Hence Paul dwells so much on his resurrection. *Second part*—Verse 7. *Thou art my son*—God was the Father of Jesus, and recognized him as his Son on several occasions. Luke 1. 35; Matt. 3. 17, 17. 5. *He said*—See Isa. 53. 3. *I will give you the sure mercies of David*. Namely, the promise (2 Sam. 7. 13, 16), that David's throne should be established for ever in his descendants. *Thou shalt not suffer*, etc. Psa. 10. 10.—Paul's argument is that this promise could not apply to David personally, for it was not true of him, but to his Son, of whom it was true. *Justified*—Treated as if just, as if he had never sinned. *Be ware*—Probably Paul saw some signs of disapprobation in his audience. *In the prophets*. The book of the prophets. These words are from Hab. 1. 5. But the reference is to the efforts of the prophets to keep the kingdom from being destroyed, but in vain. *When the Jews*—This should read: "When they," the apostles. Omit the word "Gentiles." As the apostles were leaving the meeting, various persons asked them to come again.

Find in this lesson—

1. A wrong way of reading the Bible.
2. Two things by which Christ becomes our Saviour.
3. Some blessings to which we are invited.
4. A warning.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. To what place did Paul go next? "To Antioch, the capital of Pisidia." 2. What did he do there? "He preached on the Sabbath in the Jewish synagogue." 3. What did he preach? "That Jesus is the Saviour of all who believe." 4. How did he prove it to them? "By their own Scriptures." 5. What did he entreat them to do? "To take warning from the past history of their people."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Repeat III. and IV. of the Ten Commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

ONE OF GOD'S PICTURES.

"FATHER, what is the definition of artist?" said Fred Inglesant, looking up suddenly from his book.

"In what particular sense is it to be applied?" was the questioning reply.

"Painting," said Fred.

"The simplest definition, I think, would be. One who produces a pleasing and natural effect in the harmony of colour, skilful grouping, and correct outline of his scenes or forms. He who comes nearest to nature is a true artist. It requires a keen eye, a ready touch, and a soul alive to all that is good and beautiful, to reproduce the work of the greatest artist the world has ever known or ever will know."

"Do you mean Michael Angelo or Raphael?" asked Fred.

"No, neither of these; if you walk out with me, I will show you one of his pictures."

As none of their friends had handsome paintings, Fred was surprised, and his surprise increased as they neared the river. His father stopped. "What do you see?" he asked.

"The river dotted with sails," Fred said, looking questioningly at his father.

"Yes, a clear, flowing stream widening

out until it is touched by the heavenly azure of the sky, over which float opal clouds, with here and there breaking through them floods of golden light; all this reflected in the mirror below, as are the white sails gliding so smoothly over it."

"O, now I see the picture you promised me, father!" exclaimed Fred, catching some of his father's inspiration. "See how it is framed in by those trees, which seem to form an arch over this end of it, and the rocks on this side, and all the tangle of wild flowers and vines. Even this old log helps to make it more perfect, doesn't it?"

His father smiled. "I need not tell you who is the greatest artist now, I see," he said. "The best critic can find no fault with his work."

Tommy's School.

"GEOGRAPHY'S a nuisance, and arithmetic's a bore,"

Said Tommy, with a frown upon his face. "I hate the sight of grammars, and my Latin makes me roar;

It's always sure to get me in disgrace. When I'm a man," he added, as he threw his school books down,

"I'll have a school that boys will think is fine!

They need not know an adjective or adverb from a noun.

Nor whether Caesar bridged the Po or Rhine.

"I don't care if they think that George the third was King of Spain, When these old fogies lived so long ago. Or if they all should answer that the Volga is in Maine,

What difference would it make, I'd like to know?

But instead of useless things I'll teach 'em how to coast and skate;

They all shall learn to row and sail a boat, And how to fire a pistol, and to shoot a rifle straight,

And how to swim, and how to dive and float.

"We'll play at tennis, and at cricket all the live-long day;

And then there's polo, and—Oh, yes, foot ball;

And base ball they shall every single one learn how to play,

For that's the most important thing of all. I tell you," finished Thomas, "I'll have one of just that kind;

Then all the boys, you see, will want to go. They will not run away and say my school's an 'awful grind,'

Or call the lessons dull and hard, I know."

THE BEAUTY THAT LASTS.

BEAUTY is called a dangerous gift, not because it is not good to be beautiful, but because the girl who is pretty is almost certain to think that her beauty is all-sufficient. With it she imagines she can conquer her kingdom. She does not consider that beauty may fade. It is something as difficult for her to realize as death itself is to the young; it is far off, vague, all but impossible.

How is she ever going to look other than she does now, and still be herself? And, at any rate, there are always the means to make the repairs of beauty, and sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

And so, in an average of more than half the instances, she goes dancing off about her pleasure like a fly in the sun, as full of the present, as careless of the future. She makes no preparation for the impending fate which is sure to come to her if she lives long enough. She relies on her fair face, her blushes, her dimples, her radiance, her smiles, her glances, her sweetness.

To please and attract is the aim of her life, and it does not need the cultivation of the sterner virtues for that. The pretty girl ignores intellectual cultivation.

Who cares for syllogisms, lectures, instructions? she unconsciously argues, from rosy lips. Who will stop to ask if the bright eyes have dulled themselves over dry pages of scholastic lore? Let who will be learned; it is enough for her to be gay and happy. What, then, has our pretty creature left for the dim passage of middle age, when beauty has fallen away, but there still is left the desire to hold captive what once beauty gained?

The time is coming when there will be

deep crescents around the mouth, whose lovely curves have all been dragged down by flaccid muscles; when there will be spider-web lines about the eyes; when there will be hollows in the cheeks; when the red and white of the skin will have become blurred and mottled, or overlaid with yellow sallowness.

Let the pretty girl remember that in the darkness of that middle passage the beauty that she had before she entered it will not signify, all the faces are in the darkness together then, the girl that was plain with the girl that was beautiful. The wreck of beauty signifies then no more than the wreck of what never was beauty.

It is the sweet voice, the kindly manner, the burden of what is said, the tender-heartedness of what is done, that talk with any effect then.

It will not be long before she arrives at this time, which, in comparison to the blaze of youth, neighbours close on the dark, and she will need then all with which she can have filled her intellect and fed her soul, all that wit and virtue and breeding can have given her, in order to retain any thing of that kingdom to which in the early days she felt herself born by right divine.—Sidney, in *Golden Days*.

BURNING PAPER HOUSES IN CHINA.

THE Chinese believe that if they burn paper money, paper houses, and other things that represent something that is useful to people in this world, the spirit of their departed friends can use them in the other world.

The house contains chairs and tables, and effigies of men and women servants, and clothes, and shoes, and trunks full of paper money, and cooking utensils.

While the house was burning, one of the priests sprinkled on the fire the blood of a cock, believing that by so doing the house would in some way be transformed into a spirit-land habitation for the departed one, and that its contents could also be used. The preparing and burning of these things were evidences of their love.

THE NEW

Sunday-School Reciter

EDITED BY

ALFRED H. MILES.

Divisions:

1. Legends. 13 selections.
2. Life, Progress and Duty. 9 selections.
3. Ballads. 9 selections.
4. Sacred, Moral and Religious. 10 selections.
5. Short Poems for Young Reciters. 10 selections.
6. Prose. 6 selections.

Price, 35 cents. - - Postpaid.

This is sure to be a popular book. The "Legends" are all such as convey a distinct lesson; the lays of "Life, Progress and Duty" are full of energy, inspiration and hope; the "Ballads" contain stories of social virtue and domestic piety; the "Sacred, Moral and Religious" selections include poems on Scripture incidents and records of Christian experience; the "Short Poems for Young Reciters" will, it is hoped, prove a storehouse of bright things for the use, enjoyment and inspiration of the young scholars of our Sunday-schools.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

Methodist Book and Publishing House
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.
S. F. HURSTIS, HAMILTON.