

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

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

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

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

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

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

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

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

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

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

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

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

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

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

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

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

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

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

[No. 43.]

## Through the Storm.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

THE fierce waves dashed against the bark,  
The day was stormy, cold and dark,  
No sign of land was nigh,  
Through blinding veil of rain and spray  
We vainly peered. We seemed the prey  
Of angry sea and sky.

A child's voice, tremulous with fear,  
Rang through the gloom: "O father, dear,  
We're sailing into night!"  
"My child," he said, "beyond the storm  
Our own home waits us, bright and warm,  
We're sailing toward its light."

Yet still the young voice held its way,  
"Father, we cannot see the way!  
The storm grows on'y worse."  
"My child, we do not need to know,"  
The father answered calm and low;  
"The pilot guides our course."

So, when life's storms around me beat,  
And all seems darkness and defeat,  
Home lies beyond, I feel,  
I may not see the way I go,  
But still the Father whispers low:  
"My child, you do not need to know,  
The Pilot holds the wheel."

## THE BOY'S ROOM.

SOME way, in settling the house after the spring cleaning, the boy's room is too frequently the one which is kept bare of decoration and beauty. I think this is a mistake. Boys appreciate fine distinctions, and if the amenities of life are left out in dealing with them they may grow to be fine, manly, sturdy fellows, but gentlemanly boys—never. But a boy who has a room which has been specially prepared for him, and whose tastes have been consulted in the decorations and furnishings of it, learns to take pride in it. He feels that it is his sanctum. Here he gathers together the treasures most dear to his boyish heart, and in the accumulation his nature finds free play. It is an interesting thing to visit a boy's room, or perhaps I should say boys' rooms. For different members of the sex vary greatly in their tastes and habits. If it is ever your fortune to go through the dormitories of a large boys' boarding-school, or yet those of a college, you will readily understand this.

There is the room of the neat boy, whose effects are arranged with precision, there is the one of the careless boy, whose room is a veritable liberty hall. There is the room of the young dude, whose arrangement of neckties around his looking-glass alone would proclaim his natural bent. Then the occupant of this one has fine artistic tastes, the dweller in that one is very fond of dogs. While across the hall is a sanctum of a boy who is very fond of games. There is no end to the variety of the genus boy. And it is a wise mother who studies her boy's tastes and fixes his room accordingly.

The idea that anything is good enough for a boy housekeepers should eliminate from their minds. Anything is not good enough for a boy. To be trained into refined habits boys need refining influences; and a mother can do much towards moulding the bent of her young son's mind by suitably furnishing and decorating his room. A rack for books with his pet volumes upon it, a few good pictures and such appliances for physical comfort and cleanliness as the young human animals need to keep them licked into shape ought to be in the room of every boy. Boys belonging to any but wealthy families must clean their own boots, brush their own clothes and look after their toilet appliances themselves. Let all boys be provided with the necessary means for doing this. Let them have their blacking boxes

in a convenient receptacle. And give them plenty of whisk brooms.

A set of shelves over the washstand, on which is placed a small bottle of ammonia, pumice stone and a bowl of yellow meal, will aid a boy in keeping his hands in presentable condition. All the little habits of cleanliness have doubtless been acquired in the nursery before a boy is old enough to aspire to the dignity of a room. Yet some of the neat ways will not be kept up by many boys unless their surroundings are favourable.

A boy usually takes much pride in a nice

difficulty about the matter, for I found out that they could by my own early experience. I think all you children can be saved very early in life, just as I was. You need not wait for God's salvation till you are big boys and girls, or till you are grown to young men and young women. I was about six years of age, or five and a half.

I was saved in this way. One night when I was saying my prayers, before going to bed, I simply looked to Jesus Christ, who loved me and gave himself for me. I rested on him with all my heart. I just trusted him as I trusted my father when he pro-

had saved me and made me his child. I felt it in my heart. I have often thought if we had had then, as now, Junior Society classes among us, and I had been put under the care of a kind and prudent leader, I should most likely have kept my early religion to this day. But at that time good people generally did not appear to expect very young children to be converted and to keep on in the way to heaven. I did not speak about being saved to anyone. I perhaps should have spoken to my mother if she had been alive, but God had taken her to heaven three years before he saved me. And so I did not feel I could say much to anybody; and I think nobody knew God had saved me. But I know I myself felt it myself, and have often been thankful to God for it, because I could not doubt the truth of religion after that. Besides, I think it afterward kept me from going into deep and open sin, like many young people about me.

But I did go into sin in some sense till I was in my thirteenth year. However, I sincerely and bitterly repented, and God saved me again. It was in a revival of religion, and I was the last one converted in that revival. It did seem hard, I thought, that all my companions should be converted first and I left out in the cold so long. But God had a great and important lesson to teach me. I did not know then that I should become a minister of Jesus Christ, and have to direct penitent seekers of salvation to God. You see, the Lord was training me to be patient and sympathizing with poor, broken-hearted sinners who do not find salvation immediately. But after many weary weeks he did save me. I was conscious of it. And then I said, this is how I felt when I was a little boy, saying my prayers that night, and expecting God to bless me. The Lord by his grace has kept me from that day to this, and he can save and keep you.

Now if the Lord does save you, and you know and feel it in your heart, tell your mother about it, or your sister, and do not keep it all to yourself, as I did. And if you have no mother or sister, as was the case with me, then tell your father or brother, and ask him to pray for you and to help you to be good, and to love and serve Jesus Christ your Saviour. — William Unsworth.

## "Just As I Am."

"Just as I am," thine own to be,  
Friend of the young, who lovest me,  
To consecrate myself to thee,  
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,  
My life to give, my vows to lay,  
With no reserve, and no delay,  
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,  
I would work ever for the right,  
I would serve thee with all my might,  
Therefore to thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong, and free  
To be the best that I can be  
For truth, and righteousness, and thee,  
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,  
Success and joy to make me bold;  
But dearer still my faith to hold;  
For my whole life, I come.

And for thy sake to win renown,  
And then to take my victor's crown,  
And at thy feet to cast it down,  
O Master, Lord, I come.

Don't quarrel with the clouds. They have often brought refreshing showers into your life.



THROUGH THE STORM.

room. He enjoys cleanliness and order, and is not one whit behind his sister in the appreciation of artistic surroundings. Therefore, by all means let him have them. — Christian at Work.

## ONE BOY'S WAY.

It is Sunday morning. I am not well enough to go out, and so I take the opportunity I have long wanted to tell you about my own conversion to Christ when I was very young. Some people wonder if very young children can be saved. They talk about it and write about it, and speculate on the subject. I have never had any

mised me anything. It was very simple and easy by God's help given to me, when I prayed for his blessing expecting it. I believed with my heart I knew Jesus Christ had died for my sins, that he would save me if I asked him in faith. And so I sincerely and simply lifted my heart to God, expecting that he would bless me for Christ's sake. And he did there and then bless me with the felt pardon of all my sins. I remember it as distinctly as if it had only taken place last night.

Mr. Wesley says when God saved him he felt "his heart strangely warmed." Now that is just how I felt—a warm, comfortable, peaceful, and happy feeling, which was true and real, I was quite sure God

## The Drunkard's Daughter.

BY GEORGE W. BUNYAN

Out in the street, with naked feet,  
I saw the hapless drunkard's daughter;  
Her tattered straw was thin and small;  
She little knew—for no one taught her.

Her skin was fair; her auburn hair  
Was blown about her pretty forehead;  
Her sad, white face wore sorrow's trace  
And want and woe that were not borrowed.

Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled,  
Hope promised her no bright to-morrow;  
Or if its light flashed on her night,  
Then up came darker clouds of sorrow.

She softly said, "We have no bread,  
No wood to keep the fire a burning;"  
The child was ill, the wind so chill  
Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

That long night fled, and then the light  
Of rosy day, in beauty shining,  
Tipped dome and spire and roof with fire,  
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep—alone—as cold as stone,  
Where no kind-hearted parent sought her;  
In winding sheet of snow and sleet,  
Was found the lifeless drunkard's daughter.

## OUR PERIODICALS:

PER 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	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Bundab School Banner, 62 pp., 2vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Emblem, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Western Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	6 50
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c a dozen, \$2 per 100 per quarter, 6c a dozen; 50c per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COOPER, S. F. DUKAKIS,  
2178 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

## THE PHARISEES ANSWERED.

BY REV. CLAYTON WELLS, WATERLOO, IOWA.

"And the Pharisees said unto him."  
MARK 2:24.

ONE very pleasing thing about the Lord Jesus when he was on earth was that he allowed all people to come to him and ask questions. He turned his preaching service into a Sunday-school class, and, as every good teacher does, allowed the scholars to ask questions. There was a party called Pharisees among the Jews, who were very fond of talking and putting themselves forward, so they might be seen and heard; and these often asked hard or fault-finding questions.

They were people who pretended to be very religious. But very much of what they did in the name of religion, was not done from love to God at all, but from love of praise. They wanted to have people think they were good, far more than they wanted really to be good. They professed to be very careful to do everything which was in the law, but what they cared most for was that people should give them great credit for keeping the law. When they fasted they would sprinkle ashes over their heads and faces and tear their clothes and go about looking as hungry and sorrowful as they could, so that they might appear unto men to fast.

When they prayed they would stand on the corners of the streets, and in public places, and make very long, loud prayers,

so they might be thought very devout. When they kept their Sabbath they made a great fuss about that, and had a great number of foolish rules which they said everybody must obey.

One was that no man should carry any burden on the Sabbath day; but if the same burden were carried by two then the Sabbath would not be broken.

A knot which could be untied with one hand might be untied, but if it required two hands, it was wicked to do it. So these were the sort of people who came and asked why the disciples of Jesus did not fast as they did. And Jesus answered, that fasting was nothing except as it was done in a proper spirit and time. When people were filled with happiness was no time for sadness, any more than an old worn-out garment was a good place for new cloth, which would not keep the old rotten cloth from tearing out again in a new place; or any more than an old wine-skin which had stretched all it could, was a good place for new wine, which needed a wine-skin which would give some and yet not burst.

Then they asked him why he allowed his disciples to pick ears of corn to eat on the Sabbath day, and he answered, that men should not be slaves to mere rules, and starve themselves when they needed food, but that even the Sabbath day was made to benefit and not to injure man. They asked another question by their actions. They watched him, to see if he would heal a man who had a withered hand on the Sabbath day. And he answered them this time by asking a question: "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, or to do evil?" They could say nothing, and so were answered. And then he showed them what he thought about it by telling the man to stretch out his little dried-up hand, when it became whole as the other.

In this strong opposition which Jesus here and everywhere makes to the Pharisees, I think we are to find two very useful lessons. 1st. We should never do any good and right action merely for the sake of being seen. Of course we should always do right; but we should do it because it is right and best; not so that we can get the credit for being what we are not. 2nd. We should not be too sure in our opinions of others. They may be much better or much worse than they seem to us. The people thought the Pharisees were very holy, but Jesus saw that they were full of pride and hypocrisy. We cannot see people's hearts, and so should think of them kindly. They may be better than we think they are.

## LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

THOUGH President Lincoln's mother died when he was only ten years of age, yet she lived long enough to inspire him with a noble ambition, to train him to love truth and justice, and to reverence God and goodness. Years after, when men were looking to him as one who might become a national leader, he said,—

"All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my mother."

The wife of a pioneer, she shared the privations and hardships of life in a wilderness. The struggle for existence familiarized her not only with the distaff and the spinning-wheel, but with the axe, the hoe, and the rifle. She helped her husband to clear and break up the soil, to kill wild turkeys, as well as deer and bears, whose flesh she cooked and whose skins she dressed and made into clothes.

When she married, her husband could neither read nor write, but she found time, to some as was her life, to teach both rudiments to him and her son. She was unusually intelligent and refined for a pioneer's wife. Her taste and love of beauty made her log-house an exceptional home in a wilderness, where the people were rugged and lived so far apart that they could hardly see the smoke from each other's cabins.

When Abraham Lincoln had gained the people's ear, men noticed that he scarcely made a speech or wrote a State paper in which there was not an illustration or a quotation from the Bible. "Abe Lincoln," his friends used to say, "is more

familiar with the Bible than most ministers."

He had been thoroughly instructed in it by his mother. It was the one book always found in the pioneer's cabin, and to it she, being a woman of deep religious feeling, turned for sympathy and refreshment. Out of it she taught her boy to spell and read, and with its poetry, histories and principles she so familiarized him that they always influenced his subsequent life.

She was fond of books, and read all she could beg or borrow from the pioneers far and near. Her boy early imbibed his mother's passion for books. Here and there could be found in the cabin Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems' "Life of Washington," and Burns' poems. Young Abe read these over and over again, until he knew them as he knew the alphabet.

When his mother died, the son had already received a good education—he told the truth, he loved justice, he revered God, he respected goodness, he was fond of reading, he could swing the axe, shoot the rifle, and take more than a boy's part in subduing the wilderness and building up a home.

She selected the place for her burial. It was under a majestic sycamore, on the top of a forest-covered hill that stretched above her log-cabin home. No clergyman could be found to bury her, and the neighbours took part in the simple, solemn rite. Months after, a preacher, who had been written to, travelled hundreds of miles through the forest to preach a funeral sermon under the great sycamore.

The boy of ten years never forgot those sad, plain services, nor the mother whose memory they honoured. She ever remained to him—the incarnation of tenderness, love, self-sacrifice and devotion to duty. When he was President he honoured her training by the thought, "She placed me here!"

## BEEF-TEA BETTER THAN WINE.

A young lad was knocked down by a team in a London street and taken to a large hospital. One morning the doctor examined him and said:

"Nurse, give him two glasses of port wine daily;" and, looking kindly at the lad, he said: "You will get on very well, my boy."

The young patient looked up and replied:

"Please, sir, don't order me the wine."

"Why not, my boy?"

"If you please, sir, I belong to a Band of Hope."

"Oh!" said he, "do you? Well, nurse, give him a pint of new milk in the morning, and as much beef-tea as he likes;" and, laughing cheerily, he said to the boy, "You will get on very well, my lad." And he got quite well without the wine.

## BOATS THAT GNATS BUILD.

DID you ever hear of the wonderful boats that gnats build? They lay eggs in the water, and the eggs float until it is time for them to hatch. You can see these little egg-rafts on almost any pool in the summer.

The eggs are so heavy that one alone would sink. The cunning mother fastens them together, until they form a hollow boat. It will not upset, even if it is filled with water. The upper end of these eggs is pointed, and looks very much like a powder flask.

One egg is glued to another, pointed end up, until the boat is finished. And how many eggs do you think it takes? From two hundred and fifty to three hundred. When the young are hatched, they always come from the under side, leaving the empty boat afloat.

These eggs are very, very small. First they are white, then green, then a dark gray. They swim like little fishes, and hatch in two days. Then they change again to a kind of sheath. In another week, this sheath bursts open and lets out a winged mosquito. It is all ready for work. There are so many of them born in a summer, that were it not for the birds and larger insects, we should be "eaten-up alive."—Our Little Folks.

## Portraits in the Stream.

BY THE REV. J. LAYCOCK.

ONWARD, like a river flowing,  
Time is sweeping one and all;  
To the ocean swiftly bearing  
Wise and simple, great and small.

Up Time's river none are rowing,  
None may pull against its stream;  
All on earth are one way going—  
Gliding down as in a dream.

What if signs are strangely wanting—  
No reminders on its shores;  
Teaching us how fast we're drifting  
Even while resting on our oars?

Ever in its tell-tale mirror  
We may see reflected there,  
Tokens never yet in error,  
Pointing out our certain where.

Childhood's stage, so gay and clever,  
We have passed long years ago;  
For our portraits in the river  
Show forms stooping, crowned with snow.

And to-day we well remember  
Visions all along the stream,  
Even from April to December,  
In its ever-varying gleam:

Portraits of our age and station,  
Of our actions one and all;  
Deeds of folly and vexation—  
Vices great and virtues small;

Pictures taken in life's morning,  
Early youth and manhood's prime,  
By the camera all are scoring,  
The old sunlit stream of time.

Pictures copied from life's river,  
By an angel, for the sky,  
To confront our souls forever  
In God's galaxy on high.

## TRUSTWORTHY.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"HERE, Ellis," said Deacon Carey to a lad of fifteen, as he stepped from the morning train. "Here is a good round-trip ticket that will carry you to Springfield and back without costing you a cent. Take it, and run up and spend Sunday with your mother. It will save you a round two dollars, and that will buy you a new jacket, which, I dare say, you need."

The boy took the ticket from the outstretched hand, and looked it over with a glad smile lighting up his face.

"It is all right," continued the deacon, "and good until it is used, you see. I made my trip upon it, and the careless conductor failed to call for it either way. Keep it, and use it," he said, as the boy offered him the bit of pasteboard. "You are welcome to it, and your mother will be glad to see you, I am sure."

"But you have used this ticket already, Mr. Carey," urged Ellis.

"It's not my lookout if the conductor fails to attend to his duty. The ticket is my property yet, and I make a present of it to you," the deacon replied, a little impatiently.

Ellis Conway looked at the card in his hand, and thought of his poor, sick mother, and of all the delicacies the extra two dollars would buy for her comfort, and he was sorely tempted to take the next train to Springfield; but the next moment his better self had triumphed, and tearing the ticket into small bits, he deliberately cast them into the fire, saying as he did so: "The temptation is removed now. If I had used it, the railroad company would not have been much poorer, but I would, for I would have lost my self-respect, and I cannot afford to be on bad terms with myself."

Deacon Carey muttered something about over-righteousness, but a few months later, when in need of a trustworthy clerk, Ellis was the first one he invited to fill the vacancy. He explained to his partner "A boy who scorns to cheat a railroad company will be perfectly trustworthy among piles of money."

A STAR who is travelling the narrow way to heaven has no chance to cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of those who are in the broad way to hell.

**A Junior League Boy.**

BY MRS. ANNIE K. SMILEY.

A LITTLE had followed the surging throng,  
 He Nazarene prophet to see;  
 It was borne by the press of the people  
 Along the shores of Galilee,  
 On his arm he carried a basket wide,  
 Which his mother had filled complete  
 With five barley loaves, and two fishes be-  
 side,  
 That her boy might have food to eat.  
 Close to the prophet's side he pressed,  
 And listened to what was said;  
 How the hungry people were sore distressed,  
 And the Master needed bread.  
 At once he offered his little store,  
 But was grieved to hear them say:  
 "Five loaves and two fishes! Have you no  
 more?  
 For this multitude—what are they?"  
 Then he watched, but could not understand  
 How the loaves and fishes so small  
 Kept growing and growing in Jesus' hand,  
 Till there was enough for all.  
 Right glad was he, as he homeward sped,  
 And thought of the Master good,  
 Who had used his fishes and loaves of bread  
 To feed the multitude.  
 My boy! there is little that you can bring,  
 Perhaps you have often said,  
 But Jesus can use your offering  
 That the multitude may be fed.

**THE OLD ORGAN**

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

**CHAPTER I.—THE OLD ORGAN.**

"HOME, sweet home, there's no place like home, there's no place like home," played the unmusical notes of a barrel-organ in the top room of a lodging-house in a dreary back street. The words certainly did not seem to apply to that dismal abode; there were not many there who knew much of the sweets of home.  
 It was a very dark, uncomfortable place, and as the lodgers in the lower room turned over on their wretched beds, many of which were merely bare wooden benches, it may be that one and another gave a sigh as he thought how far he was from "Home, sweet home."  
 But the organ played on, though the hour was late, and the dip candle was put out, and the fire was waning away. If you had climbed the crooked staircase, you would have seen an old man sitting alone in his attic, and smiling at his organ as he turned it with a trembling hand.  
 Old Treffy loved his barrel-organ; it was the one comfort of his life. He was a poor, forlorn old man, without a friend in the world. Everyone that he had ever loved was dead; he had no one to whom he could talk, or to whom he could tell his troubles. And thus he gathered up all the remaining bits and fragments of love in his old heart, faded and withered though they were, and he gave them all to his old organ, which had well-nigh seen as many summers as he had. It was getting very antiquated and old-fashioned now; the red silk in front of it was very soiled and worn, and it could not play any of the new tunes of which the children were so fond. It sometimes struck old Treffy that he and his organ were very much alike—they were getting altogether behind the age; and people looked down on them and pushed past them, as they hurried along the street. And though old Treffy was very patient, yet he could not help feeling this.  
 He had felt it very much on the day of which I am writing. It was cold, dismal weather; a cutting east wind had swept round the corners of the streets, and had chilled the old man through and through. His threadbare coat could not keep it out; how could he expect it to do so, when he had worn it so many years he could scarcely count them? His thin, trembling old hands were benumbed with cold that he could scarcely feel the handle of the organ, and, as he turned it, he made sundry little shakes and quavers in the tune, which were certainly not intended by the maker of the old barrel-organ.  
 There was not much variety in the tunes old Treffy could play. There was the "Old Hundredth," and "Poor Mary Ann," and "Rulo Britannia;" the only other one was "Home, sweet home," but that was old Treffy's favourite. He always played it very

slowly, to make it last longer, and on this cold day the shakes and the quavers in it sounded most pathetic.  
 But no one took much notice of old Treffy or his organ. A little crowd of children gathered round him, and asked him for all sorts of new tunes of which he had never even heard the names.  
 They did not seem to care for "Home, sweet home," or the "Old Hundredth," and soon moved away. Then an old gentleman put his head out of a window and told him to go on, and not disturb a quiet neighbourhood with his noise. Old Treffy meekly obeyed, and, battling with the rough east wind, he tried another and a more bustling street; but here a policeman warned him to depart, lest he should crowd up the way.  
 Poor old Treffy was almost fainting, but he must not give up, for he had not a halfpenny in his pocket, and had come out without breakfast. At length a kind-hearted farmer's wife, who was passing with a basket on her arm, took pity on the trembling old man, and gave him a penny from her capacious pocket.

Thus all day long Treffy played on; over and over again his four tunes sounded forth, but that was the only penny he received that cold day.  
 At last, as the daylight was fading, he turned homeward. On his way he parted with his solitary penny for a cake of bread, and slowly and wearily he dragged himself up the steep stairs to his lonely attic.  
 Poor old Treffy was in bad spirits this evening. He felt that he and his organ were getting out of date, things of the past. They were growing old together. He could remember the day when it was new. How proud he had been of it! Oh, how he had admired it! The red silk was quite bright, and the tunes were all in fashion. There were not so many organs about then, and the people stopped to listen—not children only, but grown men and women—and Treffy had been a proud man in those days. But a generation had grown up since then, and now Treffy felt that he was a poor, lone old man, very far behind the age, and that his organ was getting too old-fashioned for the present day. Thus he felt very cast down and dismal, as he raked together the coinders, so as to make a little blaze in the small fire he had lighted.  
 But when he had eaten his cake, and had taken some tea which he had warmed over again for his supper, old Treffy felt rather better, and he turned as usual to his old organ to cheer his fainting spirits. For old Treffy knew nothing of a better comforter.

The landlady of the house had objected at first to old Treffy's organ; she said it disturbed the lodgers; but on Treffy's offering to pay a penny a week extra for his little attic, on condition of his being able to play whenever he liked, she made no further opposition.  
 And thus, till late in the night, he turned away, and his face grew brighter, and his heart lighter, as he listened to his four tunes. It was such good company, he said, and the attic was so lonely at night. And there was no one to find fault with the organ there, or to call it old-fashioned. Treffy admired it with all his heart, and felt that at night at least it had justice done to it.  
 But there was one who was listening to the old organ, and admiring it as much as old Treffy, of whom the old man knew nothing. Outside his door, crouching down with his ear against a large crack, lay a little ragged boy; he had come into the lodging-room downstairs to sleep, and laid down on one of the hard benches, when old Treffy's barrel-organ began to play. He had not listened to it much at first, but when the first notes of "Home, sweet home" had been sounded forth, little Christie had raised his head on his elbow, and listened with all his might. It was almost too much for him; it was a memory of the past. A few months ago, little Christie had a mother, and this was the last tune she sang. It brought it all back to him: the bare, desolate room, the wasted form on the bed, the dear, loving hand which had stroked his face so gently, and the sweet voice which had sung that very tune to him. He could hear her, even now: "Home, sweet home, there's no place like home; there's no place like home." How sweetly she had sung it!—he remembered it so well. And he remembered what she had said to him just afterwards—

"I'm going home, Christie—going home—home, sweet home; I'm going home, Christie."  
 And those were the last words she had said to him.  
 Since then, life had been very dreary to little Christopher. Life without a mother, it hardly was life to him. He had never been happy since she died. He had worked very hard, poor little fellow, to earn his bread, for she had told him to do that. But he had often wished he could go to his mother in

"Home, sweet home" And he wished it more than ever that night, as he heard his mother's tune. He waited very patiently for it, whilst old Treffy was playing the other three which came first, but at length someone closed the door, and the noise inside the lodging room was so great that he could not distinguish the notes of the longest-for-tune.  
 So Christie crept on quietly in the darkness, and closing the door softly, that no one might notice it, he stole gently upstairs. He knelt down by the door and listened. It was very cold, and the wind swept up the staircase, and made little Christie shiver. Yet still he knelt by the door.  
 At length the organ stopped; he heard the old man putting it down by the wall, and in a few minutes all was still.  
 Then Christie crept downstairs again, and lay down once more on his hard bench, and he fell asleep, and dreamt of his mother in the far off land. And he thought he heard her singing, "Home, sweet home. I'm home now, Christie; I'm home now, and there's no place like home."

(To be continued.)

**ORDER.**

"WHERE'S my hat?"  
 "Who's seen my knife?"  
 "Who turned my coat wrong side out and slung it under the lounge?"  
 There you go, my boy! When you came to the house last evening, you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes and kicked them right and left, wriggle out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article hasn't gathered itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning.  
 Who cut those shoe-strings? You did it, to save one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is under the bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped, and jumped out of your trousers.  
 Your collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood-box for all you know.  
 Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I had rather fling my hat down than to hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge than place em in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than to change it.  
 I own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah me! haven't I had to pay for it ten times over! Now, set your feet right down and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired.  
 An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can with four. He can save an hour per day over the man who flings things helter skelter. He stands twice the show to get a situation and keep it, and five times the show to conduct a business with profit.  
 An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he is a carpenter every joint will fit. If he is a turner his goods will look neat. If he is a merchant his books will neither show blots nor errors. An orderly man is usually an economical man, and always a prudent one. If you should ask me how to become rich, I should answer, "Be order'y—be accurate."

You can't always tell what the result will be, but you may feel sure it is always safe to do right.

**A WRITING LE SON.**

THE eminent Dr. Potts, when a clerk in Philadelphia, took a bill to a Quaker and had signed the receipt with one of those hieroglyphics sometimes seen on bank-notes. The Quaker, taking up the paper, said blandly: "Friend, what is that at the bottom?"  
 "That, sir, is my name."  
 "What is thy name?"  
 "William S. Potts."  
 "Well, William, will thee please to write it down here plainly, so that a witness in court would know it?"  
 William learned a lesson that day, and ever afterward he wrote his name so it could be read.  
 Would that some of our good friends who write letters to editors and publishers could fall in with such a Quaker as that!

**The Rudder.**

BY FELIX THAYER.

Or what are you thinking, my little lad, with the honest eyes of blue,  
 As you watch the vessels that slowly glide o'er the level ocean floor?  
 Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass away from our view,  
 And down the slope of the world they go, to seek some far off shore  
 They seem to be so attracted about by chance, to move at the breeze' will,  
 Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and melting in distant gray;  
 But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the winds their sails that fill,  
 Like faithful servants speed them all on their appointed way.  
 For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with a staunch limon at the wheel,  
 And the rudder is never left to itself, but the will of the man is there;  
 There is never a moment, day or night, that the vessel does not feel  
 The force of the purpose that shapes her course and the helmsman's watchful care  
 Some day you will launch your ship, my boy, on life's wide, treacherous sea—  
 Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength to stand the stress of the gale.  
 And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch, whatever the tumult be,  
 For the will of man, with the help of God, shall conquer and prevail.

**THE LOST RUBY.**

ABOUT twenty-two years ago, Dr. B. was a well-known physician in one of the largest cities in the Southern States, the centre of a large social circle of intelligent people, by whom he was much honoured and loved.  
 He was a geologist, and in his vacations used to tramp through the mountains of the great Smoky and Black ranges in North Carolina, a region dear to scientific men.  
 On one occasion he was driven by a storm to take refuge in a cave, and amused himself by picking out the rock at the side. He discovered it to be the peculiar kind of formation in which rubies are found.  
 Land in that region then sold for a few cents an acre, and Dr. B.— the next day brought the hill in which was the cave. From that time he neglected his patients and studies, and gave himself up to mining for precious stones.  
 After a few years he succeeded in discovering a large ruby of such great value that its sale would insure his fortune. He sent it to Holland to be cut, but while it was on the wheel, from some defect in itself or carelessness in the workmen it flew into fragments.  
 The disappointment was so terrible that it affected Dr. B.'s mind. He was placed in an insane asylum; a harmless maniac, who amused himself with showing the other patients bits of pebbles and earth, and talking to them of the gems which he possessed in his caves under the ground.  
 The story is true and pitiable. We all wonder at man of intellect and assured position in the world, who could be so dazzled by the shining of a jewel as to give up all else for it, to lose home, rank, his profession, hope itself.  
 Yet, after all, are there not many men as visionary and unhappy?  
 When an honourable man gives up the esteem of his fellows, his integrity, his duty to God and his hope of heaven in his pursuit of wealth, is he not in much the same condition as was the poor ruby secker?  
 Or when a woman, a wife and mother, neglects her own home, surrenders the love of her husband and the care of her children in order to become a leader of fashion, does she not lose her reason, and turn her back on the solid goods of life for the shining of a poor bauble whose glitter lasts but for a day?  
 Or when anyone, young or old, neglects the best interest of his spiritual life for what is temporary and perishable, is he not making a cheap exchange for rubies? "Wisdom is more than rubies." What is your quest? *Youth's Companion.*

Never try to outshine but to please.



IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS.

IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS.

BY A. M. BARNES.

How would you like to take such a trip as this? I shouldn't think it would steady one's nerves much to look downward into an almost bottomless abyss, and know that one's safety, one's very life depended upon the next step of that tall fellow with the rather shaky-looking staff. Yet hundreds of adventurous travellers have taken just such perilous journeys across the peaks of the Andes. But so sure-footed and steady-headed are those Indian guides of South America that there have been fewer accidents than the nature of this dangerous mode of travelling would lead one to believe. In most cases, when accidents have occurred they have been owing to some foolhardiness on the part of the traveller himself or through some wilful disobedience to directions.

The Andes, the great mountain-chain of South America, are among the wonders of our continent. They are next to the highest mountain-chain in the world. The average elevation is about twelve thousand feet, and many of their peaks are constantly covered with snow. Yet among them volcanoes are numerous and earthquakes common.

Mount Chimborazo is not the highest mountain in the world, but it has been ascended, to a higher latitude than any other. An explorer by the name of Boussingault is reported to have ascended to the distance of twenty thousand feet, which was one thousand feet above the point reached by Humboldt. This monster mountain is fully four miles high.

Cotopaxi, one of the volcanoes of the Andes, when in eruption causes a noise that can be heard for hundreds of miles, and gives forth a torrent of flame which ascends for many thousands of feet.

One of the great wonders of the Andes is the Natural Bridge of Icononzo. The structure presents so perfect an appearance as to make it appear almost incredible that it could have been formed by nature and not by man. Humboldt, who visited it in 1802, pronounced it one of the most extraordinary wonders he had seen on either continent.

WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR?

A PASTOR, walking out recently, met a little girl belonging to his flock. As they walked on together, he spoke to her of her studies, and was pleased to find her manifest an interest amounting almost to enthusiasm in the cultivation of her mind. "But why, Ellie," asked the pastor, "are you so anxious to succeed in your studies? What do you mean to do with your education after it is finished?"

"Oh, sir," said the little girl, "I want

to learn that I may do good in the world. I don't want to die without ever having been of use in the world."

Noble purpose! Who of our young friends are studying and living for so noble an end?

Not Melancholy Days.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

THESE ain't the "melancholy days," no matter what they say!  
There's more good fun in all the ways than's been there many a day!  
The crackin' of the teamster's whip—the shoutin' of a boy  
As the apples come a-tumblin' down—that's joy for you—big joy!

These ain't the "melancholy days"—there's lots of fun in sight;  
The cool an' bracin' mornin's, an' the big oak fires at night;  
The hounds upon the rabbit's trail—the wild doves on the wing—  
The maiden with the red lips, an' the lover with the ring!

These ain't the "melancholy days"—not much! they're full o' life,  
An' you are thankful fer your sweetheart, an' you praise God fer your wife!  
An' then, on general principles—in view of what he's givin'—  
You shout a nallelujah for the privilege o' livin'!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] LESSON V. [Nov. 4.

JESUS LORD OF THE SABBATH.

Mark 2. 23-28; 3. 1-5. Memory vers. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath. —Mark 2. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. The Withered Heart, v. 23-28.
2. The Withered Hand, v. 1-5.

TIME.—A.D. 27, about a month after the events of the last lesson.

PLACES.—On the way to Galilee (2. 23-28). In Capernaum (3. 1-5).

RULERS.—Pilate in Judea; Herod in Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Christ's second pass-over, and the miracle at Bethesda.

EXPLANATIONS.

23. "Cornfields"—Corn in the Bible gen-



SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

erally means wheat. "Pluck the ears"—This they were allowed to do by Jewish law (Deut. 23. 25.) The complaint of the Pharisees was that they did it on the Sabbath.

25. "What David did"—As related in 1 Sam. 21. 1-6. "Showbread"—The loaves on the table in the holy place, which he took because it was necessary.

27. "Made for man"—That is, made not to burden men but to help them.

28. "Lord . . . of the Sabbath"—Christ, as God, had authority to make laws concerning the Sabbath.

2. "Accuse him"—Of breaking the Sabbath.

4. "To do evil . . . to kill"—As they were planning to do to him when they had the power. While he was using the Sabbath to do good, they were doing evil.

5. "Anger"—Not the evil passion, but just wrath at wrongdoing. [When the incident referred to in verse 26 occurred, Abiathar had not yet been made high priest, but it occurred "in his days."]

HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus Lord of the Sabbath.—Mark 2. 23; 3. 5.

Tu. The Sabbath a delight.—Isa. 58. 8-14.

W. Another Sabbath healing.—Luke 13. 10-17

Th. Sabbath at Bethesda.—John 5. 1-9.

F. Objectors answered.—John 5. 10-20.

S. Righteous judgment.—John 7. 14-24.

Su. Narrative by Matthew.—Matt. 12. 1-8.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That the Sabbath was intended for our good?
2. That it is right to do good on the Sabbath?
3. That a wrong heart hinders right judgment?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Christ speak concerning the Sabbath? "The Sabbath was made for man."
2. What did he justify his disciples in doing on the Sabbath? "Works of necessity."
3. What did he do on the Sabbath as an example for us? "Works of Mercy."
4. What is the Golden Text? "The Son of man," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Christian Sabbath.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is the law of God?

The law of God is his declared will respecting what men are to do, and what they are not to do.

Where is the law to be found?

In the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

THE reason some folks can't pray in public is that they have so little religion they are ashamed of it.

GOD commands Christians to "rejoice overmorn," but the devil manages to get a goodly number of them to murmur and complain most of the time without command or exhortation.

Come to Jesus.

YET there is room for thy small feet  
Upon the narrow road;  
Yet there is room on Zion's street,  
So golden and so broad.

Yet there is room, heaven is not full;  
The gate stands open, free.  
Jesus is kind and merciful;  
Yet there is room for thee.

Thousands of happy guests are there,  
In garments white and pure;  
Ten thousand thousand onward fare,  
The blind, the maimed, the poor.

Yet there is room; and none depart  
Unwelcomed, unforgiven.  
While there is room in Jesus' heart  
There will be room in heaven.

A NEW CANADIAN BOOK.

Hill-Crest

By Mrs. Flewellyn

A book very much after the style of the "Pansy," "Elsie," and "Annie S. Swan" books. The plot is laid in New York State, and tells of the life struggles of a motherless family of four girls. Unselfish devotion, unselfish friendship, and unselfish religion are inculcated behind a romantic description of the loves and sorrows of family life.

The charming descriptions, the quaint character-sketches, the abundance of incident, combine to make this a book of pleasant reading. Its moral tone is much above the average of the fiction of the day. For this reason it will not only suit the hammock and the fire-side, but will find a place in all public, private and Sunday-school libraries.

Cloth Extra, . . . . \$1.00

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. P. HUESTIS, HALIFAX.