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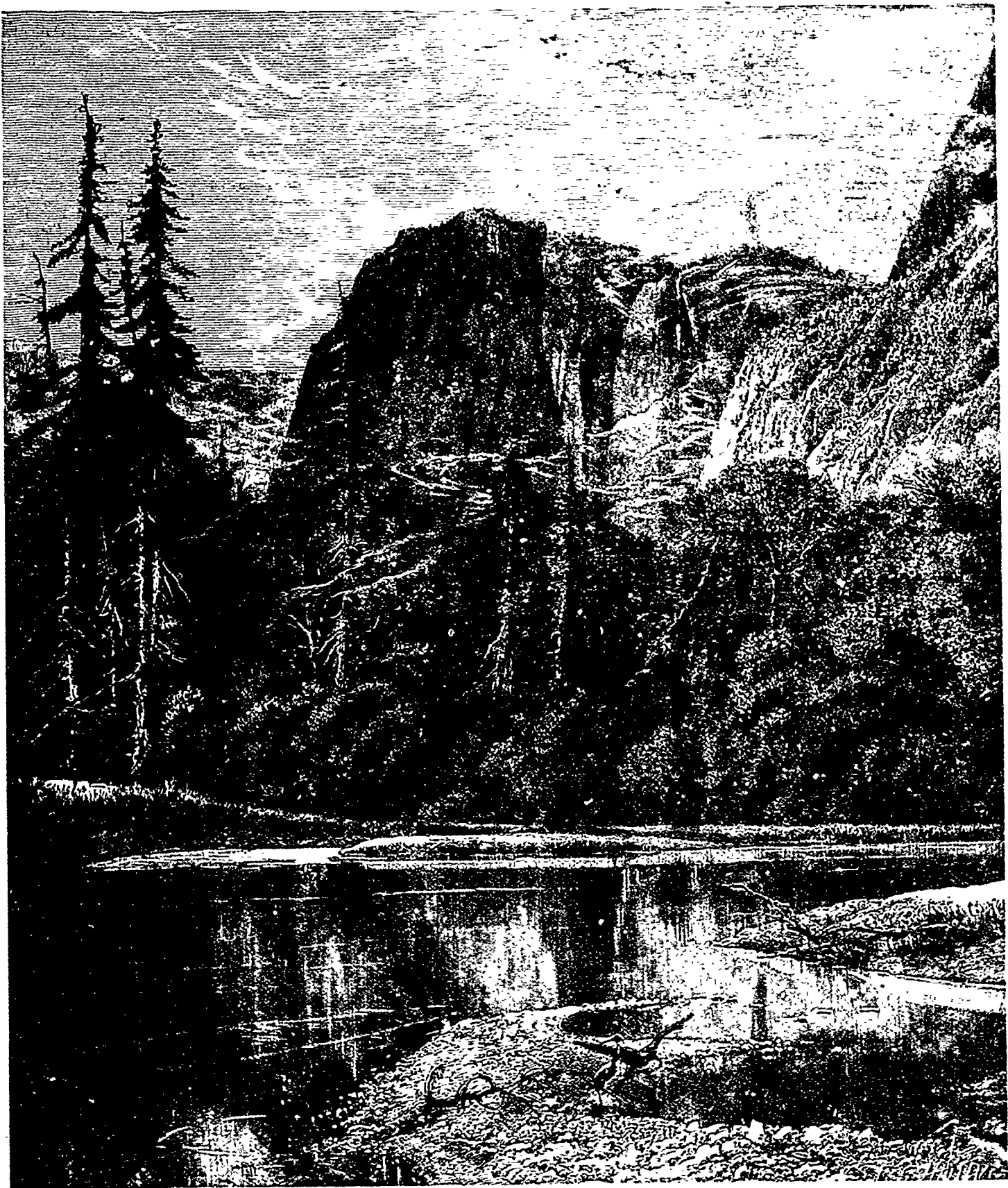
PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

[No. 17.



YOSEMITE VALLEY -- "LA MERCED."

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

In the eastern part of the State of California, along the western side of the Sierra Nevada and on one of the tributaries of the San Joaquin river, is a valley about ten miles long and one mile wide, known as the Yosemite Valley. California is rich in beautiful scenery, but nowhere else in the State is the scenery so lovely and at the same time so grand as in this valley. The river flowing through it is about forty yards

in breadth, and in some places the valley is almost filled with noble oak trees; in others it is open and displays grassy fields, while in still others, mountains covered with pine trees rise to the height of thirty-five hundred feet; in several places there are waterfalls which take a leap of nearly one thousand feet over perpendicular rocks and make the scene one which can never be forgotten by the one who views it.

In the picture we have a view of one lit-

tle spot in the Yosemite known as La Merced, which is a lovely little bit of water nestling at the foot of one of the mountains which border the valley. The scene, with the clouds floating around the tops of the mountains, the pine trees towering beside it, and the luxuriant undergrowth forming a fringe to the little lake which repeats the scene on its smooth surface, is lovely in the extreme, and speaks to us of the loving-kindness of our heavenly Father

in preparing such a feast for the eyes of his children.

"How wonderful are thy works, O Lord! In wisdom hast thou made them all, the earth is full of thy riches."

Suppose a strange young man in your village wants to spend an evening in a social way. Is any other door open to him than the door of the saloon?

Golden Keys.

A BUNCH of golden keys is mine
To make each day with gladness shine:

"Good morning!" that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "Good-night!" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,
I use the little "Thank you!" key.

"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With the "Forgive me" key I'll be forgiven,

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind;
This is its motto: "Be ye kind."

I'll often use each golden key,
And then a polite child I'll be.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

THE BEST FOR JESUS.

BY REV. GEORGE G. PHIPPS, NEWTON, MASS.

Why was this waste of the ointment made?—
MARK 14. 4.

Your mother teaches you not to waste anything that is good. Even crumbs of bread you do not care for will feed the birds under your window. Don't throw them into the fire, but put them out where the sparrows can get them. To burn the crumbs would be waste, but feeding the birds is useful. Things are not "wasted" which are used for a good purpose.

And that was what Jesus meant about the ointment that had been poured upon his head. Somebody who saw the woman pour it out of the alabaster box said, as the ointment cost a great deal of money, "Why make such a waste?" But Jesus replied, "The woman has done a good work on me." It was no waste, then, no matter how much the woman had paid for the rich perfume, for she had done good with it. She had anointed Jesus with it. Nothing done for Jesus is ever wasted.

What can you use for Jesus, boys and girls?

1. Your time? Yes, and some of it that you waste now, I'm afraid. That is, you do not use it well. You idle away too much of it, or spend it only in silly, foolish ways.

Would Christ be pleased to have you attend church, sing his praises, and worship God? Then be sure to go to church every Sabbath. That would not be time wasted; but to lie abed Sunday mornings, or to say you "don't feel like getting ready" for church, and so to dawdle around the house and not go at all, is all a

great waste of your precious time on Sundays.

Give it to Christ instead, as the good woman gave him her ointment, and go to meeting, though it cost you much. At Wellesley College there are bread-plates on the dining-tables that have around the rim, in blue letters, the words "Waste not, want not." Why is that a good motto to put around a loaf of bread? Can you tell? If one never wastes, he is not likely to come to want. And if you never waste your time, you will find you have a great many minutes, hours, and days to give to God's work, beside having all you need left for yourself. You will not want, but have time enough.

When Queen Elizabeth of England was dying, she said, "Millions of money for an inch of time!" But if she had spent her Sabbaths and week-days more fully in God's service, she would never have wanted or needed more time for herself—not an "inch" nor an hour.

2. Cannot you use your money, too, for Jesus? How often you now waste your pennies on things you do not need, and which do no good. If a man spends his money for cigars, and for drink, and becomes poor, we say, How he has wasted his money! because he spent it for what he was better without. If you boys spend your dimes for cigarettes, beer, and things that you are better without, you too are wasting your money just as really as the intemperate man is. Better use it for good things and good purposes—for whatever would please Christ, as you think. Buy a good book, and give it to some boy that has not so many as you have in your nice home; or give more of your nickels and quarters to help send the Gospel round the world—to New Mexico, and Japan, and China, and Africa. Every little helps, you know. Think how little honey each separate busy bee carries to the hive all summer long. But there are two millions of bee-hives in this country. And each hive brings as much as twenty-two pounds of honey; so that the Government gets a revenue of over eight millions of dollars a year, just from the work of the bees—each one making but a few drops of honey, too.

Can't you be a honey-gatherer? Can't you put more of your pennies into God's work, and do more good than you have been used to doing with them?

If not, why is this waste of your money made?

If you keep on wasting time and money, and all such precious things, you will have to give account at last, to God, of a wasted life.

A GERMAN BABY CASTLE.

BY THE REV. J. ROBINSON GREGORY.

"KINDERHEIM" they call it in Germany, which means Children's Home. The children that belong to this home are most of them afflicted with one of the most fearful diseases that anybody can have—epilepsy. The disease always makes those who suffer from it liable to sudden fits. They fall down without a moment's warning, and often hurt themselves seriously. Many of them have arms and limbs twisted and almost useless, or their faces drawn and disfigured. Others have partly lost their reason. And nearly all are very irritable and subject to violent outbursts of what looks like passion, but is really a sort of insanity that lasts for a longer or shorter time. Because these epileptics cannot be nursed and cared for properly in their own houses, especially if their parents are poor, some good people have provided a home for them where they can have every possible attention and comfort. How thankful we should be to be free from such diseases! To build a hospital for epileptics, people were asked to send one penny for every healthy child they had. In less than a fortnight more than £4,000 was collected in pennies. Was not that a good idea?

Let me tell you a few stories about some of these little children. There was a baby rather more than a year old. She was wasting from consumption. Because of her thin, pale face the children called her "Mousie," as a sort of pet name. Auntie gave her in charge to Laura, a girl nine or ten years old. One Christmas-time, the

little ones were gathered round a Christmas tree, waiting for their presents. Mousie smiled at the lights and the pretty things, then lifted her wasted arms, and died in an instant. Poor Laura was in dreadful trouble. "I didn't pray for Mousie this morning," she sobbed; "I thought only of Christmas, and now she is gone!" After supper auntie heard some singing. She crept upstairs, and found Laura and a few other children in their night-dresses, singing before the door of the room in which Mousie's body lay, "To live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Another story about Laura. One day she did something wrong. She denied that she had done it, and another child was punished. That night Laura could not sleep. "Aren't you asleep yet?" one of her companions asked her. "No," she answered; "I can't sleep." "Do you know," returned her companion, "that our auntie is sitting in the parlour crying?" Laura could not bear this. Jumping out of bed, she ran downstairs, and said, "O auntie, I have told you a story." She never told another. Nothing pleased her more than to wait on the other children. Soon her own end drew near. She suffered sharply indeed, but quite patiently. They asked her if she could bear the pain. "If the *liebe Heiland* (dear Saviour) has sent it, surely I can," she answered. Just before she died, she said suddenly, "Look, a host of angels, and—oh yes! all the children among them; and—oh, look! little Mousie right on Jesus' lap." When they laid her in her grave, the minister said, "We preach the peace of God—she had it."

Among so many sick children deaths, of course, are very frequent. One of the little ones, Jeannie, had lain for a long time in bed. She was wrapped from head to foot in bandages and wadding, because her body was covered with sores. Auntie came to her one morning, and noticed a fresh swelling on her neck. "O Jeannie," she said, "I think I know where you are going." "To church?" asked Jeannie, for she had much wanted to go with the other children to church. "No," replied auntie; "I think you are going to a better place still—don't you know?" "We know," cried her companions. "Jeannie will be leaving us to go to heaven." And Jeannie was quite satisfied.

Before she grew quite so ill, Jeannie heard that some of the "sisters" had gone to teach the poor heathen black children in East Africa about Jesus. She had only one halfpenny in the world, which she had treasured carefully. She would have that sent to help the little ones in East Africa. Then a bright thought struck her. As she lay in her bed she put out her hand to each visitor that went through the ward, and begged one penny for these African children. In that way she collected more than £10.

"How are you?" people would inquire of a seven-year-old boy, dying of painful hip disease. "Gang gut" (quite well), he would always answer. And he was well, for he was very near heaven. Another little lad has Africa upon his heart. He is skilful at catching mice, and is paid a penny a dozen for them. Every penny goes to Africa.

The lives of these children are made as happy as possible. They have plenty of playthings, and all sorts of amusements. Most of them are good children, but they do not enjoy their play any the less for that. You seldom hear them quarrel. If they are able to learn anything, they are taught, and most of them like learning. But above everything else they seem to like to sing. It is wonderful how quickly they pick up a hymn and its tune. They learn texts from the Bible, too.

Another lesson which the children are taught, and learn soon and well, is to be unselfish, and to care for each other. If one falls in a fit, instantly two or three will run to prevent his hurting himself, and to do all that they can for him till older help comes. All who can go to chapel on Sunday mornings, and on certain other mornings. Everybody likes to go; so many who are lame and feeble, and some who can scarcely crawl along, try to reach the place of worship. But though all are eager to get there, there is no pushing or crowding or hurrying. The stronger wait for the weaker. The lame and maimed help each

other. It is touching to see how thoughtful these sick children are. Pain and feebleness are apt to make us impatient and fretful and inconsiderate of everybody around us. It is not easy, perhaps, to be anything else. But when we are ill and suffering we may think of these little ones, who have scarcely any hope of ever being better.

Theirs seems a hard lot, does it not? But surely we have seen that there is something to be set on the other side. It is no little benefit to learn to be gentle and patient and loving. Often God teaches us these lessons through pain and weakness. Let us bear in mind, however, that we do not need to be ill in order to practise them. Plenty of annoying, provoking, disappointing things happen to us. Let us try to keep our tempers, and not ever to feel cross, or to look sullen or sulky. Let us think for how much we have to be glad and thankful. Perhaps you have to be with people sick or weak. Maybe you have a delicate brother or sister. Probably the sick or delicate one cannot bear noise, and wants ever so many little attentions. Perhaps he or she is not as patient and grateful as might be. Do not you forget for a minute that they are ill, and need that you should be kind and considerate to them. If these poor diseased German children can be forbearing and helpful towards each other, you who are well can patiently and gladly do your utmost for the feeble and suffering. Let me leave two texts with you to pray and think about: "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak;" "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

IT TAKES TWO.

In a forest lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in polite fox language, "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other; "as soon as you please, dear friend. But how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said the first. "Two-legged friends fall out; why cannot we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each other would give way. At last number one brought two stones.

"There," he said; "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. These stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other gently; "You are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other jumping up and licking his face. "You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel?"

THE DUST'S MESSAGE.

One of the little annoyances that add greatly to the daily tasks and burdens of life, one that makes many a thing of beauty fall far short of being a joy forever, is the ever-present dust. It obstinately gathers on every object, it persistently creeps through the smallest crevices and the closest joints, it assails our choicest treasures, and threatens health and life. It seems as if we should have a new world if only we could effectually banish this pestilent intruder. A new world we should indeed have, as we are reminded by a writer in *The Popular Science Monthly* for this month. He points out how much we owe to this same hated dust, and what amends it makes for its inroads by the pleasures that it adds to life. To it we owe the azure of the sky, the softening of the sunlight, the diffusion of light in places that would otherwise be dark, the beautiful blending of light and shade, the fact that our eyes are not blinded by sudden changes from an overpowering glare to total blackness, even our consciousness of the brightness all about us in the air. Is there not in all this a parable hinting how the very petty worries, interruptions, and distractions that we so often regard as marring all our efforts are really the events that are needed to transfigure life, and are the myriad points from which are reflected into every corner of life the riches of grace and love by which we are at all times surrounded?—*Golden Rule.*

The Drunkard.

BY CORA E. FAY.

Who fills the land with crime and woe!
Who all the haunts of sin doth know—
Fearing not God nor man below?

The drunkard,
Ah, the drunkard!

Who is it robs his child of bread,
Giving his wage for drink instead?
Whose home returning brings but dread?

The drunkard,
Ah, the drunkard!

Who is't that brings an honoured name
Down to the dust in guilty shame,
And earth's most sacred ties detain?

The drunkard,
Ah, the drunkard!

Who is't that staggers on the street,
With tattered garments, half-shod feet,
Ashamed an honest man to meet?

The drunkard,
Ah, the drunkard!

Who is't was once so pure and true,
Perhaps gained honours justly due,
And once a loving mother knew?

The drunkard,
Ah, the drunkard!

Who still within his heart doth hide
The gems of honour, truth, and pride,
And longs for love that is denied?

The drunkard,
Yes, the drunkard!

Who may be fully cleansed from sin,
And a new life in Christ begin?
Who may a crown of glory win?

The drunkard,
Yes, the drunkard!

Who is it we would try to save
From paths that lead but to the grave—
For whom our Saviour his life gave?

The drunkard,
Even the drunkard!

Then let us each God's Word obey:
Be quick and do whatever we may;
Earnestly try to help each day

The drunkard,
Yes, the drunkard!

And when at last the saints are crowned,
And praises sing God's throne around—
In that blest land there will be found

No drunkard,
No, no drunkard!

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER V.—NO SIN IN THE CITY BRIGHT.

It had been a close, sultry day, and it was a still more oppressive night. It was long before Christie could get to sleep, and when at last he had sunk into a troubled slumber, he was waked suddenly by a loud peal of thunder, which made the old attic shake from end to end.

Old Treffy raised himself in bed, and Christie crept to his side. It was an awful storm; the lightning flashed into the attic, lighting up for a moment every corner of it, and showing Christie old Treffy's white and trembling face. Then all was dark again, and there came the heavy roll of the thunder, which sounded like the noise of falling houses, and which made old Treffy shake from head to foot. Christie never remembered such a storm before, and he was very much afraid. He knelt very close to his old master, and took hold of his trembling hand.

"Are you frightened, Master Treffy?" he asked at last, as a vivid flash again darted into the room.

"Yes, Christie, boy," said old Treffy; "I don't know how it is; I used not to be afraid of a storm, but I am to-night."

Poor Christie did not speak, so Treffy went on:

"The lightning seems like God looking at me, Christie, and the thunder seems like God's voice, and I'm afraid of him. I don't love him, Christie; I don't love him."

And again the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, and again old Treffy shook from head to foot.

"I shouldn't like to die to-night, Christie," he said; "and the lightning comes so very near me. Christie, boy, do you know what sin is?" he whispered.

"Yes," said Christie; "it's doing wrong things, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Treffy, "and I've done a many of them, Christie; and it's thinking bad thoughts, and I've thought a many of them, Christie; and it's saying bad words, and I've said a many of them, Christie. But I never cared about it before to-night."

"How did you come to care about it to-night?" asked Christie.

"I've had a dream, Christie, boy, and it has made me tremble."

"Tell me it, Master Treffy," pleaded Christie.

"I was thinking of what you said about loving Jesus, and I fell asleep, and I thought I was standing before a beautiful gate; it was made of gold, Christie, and over the gate there were some shining letters. I spelt them out, and they were 'Home, sweet home,' Christie, and I said to myself, 'I've found it! I wish Christie was here.' But just at last I wish Christie was here." But just then someone opened the gate and said, "What do you want, old man?" "I want to come in," I said, "I'm very tired, and I want to be at home." But he shut the gate, and said to me very gravely and sorrowfully, "No sin can come in here, old Treffy; no sin can come in here." And, Christie, I felt as if I was nothing but sin, so I turned round and walked away, and it grew very dark. And just then came the thunder, and I awoke with a start. I can't forget it, Christie; I can't forget it," said old Treffy.

And still the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, and still old Treffy trembled.

Christie could not comfort him, for he was very much afraid himself, but he pressed very close up to his side, and did not leave him till the storm was over, and there was no sound but the heavy downpour of the rain on the roof of the attic. Then he crept back to bed and fell asleep.

The next morning it all seemed like a bad dream. The sun was shining brightly, and Christie rose and opened the attic window. Everything looked fresh and clean after the rain. The dull, heavy feeling was gone out of the air, and the little sparrows were chirping in the eaves. It was Sunday morning, and on Sunday evening Christie was to hear the clergyman preach in the mission-room. Oh! how he wished it was seven o'clock, that he might go and find out what old Treffy wanted to know!

The poor old man seemed very restless and unhappy all that long spring day. Christie never left him, for it was only on Sunday that he could watch beside his dear old master. He could see that old Treffy had not forgotten his dream, though he did not speak of it again.

And at last the long, weary day wore away, and at six o'clock Christie washed himself and prepared to depart.

"Be sure you mind every word he says, Christie, boy," said old Treffy, earnestly.

The mission-room was only just open when little Christie arrived. A woman was inside lighting the gas and preparing the place for the congregation. Christie peeped shyly in at the door, and she caught sight of him and ordered him off.

"Isn't there going to be any preaching to-night?" said Christie, in a disappointed voice.

"Oh! you've come to the service, have you?" said the woman. "All right, you can come in, only you must sit still, and you mustn't talk or make a noise."

Now, as poor Christie had no one to talk to, this was rather an unnecessary speech. However, he went in very meekly, and sat down on one of the front benches.

Then the congregation began to arrive: old men and little children; mothers with babies in their arms; old women with shawls over their heads; husbands and wives; a few young men; people with all kinds of faces, and all kinds of characters, from the quiet and respectable artisan's wife to the poor little beggar girl who sat on the form beside Christie.

And as seven o'clock struck, the door opened and the minister came in. Christie never took his eyes off him during the whole service. And, oh! how he enjoyed the singing, the last hymn especially! A young woman behind him was singing it very distinctly, and he could hear every word. Oh, if he could only have remembered it to repeat it to old Treffy! The words of the hymn were as follows:

"There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin,
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

"Saviour, I come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cause me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

"Lord, make me from this hour
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by thy power,
Kept by thy power
From all that grieveth thee.

"Till in the snowy dress
Of thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land!"

And after the hymn came the sermon. The clergyman's text was Revelation 21. 27, "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth."

He spoke of the heavenly city of which they had just been singing, the bright, beautiful city, with its streets of gold and gates of pearl. He spoke of the river of the water of life, and the trees on either side of the river. He spoke of those who live in that happy place, of their white robes and crowns of gold, of the sweet songs they ever sing, and the joy in all their faces.

The clergyman also told them that in that bright city sorrow was never found. No weeping there, no tears, no sighs, no trouble. No tired feet on that golden pavement, no hungry ones there, no hot burning sun, no cold frost or snow. No sickness there, and no death, no funerals in heaven, no graves in the golden city. Perfect love there, no more quarrelling or strife, no angry tones or discordant murmurs, no rude, rough voices to disturb the peace. And all this for ever and ever, no dread of it coming to an end, no gloomy fears for the future, no partings there, no good-byes. Once there, safe for ever. At home, at rest, with God.

"Would you like to go there?" asked the clergyman's voice.

And a quiet murmur passed through the room, a sigh of longing, an expression of assent. And little Christie whispered softly to himself, "Like to go there! ay, that I would, me and old Treffy and all."

"There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth," said the clergyman's voice. "Closed are its gates to sin. My friends, if there is one sin on your soul, heaven's gates will be closed against you. Nought that defileth, nought that defileth can ever enter in. If all my life I had never sinned; if all my life I had never done a wicked deed, or spoken a wicked word, or thought a wicked thought; if all my life I had done everything I ought to have done, and had been perfectly sinless and holy, and yet to-night I was to commit one sin, that sin, however small a sin in man's eyes—that sin would be quite enough to shut me out of heaven. The gates would be shut against me for that one sin. No soul on which there is a speck of sin can go into that bright city."

"Is there one in this room," asked the clergyman, "who can say that he has only sinned once? Is there one here who can say that there is only one sin on his soul?"

And again there was a faint murmur round the room, and again a deep-drawn sigh; but this time it was the suppressed sigh of accusing consciences.

"No," said the clergyman, "there is not one of us who can say that. Every one of us has sinned again and again. And each sin is like a dark blot, a deep ink-stain on the soul."

"Oh!" said little Christie, in his heart, as he listened to these words, "whatever will me and Master Treffy do?"

And Christie's thoughts wandered to the lonely attic, and to old Treffy's sad, worn-out face. "So it was all true," he said to himself. "Miss Mabel's words, and Master Treffy's dream; all too true, all too true."

If Christie had been listening he would have heard the clergyman tell of the way in which sin could be taken away; but his little mind was full of the one idea of the sermon, and when he next heard the clergyman's words he was telling his congregation that he hoped they would all be present on the following Sunday evening, as he intended then to preach on the second verse of the hymn, and to tell them, more fully than he had time to do to-night, what was the only way to enter within the gates into the city.

Christie walked home very sadly and sorrowfully; he was in no haste to meet old Treffy's anxious, inquiring eyes. And when he reached the dark attic he sat down by Treffy, and looked away from him into the fire, as he said, mournfully:

"Your dream is quite right, Master Treffy. I've heard it all over again to-night. He preached about it, and we sang about it, so there's no mistake now."

"Tell me all, Christie, boy," said Treffy, pitifully.

"It's a beautiful place, Master Treffy," said Christie; "you'd be ever so happy and comfortable if you could only get there. But there's no sin allowed inside the gates; that's what the clergyman said, and what the hymn said, too:

"There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin."

"Then there's no chance for me, Christie," said the old man, "no chance for me."

And hours after that, when Christie thought Treffy was fast asleep on his bed in the corner, he heard his poor old trembling voice murmuring again: "Closed are its gates to sin, closed are its gates to sin."

And there was another ear listening to old Treffy's voice. The man at the gate, of whom Bunyan writes, had heard the old man's sorrowful wail, and it went to his very heart. He knew all about old Treffy, and he was soon to say to him, with tones of love, as he opened the gate of rest: "I am willing with all my heart to let thee in."

(To be continued.)

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

FRED BLANCHARD was apprenticed to a shoe-maker; not because he liked the trade, but because his mother was a poor widow, and had a friend who offered to take the boy and teach him how to earn a living. There was nothing to be done, just then, but accept the offer. So Fred went to work manfully, and learned by degrees to handle his awl and lap-stone, and cobble old boots and shoes, and even make new ones in course of time. He did not shirk his work because he did not like it; but he said to himself all the while: "I don't mean to spend my life in this kind of thing."

One day a little book ("Knowledge is Power") fell into his hands. He read it eagerly, for it showed him how many great men had been as poor and humble as he was in the beginning of their lives, but, by improving their spare moments in study, had risen to high positions and made themselves distinguished and honoured. He learned that David Livingstone, the famous African explorer, had to work in a cotton factory in his childhood, and by studying languages at night had fitted himself to be a foreign missionary before he was nineteen. He learned that Michael Faraday, the celebrated English chemist, was the son of a poor blacksmith, and apprenticed to a book-binder, but taught himself chemistry in his spare moments; and, in short, that many of the best and greatest men he had ever heard of had gained their education by hard struggles, and in spite of most difficult circumstances.

"What others did I can do, too," he said to himself, stoutly; and so, instead of taking his pleasure in idleness and folly, as the other workmen did, whenever he had a leisure hour, or even a minute to spare, he had a book beside him from which he could gain some useful knowledge.

He was laughed at and teased and tempted by idle companions, who could not understand his determination to improve himself; but he did not let his purpose be shaken. "Let those laugh that win," he said, and quietly kept on with his studies, till the time of his apprenticeship was over. He had not neglected his shoemaking, and by means of it he was able to earn and save some money, which paid his expenses while he studied at the School of Mines. To be sure, he lived on oatmeal and milk chiefly, and never spent a penny that was not necessary; but he kept his health by this plain living and by taking plenty of exercise, and step by step he rose in his profession till he is now a scientific man who has delivered lectures before learned institutes and won golden opinions for his valuable discoveries in the uses and relative qualities of metals.

His mother is very proud of her distinguished son. She lives with him, and is surrounded with every comfort. He has educated his sisters and elevated his whole family—all by using his odd minutes to gain the power that comes from knowledge. This power and its results are within the reach of all who work for it with a steadfast purpose; for no saying is truer than this: "Where there's a will there's a way."

—Sunlight.

"Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."—Col. 3. 12, 13.

The Anxious Leaf.

ONCE on a time a little leaf
Was seen to bow its head with grief
Then said the branch on which it grew:
"My little leaf, what troubles you?"

The leaf to this made sad reply—
"A wind just now went moaning by,
And as it passed croaked in my ear:
'You may not long enjoy life here.'"

The branch told this unto the tree,
Which whispered back immediately:
"My pretty leaf, you need not fret,
For you shall stay all summer here—
And when the time has come to go,
You will not want to stay, I know."

And so the leaf its murmuring ceased,
And from its care was well released.
Then autumn came, and all around
The leaves with richest tints were crowned.

Oh, how they sparkled, all arrayed,
In robes of every ravishing shade
And when the leaf asked what it meant,
Down from the tree reply was sent:

The leaves are ready now to go,
And in the joy they sparkle so!
No more the leaf desired to stay,
It grew more beautiful each day:

Until a gentle puff of wind
Came up so softly from behind,
That thinking it was all in play,
The leaf let go and flew away.

Awhile in air it twirled around,
Then gently fell upon the ground;
And now, where fancies vigil keep,
It rests in happy, dreamless sleep.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 27.] **LESSON IX.** [Dec. 2.

CHRIST'S TESTIMONY TO JOHN

Luke 7. 24-35. Memory verses, 27, 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, I send my messenger before thy face—Luke 7. 27.

OUTLINE.

1. The Prophet, v. 24-30.
2. The People, v. 31-35.

TIME.—A. D. 27.

PLACES. Jesus in Galilee, John the Baptist in prison at Machærus, near the Dead Sea.

CONNECTING LINKS.

While John's popularity was at its height, he incurred the anger of King Herod by rebuking his sins, and was promptly thrown into a dungeon at Machærus. While there confined, news of our Lord's amazing work was borne to him, and he sent messengers to inquire whether indeed he was the King that was to come. Without giving a direct answer, Jesus bade them wait and watch the marvellous attestations of his Messianic power, and as soon as they withdrew, bore the following testimony to John.

EXPLANATIONS.

24. "A reed"—John's firm character is contrasted with a trembling reed.

25. "Raiment"—Clothing. "Apparelled"—Cloth. A reference to John's manner of living. (Matt. 3. 4.)

27. "Prepare the way"—John prepared the way for Christ by proclaiming repentance, and leading the nation to righteous living.

28. "Not a greater"—John was the greatest of the prophets, because what others foretold in the distance he proclaimed as at hand; and in true nobility of character he was surpassed by none. "Least in the kingdom"—Any believer in Christ, however low his station. "Greater than he"—In that disciples have all that John foresaw. Our privilege as Christians is greater than that of the prophets, since we know more of Christ than did David or Isaiah.

29. "Publicans"—Taxgatherers, hated by all patriotic Jews because, for pay, they served their country's enemies in a peculiarly exasperating way. "Justified God"—Praised God, and endorsed what Jesus had just said.

34. "Winebibber"—Drunkard.

HOME READINGS.

M. Christ's testimony of John.—Luke 7. 24-35.

Tu. Testimony of the people.—Matt. 21. 23-32.

W. Herod's testimony.—Mark 6. 14-20.

Th. Great in the sight of the Lord.—Luke 1. 5-17.

F. The forerunner.—Luke 1. 67-80.

S. The voice.—Matt. 3. 1-12.

Sa. A shining light.—John 5. 31-38.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

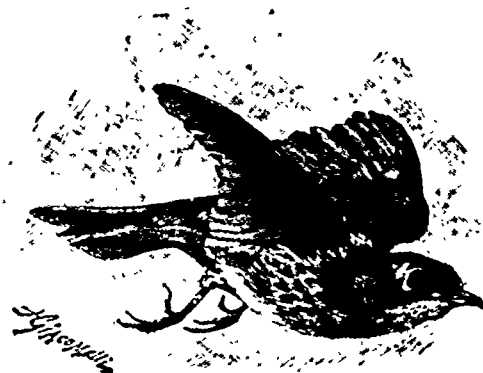
1. The greatness of John's mission?
2. The privilege of every true Christian?
3. The folly of unbelief?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus say about John the Baptist? That there was no greater prophet than he. 2. What further did he say? "He that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he." 3. What had the prophet, speaking in the name of God, said about John? Golden Text: "Behold I send," etc. 4. What did the faultfinders say about John's austerity and strictness? "He hath a devil." 5. What did they say about Jesus's sociability and charity? They said the same

OSTRICH RAISING.

Ostrich raising has been successfully introduced into southern California, and is likely to become a large industry in the future. There is no reason why equal success should not be reached in Texas. The business is very profitable, as the rich plumes of the birds always command a high price. Happily, wearing these magnificent ornaments does not imply the destruction of the birds, as is the case with the wearing of ornaments of other birds. The destruction of millions of birds annually to meet the demands of fashion is a deep reproach to our modern civilization, some of the loveliest races of birds, including some of the richest singers, as nightingales and others,



WINGS.

higher prices. A flock of ostriches may be kept together in a field well fenced. They need no shelter, as they sleep in the open air. They are rarely sick; and if the field is well supplied with water they will fare well without any herdsmen to watch them.

The value of the feathers exported from the Cape has increased in fourteen years from three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to over four and a half millions; and the demand is in excess of the supply.

WINGS.

"WINGS! wings! to sweep
O'er mountain high and valley deep.
Wings! that my heart may rest
In the radiant morning's breast.

"Wings! to hover free
O'er the dawn-empurpled sea,
Wings! above life to soar,
And beyond death for evermore."

—Ruckert.

"You ought to take this horse," said the dealer, "he's a bargain." "Well, then, I don't want him," said Barlow. "I want him to drive, and I never could drive a bargain."

"Why didn't you come when I rang?" said a lady to her servant. "Because I didn't hear the bell." "Hereafter, when you don't hear the bell, you must come and tell me so." "Yes'm."

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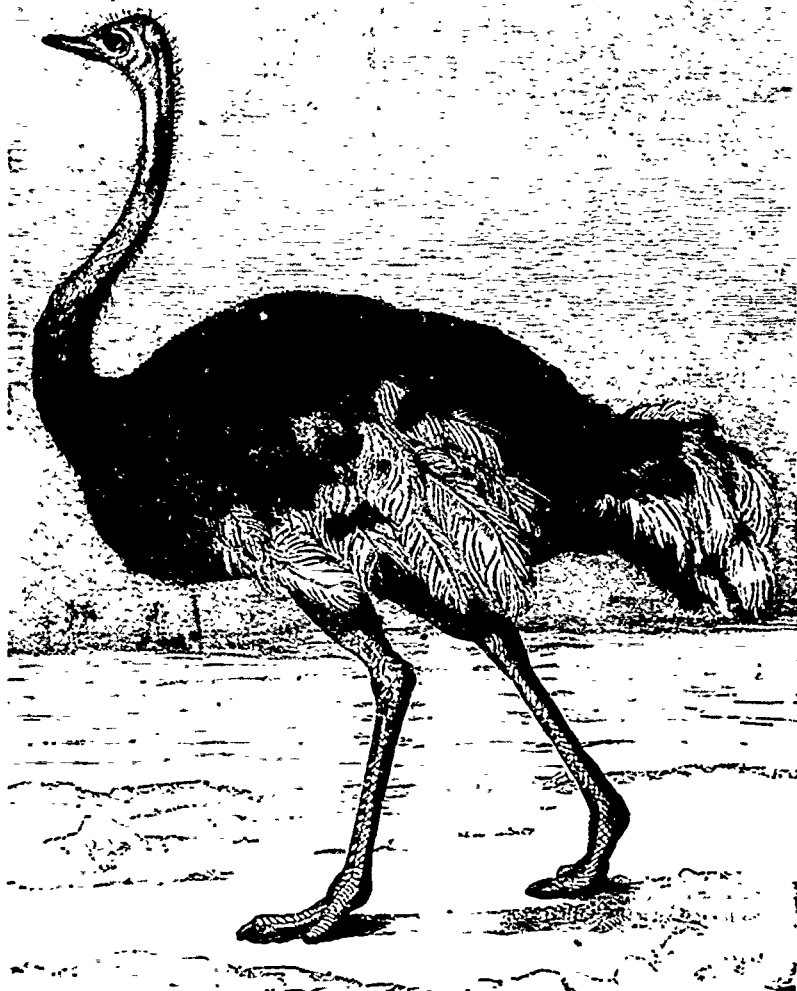
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THE OSTRICH.

thing. 6. What did Jesus say? "Wisdom is justified of all her children."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The inspiration of prophecy.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Which were the ancient commandments thus quoted?

"Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."—Deuteronomy 6. 4, 5.

—Uncle Wayback—"I declare, Elvira, this knife tastes soapy, same as the other one." Shrewd Niece—"It's too bad, uncle; but city servants are so careless. Try eating with your fork. May be that's clean."

—"Well," said a facetious stranger to a member of the brass band, "there is one thing to be thankful for." "Vat its dose?" inquired the musician. "You can always blow your own horn." "Nein, my friend. Dis cornet is porrowed."

having become almost extinct. The following is of interest on the subject of ostrich raising in South Africa:

Ostrich raising is coming to be a lucrative business in southern Africa, and is said to be the only means of saving this valuable bird from extinction. It is found that they thrive much better on grass land than in the desert, and that the birds choose desert life merely for self-protection. The profits of an extensive ostrich breeder may be estimated from these facts:

A single pair will raise four broods a year of from ten to fifteen chicks each. A chick a month old will sell for fifty dollars; and a full-grown ostrich will yield twenty-five white feathers a year, worth five dollars apiece at Cape Town. Taking old and young together, it is estimated that the birds average over one hundred dollars a year profit. As they live forty or fifty years, the profits are simply enormous. They need little care, living easily on grass, though relishing grain, and giving in return for the luxurious diet finer feathers than those of the wild birds, and which bring

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