

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/
Général (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896.

No. 37.

Vol. XVI.]

The Land of Counterpane.

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;
And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

Was the giant great and still,
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER XX.

Wake up, Joel! Wake up! I bring
You good tidings, my lad!"
It was Abigail's voice ring-
ing cheerily through the
court-yard, as she bent over
the boy, fast asleep on the
hard stones.

All the long Sabbath day
after the burial, he had sat
listlessly in the shady court-
yard, his blank gaze fixed on
the opposite wall. No one
seemed able to arouse him
from his apathy. He turned
away from the food they
brought him, and refused to
enter the house when night
came.

Towards morning he had
gone over to the fountain for
a long draught of its cool
water; then overcome by
weakness from his continued
fast, and exhausted by grief,
he fell asleep on the pave-
ment.

Abigail came in and found
him there, with the red
morning sun beating full in
his face. She had to shake
him several times before she
could make him open his
eyes.

He sat up dizzily, and tried
to collect his thoughts. Then
he remembered, and laid his
head wearily down again,
with a groan.

"Wake up! Wake up!"
she insisted, with such eager
gladness in her voice that
Joel opened his eyes again,
now fully aroused.

"What is it?" he asked
indifferently.

"He is risen!" she ex-
claimed, joyfully, clasping her hands
as she always did when much excited.
"I went to his tomb very early in the
morning, while it was yet dark, with
Mary and Salome and some other wo-
men. The stone had been rolled aside;
and while we wondered and wept, fear-
ing his enemies had stolen him away,
he stood before us, with his old greeting
on his lips,—'All hail!'"

Joel rubbed his eyes and looked at her.
"No, no!" he said wearily, "I am
dreaming again!"

He would have thrown himself on the
ground as before, his head pillowed on
his arm, but she would not let him. She
shook his hands with a persistence that

could not be refused, talking to him all
the while in such a glad eager voice that
he slowly began to realize that something
had made her very happy.

"What is it, Mother Abigail?" he
asked, much puzzled.

"I do not wonder you are bewildered,"
she cried. "It is such blessed, such
wonderful news. Why, he is alive, Joel,
he whom thou lovest! Try to under-
stand it, my boy! I have just now
come from the empty tomb. I saw him!
I spoke with him! I knelt at his feet
and worshipped!"

By this time all the family had come
out. Reuben looked at his daughter
pitiingly, as she repeated her news;
then he turned to Phineas.

"Poor thing!" he said, in a low tone.
"She has witnessed such terrible scenes
lately, and received such a severe shock,
that her mind is affected by it. She
does not know what she is saying. Did
not you yourself help prepare the body
for burial, and put it in the tomb?"

"Yes," answered Phineas, "and helped
close it with a great stone, which no
man could possibly move by himself.
And I saw it sealed with the seal of
Caesar; and when I left it was guarded

piped Jesse's shrill voice, quite unex-
pectedly, at his grandfather's elbow.
He had not lost a word of the conversa-
tion. "Why don't you go and see for
yourself if the tomb is empty?"

Abigail had gone into the house with
her mother, and now the summons to
breakfast greeted them. She saw she
could not convince them of the truth of
her story, so she said no more about it;
but her happy face was more eloquent
than words.

All day snatches of song kept rising to
her lips,—old psalms of thanksgiving,
and half whispered hallelujahs. At last
Joel and Phineas were both so much
affected by her continued cheerfulness,
that they began to believe there must be
some great cause for it.

Finally, in the waning afternoon, they
took the road that led from Bethany to
the garden where they firmly believed
that the Master still lay buried.

As they came in sight of the tomb, Joel
clutched Phineas by the arm, and point-
ed, with a shaking finger, to the dark
opening ahead of them.

"See!" he said, pointing into its yawning
darkness. "She was right! The
stone is gone!"

him. Hosanna to the Highest! He
walked along this road with us as we
went to Emmaus."

"Ah, how our hearts burned as he
talked with us by the way!" interrupted
the other man.

"Only this hour he sat at meat with
us," cried the first speaker. "He broke
bread with us, and blessed it as he al-
ways used to do. We are running back
to the city now to tell the other dis-
ciples."

Phineas would have laid a detaining
hand on them, but they hurried on, and
left him standing in the road, looking
wistfully after them.

"It must be true," said Joel, "or they
could not have been so nearly wild with
joy."

Phineas sadly shook his head. "I
wish I could think so," he sighed.

"Let us go home," urged Abigail, the
next day, "the Master has bidden his
brethren meet him in Galilee. Let us
go. There is hope of seeing him again
in our old home!"

Joel, now nearly convinced of the
truth of her belief, was also anxious to
go. But Phineas lingered; his plodding
mind was slower to grasp such thoughts

than the sensitive woman's
or the imaginative boy's.
One after another he sought
out Peter and James and
John, and the other disciples
who had seen the risen
Master, and questioned them
closely. Still he tarried for
another week.

One morning he met
Thomas, whose doubts all
along had strengthened his
own. He ran against him
in the crowded street in
Jerusalem. Thomas seized
his arm, and, turning, walked
beside him a few paces.

"It is true!" he said, in a
low, intense tone, with his
lips close to his ear. "I
saw him myself last night;
I held his hand in mine. I
touched the side the spear
had pierced. He called me
by name; and I know now
beyond all doubt that the
Master has risen from the
dead, and that he is the Son
of God!"

After that, Phineas no
longer objected when it was
proposed that they should
go back to Galilee. The
story of the resurrection
was too great for him to
grasp entirely, still he could
not put aside such a weight
of evidence that came to him
from friends whose word he
had always implicitly trusted.

The roads were still full of
pilgrims returning from the
Passover. As Phineas jour-
neyed on with his little
family, he fell in with the
sons of Jonah and Zebedee, going back
to their nets and their fishing-boats.

The order of procession was constantly
shifting, and one morning Joel found
himself walking beside John, one of the
chosen twelve, who seemed to have un-
derstood his Master better than any of
the others.

The man seemed wrapped in deep
thought, and took no notice of his com-
panion, till Joel timidly touched his
sleeve.

"Do you believe it is true?" the boy
asked.

There was no surprise in the man's
face at the abrupt question, he felt, with-
out asking, what Joel meant. A re-



"WHEN THE BLUE WAVES ROLL NIGHTLY ON DEEP GALILEE."—HERMON IN THE DISTANCE.

by Roman sentinels in armour. No man
could have opened it."

"But Abigail talks of angels who sat
in the empty tomb, and who told them
he had risen," replied her father.

Joel, who had overheard this low-toned
conversation, got up and stood close be-
side them. He had begun to tremble
from weakness and excitement.

"Father Phineas, do you remember the
story we heard from the old shepherd,
Heber? The angels told of his birth;
maybe she did see them in his tomb?"

"How can such things be?" queried
Reuben, stroking his beard in perplexity.
"That's just what you said when
Rabbi Lazarus was brought back to life,"

It was some time before they could
muster up courage to go nearer and look
into the sepulchre. When at last they
did so, neither spoke a word, but, after
one startled look into each other's eyes,
turned and left the garden.

It was growing dark as they hurried
along the highway homeward. Two
men came half running towards the
city, in great haste to reach the gates
before they should be closed for the
night. They were two disciples well
known to Phineas.

He stopped them with the question
that was uppermost in their mind.

"Yes, he is risen," answered one of
the men, breathlessly. "We have seen

assuring smile lighted up his face as he laid his hand kindly on Joel's shoulder. "I know it, my lad; I have been with him." The quiet positiveness with which he spoke seemed to destroy Joel's last doubt.

"Many things that he said to us come back to me very clearly; and I see now he was trying to prepare us for this."

"Tell me all about them," begged Joel, "and about those last hours he was with you. Oh, if I could only have been with him, too!"

John saw the tears gathering in the boy's eyes, heard the tremble in his voice, and felt a thrill of sympathy as he recognized a kindred love in the little fellow's heart.

So he told Joel of the last supper they had taken together, of the hymn they had sung, and of the watch they had failed to keep, when he took them with him into the garden of Gethsemane. All the little incidents connected with those last solemn hours, he repeated carefully to the listening boy.

From time to time Joel brushed his hand across his eyes; but a deep calm fell over him as John's voice went on, slowly repeating the words the Master had comforted them with.

"Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. . . . If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father. . . . These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Joel made an exclamation as if about to speak, and then stopped. "What is it?" asked John.

"How could he mean that he has overcome the world? Caesar still rules, and Jerusalem is full of his enemies. I can't forget that they killed him, even if he has risen."

John stooped to tie his sandal before he answered.

"I have been fitting together different things he told us; and I begin to see how blind we were. Once he called himself the Good Shepherd who would give his life for his sheep, and said, 'Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.'"

They walked on in silence a few paces, then John asked abruptly, "Do you remember about the children of Israel being so badly bitten by serpents in the wilderness, and how Moses was commanded to set up a brazen serpent in their midst?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Joel. "All who looked up at it were saved; but those who would not die from the poisonous bites."

"One night," continued John, "a learned man by the name of Nicodemus, one of the rulers, came to the Master with many questions. And I remember one of the answers he gave him. 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' We did not understand him then at all. Not till I saw him lifted up on the cruel cross, did I begin to dimly see what he meant."

A light broke over Joel's face as he remembered the vision he had had that day, kneeling at the foot of the cross; then he stopped still in the road, with his hands clasped in dismay. There suddenly seemed to rise before him the scenes of daily sacrifice in the Temple, when the blood of innocent lambs flowed over the altar; then he thought of the great Day of Atonement, when the poor scape-goat was driven away to its death, laden with the sins of the people.

"Oh, that must be what Isaiah meant!" he cried in distress. "He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter!" Oh, can it be possible that 'the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all?' What an awful sacrifice!"

The tears streamed down his face as the thought came over him with overwhelming conviction, that it was for him

that the man he loved so had endured all the horrible suffering of death by crucifixion.

"Why did such a thing have to be?" he asked, looking up appealingly at his companion.

John looked out and up, as if he saw far beyond the narrow, hill-bound horizon, and quoted softly: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Just as the feeling had come to him that morning by the Galilee, and again as he gazed and gazed into the white face on the cross, Joel seemed to feel again the love of the Father, as it took him close into its infinite keeping.

"Greater love hath no man than this," quoted John again, "'that a man lay down his life for his friends.' He is the propitiation for our sins; and not ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

It was hard for the boy to understand this at first; but this gentle disciple who walked beside him had walked long beside the Master, and in the Master's own way and words taught Joel life's greatest lesson.

(To be continued.)

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated.....	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.....	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 60
5 copies and over.....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 15
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly.....	0 06
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. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal.
S. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896.

GOOD AS THE BEST, CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

One of the most interesting features of the late International Sunday-school Convention at Boston was the exhibit of Sunday-school literature, embracing lesson helps, Sunday-school magazines and periodicals. The great Sunday-school publishing houses of the continent were represented by handsomely displayed exhibits of their best products of the press. These occupied nearly the whole of the ground floor of the great "Tremont Temple." They were a magnificent demonstration of the profound interest felt in this great evangelistic and educative work, of the enterprise and energy of the publishers, of the great amount of capital and skill employed in their production, and of the enormous circulation of this literature, instinct with the very spirit of the Gospel, and conveying religious teachings of infinite moment. These countless printed pages are scattered "thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brook of Vallombrosa," and like the leaves of the Tree of Life, are for the healing of the nations.

It was the testimony of competent ob-

servers, that for excellence of printing, beauty of illustration, quantity and quality of lesson notes and comments, and striking economy of price, the Sunday-school publications of the Methodist Church in Canada were not surpassed by any of the great publishing houses. Indeed, it was asserted, that no such value was given for the money in any paper as in Onward.

The past year has been one of the most successful in the history of our periodicals. In almost every one, there has been marked increase in circulation. Indeed, part of the time the presses have been running overtime, as is the case almost every season, to print extra editions of the papers required to meet the growing demand.

FURTHER ENLARGEMENT AND IMPROVEMENT.

The Methodist motto of our publishing house is "To go on to perfection." The energetic Book Steward, not satisfied with past progress, has determined to make another stride forward. Although the establishment was employing twenty-one presses, and running overtime frequently, sometimes all night, still it was unable to keep up with the increase of its publications. An additional press-room has, therefore, been built, with all modern improvements, containing three large new presses, of the latest and best pattern, which will turn out an increased amount of work of still better character than that heretofore published. These changes furnish facilities for enlarging and greatly improving the quality of our Sunday-school periodicals.

Onward will be enlarged in size, printed on heavier paper, and otherwise improved in quality, without any increase in price. The lesson notes, illustrations, and poems, throwing light upon the text, will be maintained as heretofore. It will also have serial stories and other attractive articles, without abatement of interest.

In Pleasant Hours the improvement will be still more marked. Its pages will be enlarged to the present size of Onward, and it will be printed on heavier paper, with superior press work.

The Sunday-school Banner will continue to hold its place in the very forefront of the lesson helps of the world. It, too, will be so enlarged, as to give an increased number of pages devoted to help, hints, and suggestions for better Sunday-school work. The wide field of the Sunday-school periodicals of this continent and Great Britain will be gleaned for seed thoughts and suggestions for improved methods. Correspondence is solicited from our Canadian schools, which are not less efficient than any in Christendom. Thus shall our Canadian Sunday-school workers contribute to the improvement of home plans, and furnish, also, suggestions for the consecrated toilers in the Sunday-schools of other lands.

Although these improvements involve considerably increased outlay, yet they are made in the interest of our Sunday-schools, and without any addition whatever in the price of the periodicals, the publisher being determined that those of the Methodist Church of Canada shall be cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best.

The changes thus announced will take place with the October issues of these periodicals. It requires considerable time to order paper of the enlarged size and heavier weight, to prepare new chases, or forms, for locking up the type, and making the other changes necessary for these marked improvements.

The enlarged series will be in the hands of all our Sunday-schools in ample time for them to renew, and, we hope, increase their orders for their periodicals for 1897.

Our schools throughout Canada are, for the most part, thoroughly loyal to the publications of their own church. Let every Methodist school in the country rally round our own papers, and prove that the enterprise and energy and large faith shown in their enlargement and improvement is appreciated.

For our other periodicals we do not at present promise enlargement, but they will be maintained at the highest possible state of efficiency—and improved when possible.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1896.

Mount Gilboa, where Saul was slain.—1 Sam. 31.

THE MOUNTAIN.

This mountain would probably never have been noticed, but for the fact that it was the place where Saul, the first king of Israel, died. Events have often made places immortal. Battles have been the occasion of places being mentioned in history, but for which they would not have been known. Gilboa will always be associated with the tragic end of Saul. Our young people take pleasure in sailing on Lake Ontario, and as they proceed, they see Brock's monument on Queenston Heights. That was the spot where the illustrious General fell, as he was defending his country against invaders.

SAUL'S TRAGIC END.

Saul's life is full of interest. He was chosen by God to be the king of Israel. Such a great honour should have prompted him to be humble before God. It often happens that when people become rich and honourable, they forget God, from whom all blessings flow. Riches often make people proud and haughty. Should any of you ever become rich, do not set your hearts upon your riches. If you succeed better than some of your associates, do not be proud or haughty, or look upon them with contempt. Had Saul remained as humble after he became a king, as he was before, he would not have come to such an untimely end. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Let every Epworth Leaguer commit this verse to memory.

THE PHILISTINES.

These were a nation of people who gave the Israelites a great amount of trouble. They were frequently at war with each other; sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, was victorious. Just as it is now, both with individuals and nations. They quarrel, often about trifling things. Angry words create strife. Men sometimes go to law with each other, and spend large sums of money, to gain nothing but revenge. Strong nations sometimes go to war with weaker ones, just that they may destroy them, and add more territory to their own country, and though God may overrule these invasions for good, the guilt of those who make the war, is none the less on that account. Let all our young people avoid the first occasion of quarrel. Live in peace. Be kindly affectioned one to another. Leave off strife before it be meddled with.

SAUL'S RUIN.

"He that sinneth against God, wrongeth his own soul." Saul, at the beginning of his reign, was a God-fearing man. He acted according to the command of Jehovah, as made known to him through Samuel, the prophet. No doubt, when he went to war against the Amalekites, he was acting according to divine instruction, but he neglected to obey the command of God fully. He spared King Agag, whom he was commanded to destroy. We regard this as the turning point of his career, from which he went from bad to worse. Guard against the first sin. Shun the first wrong act. Many young people have been ruined by taking the first glass. With many, Sabbath breaking has led to disgrace, and all the evil consequences of a life of sin. Many young people nowadays devote the hours of Sabbath to riding on their bicycles. This is wholly wrong, and will be sure to lead to bad consequences. Do not allow anything but sickness to keep you from the Sabbath-school and church on the Lord's day.

A self-made man always spoils his job somewhere.

Whoever hinders God's work robs the whole world.

"I had always been an American until I went around a curve in a cable car this morning." "What difference did that make?" "Then I became a Laplander."

The Singer's Alms.

BY HENRY ABBEY.

An incident in the life of the great singer, Mario.
 In Lyons, on the mart of that French town,
 Years since, a woman leading a fair child,
 Graved a small alms of one, who, walking down
 The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance, and smiled
 To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul;
 He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
 This chance of pearl to do another good;
 So, as he waited, sorry to refuse
 The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
 And with his hat held, as by limb the nest,
 He covered his kind face and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
 Of commerce, where the singer stood,
 was filled,
 And many paused, and, listening, paused
 again,
 To hear the voice that through and through
 them thrilled.
 I think the guardian angel helped along
 That cry for pity, woven in a song.

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied
 soon
 Into the woman's lap, who drenched
 with tears
 Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas
 noon,
 And noon in her glad heart drove forth
 her fears.
 The singer, pleased, passed on and softly
 thought,
 "Men will not know by whom this deed
 was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
 Cheer after cheer went up from that
 wide throng,
 And flowers rained on him; naught could
 assuage
 The tumult of the welcome save the
 song
 That he had sweetly sung, with covered
 face,
 For the two beggars in the market-place.

HOW MATSU WAS SAVED.

BY JENNIE WHITE.

Matsu was a little Japanese girl who lived in one of the great cities of Japan. Her mother was a Christian. She had been a heathen, but one of the missionaries had visited her home, and had read the Bible to her and taught her about the true God and his Son, the Lord Jesus, and she had listened and believed, and had given up her idols and become a follower of Christ. But Matsu's father was still a heathen, and was very angry because his wife had become a Christian. And he was very cross and unkind to her and the little Matsu. Indeed, he had never been a kind, loving father to his little girl, because, like most heathen fathers, he thought that girls were not worth much account, and was always complaining about how much it cost him to take care of her, and wishing that she were a boy and could make her own living.

One day when Matsu was about twelve years old, he came home after several days' absence, and told his wife that he was tired of keeping such a useless child, and had sold Matsu to Marayama, a friend of his, who lived in another city. When the poor mother heard that she wrung her hands and burst into tears, and begged her husband not to do such a dreadful thing, for Marayama was not only a heathen, but a very wicked man as well, and she knew that if her dear little Matsu became his slave, she would lead a wretched, miserable life, for Marayama would compel her to become as wicked as himself. But her husband would not listen to her pleadings, and roughly told her to keep still and

get the girl's clothes in order, for in a month he was to take her to her new owner and get the money for her.

When poor little Matsu herself heard the dreadful news, her distress was pitiful to see. "O mother, mother," she cried, throwing herself into her mother's arms, "must I go to that wicked man's house to live? Can't you save me?"

But the poor agonized mother could only hold her fast in her arms and mingle her bitter tears with Matsu's. She knew of no way to save her; the father's word was law, and if he said so she must go.

Suddenly a happy thought struck Matsu. "Mother," she said, raising her head from her mother's shoulder and drying her tears, "the missionary ladies! They'll let me live with them, I am sure, and then father will not have to sell me, for I'll not cost him anything any more."

"Sure enough, the missionary ladies," repeated the mother. "I had not thought of them. We will go to see them this very day, and will pray that the Lord Jesus will incline their hearts to receive you into their home."

They lost no time in carrying out their plan, and were soon at the Mission Home, where the two lady missionaries in charge received them kindly, and listened with many expressions of sympathy to their story, but when it was finished they expressed sorrowful glances and one said: "We would help you if we could, we cannot bear to refuse to save this dear little girl from such a terrible fate; but the people in America who support this Mission Home, have sent us so little money this year that we cannot take even one more child into it. The last ones we took we are paying for ourselves out of our own money. And we could not pay for Matsu's food and clothes if she came to us."

Poor Matsu's face fell and the tears came again at this sad news. And her mother looked the picture of despair, as they prepared to take their sorrowful way home again.

"There is one thing that we can do," said the missionary that had not yet spoken. "We can ask the Lord to send us more money, so that we can take Matsu; and if we pray with faith, I am sure that he will hear and answer us. There is a month's time yet. Go home and pray and wait patiently until the month is up, and we will pray also that some way may be provided for us to take Matsu."

So Matsu and her mother went home, and prayed earnestly every day, and many times each day, to the Father in heaven that he would touch the hearts of the people in America and cause them to send more money to the missionaries, so that they could take Matsu into their Mission Home. And many similar prayers went up from the missionary ladies as well, for their hearts went out to poor little Matsu, and they longed to be able to help her.

The month was nearly over, and still no more money came to the Mission Home, and every day when Matsu came to ask if there were any hope for her yet, the missionaries had to shake their heads sadly and say: "Not yet, Matsu; the money has not come yet." Then, seeing the little girl's disappointment, they would add: "But do not lose faith. It will surely come in time." And she would go home once more to wait and pray.

One morning, just at the close of the fourth week, when the missionaries themselves began to feel discouraged and to think that they would have to let poor Matsu be sold after all, there came a letter to the Mission Home from one of the churches in America, and this was what it said: "Our Mission Band has decided to raise enough money to support one girl in your home. It is a support one girl in your home. It is a pretty big undertaking for twenty boys and girls, but they are very much in earnest, and you can depend upon them. They send you ten dollars now, and will send you the rest quarterly, so pick out a nice girl for them, please, and ask her to write to them."

This was signed by the superintendent of the Mission Band, and sure enough there was the ten dollars all safe enough. And how those missionaries' eyes shone when they saw it!

When Matsu came that day, the mis-

sionary ladies were at the door to meet her with the good news. And if the members of that Mission Band in America could have seen her happy face as she flew home to tell her mother the joyful tidings, and could have heard them thanking the kind heavenly Father for his goodness to them, they would have felt a thousand times repaid for their little sacrifices.

Matsu's father grumbled a little when he heard of the new arrangement, because, while it would relieve him of any further expense on account of her, yet he should lose the money that Marayama had promised to pay for her. But when half of the money sent by the Mission Band was paid over to him by the missionaries, he was satisfied, and gladly relinquished all claim to his little daughter.

So the end of the month found Matsu not the poor, miserable slave of the wicked Marayama, but the happy inmate of the pleasant Mission Home, where she still is, fitting herself to be a Bible reader to her own people, and often says to her mother: "Who knows but what I may help some little girl's mother to be a Christian instead of a heathen woman, just as our missionary ladies helped you, and so save some other poor little girl from being sold as a slave to a wicked heathen man."

And whenever that Mission Band in America receive letters from her, as they often do, they look proudly at each other and say: "Isn't it nice that she's our own Matsu, and aren't you glad we saved her from that dreadful father of hers and his wicked friend?" And then they go to work with fresh energy to raise the money for their next quarterly remittance to Japan for Matsu's support, and it never seems a hard task at all, because their hearts are in the work.—S. S. Visitor.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story," said Rob and Archie, running to their uncle.

"What about," said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed upon his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you?" said Rob.

"Something when you were a boy," said Archie.

"Well, once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and me go and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No; but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes, so off we went, and we had some good fun together."

"After a while I took a piece of wood for a boat, and sailed it along the bank. At last it got into deep water, and I could not reach it with a stick, so I told Roy to go in and get it for me."

"He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began to scold him, and he ran towards home."

"Then I grew angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could. Just then Roy turned his head, and the stone struck him right over the eye."

"Oh, uncle!" cried Rob.

"Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry, and lay down on the ground. But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but took off my shoes and waded into the water for my boat."

"But the water was deeper than I thought, and I was soon carried away by the strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but there were no men near to help me. But as I went down under the deep water, some one took hold of me and dragged me toward the shore; and when I was safe on the bank, I saw that it was Roy who had saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around his neck, and cried, and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said, 'Bow-wow-wow.'"

"Why, who was Roy, uncle?" asked Archie, in great surprise.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil.

"The best dog I ever saw. He taught me a lesson that day, did he not, boys? And I hope my story may teach you the same lesson."

A NEWSBOY.

BY JENNIE HARBOTTLE.

It was a bitter cold day in December. Little Bennie had a bundle of papers under his arm, which he had been trying to sell. He was looking so wistfully at the beautiful cakes in the windows, when a man came up to him, and asked:

"What are you doing here in the cold?" He said, "Papers, sir?—do buy them, for I am so cold and hungry."

"How much do you want for them?"

"A shilling, sir, please."

The man took the papers, handed him a crown, and told him to bring the change to his office on the next block. The man then went to his office, and was very busy for about two hours, when he thought, Oh, well, he has been tempted to keep the whole, and yielded.

Next day there came a little boy with the same honest face and blue eyes.

"Please, sir, take this coat; it is only rags, I know, but poor Bennie was run over by the horses and carriage, and they picked him up and took him to the hospital. He is hurted so. He did not mean to lose the money, and if you will trust him, he says when he gets well he will work so hard, and pay back every cent."

"Hush! my boy. Where is he?"

"At the Children's Hospital."

They hail a cabman. On their arrival they are shown to his bed. He says, "Oh, mister, I did not mean to lose it, but I was knocked down by the horses. I am dying. Jimmie will work and pay you back."

"Hush, never mind, don't worry—it will be all right."

The man can hardly keep back the tears. He grasps the hand of the dying newsboy.

Presently the child says, "Jesus, take me, and with that he passes away."

The man sees to the funeral, attends the last rites—gets Jimmie a place to work, and sincerely thanks God for the honesty of purpose shown by Bennie, the newsboy.

FAMOUS BOYS.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was severely hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it; I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

What is Faith?

Little Mary stood on the kitchen floor,
Gazing down at the old trapdoor
Into the cellar dark and damp.
She could only see a tiny lamp
At her papa's side; she knew he was
there,
For she saw him herself go down the
stair;
And now and then she could hear him
speak,
Though the voice seemed far away and
weak.

"Papa!" she called in her baby tone,
"Are you there, dear papa? I'm all
alone."

"Why, yes, little daughter, be sure I am
here;

Jump and I'll catch you, do not fear."

"Papa, it is dark, I cannot see;

Where are you, papa? Do come for
me."

"No, daughter, jump; I will hold you
fast,

Come now!" and Mary jumped at last.

He held her trembling in close embrace,
And pressed a kiss on her baby face,
While a simple lesson the child he
taught,

A lesson she never in life forgot:

"My dear, that's the way to obey the
Lord;

Though you cannot see him, believe in
his word;

He will say, 'Here am I,' to every call;
Trust him, he never will let you fall."

A GIRL'S SONG.

At the time of the terrible accident
a year or two ago at the coal mines near
Scranton, Pa., several men were buried
for three days, and all efforts to rescue
them proved unsuccessful. A spectator
wrote:

"The majority of the miners were
Germans. There were in a state of in-
tense excitement, caused by sympathy
for the wives and children of the buried
men, and despair at their own balked
efforts.

"A great mob of ignorant men and
women assembled at the mouth of the
mine on the evening of the third day, in
a condition of high nervous tension which
fitted them for any mad act. A sullen
murmur arose that it was folly to dig
farther, that the men were dead, and
this was followed by cries of rage at the
rich mine owners, who were in no way
responsible for the accident.

"A hasty word or gesture might have
produced an outbreak of fury. Stand-
ing near me was a little German girl,
perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face
and frightened glances from side to side
showed that she fully understood the
danger of the moment. Suddenly, with
a great effort, she began to sing in a
hoarse whisper which could not be heard.
Then she gained courage, and her sweet,
childish voice rang out in Luther's grand
old hymn, familiar to every German
from his cradle:

"A mighty fortress is our God,"

"There was silence like death. Then
one voice joined the girl's, and presently
another and another, until from the
whole great multitude rose the solemn
cry:

"With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon are we o'er-ridden,
But for us fights the godly man,
Whom God himself hath bidden;
Ask ye his name?
Christ Jesus is his name."

"A great quiet seemed to fall upon
their hearts. They resumed their work
with fresh zeal, and before morning the
joyful cry came up from the pit that the
men were found—alive.

"Never was a word more in season
than that child's hymn."

Tommy's grandfather was a candidate
for a public office, but was defeated.
The day after election, Tommy, who al-
ways knows the news of the day, came
beaming into the kindergarten, saying:
"Good morning, Miss Brown; my grand-
pa was elected all to pieces."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 20.

DESTRUCTIVE VICICES.

Prov. 16. 22-33. Memory verses, 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is a way that seemeth right unto
a man; but the end thereof are the ways
of death.—Prov. 16. 25.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (Prov. 16.
22-33). Answer the Questions.

Tuesday.—Read what sin does (Prov.
6. 6-19).

Wednesday.—Read a warning from the

29. Must we answer for our influence
over others? 30. To what uses are
God's gifts frequently devoted? 31.
When are gray hairs an honour? How
may we help to prolong our lives? 32.
What is better than national victory or
public fame? 33. How did men seek
guidance in ancient times?

TEMPERANCE TRUTHS.

The Bible warns us that there is evil
in strong drink. It points out the re-
sults both in this life and in the life to
come. Men lose true happiness to get
drunk. The excitement it causes is not
pure, lasting pleasure. They lose
liberty, comfort, life, heaven. In God's
strength let us abstain altogether from
such an evil.

When we would walk with God we
must go his way.



THE FLYING FISH.

THE FLYING FISH.

We associate flying with wings, but
several animals that have no wings can
fly a little way in the air. There is the
flying squirrel, for instance; and the bat,
that flies so well in the dusk of the even-
ing, has no real wings such as a bird
has, but a thin sort of web or membrane,
with which the mouse-like little creature
can support itself well in the air.

The fish that can fly has its upper
fins like broad wings. The web of the
fin is stretched out on fine ribs of bone
that are fixed on the neck of the fish,
and extend as long as the tail. With
these flying fins, the fish can leap from
wave to wave. It has been known to
leap high enough to reach the deck of a
sailing vessel; but it either could not
fly across the deck or struck a boom or
sail, and so fell down dead.

The flying fish are plentiful in the
West Indies, and warm seas of the torrid
regions. They are much like a mackerel
in shape and colour. Their flesh is
sweet and tender, and of great use to

the people of the West India Islands for
food. Most of the eatable kinds of fish
like the cold of the north seas better
than the warmer waters near the
equator; and, on account of good fish
being somewhat scarce, the flying fish
is the more valuable in the West Indies.

The flying fish fly or leap into the air
to escape from the dolphin or other
enemies. They cannot fly for more than
a hundred yards or so. After such a
long leap, they wet their wings or fins,
and can then make another spring into
the air. But the poor flying fish has
enemies in the air as well as in the
water. Gulls, pelicans, and other sea-
birds are on the watch to seize them as
they fly over the waves.

Of course, the poor flying fish darts
into the water as quickly as it can to
escape from the birds, and darts out
again to get clear of the fierce dolphin.
The under part of this pretty fish is
white, and from a ship they may often
be seen like a little flock of swallows,
their white sides gleaming in the bright
sunlight like silver.

THE JEWISH MAID.

A little Jewish girl in Russia learned
large portions of the New Testament
from a boy who had committed them to
memory. One day upon the arrival of
her father after an absence, she ran to
meet him, and said, "I do love Jesus;
he loved little children." This angered
the father and he forbade her to speak
on the subject again. Soon the child
was stricken with scarlet fever, and the
medical attendant gave no hope of her
recovery. A Gentile woman was called
to nurse the child, as the Jews feared
the fever. The woman quoted the verse
of a hymn; and the father of little De-
borah offered the death-bed prayer of
the Jews. Then the child opened her
eyes and repeated accurately the story of
Jairus' daughter. When she finished her
head fell back, and to all appearance
she was gone. In an agony of mind the
father fell down at the feet of Jesus and
besought him, saying: "Oh, Jesus, thou
who didst raise up the daughter of
Jairus, raise up little Deborah, and I will
believe in thee as Israel's Messiah!"
That cry of agony was heard, and the
child rose from her couch of death and
the Jewish family were converted to
Christianity.

The Girls Will
Like It...

The new story by AMELIA E. BARR,
entitled

"A Knight of the Nets."

Cloth, \$1.00, postpaid.

Any person who has read any of
Amelia E. Barr's former works will
know what a treat is in store for
them in this new story.

A... RATTLING GOOD STORY

IS

"Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss,"

By EDWARD W. THOMSON.

Illustrated. Cloth.

We will mail this work to you, post-
paid, on receipt of one dollar.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, TORONTO.
C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

past (1 Cor. 10. 1-13). Learn the Golden
Text.

Thursday.—Read the way of folly
(Prov. 12. 8-15). Learn the Memory
Verses.

Friday.—Read the right way (Isa. 30.
15-21).

Saturday.—Read seeking strength
(Psalm 119. 105-120). Study Teachings
of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read a prayer for purity
(Psalm 141).

QUESTIONS.

I. Wise and Foolish Words, verses
22-28.

22. To what is understanding com-
pared? Do foolish people learn from
their mistakes? 23. From what do
speech and action flow? 24. Mention
some uses of kind-words. 25. Why do
wrong ways sometimes seem right?
What questions should we ask when we
are tempted? 26. Is there danger in
forming appetite? 27. Can a bad man
help influencing others?

II. Good and Bad Deeds, verses 29-33.