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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 7, 1886.

No. 45.

Gertie's Almanac.

Monday to wash all the dolly's clothes. Lots to be done, as you may suppose, Tuesday to iron and put away; That takes a body the livelong day. Wednesday to darn and fix and mend. Plenty of sewing, you may depend. Thursday if shining, we visiting go; Then we are dressed in our best, you know.

Friday—O then we go out to shop; Once you get out, it is hard to stop. Saturday, polish, scrub, and bake; Tired out, hardly can keep awake. Sunday—O that day, of all, is the best; Glad when it's here, for we take our rest. Fifty-two weeks to make up the year. But all the year round to love every one here.

LAND'S END.

The engraving shows the remarkable cape at the extreme south-west of England, known as Land's End. It consists of stern granite crags, against which the ceaseless surges of the broad Atlantic have been dashing for ages. Some idea of their gigantic size may be inferred from the diminutive appearance of the figures on the sea shore, and in the little boat. The clouds of seabirds which make the lonely rock their home will be observed. Near by is an inn bearing the inscription, "The First and Last Inn in England." A deep poetic interest is given to this scene from the fact that here it was, far out on the precipitous crags with the surges of the ocean breaking at their base on either side, that Charles Wesley composed that noble hymn containing the lines—

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
"Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,

Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, my inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart

Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

MOTHER AND SON.

An incident occurred recently in one of the police courts of Chicago, in which a little street boy's devotion to his drunken mother was touchingly shown.

A woman had been picked up in a state of intoxication and carried to a police station, where she spent the night. The next morning she was arraigned before the magistrate. Clinging to her tattered gown were two children, a boy and a girl, the former only seven years of age, but made prematurely old by the hardships of his wretched life.

"Five dollars and costs," said the judge, sternly. "Seven dollars and sixty cents in all."

Instantly the little fellow started up, and, taking his sister's arm, he cried out: "Come on; we's get to git that money, or mam'll hev to go to gaol. Jest wait, Mr. Jedge, and we'll git it!"

The children hurried out of the court room, and, going from store to store, solicited contributions to "keep mam from going to gaol," the boy bravely promising every giver to return the money as soon as he could earn it. Soon he came running back into the court-room, and laying a handful of small change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:

"There's two dollars, Mr. Jedge, and I can't git no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do as much work;

but if you'll jist let me go to gaol, stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed: "Your mother shan't go to gaol, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge, and the woman, clasping her boy in her arms, sank upon her knees and solemnly vowed that she would lead a better life and try to be worthy of such a son as that.—Winslow's Monthly.

A TALK ABOUT SALT.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

"Oh! how horrid," cried Charlie one morning at breakfast, making a wry face over his oatmeal.

"It wants salt," said his mother, laughing at him as she tasted hers; "put on a little."

So Charlie sprinkled it with a little salt, then, tasting again, said that it was all right.

evaporated; but I don't understand what it has got to do with getting salt out of the sea."

"Do you remember what happened to the water that you put to boil on the stove the other day?"

"Why, I left it boiling too long, and when I went for it the pan was empty, and you said that it had all turned to steam."

"Yes; that was because it was pure water; now sea water, you know, is not pure, it is full of salt, so that when it is boiled the water part goes off in steam, but the salt is left in the vessel; and that is the way in which salt is procured by evaporation."

"That's simple enough," said Charlie; "and what about the salt from the mines?"

"That is what is called rock salt, and when it is unmixed with any other substance it is very clear and beautiful, and full of clear crystals, almost like glass. There are great salt mines in Poland, in which miles and miles of streets and

"BEACH-COMBERS."

On almost every habitable sea-coast of the globe, there is to be found a class of people who have received the general appellation of "beach-combers." In some instances, dangerous stretches of coast have acquired a sinister reputation, the charge being made that the "beach-combers" there were little better than human vultures who prowled among the rocks and hovered over the sandy beaches watching for any unfortunate vessel which a gale might have driven into a position of danger.

Along the coasts of Southern Europe, at certain points of the coast of Great Britain, along the shores of the West Indies, and in not a few of the islands of the Pacific, there are localities that are still pointed out as having once been the resort of "beach-combers" who took part in many a tragedy of the ocean. Tradition tells us that many an unfortunate shipwrecked crew, falling into the hands of those lawless creatures, met a fate more cruel than that of engulfment by the angry waves, and that many a good ship was plundered and stripped bare to the hulk, and left with her bones to bleach on the jagged rocks.

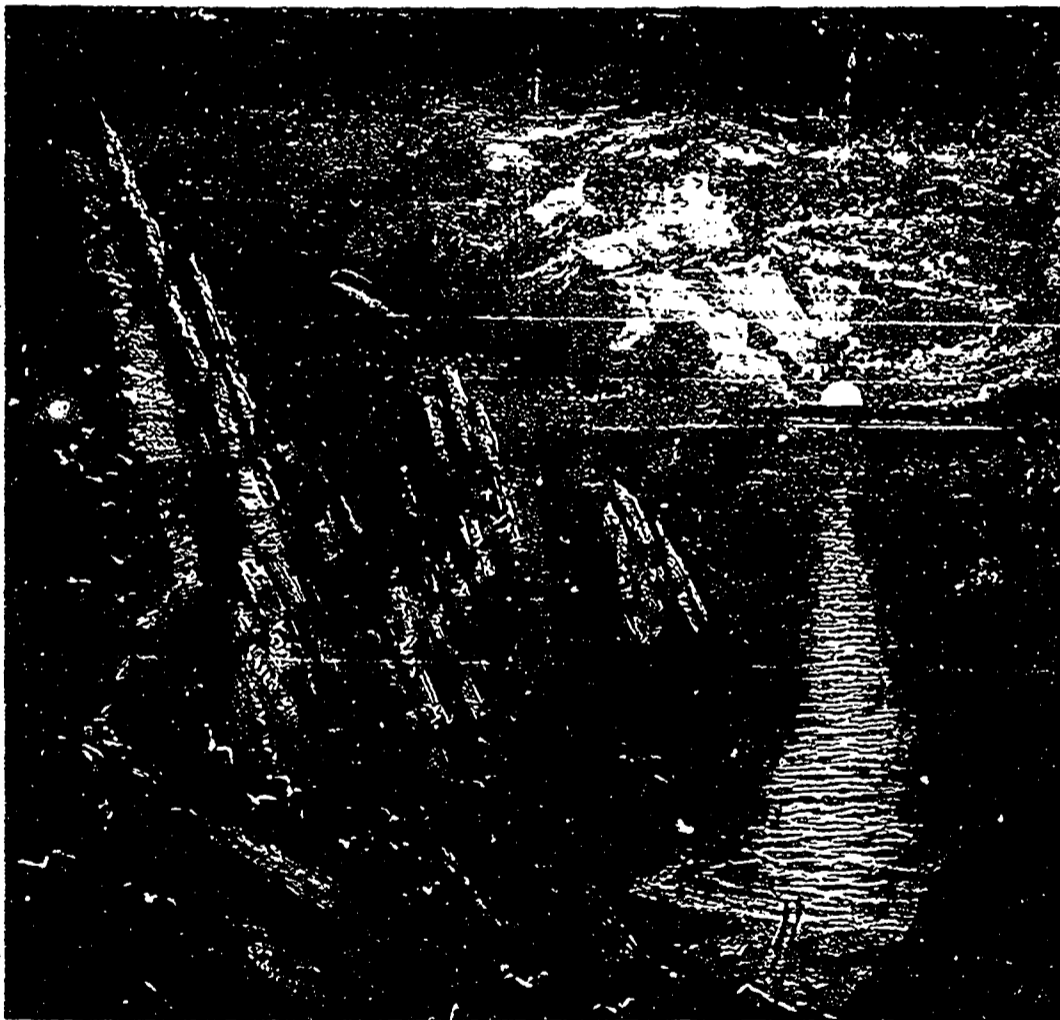
But a vessel might almost search the world over for the old type of "beach-combers" to-day in vain. Everywhere, the patrol of the coasts is now so thorough and so general that it would be next to impossible for a lawless community of "wreckers" to exist. Besides, the number of light-houses, signal stations, and life-saving stations has been multiplied at all the points where danger to vessels is apprehended.

There are still many who live by the wreckage of the sea. Along the Atlantic seaboard, down by the Florida Keys, and on the shores of the Gulf, there are many lonely cabins, whose occupants are "beach-combers," subsisting upon the tribute of the waves. There are localities where the countless eddies and currents of the ocean deposit the debris of innumerable wrecks, frequently casting up on the beaches valuables that are sure to be redeemed by the owners. Still, the income of the "beach-comber" is a very precarious one.

These "children of the surf" love the storms best of all—because they bring them a harvest of wreckage. What with the diligent patrol of the beach, and the fact that one needs to be half fisherman and half agriculturist in order to get enough to eat, such a life can hardly be called one of leisure. Yet it seems to hold a singular fascination for those who enter it, probably because it has in it so much that savours of adventure.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts, too many parents reported no children in their families; and, in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district, the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a waggon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work. Distributing candies to the youngsters, they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the school about 200 boys and girls.

Reggy Backbay—"Miss de Mudd, are you at all interested in psychology?" Miss de Mudd—"Oh, yes, very much indeed! But I know I should break my neck if I tried to ride one."



LAND'S END, CORNWALL.

"Isn't it queer how things taste without salt?" he said to his uncle when he went into his room after breakfast; "I couldn't eat my oatmeal, it was so horrid; but when mother told me to put salt on it, it was all right."

"Yes; we couldn't get along without salt at all—we couldn't live without it."

"Animals like salt too," said Charlie; "I remember once when we were staying at a farm seeing the men salt the sheep. They would put some on the rocks in the pasture and the sheep would come running as fast as they could and lick it all up. Does salt come out of the sea?"

"Some salt does; some comes from salt springs, and some from mines," answered his uncle.

"How do they get it out of the sea?" "They get it out by what is called evaporation; do you know what that means?"

"When mother left the alcohol bottle open, the next time she wanted to use some it was empty, and she said it had

passages are cut through the solid salt, besides great rooms; and in one place there is a little chapel, with a regular pulpit. When the emperor, or any member of the royal family, goes to visit these mines, they light up some of the passages and rooms, and then all the salt crystals sparkle and glisten in the most bewildering manner.

"There are hundreds of people living down in these mines, some of them very seldom coming up into the daylight."

"Do they have houses down there?" cried Charlie.

"O, yes indeed; enough houses and streets to make a village, besides a salt lake. And though they have been working them for hundreds of years, there is no prospect of the salt giving out."

"Well, if I ever!" exclaimed Charlie.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pillgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

An Autumn Song.

There's a flush on the cheek of the
pipkin and peach,
And the first glint of gold on the bough
of the beech;
The bloom from the stem of the buck-
wheat is cut,
And there'll soon be a gap in the burr of
the nut.

The grape has a gleam like the breast
of a dove,
And the haw is as red as the lips of my
love;
While the hue of her eyes the blue
gentian doth wear,
And the goldenrod glows like the gloss
of her hair.

Like bubbles of amber the hours float
away,
As I search in my heart for regrets for
the May;
Alas! for the spring and the glamour
thereof;
The autumn has won me, the autumn
and love.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 7, 1896.

GOOD READING FOR THE WINTER
VERY CHEAP

The young people who belonged to the
League Reading Circle last year are en-
thusiastic in its praise, and will take this
year's course also. Such expressions as,
"We enjoyed the Reading Course
very much," and "It is just the thing
for young people," are frequently re-
ceived.

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and profitable manner.

The four books chosen for this year
are particularly suitable for an Epworth
League Reading Course, two of them
being specially prepared for the Course,
and the other two written for young
people.

The following are the books constitut-
ing the Course for 1896-97.

1. "Torch-Bearers of Christendom.
The Light they Shed and the Shadows
they Cast." By Robert R. Doherty.

"Dr. Doherty's Torch-Bearers of
Christendom is a brilliant survey of the
nineteen Christian centuries, setting
forth in a series of vividly picturesque
chapters the successive steps in the his-
tory of Christianity. Dr. Doherty's
literary skill has resulted in an unusu-
ally attractive book."—S. S. Journal.

2. "Modern Missions. Their History,
Progress and Prospects."

This book will be timely, as there is
at present a remarkable interest mani-
fested in missionary work among the
Leagues. Not only does it contain much
valuable information, but it will be found
intensely interesting as well, portions of
it reading like a romance.

3. "Life and Conduct." By J. Cameron
Lees, D.D., LL.D., Edinburgh.

This is a book on Character Building,
and one of the best that has ever been
published. This volume has chapters
on Character, Success in Life, Personal
Influence, Friends, Money, Time, Cour-
age, Health, Earnestness, Manners, Gen-
eral Recreation, Books, Family Life.

4. "Barbara Heck. A Tale of Early
Methodism." By Rev. W. H. Withrow,
D.D.

Chancellor Burwash says. "The warp
and woof of the book is through and
through historical. He has characters
of rare beauty to depict, and many of
the sketches would be well worthy of the
pen of Ian Maclaren."

The Montreal Witness gives it nearly
three columns of space, and says. "We
could wish that thousands besides Meth-
odists could read it to kindle and fan
the flame of Canadian patriotism, and
that all might learn the imperishable
power and beauty of Godliness and true
religion in humble life."

The Canada Presbyterian says: "Meth-
odists may well be proud of such spiri-
tual ancestry. The book should be in
every Methodist household, and read by
all of them, both old and young."

WHAT DO THE BOOKS COST ?

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Address all orders for books to William
Briggs, Wesley Buildings, Toronto; C. W.
Coates, Montreal, Que.; S. F. Huestis,
Halifax, N.S.

Among the Junior Epworth League
Topics for the fourth quarter of this
year are a number of hymns, which the
juniors are requested to memorize, and,
where possible, to learn the names of the
authors.

Several of these hymns are found in
our Canadian Hymnal. But others are
found only in the Junior Epworth Hym-
nal, which is not in use in Canada. In
these cases, the leaders of our Junior Ep-
worth Leagues had better select hymns
from the Canadian Hymnal, for memor-
izing, and as the topics for the meetings.

KISS AND SAY GOOD-BYE.

BY REV. W. HINDALL.

Pussy had too many kittens, and all
except one had to be drowned. Gwen,
an affectionate little girl, said: "Pa,
don't drown the kittens until I kiss them
and say 'good-bye.'" Her pa was
touched by this tender and loving re-
mark of innocence, and wondered what
was Gwen's meaning. We say
"Good-bye" to friends when parting,
which is an abbreviation of "God be
with you." Did the little girl believe
that the kittens would live again after
they were drowned? One thing we
know, that our friends who left us in
death are still alive somewhere, but we
shall see them no more in this world.

Do brothers and sisters who quarrel
with each other ever think that when
they go to bed with unkind feelings that
they may never again speak to each other
on earth, and how bitter the reflection
during the whole years of life, that I
was so naughty and said such unkind
words to one who has gone beyond my
reach, and then to think of the recollec-
tion of the departed spirit of the last
words it heard on earth, and of the
quarrel which may never be erased from
the memory of that spirit to all eternity,
and I shall never be able to say, "For-
give me. I am sorry for my wicked
tempor"—never more be permitted to
kiss and say good-bye.

"Why is James not down to his
breakfast," said a mother recently to his
brother, who had slept with him. The
answer of the little boy was, "I tried
hard, but could not wake him." The
mother ran upstairs and found her son
dead.

The patience of her mother was often al-
most exhausted with the obstinate and
disobedient conduct of Jane, and she
sometimes wept when she thought of
that once lovely, innocent babe, now so
peevish and disagreeable. She had often
tried to reason with her, but Jane
heeded not her mother, and treated her
pleadings with contempt. One day, when
greatly tried, she said:

"You will live to some day repent of
your unkindness to me, and, perhaps,
when it is too late to ask my forgive-
ness."

She received a very disagreeable an-
swer. That evening Mrs. — retired
early on account of a distressing pain
in her head. Fever set in; she was deli-
rious for a few days. Jane often ap-
proached her bedside, and waited hours
in painful anxiety for an opportunity to
say, "Mother, will you forgive me," but
the opportunity never came—for reason
never returned; her mother never again
recognized her daughter, and Jane has a
remorseful life in thinking of her un-
kindness. She would give worlds if she
could once more gaze upon that patient
face, and hear that loving voice say, "I
forgive you," but it is too late. Let all
the family, young and old, live in love
and affection, and every night kiss and
say good-bye.

Walkerton, Ont.

THE GOD OF THUNDER.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

All the old idolatrous nations had a god
of thunder—a deity who they believed
was accountable for all electrical phe-
nomena. There is something so weird
and dreadful in thunder and lightning
that we can readily understand how,
through all history, they have been
looked upon as the direct work of some
terrible power. Fear is the daughter of
ignorance, and departs when knowledge
enlightens us as to the cause of things.

There is nothing that would excite
man's wonder and terror at first any
more than a thunder shower, so it is
natural enough that they attributed it
to some great power. Accordingly the
god of thunder was a very powerful
deity in all the old mythologies. The
ancient Greeks made their chief god,
Jupiter, the god of thunder. He is re-
presented armed with thunderbolts.
They depicted him without ears, to sig-
nify impartiality.

"He whose all-conscious eyes the world
behold,
The eternal thunderer, sits enthroned
in gold;
High heaven the footstool of his feet
he makes,
And wide beneath him all Olympus
shakes."

Another legend made Vulcan the god
of thunder. He was believed to be the
son of Jupiter, and was lame and de-
formed. His workshop was supposed to
be under Mount Etna, in the island of
Sicily, and indeed in every part of the
world where there are volcanoes. Some-
times he was represented at his anvil
forging thunderbolts, all sooty and
grimed, with a blacksmith's apron
about him. At other times he was
pictured beating a link of gongs or cym-
bals—an old, wrinkled man, with long
beard and dishevelled hair. His lame-
ness and deformity excited the constant
laughter and ridicule of the other gods.

Pandora, whom the ancients believed
to be the first woman ever created, was
made of clay by Vulcan. When she had
received life, all the gods gave her
different valuable presents; and Jupiter
presented her with a beautiful box to be
given to the man she married. After
she married Prometheus he opened the box,
when innumerable evils and distempers
issued from it, and dispersed themselves
over the world, where they still con-
tinue. Hope alone remained at the bot-
tom of the box, without which afflictions
and sorrows could not be borne.

BE THOROUGH.

"I never do a thing thoroughly," Mary
said to me the other day. She had just
been competing for a prize in composi-
tion. "I only read my composition once
after I wrote it, and I never practised
it in the chapel at all."

She was naturally far more gifted than
Alice, who was her principal competitor.
Alice wrote and re-wrote her essay, and
practised it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her com-
position in a clear, distinct voice, with-
out hesitation or lack of expression. It
was condensed and well written. Mary's
could not be heard beyond the fifth row
of seats, and was long and uninteresting.
Alice won the prize. One remembered
and the other forgot that truth so often

an immense capacity for taking trouble.
One, by patient, persistent effort, ob-
tained what the other relied upon her
natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do, whether you sweep
a room, or make a cake, or write an
essay, or trim a hat, or read a book, do
it thoroughly. Have a high standard
for everything. Not alone because only
thus can you win honour and distinction,
but because this is the only honest, right,
Christian way to use the gifts God has
bestowed upon you. To be honest be-
fore him we must be thorough.

A Little Girl's Wish.

BY ELIZABETH R. GEORGE.

"Mayn't I be a boy?" said our Mary.
The tears in her great eyes of blue,
"I'm only a wee little lassie,
There's nothing a woman can do.

"'Tis so, I heard Cousin John say so,
He's home from a great college, too;
He said so, just now, in the parlour:
'There's nothing a woman can do.'"

"My wee little lassie, my darling,"
Said I, putting back her soft hair,
"I want you, my dear little maiden,
To smooth away all mother's care.

"Is there nothing you can do, my dar-
ling?
What was that 'pa' said last night?
'My own little sunbeam has been here,
I know, for the room is so bright.'"

"And there is a secret, my Mary,
Perhaps you may learn it some day.
The hand that is willing and loving
Will do the most work on the way.

"And the work that is sweetest and
dearest,
The work that so many ne'er do,
The great work of making folk happy,
Can be done by a lassie like you."
—Ladies' Home Journal.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 15, 1896.

Hymn 19. Majestic Sweetness Sits.—
Rev. 5, 12, 13.

"Majestic sweetness sits enthroned."
"No mortal can with him compare."
"He saw me plunged in deep distress."

The above are the first lines of the
verses which the juniors are expected to
commit to memory. The author of the
hymn is Samuel Stennett. The tune is
Ortonville, which was composed by
Thomas Hastings. The words and the
tune are both alike beautiful, and the
members of the Junior Leagues will do
well to commit the words to memory,
and learn the tune, and often sing it both
in private and public. Such employ-
ment will be both edifying and instruc-
tive.

THE TEXT.

Read the verses in Revelation. How
sublime they are. They relate to the
song which angels sing in heaven. They
ascribe glory to the Lamb, which is an-
other name for Jesus Christ. They
assert the reason why they ascribe to
him such honour and majesty, because
he is worthy, that is, he is entitled to all
the ascriptions of praise which are here
rendered unto him. He was slain. He
became sin-offering for us who knew sin
that we might be made the righteousness
of God in him.

THE ANGELS' EXAMPLE.

Not only are angels to adore him, but
every intelligent creature in the universe
is to join in the heavenly anthem. Read
verse 13. The praise is to be perman-
ent. The glorious song is not only sung
for a season, but it continues through
all the cycles of, and extends to eternity,
and continues forever and ever. How
noble it is on the part of the angels
thus to render thanks to Jesus, the
Saviour of the world, inasmuch as they
were not the subjects of redemption, and
consequently are not under the same
obligation to render praise and thanks-
giving, as we who have been redeemed.

OUR DUTY.

We should certainly feel ourselves un-
der imperative obligation to ascribe
glory unto the Lamb. Our hearts and
lives should show forth his praise, and
when we have done all that lies in our
power, we can never discharge the ob-
ligation under which we are laid. At
best, we are unprofitable servants. How
great is the loving-kindness of our hea-
venly Father that he accepts such un-
worthy creatures as we are into his ser-
vice. No wonder that an inspired pen
said, "Let everything that hath breath

There's a Dear Little Girl Coming Home To-day.

"Oh! what do you think the angels say?"
Said the children up in heaven;
"There's a dear little girl coming home to-day,
She's almost ready to fly away
From the earth we used to live in;
Let's go and open the gates of pearl,
Open them wide for the new little girl."
Said the children up in heaven.

"God wanted her here, where his little ones meet,"
Said the children up in heaven:
"She shall play with us in the golden street!
She had grown too fair, she had grown too sweet
For the earth we used to live in;
She needs the sunshine, this dear little girl,
That glids this side of the gates of pearl,"
Said the children up in heaven.

"So the King called down from the angels' dome,"
Said the children up in heaven:
"My little darling, arise and come
To the place prepared in thy Father's home,
To the home that my children live in;
Let's go and watch at the gates of pearl,
Ready to welcome the new little girl,"
Said the children up in heaven.

"Far down on the earth do you hear them weep?"
Said the children up 'n heaven;
"For the dear little girl has gone to sleep!
The shadows fall and the night clouds sweep
O'er the earth we used to live in;
But we'll go and open the gates of pearl!
Oh! why do they weep for their dear little girl?"
Said the children up in heaven.

"Fly with her quick, oh! angels dear,"
Said the children up in heaven."
"See—she is coming! Look there! Look there!
At the Jasper light on her sunny hair,
Where the veiling clouds are riven!
Ah—hush—hush—hush—all the swift wings fur!
For the King himself at the gates of pearl
Is taking her hand, dear, tired little girl,
And leading her into heaven."

"HOW ALEX KINGSFORD SUCCEEDED IN LIFE."

BY MAIDA MATTLAND.

"Wanted—A boy to learn the business and make himself generally useful."
So read the card that occupied a striking position between curtain and window in the only grocery store of any importance at "Eckford Corners."

It was on a Saturday night that old Mr. Walkins and his son had held a consultation as to the advisability of employing more help in their business. Time was telling heavily on the old grocer, and his long day's work had wearied him as it had never done before.

"I think, John, my son," he said, "you need some help here, now that I am growing old, some young lad to learn the business, and know your ways, to be of use to you when I am gone."

And so it came about that before young Walkins closed the store for the night, the notice we have alluded to occupied a place in the window. On Sunday, as the boys went to and fro in the village street, all stopped to read the card. "Jack Phair, the doctor's son, read it, and paused, and after some reflection, decided—

"Just the thing for me. I'll see old Walkins in the morning, and, of course, I shall have no difficulty in securing the position; and then when all is settled, I'll break it to the governor that my school days are over, and shall at last assert my independence."

And so, having satisfactorily settled the matter with himself, he went off whistling, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which caused good old Mrs. Tait to sigh at this open desecration of the Sabbath.

The next of any interest to us to consider the notice, was Fred Lambert. His widowed mother kept the boarding-house at the "Corners," and it was well known that Fred, her only son, was far from being a help to her. Having read the "want," he sat down on a barrel near by to cogitate on its attractions.

"I suppose a fellow must get to work some time," he thought. "And this is about as fine a place as any to make a start. I'm around here a good deal anyway, and I'll hear and see all that's going on, besides drawing my salary. Yes, I'll look after this to-morrow."

Feeling of more importance than usual, he strolled leisurely—for Fred was never known to hurry—to his home, where he announced with a very pompous air that he intended taking the position. The little church at the "Corners" held two strangers that same Sabbath evening, but so unassuming and quiet were they that they attracted very little attention. The woman, a widow, you could see by her dress, seemed bent beneath some burden of care that left its deep impress on her sad face. Marion Kingsford had seen her loved helpmate consigned to the grave the week previous to her removal to "Eckford Corners," whither she had been attracted by the promise of work in the hop fields around. Beside her sat her only child, Alex, to whom the dying father had left as a sacred trust his sorrowing wife.

As the sweet voice of the young girl soloist rang out that wonderful invitation—

"Come ye disconsolate! Where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

the grief-stricken mother found relief and healing in the first tears she had shed since her bereavement. Those silently shed tears touched so keenly her poor boy's heart that never before had he experienced the great longing to act a man's part in the world that he might support and shield his loved one from the bitter storms of life. As the congregation knelt in prayer, only one petition went up in all sincerity from the lad's heart,

"O my Father, help, oh, help me to support and care for her whom thou hast left in my charge."

On their way home from the service to their humble abode, Alex read the notice of Mr. Walkins' want, and he immediately decided to apply for the position. It seemed that God was already answering that prayer for work. In the morning, as he hurried to the store, he found Jack and Fred occupying seats on the window sill, and some young lads of less importance standing around. Boys as a rule are unceremonious, and in a short time they were all chatting gaily.

Jack had no doubt, in his own mind, that his position in the place (the doctor's son), would secure him the coveted appointment, and Fred, although he didn't exactly say so in words, conveyed the impression that he felt his handsome face and well-dressed form would be of great advantage behind the grocer's counter.

The other lads, though anxious to be engaged, felt there were small chances of success with two such formidable rivals.

They were still awaiting Mr. Walkins' leisure, who was busily engaged with a railway magnate of New York, when an old man drove up to the door with some bags of grain he wished to dispose of. Having made a satisfactory bargain with young Walkins, he was ordered to throw off his load at the door. The old man returned to do as he was bidden, and made two or three unsuccessful attempts to lift the heavy bags. Alex, who was standing with his back to the old man, did not perceive the trouble, until, hearing Fred banteringly exclaim, "Try it again, old man," he hurriedly turned to seek an explanation for the remark. Taking in the situation at a glance, with a bound he was beside the waggon.

"Let me have an end," he said, in his hearty, boyish way, and the poor, over-taxed old man very gruffly accepted the proffered help. When all was unloaded the old man drove off without as much as "thank you" to his assistant. As Alex once more joined the boys, it was Jack who twitted him with, "Much you got for your trouble from the sulky old duffer."

"Some abuse and dirty clothes," Fred added, in an exasperating tone. As Alex was still busy rubbing the dust from his clothes, Mr. Walkins approached the window, and throwing it open, inquired:

"What is your name, my boy?"
"Alex Kingsford," was the reply.
"Are you looking for the position in my store?" was his next inquiry. Be-
Jug answered in an anxious affirmative, Mr. Walkins continued:

"Very well, Alex, go right to work. My son will give you something to do, and we'll talk of wages later."

As Alex, hardly believing it possible he was awake and not dreaming, walked into the store, the other boys departed with feelings quite indescribable. When Mr. Walkins returned to his desk to resume the conversation with Mr. Lam-

den the latter interrupted his remark by inquiring:

"Excuse my curiosity, Walkins, but will you tell me why you chose that lad so readily out of such a number without conversation with any of them?"

"Did you not notice the old man," was the reply, "who was greatly in need of assistance a few minutes ago? Out of that group of boys, this Alex was the only one who offered any help."

"Well, yes, I did notice that," Mr. Lumsden remarked, "but don't you consider that a very small thing from which to make such a hasty selection?"

"Not at all. That simple act is a good indication of the lad's character, it suggests a kind heart, a lack of laziness, and a willingness to perform a disagreeable duty if required. I shall be greatly mistaken if this lad does not prove a success."

Ten years have passed since then, and we take the train now instead of the stage when we go to "Eckford." You drive up the old familiar street, but hardly recognize it, so improved has it become. As we reach the corner where Mr. Walkins' store once stood, we find an immense warehouse, and over the door in newly-painted letters we read:

"WALKINS AND KINGSFORD."

Thus, by his own efforts, under God's blessing, Alex Kingsford's prayer was answered, for now his widowed mother presides over a cosy little home some little distance from the noise and bustle of the town.

Over the door of the room that Alex calls his "Den," hangs a beautifully illuminated card, bearing the words, "Do with thy might what thy hands find to do."

"That," he was wont to say, pointing to the card, "is the secret of my success in life."

SELF-RELIANCE.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the way in which his teacher of mathematics taught him to depend upon himself:

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, full of whimpering.

"That lesson must be learned," said my teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem. I don't want any reasons why you haven't it,' he would say.

"I did study two hours."
"That's nothing to me. I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it two hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

"One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration. 'No.'

"I hesitated, then went back to the beginning; and, on reaching the same point again, 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction, barred my progress.

"The next! And I sat down in red confusion.

"He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with 'Very well!'

"Why," whimpered I, "I recited it just as he did, and you said 'No!'"

"Why didn't you say 'Yes' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson: you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing until you are sure. If all he world says 'No,' your business is to say, 'Yes,' and prove it."—Ram's Horn.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 15.

GOD'S BLESSING UPON SOLOMON.

1 Kings 9. 1-9. Memory verses, 4, 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it—Prov. 10. 22.

Time.—Perhaps about B.C. 992.

Place.—Jerusalem.

DAY BY DAY WORK

Monday.—Read the Lesson (1 Kings 9. 1-9).

Tuesday.—Read how wisdom benefits (Deut. 4. 1-10). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Wednesday.—Read the conditions of prosperity (Deut. 11. 13-21). Learn the Golden Text, Time, and Place.

Thursday.—Read a list of God's blessings (Deut. 28. 1-14).

Friday.—Read how God's warning was fulfilled (2 Kings 25. 1-10). Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read how the heathen would reproach Israel (Jer. 22. 1-9). Prepare to tell the Lesson Story.

Sunday.—Read the gain of godliness (Psalm 112). Learn the Memory Verses.

QUESTIONS.

I. A Promise, verses 1-5.

1. When did the vision of this lesson take place? 2. How did God appear to Solomon at this time? 3. Were the king and people as faithful now as when the temple was dedicated? How did God signify his acceptance of the temple? For what did he chiefly value it? 4. Mention some of the good points in David's character. 5. On what condition would God establish Solomon's throne?

II. A Warning, verses 6-9.

6. When were the Israelites cut off? Can a parent's goodness free the child from the right to be good? 7. What warning was given through Moses? 8. How was the temple high? What would its ruin witness to? 9. How did the Israelites take hold of idols?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Delay in answering prayer is not denial. God's house is sacred. There is no respect of persons with God. Only by obedience to God can we secure permanent success. Sin brings shame. The greater our privileges the worse our punishment if we abuse them. We ought not only to learn from our own past but from God's dealings with others. The severest chastisements spring from love.

Three New Stories

BY

G. A. Menty.

With Cochrane the Dauntless:

A Tale of the Exploits of Lord Cochrane in South American Waters. With 12 page illustrations by W. H. Margeson. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, olive edges, \$1.75.

The youthful hero of this story is Steve Emblerton, a midshipman on board the flagship of Lord Cochrane (Lord Dundonald), but the central and conspicuous figure in the tale is the great admiral himself. It would be hard to find even in sensational fiction a more daring leader than Lord Cochrane, of a career which supplies so many thrilling exploits; and the manner in which, almost single handed, he scattered the French fleet in the Basque Roads is one of the greatest feats in English naval history. In this story his career as Admiral of the Chilean fleet is more particularly set forth; and his heroic deeds, together with the various exciting adventures of his young midshipman, provide a narrative of unflagging interest.

At Agincourt: A Tale of the White

Hoods of Paris. With 12 page illustrations by Wal. Paget. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, olive edges, \$1.75.

Sir Eustace de Villeroi, in journeying from his estates in Hampshire to his castle in France, made young Guy Aylmer one of his armed escort. Soon thereafter the castle was attacked, and the English youth displayed such sound judgment and valor before the enemy that his liege lord made him commander of a special mission to Paris. That city, at the time, was in a state of armed tumult, caused by the factions of Orleans and Burgundy, so that Guy had to exercise great coolness and daring in order to extricate himself and his following from a very dangerous situation. This he accomplished after many adventures in the streets of old Paris, arriving at Villeroi in time to take part in the campaign against the French which ended in the glorious victory for England at Agincourt.

On the Irrawaddy: A Story of the

first Burmese War. With 8 illustrations by W. H. Orend. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, olive edges, \$1.50.

Young Stanley Brooks had an uncle in Calcutta who was a keen, adventurous trader with the native states near the Irrawaddy, and Stanley, in his love of adventure, joined his uncle as an assistant. Thus it happened that when war broke out between England and Burma, in 1824, the lad was well skilled in river navigation, and his knowledge of the Burmese language obtained for him a post on the general's staff. He served with the British army all through the campaign, during which the lad's love of hazardous adventure, courage, and magnanimity were most brilliantly displayed.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX.

The Seed of Love.

The farmer planted a seed—
A little, dry, black seed;
And off he went to other work—
For the farmer was never known to
shirk—
And cared for what he had need.
The night came with its dew
The cool and silent dew,
The dawn came, and the day,



GAUCHO GETTING A LIGHT.

And the farmer worked away
At labours not a few.

Home from his work one day—
One glowing, summer day—
His children showed him a perfect flower;
It had burst in bloom that very hour;
How, I cannot say.

But I know if the smallest seed
In the soil of love be cast,
Both day and night will do their part;
And the sower who works with a trust-
ing heart,
Will find the flower at last.

FIRE AND FIRE MAKING.

BY H. DEVENPORT.

It is very difficult for us to imagine a time when such a thing as fire was unknown. Fancy a state of affairs when cookery was an undiscovered art, and when warm water had never been heard of! But such a time there must have been; and even in recent days, tribes have been met with in out-of-the-way parts of the globe who had no conception of the meaning of fire, and seem to have managed very well without it. For instance, two Englishmen were wrecked on the coast of Australia. The natives were friendly, and protected them; and the Englishmen, being hungry, began to prepare food for themselves. They thought they would like some stew, so they set about making a fire—their proceedings all the time being viewed with wonder by the curious on-lookers. The fire alight, and a substitute for a saucopan having been found, they filled it with water, and placed it



INDIAN FIRE DRILL.

over the flames. Presently it began to hiss, and then to bubble. But this was too much for the savages, who at once took to their heels, thinking that the water was alive, and might hurt them.

Similarly the Ladrone Islanders, when discovered by the explorer Magellan, expressed the greatest astonishment as they saw him, with the aid of a tinder-box, of which more presently light a fire of sticks. As the fire burned up

they were half frightened out of their wits, and it was only with great difficulty that they could be persuaded that the flame was not alive; and that the heat which came from it, so far from being the bite of some strange creature and hurtful, could be made of the greatest service to mankind.

So that you see it is quite possible to exist without the means of procuring fire, but there are very few tribes who have not discovered for themselves the uses of artificial heat, and how to get it whenever they require it.

In their case, however, the obtaining of fire is a very long and tedious process not that the length of the operation matters a very great deal to a savage, to whom time is not of the slightest value, but he is, almost without exception, remarkably chary about exerting himself more than he can possibly help.

Some tribes get a light by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together, and if you want to gather an idea of the difficulty of this process, just try it for yourself. You will probably find that you will rub away for a week right off and never see the slightest sign of smoke, or of anything approaching to a flame.

Others, such as the inhabitants of Tahiti, squat down, and scrape a bit of pointed wood up and down another piece placed on the ground, until the little bits of dust which are rubbed off by the friction catch fire. The fire-maker has at hand some very dry moss, and by blowing on the spark, he manages to puff the moss into a smoulder, and then into a flame, and so can light his fire—as we should say.

Then there are others who, rapidly twirling a bow—one end of which rests against the shoulder and the other against a piece of wood fastened to the stem of a tree—contrive, after much long and patient labour, to get fire.

The Eskimo has invented a more ingenious arrangement. He twines a thong round a stick, and placing one end of the latter between his teeth, and the other in a hole in a block of wood, twirls it until the flame comes. Let us hope that his teeth are strong ones. You and I would soon have to go to the dentist if we were to indulge often in such an operation.

But there are some who have shown still greater ingenuity, for these have invented a weighted drill, and, going to work exactly as a man does who wants to bore a hole in a plate of iron, they soon have fire, without a very great amount of labour in procuring it.

So late as the year 1820, fire was obtained in Hanover for a particular purpose by means of friction. No doubt this was a survival of ancient usage, but in the market-place there stood a couple of posts, and a crosspiece, which rested in holes made for the purpose, twirled by the aid of a thong, produced the flames for lighting the alarm-fire of the beacon which stood close at hand.

The southernmost part of the Continent of America is, as many of you know, called Terra del Fuego. This means the "Land of Fires," and it got its name from the fact that its discoverers, on first sighting it, saw a great number of fires burning on the shore. They could not understand the meaning of these, but the fact was they were burning because the natives had much difficulty in lighting fires, and wished to save the trouble of kindling the flames again if they were once allowed to go out.

And yet the natives of these parts were almost as far advanced in the art of procuring a light as were civilized people until within the last sixty or seventy years, for they made their fire by striking a piece of quartz against a piece of iron pyrites, and this was exactly what our grandfathers and grandmothers were wont to do, except that these latter used a piece of flint and a piece of steel.

It was anything but pleasant in those days to get up on a cold, dark, winter morning, and chip, chip, chip away with the flint at the hooked piece of steel which went over the knuckles of the left hand of the operator. When she—for the morning fire is usually lighted by a female—was lucky enough to get a spark to fall upon the burnt linen which was in the tinder-box, she would have to blow away until the linen burst into a flame. Then, having ready

her matches—which were pieces of wood tipped with brimstone—she would apply one to the flame, and henceforth all was plain sailing.

If this was the best method of getting a light known to the civilized world, it is not surprising that savages, whose methods were much more tedious, took good care of fire when they once had it. To this day many a savage will walk miles to take a light from some fire which has been already kindled, rather than undertake the kindling of a flame for himself. In the southern seas, travellers frequently come across islanders in their canoes, who are carrying a small fire on a little raised stage to protect it from the spray of the waves. And in the East in patriarchal times the people suffered from equal difficulties in this respect. You will remember that Abraham, when he ascended Mount Moriah to sacrifice his beloved son, carried the fire for the sacrifice with him.

When matches were first invented—a little more than fifty years ago they were nothing like so convenient as those in present use, and rendered necessary the carrying of a bottle of asbestos moistened with sulphuric acid, in addition to the matches themselves; and they were valued so highly that they were sold at one shilling a box. Now-a-days a much better article can be had at two-and-a-half cents a box.—Selected.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA IN LONDON.

Most other things have their centennial, why not the umbrella, which first came into use in London about a hundred years ago? The Chinese and Hindus had been carrying sunshades for thousands of years before the French borrowed the fashion from them. Even then some time passed before any one thought of making them waterproof. Jonas Hanway, an odd old Quaker, had one made of green oiled canvas, with cane ribs, and he walked under it on the streets of London, with the cabbies and street boys yelling after him and calling him names.

Hanway was a notable man. He was born at Portsmouth, in A.D. 1712, and travelled about the world a good deal, and published a book giving an account of his travels in Persia. With some other gentlemen he founded the Marine Society in 1756, which was intended to benefit beggar boys and orphans by giving them an outfit and starting them as sailors upon trading ships. He was himself a Russian merchant. Then he was one of the early friends of Sunday-schools, though the schools which he helped to start were different to those we have now; they were the means of taming children who were like young savages. They heard the truths of the Bible, and were taught to read. It was not till this century that a machine for sweeping chimneys was invented, and the custom of employing boys as climbing sweepers gradually ceased, but before that Jonas Hanway did what he could to protect these poor little fellows. They had often to go up chimneys on bitter cold mornings, sometimes they stuck fast and died, frequently they got bad bruises and sores from this dangerous work. Some of the timid ones, too, were always afraid of meeting bogies in the chimneys. Even at the age of six or seven children were so employed, because, when small, they could climb up narrow chimneys better, and little girls were actually sent up sometimes. Mr. Hanway obliged the masters to feed these young sweeps properly, to have them washed after their work, and give them beds not dirty sacks to sleep upon, also to get their hours shortened.

When he was in London, Hanway lived many years in a house in Red Lion Square, Holborn, and he had all the reception rooms there decorated with beautiful paintings and devices. The reason he gave for this was a good one, he said that often visitors did not know what to talk about, and these wall scones gave them a subject.

"But why do you not print a card and deny the accusation?" inquired the politician's wife. "Deny it?" howled the politician, and then have them prove it? No; I will treat it with contempt."

RUNNING A LOCOMOTIVE.

At sixty miles an hour the resistance of a train is four times as great as it is at thirty miles—that is, the fuel must be four times as great in the one case as it is in the other. But at sixty miles an hour this fuel must be exerted for a given distance in half the time that it is at thirty miles, so that the amount of power exerted and steam generated in a

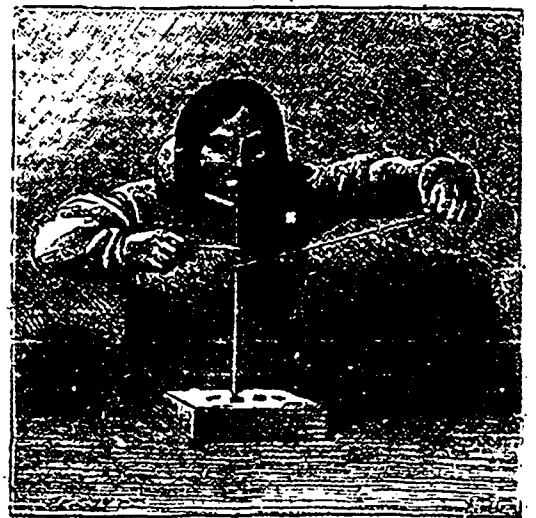


SCOTSMAN PRODUCING A FLAME.

given period of time must be eight times as great at the faster speed. This means that the capacity of the boiler, cylinders, and the other parts must be greater, with a corresponding addition to the weight of the machine. At sixty miles an hour a driving wheel five and a half feet in diameter revolves five times every second; now the reciprocating parts of each cylinder, including one piston, piston rod, cross head and connecting link, weighing about six hundred and fifty pounds, must move back and forth a distance equal to the stroke, usually two feet, every time the wheel revolves, or in a fifth of a second. It starts from a state of rest at the end of each stroke of the piston, and must acquire a velocity of thirty-two feet per second in one-twentieth of a second, and must be brought to a state of rest in the same period of time. A piston eighteen inches in diameter has an area of two hundred and fifty-four and a half square inches. Steam of one hundred and fifty pounds pressure per square inch would, therefore, exert a force on the piston equal to 38,175 pounds. This force is applied alternately on each side of the piston ten times in a second.

CLEAR THROUGH.

A little boy, only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant Maggie as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one which was very white and nice on the outside, but when cut into pieces it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry rot.



ESKIMO OBTAINING A LIGHT BY FRICTION.

Instantly Willie exclaimed, "Why, Maggie, that potato isn't a Christian."
"What do you mean?" asked Maggie.
"Don't you see it has a bad heart?" was Willie's reply.

It seems that this little boy had learned enough of the religion of Jesus to know that, however fair the outside may be, it will never do to have the heart black. We must be sound and right clear through.—Christian Observer.