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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

No. 46

Sword and Plough.

There was once a Count, so I've heard it said,
Who felt that his end drew near;
And he called his sons before his bed,
To part them his goods and gear.

He called for his plough, he called for his sword—
That gallant, good and brave—
They brought them both at their father's word,
And thus he his blessing gave—

"My firstborn son, my pride and might,
Do thou my sword retain,
My castle on the lordly height,
And all my broad domain.

"On thee, my well beloved younger boy,
My plough I o'er bestow;
A peaceful life shalt thou enjoy,
In the quiet vale below."

Contented sank the sire to rest,
Now all was given away;
The sons held true his last behest,
Even to their dying day.

"Now, tell us what came of the steel of flame,
Of the castle and its knight,
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,
And the humble peasant wight."

Oh! ask not of me what the end may be;
Ask of the country round;
The castle is dust, the sword is rust,
The height but desert ground.

But the vale spreads wide, in the golden bride,
Of the autumn sunlight now;
It teems and it ripens far and wide,
And the honour abides with the plough.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

The picture here needs no explanation. At the top is a young lad—fair, bright, and hopeful, with life before him, and with the power of choice between good and evil, between light and darkness. The cut shows, on the one side, the different steps in a career which was the result of the former choice, and on the other side the steps following the latter choice. On the right hand, he develops into an honest, upright young man, fits himself at college for his life work, chooses his profession, business or trade, and fearing God and possessing the respect of his fellowmen, walks on along life's pathway to an honourable and happy old age.

On the left hand, how different! Look at the first step; what a contrast between that face and the one under the mortar-board! Those eyes dare not look you straight in the face. And so he goes on his downward path, for it is so easy to go down hill when a start is made. Every one of those five pictures is worse and more degraded than the one before it; then comes old age—a loveless, cheerless age, spent in the shadows and the gloom of poverty and sin. What is at the root of it all? Don't you see it is the Bible that is shedding the light, and the bottle that casts the dark shadow? And it is all in the starting, you see. They were in the same place at first. Be careful of your first step, boys.

SCHOOLBOY SLIPS.

Recently Truth offered a prize for the best authentic blunder made by a schoolboy. The following are some of those sent in:

Henry VIII. was brave, corpulent, and cruel; he was frequently married, before his death, to a widow; had an ulcer in his leg and great decision of character.

The British Constitution is what you may call a sound case, but on account of

its insolent position it suffers from fogs. A schoolboy, being questioned relative to Adam, was asked how Adam knew everything. "I suppose his mother told him," he replied. Schoolmaster—"Why was Jerusalem surrounded with walls?" Boy (after a careful pause)—"To keep out the milk and honey."

What were the last words of Charles I.? He held up his head and said, "This is the head of a traitor."

What was the use of the Cities of Refuge? They were used by those who had unintentionally committed suicide. Bombay is built in a hollow surrounded by hills, and the climate is such that the

A small child of eight, when asked, "What did your godfathers and godmothers do for you?" promptly replied, "They did promise and vow three things in my name. First, that I should renounce the devil and all the commandments."

CIGARETTE FILLINGS.

They are very often made of Turkish tobacco, into the composition of which opium enters largely. The effect of the constant inhalation of this narcotic is exceedingly injurious. It acts directly upon the nerves and the liver, and the

PRAYING FOR APPLES.

"I don't know, grandpa; I've prayed and prayed, and it don't seem to do much good. I've got almost discouraged." And Archy hung his head, and looked downcast enough indeed.

"I wouldn't," said grandpa; "I think apples are going to be plentiful this year."

"What if they are?" asked Archie in surprise.

"Why, I thought you liked apples as well as any boy?"

"So I do, grandpa; but what in the world have apples to do with a fellow's prayers? 'Pears like none of you can understand how hard it is for a boy to do right; you would not make so light of it if you did."

Grandpa was just about to laugh at Archie's aggrieved tone, but he turned and said to him, "Let me finish what I was going to tell you about apples, and then see if I don't understand more than you think I think apples are going to be plenty, because I just passed Mr. Miller's orchard, and he was out praying for a good crop."

"Not out in the orchard where every one could see him, surely?"

"Yes, he was out in the orchard and I don't think he cared who saw him. He is there yet, I presume, and if you want, you shall go and see him yourself."

Archie was too surprised to answer, but he took his grandpa's hand and went with him.

When they got there they could look over the high fence and see what was going on in the orchard. There was old Mr. Miller following the plough, and turning furrow after furrow of the green sod under, while the boys were hauling manure and spreading it in the furrow.

"I thought you said that Mr. Miller was—"

"Praying for apples? Exactly he has not had a good crop off the old orchard for several years now for the sod needed breaking up, and the trees enriched by fertilizing. Don't you think that after he has done all he can to make the conditions right for fruit bearing he can go to God and finish his prayer, with the feeling that all now rests with the Lord of the harvest?"

"Finish his prayer?" echoed Archie, in amazement, "if that is finishing his prayer, then I guess I have never begun some of mine."

"May be so, may be so," answered grandpa softly, as though speaking to himself. And then he added: "It would be hard for Squire Miller to pray a good crop of apples on those trees unless he made the soil richer first, eh Archie?"

"Forgive me, grandpa," answered Archie, "for what I said a minute ago about not understanding how it is for a boy. I was the only one who didn't understand that it was hard, and now you have shown me. I'm going to begin some of my prayers that I finished a long time ago. I'll quit playing with James Barnstone, and read my daily passages more, and see if I can't get the soil for my resolution a little richer."

"Nellie," said a mother to her little daughter, "I wish you would run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is, she has been quite ill." In a few minutes Nellie came running back and reported, "She said I was to tell you that it was none of your business." "Why, Nellie," said the astonished mother, "what did you ask her?" "Just what you told me to," replied the little innocent. "I told her you wanted to know how old she was."—Household Words.

"Of all the delegates that I met at that Christian Endeavour Convention," said Dr. Hill, "I liked him best who, on being asked what his business was, said 'I am a cheer-up-odist.'"



LIGHT AND SHADE.

inhabitants are compelled to live elsewhere.

A boy, asked what manna was, said, "Please, sir, it's taking your cap off to master and missus."

We know that St. Peter was crucified with his head downwards, because he mentions it in several of his epistles.

Methusalem was the longest man that ever lived.

Austria is watered by the Danube and its tributaries.

What was the Sallie law? A law which forbade any one coming to the throne whose mother wasn't a woman.

At a board school in London the other day, the children were set an essay on "Kindness to Animals," and one girl wrote: "It is cruel to cut off dogs' tails, as some wicked men do, for what God has joined together no man must put asunder."

constant smoker of so-called Russian or Turkish cigarettes soon becomes pale, jaundiced, and listless, the enervating drug sapping up the life of the smoker, and at the end of a few years leaving him unfit for work, and a veritable object of compassion in his inability to free himself from the baneful influence of subtle poison.

Another deleterious effect of cigarette smoking arises from the paper in which tobacco is wrapped. In the manufacture of this peculiar paper, white lead forms one of the component parts, and this is a deadly poison, which, absorbed into the system, produces blotches on the face, injures the teeth, and makes sores on the lips. These results may be seen frequently in a day's walk—startling warnings against the pernicious custom.—The Safeguard.

Class Number One.

Class number one, "only in fun."
Class number two, "other boys do."
Class number three, "it won't hurt me."
Class number four, "only one more!"
Class number five, "before a drink!"
Class number six, "brain in a mite."
Class number seven, "starts up in heaven"
Class number eight, starts in his pate.
Class number nine, whiskey, not wine.
Class number ten, drink, drink, drink!
Class number twenty, not yet a plenty;

Drinking with boys, drowning his joys;
Drinking with men, and now all alone;
Wanting his life, filling his life;
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked,
Losing his friends, thus it all ends.

Class number one, taken in fun;
Ruined his life, brought on strife;
Blighted his youth, ruled his truth;
Gave only pain, stole all his gain;
Made him at last a friendless outcast.

Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy,
Do not begin early in sin;
Grow up a man brave as you can;
Taste not in fun, glass number one.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Epworth League with their respective prices.

THE LITTLE PRESS PUBLISHED FOR THE
WILLIAM BRIGGS,
117 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.
TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

A PRACTICAL SOCIETY.

There are many different societies in existence, Temperance Societies of various names, whose officers are regularly elected, and all doing good work. We have heard of a social society, however, which has no meetings, and no officer, except one man—the organizer. He is president, secretary and treasurer, and he elected himself to office, and proposes to conduct the society as long as he lives. He is the manager of one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the country. The members of the society are his employees, and, strange to say, they don't know they are part of a society, but all the same they are. You see, it is this way. Some time ago, this manager, who owns nearly all the concern, became convinced that the men who did not take saloons did the best work, and were worth more to the establishment than the men who visit such places, and drink what is sold there. The drink made him forgetful, careless, and careless, and he lost his work. He resolved to make an experiment. Whenever a new man came seeking employment he had him sent to his private office. If a regular wage was \$12 per week, he would give him \$10 per week; "I am paying \$12 a week for such work as you say you can do, to men who do not go to the saloons. To the men who frequent such places, even though they may consider themselves good workmen, I pay only \$11. Are you for the saloon or against it? On what basis will you work? For my part I would prefer to pay you the \$10 for the work I steady, the pay sure, and we want the best workman only." If the man likes his beer or whiskey he may be so foolish as to think the manager is being wily with him for his own business; whether he drinks or not, and what right has this manager to dictate to him whether he shall drink or not? Then, perhaps, he thinks of the extra dollar, which looks pretty big, the more

he thinks of it. It would give him \$2 a year. He could do a good deal with it for the youngsters at home, he would not only make more money, but he would be in the class, but he would also save his drink money by staying away from the saloon. Suppose he went to the saloon six nights in the week and spent only a nickel for his glass of drink at that amount of thirty cents per week, and a total of \$18.00 for the year. It is not strange that most of the applicants decide to work on the farm. The man who finds they can live better, they enjoy better health, they care do better work, for their heads are clear and not muddled by the beer. As for the wives and children, they are very thankful at the new state of things exist, for they are benefited by the wise thought of this sensible man, the organizer of this practical Temperance Society

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

There are many ways in which the children may have a share in this thank-offering, and the best plan is to join on the Historic Roll. We are sure that Canadian boys and girls are as ingenious as any others. This is a good chance for them to exhibit their ingenuity. Every Sunday morning, after the service of the Epworth League or other young people's society, who is under sixteen years of age, may have his or her name on the Historic Roll by saving two cents a week for fifty weeks. Here are some incidents, given by way of suggestions, of what Australian and New Zealand children are doing to raise a guinea, so the Historic Roll may have names on their Historic Roll. We quote from The Methodist, of Sydney: A father had given largely to the fund. He desired his two boys to give; he could have given for them; he did better. Living four miles from school, they receive threepence a day for bus money; they have resolved to walk this four miles once a week, and drop the threepence into a tin. The tin will not be opened till the last day of Aug. 1900. They will then claim their place on the Historic Roll.

A meeting in Wellington a speaker informed the meeting that six two little boys had a Century Fund hen each, but unfortunately, since their appointment had done nothing. One of the little boys being present, whispered to the minister's wife, "There are some right, though; we get a penny for every forty slugs and snails we find, and we'll have the money." At one of the century commemoration meetings he heard the story was told of a good Methodist, living some miles away from the chief town in the district, who asked his children what they were going to give to the Century Fund. One boy said, "Father, I'll give a guinea." "Where will you get the money, my boy?" "Oh, I'll shoot hares and sell the scalps, and that will save me the money." The little girl followed suit, "Father, I'll give a guinea." "Where've you got no money, child, and you can't go out and shoot hares." "No, father, I'll clean your boots, and you can give me threepence a week." "Father's family was angry, and indeed, as he told the story, "She was in next morning soon after daylight with the boots." At the Conference meeting of the New Zealand Century Fund, in March, an Auckland firm in the care of a girl recalled it in the Pitt Street Convention and altered it to \$50; the following week he remodelled it and sent up promises—\$25 in gold, \$200; for my married parents, \$10; gratuity for my children, \$5; £1 for the twenty classes in the Sunday-school; as a Christian Endeavourer, \$1. \$70.—Guardian.

WHY HE QUIT DRINKING.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, step-aside, and go to the bar, called for whiskey, and an individual stepped up to him and said: "I say, squre, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?" "I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps." The tramp replied: "You are so cranky and high-minded, my friend, I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. I am, moreover, always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn, and he will bring you to the same place I am." "Struck with his words, the gentleman

set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face ashen, his boots mismatched, his clothing filthy. "Then, was it drink that made you like this?" "Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same place I am in." Picking up his untouched glass he poured the contents upon the floor and said "Then it's time I quit," and left the saloon, never to enter it again.

WHAT ONE BOY MAY DO.

Rhode Island provides by law for scientific temperance instruction in the public schools. In one of the public schools of Providence, as a pupil, is a little boy, nine years of age, whose father is a saloon-keeper. Taught at school concerning the harmful nature and effects of alcoholic beverages, by a teacher evidently interested to do her duty in that respect, this little boy has become also much interested in the subject, and he has earnestly endeavored hitherto unsuccessfully, to induce his father to stop liquor selling, and to sign the pledge of total abstinence. The boy learned of the proposed prohibitory constitution amendment before the election, and pleaded earnestly with his father to vote for it. Finally, about a fortnight before the election, the father told him that if he would earn six dollars and pay him at the end of two weeks he would vote for the amendment. The boy promptly took the father at his word, sold some of his neighbours what he wanted to do, and the job of cleaning the collars, which he did thoroughly and satisfactorily, and was paid therefor. In this way he earned the six dollars, and paid it within the specified time to his father. The father, as good as his word, voted for the amendment. The boy's future is assured. Temperance teaching in the public school will doubtless prove to him, as to many others, a life-long blessing.—The Temperance Banner.

"A two-dollar bill came into the hands of a relative of mine," writes a lady in Boston, "which speaks volumes on the horrors of strong drink or the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of it the following: 'Wife, children and over \$40,000 all gone, I am alone responsible. All has gone down my throat. When I was twenty-one I had a drink. I am not over thirty years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered my children with neglect. Where the bill is going to do me good, how I can get my next meal, I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my life's ruin.'"

A Horse's Vote.

A HISTORY EXERCISE.
The harmless King of Persia lay there dead,
And some one must be found to reign
So seven rickled men, who liked to boss,
Agreed to risk their chances on a "hoss."
Each man took up a rein, a steed attached,
And each dand catered, beats and riders matched.
This their agreement ere they rode away—
He should be king whose horse was first to neigh!
'Tis queer what little things will bring us fate,
And mark a man a fool, or make him great.
The horse Darius rode, a restive bay,
Called out for breakfast in a horse's way,
And, lo! Darius saw his comrades bow,
And felt the crown of Persia on his brow.
Thus did a mighty nation (now deceased)
Accept a king—elected by a beast!
Shall history, two centuries later, state
How this Republic, virtuous and great
(No king desired by the people's will,
But him who must all things do still)
Was ruled and schooled and fooled by
Liquor's vote,
A lower voice than that from horse's
The people's voice is still the voice of God,
When voters are awake, not when they nod.
—Temperance Banner.
Dean Swift is credited with "Bread is the staff of life."

NANNIE'S HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

"Nannie's Happy Childhood." By Caroline Leslie Field, Illustrated, Square 12mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00. This is a book, the reading of which should tend to make happier the childhood of every little reader. Though fancied in the extreme, and concerned with such fairy-lore as a "Beautiful Princess," a "Fairy Godmother," a "Beauty and a Beast," etc., it is a very real and modern fairy tale, actually true in its character, which cannot but fill the mind with happy, wholesome thoughts about how to beautify our lives right here in this work-a-day world. In reading this story one is not sitting in a cloister, room, but is wandering through the rustling leaves of an autumn forest, playing hide-and-seek with some little "Prince Quilquice," as Nanny always called the bushy-tailed squirrels, with which the player's so often.

THE CHILDREN'S STUDY.

"Canada." By J. N. McMillan. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00. An excellent addition to the admirable series, "The Children's Studies," illustrated by Mrs. O. Phippen of England, by Frances Cooke, of Rome, by Mary Ford, and many more. Miss McMillan's rare gift of history-telling is amply exemplified in this work. It should be known and read by every child in this broad Dominion, as well for the noble patriotic impulse it inspires as for the valuable information it imparts. For children of a larger growth, it will be found a most interesting and instructive history of our own country, of which we may well be proud. The romance and heroism of Canadian history is made to live again in these graphic pages.

HOW TO HELP OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL PERIODICALS.

An Open Letter to our Readers:
A friend of the Sunday School Publications of the Methodist Church, you are, of course, interested in their future success. To improve their literature, illustrations, and mechanical appearance is our constant study. Do you realize how much you can help us to do. You still better periodicals? Here are two ways:
1. Tell us what most pleases you in these periodicals, and what you like best. Make suggestions. We cannot always follow them, but they will be helpful.
2. Recommend them to your best friends. If you are a friend—better still, send us the names and addresses of several,—on a postal card, if you like,—and when we have a few spare copies we'll send them one without cost and with our thanks. They'll appreciate your thoughtfulness.
Address Rev. Dr. Withrow, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

The first of the Christmas juveniles to come to hand is the old favorite, "Chatterbox." Boston: Dana, Estes & Co., and all the booksellers. Small quarto, pp. 42. For over a score of years its annual visits have brightened the holidays. This year it is better than ever, a striking feature being half a dozen full-page illustrations, admirably printed in colour. Though bearing an American imprint, this is an English publication, all the more suited to Canadian tastes. It abounds in stirring tales of adventure and heroism by sea and land, and recounts the stirring deeds of Tommy Atkins and the British blue-jackets, with natural history sketches and stories, and a large amount of instructive and interesting reading. It is one of the best of the juveniles.

"The Boys of Scrooby." By Ruth Hall. 12mo, pp. 111-315. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

From the grave and austere stories we read of the rugged, old-time Pilgrim Fathers one would almost infer that the Pilgrims must have been born full grown. But this book reveals the fact that the boys and girls of the time of the Mayflower were as full of life, as fond of play, and as full of fun, as boys and girls of the boys of to-day. They had, too, a much more stirring time. The boys of Canada ought to know more of the heroic story of the Puritans of Old England and of the Pilgrims of New England, and as well as to the American people, and nowhere can its main facts and its doughty deeds be better learned than in this story.

November.

BY ALICE GARY.

The leaves are falling and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
And the boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the caves;

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child!

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beautiful summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses,
Are kept alive in the snow!

A BOYS BEST OHUM.

BY REV. LEANDER S. KEYSER.

"There comes the boy who helps his mother wash dishes! He! he!" A loud shout went up from the three boys standing on the shaded levee of the river. It was Jim Lake who made the jeering remark, and as he uttered the taunt, he pointed toward a half-grown boy who was approaching.

This boy was Walter Westcott. His face was an honest, manly one, although just now it was flushed, while his eyes gleamed with something like anger. Still, he held back the retort that had almost sprung to his lips.

"Yes, an' he sweeps the house, too, for his mother, ha! ha!" scoffed Hal Bigsby.

"And he helps his mother to wash the clothes!" said Roy Lambert.

By this time Walter had come near the group. Their guying hurt his feelings, for he was a sensitive boy, but he tried to control his anger.

"Well, is it any disgrace to help my mother?" he asked, his eyes flashing a little.

"It's girl's work! It's girl's work!" jeered Hal. "I'd be ashamed to do girl's work!"

"But my mother has no girls to help her," replied Walter, stoutly. "If I didn't help her, she'd have to do all the housework alone, and that would be too hard for her."

"Oh, he's mamma's boy! mamma's boy!" sang Jim Lake, when he could not answer Walter's arguments.

It was no use to reason with the young scoffers, for, you know, there are people, old and young, who are much more skillful at ridiculing than at reasoning. Walter bit his lips and kept still. He might have gone home and pouted, but he was not that kind of a boy. Fond of play and sport like other healthy boys, he was willing to bear ridicule rather than be "at the outs" with the boys of the neighbourhood.

For an hour he played with the boys, and all of them had almost forgotten the unkind remarks made when Walter joined the group. He could toss a ball as well, jump as far, and run as fast as any of them, even if he was his "mamma's boy," and they could not help admiring his skill. But in the midst of the absorbing play a voice was heard calling:

"Walter, come! I need you."

It was Walter's mother.

"Yes, I'm coming, mother, right away," Walter replied, throwing down his bat.

"Oh, don't go!" coaxed Jim.

"No, don't!" added Roy. "We're having so much fun!"

"Mother needs me, boys," responded Walter, firmly, starting toward the house.

Then the three boys began to jeer at Walter, calling him all kinds of names, and even hurling a number of rocks after his retreating form. Their remarks stung him, but he did not turn or hesitate.

"Why are the boys making fun of you, Walter?" asked his mother.

"I don't like to tell you, mother," answered Walter, flushing crimson.

"But I think I ought to know. It's nothing, I'm sure, that you need to be ashamed of."

"No, indeed. Well, they were making fun of me because I help you with your housework. They call it girl's work."

"Oh! that is the trouble, is it? I hope, Walter, you won't let such things hurt your feelings. It is no disgrace to help your mother, my boy."

"I know that, mother. It would be a disgrace not to help you when you need me so much. I'd be ashamed to eat a meal if I didn't help you with your work."

"You are a brave boy, Walter," said Mrs. Westcott, the tears glistening in her eyes. "If it wasn't for you, I'd have to hire a girl to help me, and you know I couldn't afford to do that. But now, let me tell you something. The other day Mrs. Lake praised you to the skies. She said you were such a manly boy, a real young gentleman, because you helped your mother and wouldn't swear or lie or do anything else that's dishonourable. And then she complained bitterly about her own boy, Jim, who's just been making fun of you. She said he refused to do anything for her, and he was so rude and cross at home that she could hardly get along with him at all. Now, do you think that's manly? Isn't it a good deal more manly for you to help your mother than to be such a disobedient boy?"

Walter's face brightened. He had got a new idea of manliness. Then a helpful thought came to his mind, and he said:

"It isn't a bad idea for a boy and his mother to be chums, is it?"

His mother laughed heartily at the "cute" saying, and agreed with him.

You wouldn't believe, boys, how it helps a lad to be much in the company of his mother, who, in her own way, can teach him many a useful lesson. This was proved in Walter's case a few weeks later. It was a pleasant evening, and Walter had gone out to the levee to take a walk and see the sun set. Presently those three boys, Jim Lake, Hal Bigsby, and Roy Lambert, came along. It was just growing dark.

"Hello, Walter," said Jim. "Come along with us. We're going to have some fun."

"Where are you going?" Walter asked.

"Sure you won't tell?"

"Of course not! I'm not a newspaper."

"Well," whispered Jim, "we're going to make a raid to-night on old Farmer Burbank's melon patch. Come along. We'll have a big haul."

Walter's very first thought was his mother. He had been with her so much in the work about the house that he knew just how strongly she would disapprove of theft of any kind. He never hesitated for a moment.

"I wouldn't go with you for a thousand dollars," he said, stoutly.

"Oh, come along!"

"Not a step."

"Mamma's boy! mamma's boy!" guyed Jim. "You're afraid to be out of doors at night."

"I'm not, but I am afraid to steal. It's a disgrace."

"All right. Go on home to your mother, and let her put you in your little trundle bed. But mind you don't cheep a word about what I've told you."

"I'm not a telltale any more than I'm a thief," Walter flung back, as he walked away.

The next day there was great excitement in the neighbourhood. The following paragraph from one of the evening papers of the city will explain the cause of the excitement:

"Last night three of our city boys went out to the country on a foraging expedition. It turned out rather sadly for them. Their intention was to make a raid on Farmer Burbank's melon patch; but the old farmer was prepared for such customers; he had hired a couple of deputy-policemen to watch the patch. Scarcely had the boys begun to roll the luscious melons into their sacks before they were seized by the burly guards, borne triumphantly to town and placed snugly in the lock-up. To-day their parents have refused to pay a cent of bail for the young pilferers, and so they are destined to pine for a couple of weeks in gaol. The names of the three thieving urchins are Jim Lake, Hal Bigsby, and Roy Lambert."

That evening Walter and his mother were discussing the matter while they were washing the supper dishes.

"I'd a good deal rather be here washing dishes than be in the lock-up where Jim and Hal and Roy are," said Walter.

"Do you know, mother, that those boys wanted me to go with them last evening?"

"And why didn't you go?" questioned Mrs. Westcott, with shining eyes.

Walter's face fairly glowed as he replied: "Because a boy whose boat chum is his mother couldn't do anything like that!"

You may depend upon it, the three "gaol birds," as they were called for a long time after their release, never guyed Walter Westcott again for helping his mother.—Zion's Herald.

THE OLD SAPSON.

BY HELEN KENT.

"Hello, down there. What are you dreaming about?" called a cheery voice from the top of a crabbed old apple-tree, whose scanty branches swayed beneath the speaker's weight.

"Why, Rob Jennings, what are you in the top of that tree for? It will break with you."

"I'll risk it, little girl. What were you looking for in that hole?"

"A bird's nest. I was sure I saw a woodpecker fly out of there."

"The old sapsion is about gone," said a pleasant voice. It was a noble tree when I was a boy, but we are going down together. There isn't a tree on the old place I care so much about. It has quite a pretty history of my boyish days."

"V. Is it, grandpa? Tell us about it."

The old man glanced above him, righted his spectacles, and looked again.

"Come down, you young monkey. You'll be tumbling on our heads next."

In an instant Rob was on the ground, and in another he had brought a chair and placed his grandfather in it.

"Here, Gem, is a place for you," and the roguish boy seated upon the grass pulled his sister down into his lap.

"There, grandpa, we're ready."

"Oh, I don't know as it is anything you will care for, children, but when I saw little Gem standing there so bright and cheery, it reminded me of another little maiden, with eyes as bright and cheeks as red, who stood in that same spot fifty years ago, trying to decide a hard question."

"You see, it was not as easy getting about in those days as it is now, and when Cousin Jennie came up from the city to make us a visit she usually stayed all summer."

"There were no girls in our family, and five great noisy boys kept things pretty lively. We did try to act a little less like bears when Jennie was here, for she was one of those girls who, if a fellow had done a rude thing, would make him feel ashamed of it, without saying a word or even looking at him. I used to wonder how she did it, but as I look back now, I see that she really did not do anything except to be what she wanted us to be."

"She wasn't one of the still kind by any means. A game of ball or tag was quite as enjoyable to her as to us, and a romp in the fields was her especial delight. In fact the greater part of her time was spent in the garden, hay-field or potato-patch, or wherever we boys were obliged to be."

"Mother used to declare that she was the brownest one in the lot, but she was as pretty as a picture for all that, and there wasn't one of us but would have lain down and allowed her to walk over us if it would have added to the little lady's pleasure."

"But one day a great trouble came to our little favourite. I never knew exactly what it was, for we boys were not called to family council. We only learned that Jennie had a letter from home under cover to mother, who was to read it before delivering. That some dreadful thing had happened I was certain, when I found Jennie one afternoon under the old sapsion, crying as if her heart would break."

"I saw at a glance that it was a sorrow too deep for words, but, boy-fashion, I offered clumsy consolation by climbing the tree and bringing from the topmost branches the ripest and reddest apples."

"You are so good," she sobbed, "but I can't eat them. Oh, Jimmy, do you know I am going away, never to come back?"

"No, I didn't know any such thing," I blurted out. "Who is going to hinder, I'd like to know?"

"I am, Jimmy."

"You? Don't you like to come here, Jennie?"

"Like to?" and then the pretty face hid itself upon my shoulder, and, not knowing what else to do, I drew her down into my lap, as you are holding little Gem, Rob, and ran my fingers through her brown curls.

"Mamma told me," she went on after awhile, "that I might decide it myself. I can stay in this beautiful place and be auntie's little girl always, or I can go back to mamma and begin work in one of the shops."

"You, go to work in a shop? I almost screamed. 'You who have never done anything but play.'

"All the more reason why I should

begin to earn something," she said with a smile, which reminded me of a ray of sunshine breaking through a cloud.

"Oh, I can help mamma ever so much, and she will have a hard enough time if I do all I can," and then the dear little thing told me all she could about their trouble, leaving me to guess that her father had done some dreadful deed, and had been sent to prison for life, and that her mother, in order to get away from the disgrace, for the children's sake, was going far away.

"Jennie, being such a little creature, had been allowed to decide whether she should go with her mother, or, remaining with us, be adopted by my parents and brought up as one of us."

"I came out here to make up my mind," she said. "The old sapsion is such a noble fellow. I know he would not advise me wrong."

"As I look back upon that afternoon, it seems a little odd to think of that tiny creature being entrusted with so weighty a matter, but her mother, wise woman that she was, had no cause to regret the trust she had placed in her little daughter."

"Did she truly go away and never come back?" cried little Gem, her eyes filling with tears.

"Yes, she went thousands of miles away, and I have never seen her since," replied the old man, but a peculiar ring in his voice caused both children to look up.

"Just fifty years ago to-day little Jennie made her noble resolve beneath the friendly branches of the old sapsion, and I sometimes wonder if it does not long for her as I have done, but if all is well, neither of us have much longer to wait. For Jennie will be here to-night on the five o'clock train from N—"

"Is little Jennie Auntie Morris?" cried both children in a breath. "The one whom papa writes to, so often?"

"The very same, my dears. Fifty years," the old man added dreamily, "what a long time to wait! But she will never leave us again until called to that country where there is no parting. I am glad the old tree is standing."

HIS MOTHER'S MEDICINE.

BY JOHN TRUK.

It is quite probable that very many men and women continue to take beer or wine as a medicine when they are not in need of any drug whatever, and take such a drink simply because they like it, and not because they need it. That was the case with a certain lady who had a very bright little boy. She enjoyed her glass of ale at lunch, and another glass at dinner, and would not deny herself even for the sake of her boy. Her physician said she might continue to take ale or beer medicinally. One day, as her boy was looking out of the window, he saw a woman stagger out of the corner saloon and fall down. He cried loudly:

"Oh, mamma, dear, look there! See that woman!"

"Yes, dear; she has fallen down."

"What is the matter with her, mamma?"

"She has been drinking too much beer, darling."

"Is that what you drink, mamma?"

"Yes, dear; but you know I take it as a medicine."

The child said no more, but he evidently was not satisfied with her excuse.

A few days later he came bounding in the room after a frolic out of doors, his eyes bright and cheeks glowing.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed, "it is such a lovely day and I feel so well. Are you well, mamma, dear?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Are you perfectly well, mamma?"

"Yes, darling. I am perfectly well."

"Then, what do you take medicine for, mamma?"

She could not reply to that question. She could not tell him the truth that she took her beer because she craved it. She felt condemned for the first time.

The little fellow was in earnest, he evidently wished to convert his mother, to make her a total abstainer, for he said:

"Mamma, if you won't take any more beer or ale, I'll give you all my pocket money, ever cent until I get to be a man."

He looked up into her face with such a loving, pleading look, that his mother could not deny his request. The boy was allowed to keep his money, but his mother from that day onward stopped taking her beer medicine.

From one of the "L" road stations in New York, the passengers took down upon a sloping roof, on which is painted in large letters: "Under this roof will be found the dry goods store of Bookman & Bock."

Apples.

BY REV. J. F. MARLATT.

Apples red, or apples yellow,
Apples sour, or sweet, or mellow,
Apples large and little, too,
Apples dear, because so few,
Striped, brown, or ripe, or green,
Thought, or spoken of, or seen—
Hunger comes at their suggestion,
And they're good for indigestion.

Who would live in any place,
Or marry into any race,
Or feel respect for any man
Whose mouth with water never ran,
When in fritters, pies, or rolls,
Stewed or baked, on pans, or coals,
In your hands, or on the tables,
Offers him a feast of apples?

Cider's what they call the juice;
Peacocks once know well its use,
When at weddings, funerals, too,
Only "hardest" kind would do.
What a palator cider made!
Gave the nose a crimson shade,
Called the blushes to the cheek,
Make the dumbest tongue to speak.

Apples freely you may eat,
Cider, though, will trip your feet,
Apples by the bushels bear,
But of cider, lad, beware.
Strange it is, but just like sin,
Cider was rich juice within,
But when flowing swiftly out,
Scatters trouble all about.

Apples, apples, bring us more,
Red or yellow, sweet or sour,
Choicest of the fruits of earth,
Good for food and good for mirth!
May and June with joys are sparse,
For the apples then are scarce;
For no month can be complete
Without apple-bins replete.

Apples red, or apples yellow,
Apples sour, or sweet, or mellow,
Apples large and little, too,
Apples sweet with sun and dew.
Russet, rambo, golden pippin,
Northern spy, or Spitzenborgen,
Fritters, dumplings, apple pie;
Give us apples till we die!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 26.
WOES OF INTEMPERANCE.

Prov 23 29-35 Memory verses, 29-32

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is
raging and whosoever is deceived there-
by is not wise.—Prov. 20. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Woes, v. 29, 30.
2. Warning, v. 31-35.

Author.—Probably Solomon.

LESSON HELPS.

In this lesson the inspired writer pictures the woes of drunkenness. Unhappily for society the evil is still with us. The ancient picture has its modern reality. Law and Gospel have only achieved a partial triumph, and each generation needs the solemn warning of the ancient writer. Much has been done in recent days to stem the dark tide of this sin, and much remains to be done.

29. Six questions are asked. Solomon refers to the natural effect of drunkenness. The drunkard is unhappy, though for a time he sings and laughs, as one may do in his insane moments. The drunkard "hath contentions"—That is, quarrels without reason. He "hath babbling"—He talks and says nothing; he utters sounds without knowing what he means. He "hath wounds without cause"—Gained in no honourable conflict, or as the result of accident. He "hath redness of eyes"—His eyes are bloodshot. Such a one is not to be ridiculed, but to be pitied, and to be saved, for he is a man.

30. "They that tarry long at the wine"—Partly because they love it, partly because of their boon companions, who in modern days treat and are treated. If each man drank alone or paid his own bill there would be less drunkenness. The saloon is well lighted, and often thronged. The social life of the present day is too much on the side of the drinking custom. "They that go to seek mixed wine"—Wine was often mixed with myrrh, opium, and other drugs which stupefied. In these days (1) distillation and (2) adulteration are responsible for much evil. To poison poisons for gain is to a great extent a modern art.

32. "At the last"—If it were only so at the first how many millions would be saved from an untimely grave! The results of sin are not seen when one begins to sin. Counsel and warning are given, but they are not heeded, or noticed, only to be laughed at.

33. Intemperance leads to other vices, and is joined with them. It strengthens them. Many a drunkard seems anxious to do what is wrong.

34. "As he that lieth upon the top of a mast"—An example of foolhardiness. Such a man is regardless of life. A drunkard cannot take care of himself. Helpless, he is exposed to accident or the attacks of the robber.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Woes of Intemperance. (Temperance Sunday).—Prov. 23. 29-35.
- Tu. God's judgment.—Isa. 5. 8-16.
- W. Anger of the Lord.—Isa. 5. 18-25.
- Th. The mocker.—Prov. 20. 1-11.
- F. Sudden destruction.—Nahum 1. 1-10.
- S. Desolation.—Isa. 24. 1-12.
- Su. His portion.—Matt. 24. 42-51.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY

1. Woes, v. 29, 30.
- What six questions are asked in verse 29?



ONE OF OUR INSTITUTIONS.

In the above cartoon, Mr. J. W. Bengough, the accomplished artist, presents another of his striking indictments of the liquor traffic. The picture explains itself. In the left-hand door of our national gin-mill, enters a bright, promising youth; from the right-hand door he staggers a demoralized wreck; while the bloated liquor-seller is rolling in the profits of this nefarious traffic. For this crime against humanity our nation is responsible. For this guilty traffic in the bodies and souls of men is licensed, protected, and guaranteed in the receipt of its blood-money, by the men we send to Parliament at Ottawa. The cure for this national sin and crime

is in the hands of the electors. Let temperance electors watch the division lists of the House of Commons. Let every man who gives a vote in favour of the liquor traffic be a marked man; and, irrespective of party allegiance, let him never receive the support of a single temperance elector again. If this were done, it would very speedily be seen that the country was "ripe" for a prohibitory liquor law.

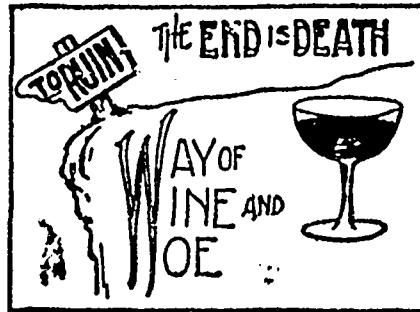
This is not the first time that Mr. Bengough has done stalwart service to the cause of temperance. Many of his cartoons have been tremendous indictments against the liquor traffic, and many of them have been circulated as temperance campaign documents.

- What answer is given?
Who pronounces a woe on the wine-drinker? Isa. 5. 11, 22.
Against what deceiver are we warned in the Golden Text?
Is wine any less a foe to-day than when this was written?
2. Warning, v. 31-35.
- What counsel is given about wine?
Why is this the safest course?
What is the final effect of wine-drinking?
How does it affect the passions?
To whom is a drunken man likened?
What complaint will the drunkard make?
What will he do when he recovers?
What says Solomon elsewhere about such folly? Prov. 26. 11.
From what blessedness will all drunkards be excluded? 1 Cor. 6. 10.
What is said of him who makes drunkards? Hab. 2. 15.
What is the wise course about wine and strong drink? Col. 2. 21.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- How in this lesson are we taught—
1. That drunkenness brings misery?
 2. That drunkenness shortens life?
 3. That total abstinence is the way of safety?

The way of wine has ever been a way of woe. However fair and pleasant the path may seem, the ends thereof are the ways of death. All the high and holy power God has given us will die under the curse of strong drink. Intemper-



ance mocks the reason and deceives those who yield to its influence. They will seek yet again that which cannot satisfy, and which will destroy both body and soul. Let us be contented to know that this road leads to certain ruin, and touch not the unclean thing.

SIX QUESTIONS.

The lesson is about wine, and we will write on our ladder the precept, "Touch not, taste not, look not." If you keep so far away from what will hurt you that you can neither touch, taste, nor see it, you will be safe, won't you?

wounds without cause?" It is surely bad enough to be hurt when there is some good reason for it, as when a soldier goes into battle for his flag and his country and a shot from the enemy's gun strikes him. But to be wounded for no good cause—O what a pity! "Who is the man?" asks Solomon. And once more, "Who hath redness of eyes?" That is something surely that no one wants.

The answer.—There is one answer to these six questions. Oh, remember it always! Here is the reason for all the woe, sorrow, wounds, and such distressing things. Who are they that have them? "They that tarry long at the wine." Those who drink anything that can intoxicate, anything that has alcohol in it; those are the ones that have all this deep trouble. Solomon tells us not even to look at the wine, for, though at first it may seem to be harmless and pleasant, at last it "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Both these are among the most poisonous things that crawl. Strong drink is like these.

We will make a serpent coiled, or curled up ready to spring. We will put it right among the interrogation points, for this dreadful serpent of strong drink, this serpent alcohol, is the one that makes this grief and trouble. Not all trouble comes from drink, for there are other reasons for it sometimes; but let any one drink and stay too long at the wine, and he is perfectly sure to have these woes and wounds. He may get hurt in some drunken fight, when there was no need of his being hurt at all.

"The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him."—Lincoln.

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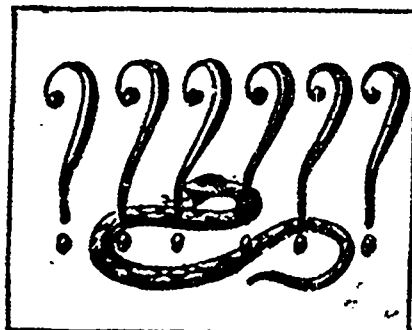
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necessary to know how it came about. The second question is, "Who hath sorrow?" Even little children know what sorrow is, and how the heart is grieved and sorry when it comes. Then, "Who hath contentions?" That means quarrels and fights. You may know that men sometimes do fight and abuse each other. It is a very sad and dreadful thing. Solomon asks sadly about them and why they fight. But he keeps on and asks a fourth question, "Who hath babbling?" That means foolish, silly, useless, and hateful talk. One that babbles is quite sure to make trouble. And yet again the question comes, "Who hath