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# PLEASANT KNOWERS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1900.

No. 30.

## JERUSALEM.

BY W. E. H. MERRY.

My Fellow Bible Students.—There is no spot on the face of the earth around which are clustered such sacred memories, which has been the scene of such brilliant military exploits, and about which centres so much historic interest, as Jerusalem. And, knowing the interest every one who reads the Bible has in this wonderful old city whose name "is used eight hundred and eighteen times in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments," I venture a letter to you during my brief sojourn within its walls, hoping it may not be unacceptable.

How strange to be staying in Jerusalem—the Holy City! But in reality it is not the Holy City, for the streets which our Saviour trod are underneath the present city, which is smaller in every way than the noble city of New Testament time. Only very little remains of the ancient city, so effectually have the prophecies regarding its destruction been fulfilled.

The Jerusalem of today is built on a heap of buried cities and much of Mount Zion—once adorned with magnificent structures—is at present a "ploughed field." (Micah 3. 12.) To find traces of the gorgeous

### CITY OF SOLOMON

It is necessary to dig thirty to one hundred feet through the accumulation of the rubbish of ages—at the north-east corner of the temple the debris was 125 feet deep. In digging the foundations of new buildings the workmen sometimes dig through a series of buildings—one above another—showing that one city has been built on the ruins of another (Jer. 9. 11). "The present Jerusalem may be considered the eighth." "One city lies heaped upon another, for Jerusalem stood no fewer than twenty-seven sieges from Jebusites and Israelites, Egyptians and Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, Mohammedans and Crusaders." "There is not one house standing on which we can feel certain that our Lord ever gazed, unless it be the old tower by the Jaffa Gate" (McLeod)—the Tower of David, now called the Tower of Hippicus, which most interesting old structure my bedroom window faces.

Such being the case, you will naturally ask, "What great interest, then, can there be in visiting Jerusalem?" I answer, much. For though in such an awful pile of ruins there has been great difficulty in definitely establishing localities, very many important sites have been positively determined and the general lay of the Jerusalem of old established. Many sacred places have been disclosed—foundations of walls and buildings—ruins of towers and arches which are mentioned in Scripture and which locate the important scenes in Bible history. More discoveries are con-

tinually being made, and the work would proceed faster, but the Turkish Government has put a stop to all excavating, and Mohammedan rule throws every possible obstacle in the way, and does all in its power to hinder the work which would in any way throw more light upon and corroborate Bible records, and blast the foundationless fabrications of its own creed.

### SACRED PLACES.

Besides these ancient sites about which there is no doubt, there are a second class of "sacred places" in and about

now being sown—may banish such follies. But, aside from these things, the hills and valleys remain the same—"the mountains round about Jerusalem"—the Mount of Olives and the Valley of Kedron. The city still stands on Mount Zion and Mount Moriah. The kings and prophets of Israel looked upon these scenes, and the Son of God walked through the valleys and on the very mountain slopes where we may walk. "Somewhere in the buried city under our feet he did bear his cross, and these hills we tread trembled by the earthquake's power when he expired."

by an irregular wall, averaging over thirty feet in height, and on it are thirty-four towers. There are seven gates, five only being in use. At first sight the city is disappointingly small and it only takes about an hour to walk around the walls, which, though massive in appearance, are by no means substantial, and are in strong contrast to the few remains of the old wall. The streets are very narrow—not much wider than the sidewalks in the business portion of Toronto—are crooked, and to the stranger seem intricate. They are, for the most part,

very poorly paved with cobble stones, and are filthy and dirty. In places the houses are actually built right over the streets on stone archways, making them dark and dingy. Some streets are built over almost entirely, and are more like cellar passages than streets. Owing to the hilly situation, streets on a steep incline are built in terraces, so to speak—a step of six or seven inches every six feet or at more frequent intervals, according to the steepness.

No wheeled vehicle ever goes through the streets of Jerusalem. All transportation is by means of donkeys, camels, and sometimes horses and mules, and the backs of men and women are also extensively used. The ponderous weights the men will carry on their backs, and the ease with which women will balance heavy burdens on their heads is most astonishing. Only to-day I saw a man struggling up David Street with an iron safe, quite two feet square, on his back! It must have been enormously heavy. When a heavily laden camel—the load projecting well over either side—or a string of them, one tied behind the other, as they generally go—comes down through the narrow, and almost always very crowded, streets, the uninitiated pedestrian will become alarmed and wonder if there is going to be room. A well-loaded donkey is bad enough to meet, and it is really wonderful what loads these useful and very numerous little animals can carry. It would seem the Syrians couldn't do without them.

All buildings in Jerusalem are of stone, even to the stairs and roof. The houses of two or more stories are really a series of vaults, one above another. They are generally built square, with very thick walls and comparatively flat roofs, having a low dome in the centre—characteristically Oriental. The population at the present time is estimated to be about 50,000, while at the time of our Lord it was said to be over a million. The walls of the city of that time, of course, enclosed a larger area. Of the 50,000 nearly one-half are Jews, principally of Spanish, German, and Polish origin. The Mohammedans are mostly natives. The Greek Church has a very strong hold, and pilgrims from the fur-



1. A SYRIAN BRIDE. 2. A JEWISH LEPER. 3. A JERUSALEM JEW. 4. A BEDOUIN WOMAN.  
MODERN JERUSALEM TYPES.

### MODERN JERUSALEM

is an exceedingly interesting study in itself, and it is pretty certain that the Jerusalem of Christ's time, though a much larger and infinitely grander city, was like it in general appearance and characteristics. The customs of the people, too, their dress and primitive ways, must closely resemble those of the people of that early date.

The city now stands on four hills, the valleys which once separated them being now partially filled with debris. The site is surrounded by deep valleys and high hills, which have always made it such a great stronghold. It is enclosed

a series of vaults, one above another. They are generally built square, with very thick walls and comparatively flat roofs, having a low dome in the centre—characteristically Oriental. The population at the present time is estimated to be about 50,000, while at the time of our Lord it was said to be over a million. The walls of the city of that time, of course, enclosed a larger area. Of the 50,000 nearly one-half are Jews, principally of Spanish, German, and Polish origin. The Mohammedans are mostly natives. The Greek Church has a very strong hold, and pilgrims from the fur-

(Continued on page 2.)

## "Tender Shepherd, Safely Lead Me"

BY REV. J. LAYCOCK

Tender Shepherd, safely lead me,  
O'er life's tumults through its plains,  
Let thy loving voice direct me  
In the paths where virtue reigns.  
Let me wander  
Where my ears catch heaven's refrains.

Lead me gently to the River  
Where the living waters flow,  
There to drink and bless the Giver,  
Whilst my spirits overflow  
With the rapture  
Ransomed sinners only know

In the day of pain and sorrow,  
Let me 'neath thy shadow rest,  
And if evil bodes the morrow,  
Fold me to thy loving breast;  
In thy bosom  
Mortals are supremely blest

In the night, when cloud and darkness  
Over hill and vale do fall,  
When amid deep gloom and blackness  
I shall hear death's reaper call—  
Take my spirit  
As o'er me is spread the pall

Speed me o'er life's mystic ocean,  
Through death's billows pilot me;  
Sweep me into yonder haven  
Gliding on the glassy sea;  
Crown me, Saviour,  
With time immortality.  
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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.  
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 29, 1900.

## WHAT A BEAVER DID.

Mr. A. D. Bartlett, son of the late superintendent of the London Zoo, has an interesting story of a captive Canadian beaver. A large willow-tree in the gardens had blown down. A branch about twelve feet long and thirty inches in circumference was firmly fixed in the ground in the beaver's enclosure. Then the beaver was watched to see what he would do.

The beaver soon visited the spot, and walking around the limb, commenced to bite off the bark and gnaw the wood about twelve inches from the ground. The rapidity of his progress was astonishing. He seemed to put his whole strength into his task, although he left off every few minutes to rest and look upward, as if to determine which way the tree would fall.

Now and then he went into his pond, which was about three feet from the base of the tree. Then he would come out again with renewed energy, and his powerful teeth would set at work anew upon the branch.

About four o'clock, to the surprise of those who saw him, he left his work and came hastily toward the iron fence. The cause of this sudden movement was soon apparent. He had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, which was brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was anxiously expecting his supper.

The keeper, not wishing to disappoint the beaver, although sorry to see his task interrupted, gave him his usual allowance of carrots and bread. The fellow ate it, and was seen swimming about the

pool until half-past five. Then he returned to his work.

In ten minutes the "tree" fell to the ground.

Afterward the beaver cut the log into three convenient lengths, one of which he used in the under part of his house.

## A INDIAN'S IDEA OF LIBERTY.

A few years ago Standing Bear, the great Ponca chief, came to New York, with his daughter Bright Eyes. The old man, sitting in his room at the hotel, talked about freedom. He described the life of the Indian as typical of freedom in its highest sense. He compared the liberty of the Indian with that of the eagle, which lifts its wing, and soars whither it pleases. The old chieftain was taken upon the streets. He watched the sights with the closest attention—peered into the shop-windows, where only a fragile pane of glass protected thousands of dollars' worth of property from thieving hands, saw the roads crowded with waggons moving in opposite directions, and the children playing without danger along the pavements.

He watched policemen helping ladies across crowded thoroughfares; and the thousands of people hurrying in every direction, bent upon different errands, working at cross-purposes, opposing each other in the battle of life, especially interested him. In this great struggle nothing but order could be observed. Standing Bear pondered long upon the wonderful sight; and at last he turned to Bright Eyes, recalled his remarks in the hotel and said, "I now see that law is freedom."

So when we learn to know the beauty of law, and love to obey it, we learn also that "law is freedom."

Paul says, "The law of love which is in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

## WHY THE DRUMMER LEFT OFF DRINKING.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking—I've sworn off."

His words were greeted by shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him. They put the bottle under his nose, and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've sworn off drinking, something is up. Tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, although I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married. As you all know, I love whiskey—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years, not a day passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other branches of business. Well, I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little pledge in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying,

"Give me ten cents."

"And, boys, what do you suppose that it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. "My—my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink."

"You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, s-she won't, because—because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night."

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase, and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you may laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at one another in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.

## JERUSALEM.

(Continued from First Page.)

these borders of Russia come here in immense numbers to worship at its shrines. Then there are the Armenians, the Copts, the Latins (Roman Catholics), and the Protestants; the last being a very small but most useful community in Jerusalem.

The town itself covers an area of more than 1,000 acres, of which thirty-five are occupied by the Haram-esh Sherif (site of the temple area); the remaining space is divided into different quarters, the Christian quarter—including the part occupied by the Armenians—taking up the western half; the Mohammedans live in the north-east portion; the Jews in the south-east." It may be well to explain that the term "Christian" is used here in its broadest sense, and includes any sect who in any way worship Christ, as distinguished from Jews and Mohammedans.

Of all the sections of Jerusalem, most of which are quite dirty enough, the Jews' quarter passes all description. It is something awful, and how human beings can exist in such horrible filth and degradation goes beyond my conception. Even their synagogues, which are certainly nothing to boast of, I have found, after visiting most of them, to be no exception to the general aspect of the quarter. They have apparently long ago forgotten the teaching of Leviticus.

## THE JERUSALEM JEWS,

too, from all I can learn and observe, are as much to be despised, on the whole, as their habitation. They are classed as the "meanest people" in the city. Their appearance, with the curls so zealously cared for—one hanging over each temple—their faces, though of many types, are so truly Jewish—and their miserable garb, are certainly not attractive. They are objects of pity. They are largely supported by gratuities from wealthy European Jews, to which fact is traceable, to a large degree, their present degradation, because it has so encouraged laziness, and is principally the cause of greater depreciation and hatred on the part of the other inhabitants. The most of them have come here "from idle and worthless motives," but again many have come as a pious act, for it is the wish of all devout Jews to be buried at Jerusalem. There are several societies doing a good work among this degenerate race, chief of which is the London Jews' Society. The young in its industrial school turn out some excellent work.

As I write a noisy Mohammedan procession is just passing, beating on drums and cymbals and carrying various coloured flags—the celebration of some anniversary, I am informed. The streets are always noisy; especially in this part of the city, near the ever-busy Jaffa Gate, the crowd below keep up an incessant and unintelligible jabbering—a regular Babel—the vendors crying the goods they have for sale, and the people noisily bartering in Oriental fashion with the salesmen and saleswomen squatted on the sidewalks behind the basket of stuff—I know no better name for most of it—which he or she may be displaying. The street is lined with such vendors of all sorts of goods—vegetables, oranges, bread, bits of roots for firewood, sweets, etc., and even substantial goods, as hardware (such as it is), pins, needles, combs, pieces for clothing, etc.

## STREET MERCHANTS.

The small scale on which these people do business is astonishing. Think of a woman going to a Toronto market-place with a basketful of vegetables she could carry on her head, to sell as a day's occupation—the proceeds not only to keep herself, but perhaps a family, and to help support a lazy husband! Women actually come to market here with a basket of bits of roots for firewood, which they have brought on their heads for miles, and sell it for twelve and a half cents!

The clattering in the street is continually augmented by the loud shouts of the donkey drivers and camel leaders warning people to get out of the way, and in no small degree by the braying of the donkeys themselves.

At this moment the Turkish band—a large brass band—has started up in the Tower of David, which, with its adjacent courts, the Turkish soldiers use as barracks, and are adding their part to the din; and now it is further increased by the chimes in the Russian Church outside the walls, which have just begun to peal forth—at first very slowly and melodiously, and then faster and faster according to their peculiar custom. The noise at times—like the present instant—becomes an inharmonious mixture and does not serve to sharpen one's wits.

## A BUSY SPOT.

As you will imagine from what I have

said, the scene in the open space below in front of the tower, is a busy and lively one—and more especially so at the entrance of David Street. As seen from the hotel's upper porch, it is quite as interesting as the sight could possibly be from the balcony of a theatre. How I wish I could properly picture it to you—all kinds of people in the greatest variety of costume, buying and selling, or hurrying along, or in picturesque groups gossiping and story-telling—but I will not attempt it, for I would only fail.

There are the greatest variety of people in Jerusalem of any city I have ever visited. The Mongolian race is apparently the only one not represented. There are all shades of men, from the blackest Nubian to the fairest European, and all sorts of languages are heard; and in costumes there is an endless variety. As did the "man of Ethiopia" of old, so through the ages up to this day, people by the thousands "come up to Jerusalem for to worship" (Acts 8. 27) "from various parts," and as Jerusalem in the time of Christ and the early Christian Church was very cosmopolitan (Acts 2. 9-11), so it is at the present time. One cannot but be astonished at the "divers tongues" he hears in the streets, most of which are unintelligible to him. To illustrate this point, upon inquiry at the Bible depot—a branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society—I found the Scriptures were there kept on sale in thirty-five languages. The costumes are of all kinds, from European dress to loose flowing robes and scanty dress of the poorest native Syrian. The dress of the Orientals is generally of striking colours. One meets poorly clad Turkish soldiers, who act as policemen, at every corner. Indeed, the regular bugle-call and companies of armed soldiers marching about gives the city quite a military aspect. The fez caps—invariably worn by Turks everywhere, indoors and out—the soldiers also wear, and it is about the only uniform part of their apparel, which is an apology for a European dress.

In Jerusalem, too, are congregated the greatest number of religious sects. The principal ones I have already mentioned, but these again are sub-divided into other sects, and the large number of religious beliefs which have adherents representing them in this city is really quite remarkable.

## THE WATER SUPPLY OF JERUSALEM.

The water supply of Jerusalem is poor and very meagre. The inhabitants have to depend almost solely on water collected in cisterns during the rainy season. It might easily be bettered, but the Turkish Government is stupidly indolent and derelict in regard to improvements and such matters.

Most of these cisterns are of very ancient construction—some of them dating back to Solomon's time, when the water supply was excellent. Several of these are of enormous size—great series of caverns—and are located in various parts of the city. A loud shout at the opening of one of these largest wells, so called, will produce a wonderful succession of echoes. During the recent drought, which was only terminated a few days since by a plentiful rain, many of the cisterns were emptied, and much of the water had to be brought a long distance in skin bottles on the backs of men, women, and donkeys, and was sold as high as four pence for a large skin—about sixteen cents for four ordinary pails full. Think of the effect of this on the poor; and the poverty extant in Jerusalem is appalling. Had the drought continued, pestilence was greatly feared—especially in view of the awful sanitary condition of the city, which could scarcely be worse in some parts. Were it not for the high and healthful situation in the mountains of Judea—2,600 feet above sea level—its population would long ago have been decimated by disease.

The climate is good and healthful. Great extremes are not often met with. While snow may fall during the winter, extreme cold is not suffered. The natives, however, are sensitive to chilly weather, and it is most amusing to see how dejected they look on a cold, rainy day, and how curiously they will bundle themselves up.

## SYMPATHY WANTED.

An eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and, holding up his pinched finger, said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, pa, how I hurt it!"

The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with just the slightest tone of impatience said, "I can't help it, sonny."

The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and, as he turned to go out, he said in a loud voice, "Yes, you could. You might have said, 'Oh.'"

"Come Unto Me."

BY E. A. TYDEMAN.

Hark! 'tis Jesus who is calling;  
Low and sweet his tones are falling  
On the ear of the distressed;  
Like the murmur of the river,  
Flowing from the throne forever,  
Like the liquid notes that quiver  
On the harp-strings of the blest.  
O my Saviour, I would hear thee  
Softly saying, "Come, ye weary,  
Tempted, doubting, sinful, dreary,  
Come away, and do not fear me;  
Come to me, and be at rest."

O thou Prince of love and meekness,  
Lo, I come, in want and weakness,  
Faint with sorrow, sad with sin,  
Canst thou, wilt thou, Lord, receive me?  
Hold me fast, and never leave me?  
Thou wilt surely not deceive me:  
Spread thine arms and take me in.  
Yes, ah, yes! 'e'en now I hear thee  
Softly saying, "Come, ye weary,  
Tempted, doubting, sinful, dreary,  
Come away, and do not fear me;  
Come to me, and be at rest."

Gracious Lord, in love still draw me  
To thyself, and walk before me  
In the way that I should go;  
Lord, I cannot do without thee,  
For thou knowest all about me,  
Prone to wander and to doubt thee,  
Full of weakness, full of woe.  
Speak again, Lord, let me hear thee  
Softly saying, "Come, ye weary,  
Tempted, doubting, sinful, dreary,  
Come away, and do not fear me;  
Come to me, and be at rest."

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Time works many changes, and a span of five years wrought its measure of good and evil for the little village of Fairport-by-the-Sea. The Maypole had passed into other hands.

Landlord Merton was a superstitious man, and after the terrible night when the vision of Rast Dow appeared to him, he had known no peace. A keen remorse filled his soul. At last he sold the tavern, and left the place. His successor, Landlord Chase, was very popular, and his gentlemanly ways and suave manners proved him an accomplished agent for the dragon of intemperance. Business had never been so flourishing at the Maypole as now. The tavern had been remodelled, easy lounging chairs had been provided, and billiard tables proved a tempting bait to young men and boys.

The Rev. Phineas Felton had resigned his pastorate, and a young man had just been called, fresh from the seminary. Mr. Felton pleaded failing health as his reason for his action, but the facts were that the younger element in the church had risen in rebellion against the elderly preacher, and cried out lustily for a different kind of pabulum from that which they had so long received. Judge Seabury saw at once that resistance would be useless, and he advised his cousin to withdraw, at the same time offering his bachelor relative a home with him, and a good salary as private tutor for his son Ralph.

For five years Phoebe Dow watched and waited for her son's return, but in vain. Not a night passed without her placing a lighted lamp in the window which overlooked the sea, that its beams might guide the wanderer home, should he chance that way again.

One night, as Mrs. Dow went to the window to perform her nightly task, she noticed that the sky looked very threatening, and dark masses of clouds had gathered directly overhead. For some days the peculiar moan of the waves had warned the fishermen that a storm was brewing, and many of them had stayed at home to mend nets, instead of going out in their fishing-smacks.

"There will be a north-easter before morning," said Mrs. Dow, half aloud, as she watched the clouds with anxious eye. Her fears were realized. Before the morning came, the storm burst over the New England coast with terrific fury. The lightning flashed and the thunder rolled. The wind howled and shrieked, and the roar of the surf was deafening. It was a frightful blending of the elements, calculated to inspire fear in the hearts of the bravest.

The fishermen at the Cove were on the alert in storms, to give assistance to any luckless mariner who might need it. Tom Kinmon always made it a point in

bad weather to hang two lanterns outside his door, and his example had stimulated the others to do likewise; so on a stormy night the Cove was ablaze with light.

"It may be foolish," said Tom to his wife, "to make such a stir every time the wind blows, but then, if it is the means of savin' one life, it will pay us well fur our trouble."

"Ye've said the right thing, lad. 'Tis only a-doing what I should want done by ye ef ye were out in sech a gale. Ugh! how the wind howls."

Tom started to his feet, and opening the door, listened intently for a moment.

"What is it, lad?" said Janet.

"I thought 'twas the signal from some vessel, but guess I was wrong, as it don't sound again. P'raps 'twas the rumbling of the heavy surf."

"Like enough that's all, so come in and shut the door. Ye don't hanker to leave our snug nest to-night, do ye, lad?"

"Not much, my lass," replied Tom, casting an appreciative glance around his comfortable quarters.

It was a comfortable room on this or any other night. A roaring fire crackled and snapped in the open fire-place. A large iron tea-kettle was suspended over the blaze, and had already begun to sing, the monotonous hum of the heated water forming an accompaniment to the noisy fire. A large tabby cat alternately nodded and blinked her approval. The little clock on the mantel ticked tirelessly on. The tin dishes on the settle shone like silver in the firelight. Two pairs of shoes stood in one corner, and on a nail by the door were two woollen dresses, the property of Amy and Margie, Tom's little girls. Near Mrs. Kinmon was a trundle bed, in which Robbie was quietly sleeping. It is no wonder that Tom's eyes finally rested with great content on his buxom wife, who kept everything so neat and thrifty.

"I tell ye what 'tis, Janet, 'tain't every man that's got sech a wife as I have. I should hev gone to the dogs long ago ef ye hadn't coaxed me with yer taffy and made things pleasant fur me at home. Why, I tell ye, wife, there ain't a room in the Maypole which begins to look as comfortable and cheery as this one."

"Oh, go way, Tom, with yer flattery," said Janet, in a pleased tone, her cheeks flushing like a young girl's at this praise.

"But it's all true," persisted Tom. "And it won't hurt ye to hear a bit o' praise now an' then. Ye're a modest bit, and never think ye do anythin' worth the tellin'. But, look here, Janet, where was Tom Kinmon ten years ago this very night? A-spandin' his earnin's in the Maypole tavern and leavin' his wife and children alone in this wild place half the night. I was a-goin' to the dogs as fast as a man could, but ye saved me with yer pleadin's fur the boy. Ye told me that my boy would be ruined, as Rast Dow's Jamie was, ef I didn't stop drinkin'. Ye told me what I hed never thought on before, that a love of grog runs in the blood, and helpless babies are cursed at the beginnin' of their lives. But, thank the Lord, and you, my lass, Tom Kinmon swore off from drinkin' when he see how 'twas all a-comin' out. Poor Rast! what a terrible end befell him. I shall never forget watching by his bedside the last night of his life, as he was strugglin' with the tremens. He fancied that a dragon was a-comin' toward him, and a-takin' him in its clutches, and his shrieks for help were pitiful to hear."

"Hist, Tom, or ye'll wake Robbie," said Janet, as the occupant of the trundle bed stirred.

At this juncture Tom bent forward, and peered anxiously into the little bed, where his only boy lay sleeping. A look of pride mingled with tenderness came over his face, making the rugged features fairly beautiful. This boy, so like his mother, was the pride of Tom's heart. Two little lads who had been the idols of this father's heart had died while young. It was no wonder that many an anxious look was bestowed on the young heir.

"Ef any harm should come to Rob," whispered Tom. The coatsleeve was drawn hastily across his eyes, then he straightened himself as though ashamed of any manifestation of weakness.

At this moment a sound was heard, the meaning of which could not be mistaken. It was the firing of a gun from a ship in distress. Again the sound reached them with great distinctness.

"A vessel has struck the reef, I'm a-thinkin'," said Tom, preparing himself for the storm. Janet followed him to the door, and stood looking out into the darkness.

"Go back into the house, lass, and keep a good fire and plenty of hot water. We may hev to give shelter to some of these poor creatures, who are now perishin' in the water."

Tom strode hastily away and was joined by a party of his neighbours. The dark-

ness was so intense that it was with difficulty the position of the distressed vessel could be determined. The she had struck the reef was certain, and that not far away, for the cries of the unfortunate crew were borne to the ears of the listeners.

"What shall we do, boys?" said Tom, as they all stood aghast before the roaring, scething mass of waters, on which it was folly to launch a row-boat.

"We can't do nothin' but wait fur daylight," said an old sailor. "'Twould be throwin' our lives away fur no good, ef we should start out now."

The fishermen agreed that this was the part of wisdom. But what a long night it was! They knew that human beings were perishing in the angry waves, but they were powerless to rescue them. They could only wait as best they could for the daylight.

The first streak of day found the brave fishermen manning a boat in which to put out to the wrecked vessel. They shoved the boat over the sand to the water's edge, and then lifted it into the surf as far as they could. They watched the great waves rolling toward them, and when one came which seemed as though it might launch the boat, eight of them sprang in and plied the oars vigorously. They succeeded in getting the boat clear of the beach at their first attempt, and soon were rowing toward the scene of distress. A bend in the channel brought them out into the open sea, and then a pitiful sight met their eyes. Their worst fears were realized. The ship had struck on the rocks, and had sunk till her decks were under water, and nothing but the masts were visible. Those of the crew who had survived the exposure of the long night, were seen clinging to the rigging for dear life. Others, fearing that they should be washed away by the waves, had lashed themselves to broken spars and pieces of driftwood, and were struggling in the water. The captain and part of his crew were rescued in Tom Kinmon's boat, and the party started to row to the shore, when an exclamation of horror from one of the men caused the rowers to pause a moment. Floating beside them were the bodies of a woman and child. They were immediately pulled into the boat, and the men rowed with all their might and main toward the shore, bearing their precious freight to a place of safety.

(To be continued.)

WHAT DETERMINATION DID.

A young man had decided to devote his life to the study of natural history. Lack of money to buy books met him in the outset. Determined to succeed, he copied with his own hands two large books whose possession he deemed indispensable. He was still pursuing this toilsome plan, when he became convinced that this acquisition of book-knowledge and of technical names was leading him away from the study of the great book of nature written by our heavenly Father.

Then he began to collect fishes, and keep them in a stone basin under the fountain in his father's backyard, that he might study their habits; he hunted the neighbouring woods and meadows for caterpillars, and raised from them "fresh, beautiful butterflies;" in fact, he saw that the study of the objects themselves was far more attractive than the study of the books he had coveted.

When, in later years, he had access to these books, he wondered that they contained so little about the habits and actions of animals with which he had grown familiar.

"And now that large libraries are accessible to me," he adds, "I usually content myself with turning over the leaves of the works on natural history, and looking at the illustrations that they may guide me should I have an opportunity of studying them in nature."

Thus we see that that which looked like a misfortune proved to be a "blessing in disguise."

STRENGTHENED BY EXAMPLE.

At a large boarding house in the South, a guest was asked at dinner if she would have some plum pudding with wine sauce. "I will have some of the plum pudding, but none of the wine sauce," was her reply. Her friends laughed at her, and insisted that she should take some, but she replied, "I decline upon principle; I take no alcohol in any form."

The conversation turned to other topics, but a young man whom she noticed sitting opposite her at dinner, approached her and requesting a word with her, said, "I want to tell you how much good you did me to-day by your prompt and decided rejection of the wine in the pudding sauce. I had been deliberating what I would do, being strongly

tempted by the smell of it, which reached me. I think I should have yielded to my desire and the solicitation of my friends, who called my resolution a whim if I had not heard your refusal. That gave me the courage to resist the temptation. I have an inherited appetite for liquor, but by the grace of God I have been enabled to control it; but if I had got a taste of wine to-day, I should have fallen again."

It was a very light thing for that woman to put aside an indulgence which cost her no sacrifice whatever. But by so doing she gave strength and courage to one whose feet had well-nigh slipped. We need to look at these things, not merely in the light of personal desires or personal experience, but with reference to the condition and dangers around us. We know not what eyes are watching us. We know not who may be benefited or injured by our actions. Our decision, which may be but a passing, transient choice, may forge the fetter which shall bind some other soul in bonds never to be broken. "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." (Rom. 14. 21.) "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves." (Rom. 15. 1.)

His Little Ones.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Suffer the little children to come unto me.—Jesus.

Hail the glad message—the childre may come  
Into the joy and delight of His home!  
Know all the brightness His blessing impart;  
And live in the bountiful life of His hear

Every bright babe is a gem of His own,  
Lent from the light of His luminous throne,  
Sent from the sources of being above,  
A seal of His matchless, omnipotent lo

Germ of divinity, flashed into flame—  
Born of humanity only in name;  
Fashioned—it may be—and formed from the clod,  
Yet bearing the spirit and image of God

Growth, in His growth, is the measure of grace,  
No one the limit may compass or trace  
Wide as immensity's realms unsought  
And high as the reach of Eternity thought.

Every sweet baby—or low-born or high:  
Is heir to an infinite world in the sky.  
Each tender boy that a mother may bring  
By the grace of the Virgin's sweet Son is a king.

The children are safe in His keeping and love;  
Drooping below he transplants them above;

Born in His kingdom, unless they depart  
They always abide in His home and His heart.

The Elms, Toronto.

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.

The New York Sun is carrying on a crusade against the "hogs" who frequent the ferryboats to and from that city. A ferry official, on being interviewed, said

"I've given the matter a great deal of thought, but I must say that I haven't found any satisfactory way of remedying the difficulty. The men's cabin is hardly better than a pigpen. There are no two ways about that. It almost gives me the horrors to walk through during the busy hours. But what can we do? If we were to abolish the smoking cabin there would be such a howl as would sink a ferryboat. The people whom The Sun has classified as the first-class hogs do not seem to be able to quit smoking for even ten or fifteen minutes. It is impossible to keep those people from expectorating on the floor unless you gag them. Even in the summer time one cabinful of first-class hogs will exhale more bad tobacco smoke than all the fresh air that comes in can drive out."

This is simple truth, as those who use any of our ferries know perfectly well. The men's cabins are beastly, simply because most men cannot smoke without beastliness. It is enough to make one ashamed for his kind to visit the men's cabin or the men's car in the train. What a pity it is that such a dirty, selfish and disagreeable habit should hold decent, intelligent and otherwise self-respecting men in thrall. The Sun deserves all praise for what it is doing for humanity's sake.—Independent.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.**

**LESSON VI - AUGUST 6.**

**JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.**

Matt 18 1-14. Memory verses, 12-14.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God. Mark 10. 14.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Children's Friend, v. 1-6.
  2. The Sinner's Saviour, v. 7-14.
- Time - The summer of A.D. 29.  
Place - Somewhere in Galilee, probably at Capernaum, in a house, probably Peter's.

**LESSON HELPS.**

1. "At the same time" - Not long after the transfiguration, when Jesus and his disciples were again in Galilee, at Capernaum. "Who is the greatest" - Not, "What character is the best?" but, "Which class shall be the highest?" "The kingdom of heaven" - In the thoughts of the disciples this was an earthly kingdom which Jesus was confidently expected to found. (1) Secular ambition jars badly with growth in holiness.
2. "Jesus called" - Jesus always taught by illustration when he could. "A little child" - He must have been old enough to walk. (2) The voice of Jesus calls every child. "Set him in the midst" - He took him in his own arms. (Mark 9. 36.)
3. "Verily" - Truly, emphatically. "Ye be converted" - turned directly about, become in all things exactly opposite to what you are. "As little children" - Humble, simple, innocent, and harmless. "Kingdom of heaven" - The phrase is used by Jesus with reference to his true spiritual kingdom. (3) Before asking for the highest place in the kingdom of Christ we need to inquire whether we are fit for any place.
4. "Humble himself as this little child" - (4) He that is himself humble sees most of heaven and shall have most of it.
5. "Shall receive" - Into spiritual fellowship. "One such little child" - Referring literally to the little children, also to the lowly, poor, and weak among our Lord's followers. "In my name" - Because he is mine.
6. "Shall offend" - Cause to make spiritual decline or to fall. "Believe in me" - Has absolute trust in the living Lord. "Millstone" - This is literally "a millstone turned by an ass," meaning a heavier millstone than those turned by a woman. (5) Better for a man to lose his life than for him to cause another to lose his soul.
7. "Because of offences" - Because of occasions of stumbling. (6) A vast amount of the world's sin and misery comes from evil example and influence. "It must needs be" - The "needs be" is not in God's will, but in the fact of sinful human nature. "Woe to that man" - This had an awful meaning for one who was doubtless present - Judas - if he had only attended to it. (7) Is any one present to-day to whom Jesus thus speaks?
8. "Cut them off" - The hand and foot are necessary organs, having their innocent uses, but these must be renounced if they will lead into sin. Many a conscientious Christian has left a profitable business because of the temptations to wrongdoings, and submitted to poverty.
10. "Despise not one of these little ones" - (8) No soul worthy of salvation is unworthy of regard. "Their angels" - A belief in guardian angels was at this time very common, and Jesus recognized it in these words.
12. The "hundred sheep" represent the souls saved and in the Church of Christ.
12. "Not the will" - Children are born with propensities to sin, but they are born redeemed in Christ, and only willful wandering can separate them from his fold.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Jesus and the children. - Matt. 18. 1-14
- Tu. The searching question. - Mark 9 33-42.
- W. Ambition rebuked. - Matt. 20. 20-28.
- Th. The humble spirit. - Prov. 16. 16-25.
- F. Clothed with humility. - 1 Pet. 5. 1-7
- S. Lowliness of mind. - Phil. 2. 1-8.
- Su. The children's blessing. - Mark 10. 13-16.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. The Children's Friend, v. 1-6.
  - What had the disciples been discussing?
  - What question did they ask Jesus?
  - How may we prove ourselves worthy to rule?
  - How did Christ answer the question?
  - What do you understand by "becoming as little children"?
  - How can we receive a little child in Christ's name?
  - What is said about "offending one of these little ones"?
  - Was this punishment in use for any offence?
  - What is the meaning of "little ones"?

What in regard to those by whom it comes?  
 What is here meant by offences?  
 How may the hand or foot offend?  
 What do you understand by "casting them from thee"?  
 Draw a lesson in regard to the "eye offending."  
 How did Christ regard these offences?  
 Who did Christ come to save?  
 Is God a respecter of persons?  
 Are we held responsible for our influence over others?  
 What lesson may be drawn from the parable of the shepherd?  
 What should be our attitude toward an erring one?  
 What does the Golden Text teach?

**He Loves Me So.**

I love to hear the story  
 Which angel voices tell,  
 How once the King of glory  
 Came down on earth to dwell.  
 I am both weak and sinful,  
 But this I surely know,  
 The Lord came down to save me,  
 Because he loved me so.

**Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.**

Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us,  
 Much we need thy tend'ring care,  
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
 For our use thy fields prepare:

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.  
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,  
 Be the guardian of our way;  
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,  
 Seek us when we go astray:

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.  
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 We will early turn to thee.  
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 We will early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favour,  
 Early let us do thy will;  
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
 With thy love our bosoms fill:

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.  
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.



SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

In the eyes of God is it greater to serve or to be served?  
 Did Christ come to be served or to minister to?  
 What then must his disciples expect to do?  
 Was any duty too lowly for Christ?  
 Does it prove a high or lowly nature to be able to serve others well?  
 Give an illustration.



I'm glad my blessed Saviour  
 Was once a child like me,  
 To show how pure and holy  
 His little ones may be;  
 And if I try to follow  
 His footsteps here below,  
 He never will forget me,  
 Because he loves me so.

**THE CHURCH AND THE CHILDREN.**

If Christ so cares for the young, the childlike, the unnoticed, if the highest angels guard them with loving care, then the Church of Christ should give its most loving attention, its best gifts, its most earnest labours to the same classes. That church is most blessed which does this. For (1) it brings its members into closest harmony with Christ and his mission. (2) Its teachings adapted to these classes, will be best for all. A theology so plain and simple and biblical, so free from metaphysical speculations that a child can understand and love it, is the best theology for the daily life of all. (3) It is better to give than to receive. - Peloubet.

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