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PLEASANT KNOWERS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

No. 37.

What Guest?

BY VIOLET HASTINGS.

White is the wall, and white the floor,
And bright the hearth, and wide the door;
The chambers spotless, fair the beds,
With pillows soft for weary heads:
"Tell me, O woman, wise and fair,
What guest comes in thy cheer to share?"

The table shines with silvery store,
The pantry filled from roof to floor;
The linen draping fair and white
Where crystal glasses catch the light:
"What guest comes by this way? What
guest
Within thy beautiful home shall rest?"

With tireless steps she goes her way,
Still ordering well from day to day
Her house, and making bright the shrine
Where evening's cheery hearth-fires
shine;
Until there cometh to her door
A traveller, weak, and sad, and poor.

Not he the guest to please her eye;
She shuts the door—he passes by:
Yet, wistful, still his gaze he turned
Where bright the lovely home-lights
burned.
Alas! no eyes had she to know
The likeness 'neath his garb of woe!

But to her home there came at last
A guest with silent step, who passed
Through open door, through stately hall;
And waiting neither beck nor call,
He drew her from her cares to rest;
She went with him—her latest guest.

ROBERTSON RYERSON, FATHER OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM OF ONTARIO.

To the memory of the late Dr. Ryerson a leading American paper pays the following tribute: "We believe Canada owes more to him than to any other man, living or dead. Men like Wellington and Washington 'save their countries,' but men like Ryerson make their countries worth saving. The death of such a man as Ryerson is a loss to the world greater than when the average president or king passes away."

Of this great man we wish the younger generation of Canadians to have some adequate conception.

No man ever passed away from among us in Canada whose true grandeur was so universally recognized. He lived in the hearts of his countrymen, and "Read his history in a nation's eyes."

Even envy and detraction could not lessen his grandeur nor tarnish the lustre of his name. And far beyond his own country his character was revered and his loss deplored.

Dr. Ryerson possessed in a marked degree the faculty of commanding the confidence and winning the friendship of distinguished men of every political party and religious denomination. He possessed the confidence and esteem of every Governor of Canada.



ROBERTSON RYERSON.

from Lord Sydenham to the Marquis of Lorne. No native Canadian ever had the "entree" to such distinguished society in Great Britain and in Europe as he. When making his educational tours, Dr. Ryerson was furnished by the Home Government with special introductions to the British Ambassadors of the countries he was about to visit, and was by them introduced to the leading statesmen and educational authorities of those countries.

DR. RYERSON AND THE POPE.

The late Pius IX. having heard of his educational work in Canada, wished to see the man who had devised a system of such equal justice to all denominations. We once heard the Doctor describe this interview as he beguiled the tedium of a railway journey with his reminiscences of the past. Several for-

eign dignitaries were waiting in an ante-room an audience with the Pope, but the Methodist preacher received precedence of them all. "Are you a clergyman?" asked the chancellor, who conducted him to the Pope's presence; "I am a Wesleyan minister," he replied. "Ah! John Wesley. I've heard of him," said the chancellor, so he shrugged his shoulders in surprise that this heretic should be so honoured above orthodox sons of the church. After an interview of some length the Pope, addressing two young ladies by whom Dr. Ryerson was accompanied—his daughter, now Mrs. Harris, of London, and a daughter of Earl Gray—who had rolls of paper in their hands, said, "What have you there, my children?" They replied that they wished to procure his autograph, when the fatherly old man wrote in Latin the benediction: "Grace, mercy, and peace

from God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Lord," and then kindly gave them also the pen with which it was written.

Yet with all his catholicity of sentiment and charity of spirit, Dr. Ryerson was a man of strong convictions, and he always had the courage of his convictions as well. When it came to a question of principle he was rigid as iron. Then he planted himself on the solid ground of what he believed to be right and said like FitzJames:

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I."

Dr. Ryerson's controversies were for great principles, not for personal interests. Hence no rancour, no bitterness disturbed his relations with his antagonists. And even his old and conquered foe, Bishop Strachan, after the controversy was over, became his personal friend.

Such benefactors of his kind and of his country as Dr. Ryerson deserve to be held in lasting and grateful remembrance. His imperishable monument, it is true, is the school system which he devised. The bronze statue of Dr. Ryerson in the grounds of the Educational Buildings, where he so long administered the school system which he had devised, exhibits the noble presence, the benignant countenance, the dome-like and majestic brow of this great Canadian. Thus shall the future generations of the boys and girls in our schools, of the teachers who shall pass through those educational halls, and the foreign visitors to our land learn what manner of man was he whom Canada delights to honour.

To future generations of Canadian youth the career of Dr. Ryerson shall be an inspiration and encouragement. With early educational advantages far inferior to those which he has brought within the reach of every boy and girl in the land, what a noble life he lived, what grand results he achieved! One great secret of his success was his tireless industry. As a boy he learned to work—to work hard—the best lesson any boy can learn—and he worked to the end of his life. He could not spend an idle hour. The rule of his life was "no day without a line" without something attempted—something done. In the discharge of his official duties, the amount of work that he got through was an

amazement to the clerks of the department. Over sixty distinct publications came from his busy pen. Over a score of times he crossed the Atlantic on official duties.

But again we remark his moral greatness was his noblest trait—his earnest piety, his child-like simplicity, his Christ-like charity, his fidelity to duty his unfaltering faith. Not his intellectual greatness, not his lofty statesmanship, not his noble achievements are his truest claim upon our love and veneration—but this—

"The Christian is the highest style of man"

His labours for the church of his early choice were performed in every position from that of a missionary to the Indian tribes, to



ONTARIO EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT, AMERICAN WORLD'S FAIR.

that of the chief officer of its highest assembly. As one of the original founders and first presidents of Victoria University, as one of the originators and first editors of The Christian Guardian, and as repeatedly the representative of Canadian Methodism in important crises of its history, before the British Conference and the General Conference of the United States, he rendered services of the greatest value to the church of which he was an honoured son.

But by those who knew him best, his memory will be cherished and revered, not for what he did, but for what he was. Dr. Ryerson was one of the most lovable men we ever knew. Few men grow old so gracefully as he. He had been, we may say, a man of war from his youth, and was the hero of many a hard-fought fight, yet he was without a particle of bitterness or guile. We never knew a man so simple in his greatness, so generous in recognition of merit in others, so tender in the bestowment of sympathy, so wise in the giving of counsel.

Above all, he was the simple, earnest, sunny-minded Christian. We have heard him speak with great warmth of feeling of the absorbing joys and consolations of God in his soul, when driven, for his fidelity of conscience, from his father's house, and when toiling with his hands in the harvest-field. And we have often heard him say that not when receiving the highest dignities and honours that were conferred upon him, has he experienced such rich enjoyment as in preaching the Gospel to the Indians or to the scattered settlers of the backwoods.

Our revered and honoured friend once submitted to the present writer a collection of his early diaries. They were most minutely and faithfully kept during a long series of years, recording his early studies, the text from which he preached, and his later travels in foreign lands. The first we opened was that describing his first appointment as assistant Methodist preacher in the town of York, sixty-four years ago, and in it he expresses the most humble deprecation of his own ability to preach to the intellectual and cultured Methodist society of the ancient capital. He also wrote many bitter things against himself for non-improvement of his time—although a lady still living has told the writer he used to rise at four in the morning to study by the light of pine knots on the hearth.

His religion had nothing ascetic in it. It was calm, confident, holy trust. "He felt that he had no merit—no desert," he said he "was simply resting by faith on the atonement of his Redeemer." And he quoted as expressing the experience of his soul, the words of Wesley:

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

What is the lesson of this life but this—
"The good alone are great," not rank,
station, nor adventitious circumstances
command the truest homage of the soul,
but the supreme excellence of moral
worth.

"The memory of the just
Smells sweet and blossoms in the dust."

HOW HE CAME TO BE KISSED BY THE QUEEN.

"To be Knight of the Thistle is a great honour, of course," remarked an old quartermaster sergeant, at a gathering of some military men at Chatham, says Pearson's Weekly, "but I can claim a distinction greater than that, or greater than kissing hands with the Queen, as they say of the custom observed by Cabinet Ministers when taking over the seals of office."

"You're claiming a great deal," observed a stalwart sergeant from the far North.

"Well," the veteran went on to explain, "the good fortune which befell me was to be kissed by the Queen," an intimation which caused the little party to gather round yet closer.

"You may have heard of my being the youngest bugler that took part in the Crimea," the distinguished soldier continued, "and that fact secured for me a place among the survivors who were inspected by the Queen after peace was proclaimed."

"When the wounded went by, some in chairs?"

"Quite so. Well, I was then a little flaxen-haired, red-checked youngster, small for my age, and I suppose a strong contrast to the worn veterans. When my turn came to pass, her Majesty asked how old I was, and when I replied, a little over thirteen, at the same time giving quite the best salute possible, the Queen said, 'Dear little fellow,' and then gave me a kiss on the cheek. So you see how I came to receive a gracious distinction which, from generals downward, no other soldier has ever been able to lay claim to. That honour's mine alone."

If I Were a Girl Like You.

BY LINNET HAWLEY DRAKE.

If I were a girl, a sweet girl like you,
Just budding to lady womanhood,
There's many a thing that I would not do,
And numberless more that I would.
I never would frown with my mouth
drawn down,
For the creases will come there and
stay.

But sing like the lark, should the day be
dark—
Keep a glow in my heart, any way!

If I were a girl, a bright, winsome girl,
Just leaving my childhood behind,
I would be so neat from my head to my
feet.

That never a fault could one find,
So he plied to mother, so gentle to brother,
I'd have things so cheery and sweet
That the streets and their glare could
never compare

With the charms of the home so replete.

If I were a girl, a fond, loving girl,
With father o'rburdened with care,
I would walk at his side with sweet, tender
pride.

With ever a kiss and a prayer,
Not a secret I'd keep that would lead to
deceit.

Not a thought I should blush to share;
Not a friend my parents would disap-
prove—

I would trust such a girl anywhere.

architectural effect of the whole was exceedingly good, and reflected great credit on the taste and skill of the designer. It called for the unqualified encomiums of the public press and of the multitudes of visitors who paused to admire this noteworthy display.

The wall was hung on the right hand with maps showing in relief the mountains, rivers, and other features of the physical geography of the countries represented. Sets of these were purchased by the Government of Victoria and New South Wales, and by the Commissioner of Education for the United States. They attracted great attention and elicited much praise. On the left hand were exhibited specimens of ordinary school maps. On either side of the large passage-way was a stalwart figure armed "cap-a-pie" in plate armour, with lance in rest and vizor down, as if on guard. The cases were surmounted by life-size busts of those immortal educators of the race, Shakespeare, Newton, Herschel, and Faraday, as well by those of the Prince and Princess of Wales. On either side, as shown in the engravings, were also admirably executed models of school buildings, prepared under the direction of Dr. Hodgins, chiefly from designs furnished by himself. These attracted much attention. So highly prized were they that two of them were taken to Japan by the Commissioners of that country, and one was sent to the proposed American Educational Museum at Wash-

ington. The revolving stand, shown on this page, contained a number of photographs of schools, colleges, universities, and public buildings. The glass cases shown in perspective on this page, contained an admirable series of philosophical apparatus, for the illustration of various branches of physics; astronomical and chemical apparatus; globes, object-lessons, kindergarten and natural history appliances; drawing models and materials, etc. A library of four hundred volumes of educational books, having almost exclusive reference to the science and art of teaching, the discipline and management of schools, national education, school-architecture, the science of language, and other practical subjects relating to the teachers' profession, was also exhibited. So highly prized were these that the entire collection was ordered by the Japanese Commissioners for the Education Department of the Empire—and two of them have been already translated into the Japanese language. Other highly interesting collections were a series of the Great Seals of England, from William the Conqueror down to Queen Victoria; and a series of busts, grouped historically, of Greek, Roman, French, Spanish, Italian, Swiss, Belgian, German, English, and American writers and scientific men.

ordered by the educational authorities of Japan, Australia, and the United States. Immediately behind our knight in armour was a set of models of apparatus for gymnastic exercises and recreation, which attracted much attention from the Philadelphia school-boys. Excellent specimens of school furniture, seats, desks, blackboards, etc., were also displayed. An exhibit of much interest was the collection of text-books in raised letters, maps, and object-lessons, for the use of the blind, and specimens of the willow-ware and other work of the students of the Asylum at Brantford, Ontario.

It is a matter of much congratulation that all the complicated and delicate apparatus, maps, globes, charts, models, etc., involving great technical skill, refinement of manipulation, and scientific accuracy, were constructed in the city of Toronto. Many of the foreign visitors, who imagined, we suppose, that the Canadians were a sort of hyperborean barbarians, were greatly astonished to find us taking the lead of the world in one of the very highest developments of the best civilization of the age.

The remarkable success of Ontario is very largely due to the judicious arrangements made for the Exhibition by Dr. Ryerson before his resignation of office, but more largely still to the unwearying efforts of over thirty of the ripest years of his life, in bringing to its present degree of perfection, our noble



ONTARIO EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT, AMERICAN WORLD'S FAIR.

CANADA AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

BY THE EDITOR.

Every patriotic Canadian wended his way as soon as possible after reaching the Centennial Exhibition to that portion of the Main building in which the exhibits of his country were displayed. And it was with a glow of honest pride that he surveyed the goodly display made by the youngest of the nations—our own New Dominion—even as compared with those of the oldest, richest, and most powerful nations of the earth. It was especially gratifying to observe that in the highest result of modern civilization—the appliances, various apparatus, and general provision for popular education—Canada was surpassed by no country in the world, if, indeed, it was equalled by any country represented in that great congress of nations.

The most conspicuous feature on approaching the Canadian department, one that at once challenged the attention of all beholders, was the admirable educational exhibit of the Province of Ontario, as shown on the first page.

It was situated in the midst of the group of Great Britain and her colonies, where, like Cornelia surrounded by her children, the great mother of nations could point proudly to her numerous offspring and say, "These are my jewels." At the back of the exhibit was a partition thirty feet high and a hundred and ten feet long, surrounded by a deep and richly ornamental cornice, designed and prepared in Toronto, as were the whole of the decorations, under the general supervision of Dr. Hodgins. The

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The collection of articles for object-teaching, it was generally conceded, was the most complete ever exhibited. It comprised geological cabinets, fossils, and models; botanical specimens, charts, and plates; stuffed and mounted specimens in zoology; and admirable anatomical models, diagrams, and large-sized charts. Duplicate copies of many of these were

school system, which is at once the admiration and the envy of the proudest, richest, and most highly cultivated nations of Europe.

AN ODD USE FOR UMBRELLAS.

We are told that the various ranks of dignitaries in China are distinguished from each other by means of their umbrellas. With us the umbrella is used merely for sunshine or rain, and all the mark we care to put upon it is to keep it from being lost or stolen. It is not so, however, in China. There the umbrella is a mark of rank. The four highest ranks of mandarin are entitled to a red silk umbrella with three founces—the smaller nobility may have only two. Gentlemen commoners of the two highest ranks have a red state umbrella surmounted by a gourd-shaped knob of black tin. The two next degrees have a knob of wood only, though painted red. Then comes the fifth rank, whose umbrella must be of blue cloth with a red painted wooden knob at the top, and only two founces. The governor-general of a province is heralded by two great red silk umbrellas.

When one apologized to the Rev. Charles Marriott by saying, "I'm afraid I made a fool of myself last night," it could not have been very comforting to hear in reply, "My dear fellow, I assure you I observed nothing unusual." Nor could it have been wholly agreeable to the clergyman, who told a lady that he had once taken a little strychnine to clear his brain, when she asked him, "How soon did the effect pass off?"

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DRAGON WORKS.

"Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

"Some will hate thee, some will love
thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right."

—Norman MacLeod.

The day following the formation of the St. George League, an event occurred worthy of special notice. Unobserved we may walk up the marble steps to Judge Seabury's home. The servants, knowing that the master is out and the mistress too ill to come downstairs, are having a fine chance to gossip in the kitchen. A baby's cry comes to our ears. Following the sound we ascend the broad stairway, and enter a richly furnished apartment.

"Has the Judge come in yet?" queries a languid voice from the pillows.
"No, madame," replies nurse Dennis, coming to the bedside and arranging her patient more comfortably. "I think it was master Ralph whom you heard. He has just gone to his room. Can't you try to sleep now? I will put the baby in the crib so you need not be disturbed."

The tired, fretful expression deepened on Mrs. Seabury's face. "O dear! I don't see why Ralph need make so much noise. It's too bad that I am tied down here when I wanted to go to Salem to the ex-governor's reception."

"You really must not talk any more," said the nurse, anxiously viewing the flushed face of her patient. "You have worked yourself into quite a fever already. I shall be blamed if you are worse to-morrow. You must help me, Judge," she added, as that gentleman made his appearance. "Madam persists in talking."
"How are you feeling, Clara?" And the tall form bent over the bed, and the tone was very gentle.
"Oh, so miserable and unhappy. Everything goes wrong, and I'm tired of lying here."

"What you need," said the Judge, "is some wine to tone up your system. You are weak and run down, and need something bracing to bridge over this crisis. I was talking with Doctor Slocum about you this evening, and he said he should certainly recommend you to take wine regularly. Now let us look at our little girl, and see if we cannot grow happy."

And the Judge lifted the blanket and gazed with pride on the sleeping babe.

"Well, Clara, what shall we call her?"
"Oh, I don't care. Anything you like."

"Then I shall call her Olive, after my mother," answered the Judge. "My mother was a very good woman. I hope Olive will grow up to be like her."

"I wish you wouldn't forever talk about your mother," said the invalid petulantly. "I don't doubt she was well enough in her way, but she would be called terribly old-fashioned now."

At this moment a heavy fall was heard in the room above.

"What is Ralph in my private room for?" cried the Judge, an angry flush mounting to his cheek.

"I wish you would go up and tell him to keep quiet," said Mrs. Seabury. "He's been disturbing me all the evening with his noise."
Just at this moment Mr. Felton knocked at the door, and with pallid countenance, asked the Judge to come to the office immediately.

Hastily mounting the stairs, the Judge threw open the door of his private office. There on the floor lay his only son, his face flushed, his breathing laboured. The door of the wine closet was ajar. An empty flask told the story. Ralph Seabury was drunk.

"that Massa Ralph done gone hab a purty red face fur a faint. Warn't his breff orful strong. An' did yer mind the wine closet wur open, which massa Judge allers keeps locked? The old massa thought he could pull the wool ober our eyes. He can't do it to dis chille!"

"Shet up," replied Phil, giving his chum a cuff on the side of the head. "Ef yer wants to stay here yer must keep yer tongue still. Ef massa Judge should eber hear ob yer clacking out ob dis house he'd wring yer neck."

Doctor Slocum soon made his appearance, and he and the Judge and Mr. Felton had a long talk about the boy's condition.

"It's an unfortunate thing to happen, but still not so serious as might be," said the Doctor. "It'll doubtless teach the lad a lesson, and he'll not be so apt to indulge another time. I've known such cases before, and they all came out right."

"Still it would be a good thing, Judge, for you to put a new lock upon the wine closet, and carry the key. Ralph is headstrong, and when a thing is denied him, he will go all lengths to gain his desire." And the minister sighed.

It was finally decided by the two that Ralph should go to a certain military academy, where the discipline was very strict, and the rules were enforced. The next morning Mr. Felton acquainted the boy of his father's decision, gave him some wholesome advice on the virtue of self-control, et cetera, and accompanied his nephew to a distant city.

The thought never occurred to Judge Seabury or to Mr. Felton that the wine closet was the primary cause of the boy's fall. The Judge and the ex-minister were moderate drinkers. The former would not be convicted of his sin because of selfishness, the latter because his eyes were blinded through unbelief.

CHAPTER XII.

MAURICE AT SCHOOL.

"For boys are complex things,
With ways as various and intricate
As those of statesmen or philosophers."

Maurice Dow and Robert Kinmon were now bright, active boys of ten years. Up to this time they had never attended the public school. Mrs. Dow possessed a good common school education, and she had taught the two boys evenings, and had thus enabled them to be of great assistance to Tom Kinmon in earning the daily bread for the family.

An opportunity to attend the village academy was hailed with great joy by these boys. Having never mingled with the village lads, they were not prepared for the rude remarks and sneers which greeted them the first morning.

"Hallo, young salmon!" shouted John Chapman to Rob Kinmon, as he walked boldly up the steps to the school-room.

"What you here for?"
"What d'yer charge for a smell?" said Peter MacDuff, junior.

"A couple of porpoises, true's I live," laughed Willie Riley.

"The ocean is our home," sang Joe Chase, "or, perhaps better, 'we are fairies of the sea.'"

"Go ahead, boys, it don't trouble me a bit," laughed Rob, good-naturedly. "Fish smells as good to me as cider made out of rotten apples (this was one of Deacon Chapman's deacony tricks), and Peter MacDuff can get all the perfume he wants from his father's old dory, without robbing me of mine; and the ocean is a much better home than a tavern."

These home thrusts seemed to meet the approval of the boys, as they cheered lustily, and allowed Rob to pass into the school-room without further molestation.

"He'll do," said Barton. "He's got spunk. No milk and water there."

It was now Maurice's turn to run the gauntlet. Poor boy, he did not fare as well as his companion, for he was differently constituted. Proud, sensitive to a fault, high-spirited, he could not parry the rude remarks of the school-boys, and when Charlie Chapman greeted him with the words:

"Here comes the boy without a name, a genuine foundling," he replied with dignity:

"My name is Dow, Maurice Dow, and you are Deacon Chapman's son, I know."

"Ha, ha! Mr. Maurice! The name of Dow ain't yourn—is it, Peter?"

MacDuff shook his head.
"Hain't Phoebe told you that you wa'n't her son? Wal, thet's a good one. You've learnt somethin' by coming down town ter school—"

The ringing of the bell prevented any more remarks, and the scholars hastened to secure seats.

"Don't mind what he said," whispered Robbie, as he saw the look of distress on his companion's face. "John and

Charlie Chapman are the worst talking boys in town."

The names of the new scholars were taken, and the lessons assigned. Rob and Maurice found that they were as far advanced in their studies as boys of their ages. The teachers were very kind to the new boys and did not require recitations from them that day.

School was dismissed at last, and Maurice hurried home, burst into the room where Mrs. Dow was sitting, and throwing his books upon the table, he cried:

"I will never go to that school again to be insulted."

"What has been said to you, my son, that makes you feel so?" said Phoebe, in astonishment.

"Mother, is my name Dow?"

Phoebe was not prepared for this question, and she gazed for some minutes into the flushed, anxious face of the boy, without replying, then she said slowly:

"What makes you ask me such a question, my son?"

"Charlie Chapman called me a foundling, and I said I had no right to your name. Is it true?"

Seeing that the question could no longer be evaded, Mrs. Dow drew the boy close to her side, and told him the story of the shipwreck, and the little waif, told him of his mother who was buried on the hillside by the sea, and showed him the initials, M. J. D., worked on the baby clothes, and the name Maurice written in ink on a neck handkerchief. But I have legally adopted you, my boy, and you have a right to the name of Dow. If your father is living you may meet him some day. At all events, you are the son I have taken to fill the place of the one I mourn as dead. Cheer up, my child, and do not mind the rude remarks of those village boys."

Maurice was silent for some minutes, then kissing his foster-mother, he left the room. A terrible struggle was going on in his soul.

Maurice went back to his mother and found her sitting with her face buried in her hands, the tears trickling through her fingers. "Mother," he said softly, "I will go back to school and bear the insults of the boys. You have been good to me, and I will take care of you."

"Thank God," said Mrs. Dow fervently. "I thought I had lost my boy." The first day at school was an index to the days which followed. Rob Kinmon was a general favourite, ready for any fun, while Maurice, being reserved and studious, was constantly tormented. The haughty indifference with which he bore the taunts of the boys excited universal surprise.

"He's a pretty high stepper for a pauper," said Charlie Chapman. "We'll hev ter take him down a peg."

After consulting with Joe Chase, a list of rhymes was concocted, and found by Maurice, one morning pasted in his atlas.

"A proud young fellow is our friend,
M. D.,
Tho' we wonder mutch at it, sence a
pauper is he.

But stranger things hev happened in
the town of Fairport,
Things which hev given the school-
boys much sport.

We hope that our friend, the young
Mr. Dow,
A compliment from his mates will
allow,

We think he is fit a missionary ter be,
Sence he likes well ter eat the bread
of char-i-tee."

"It isn't right to plague the boy so," said Frank Strong, the minister's son. "If none of the rest of you will stand up for Maurice, Rob Kinmon and I will. Now, I tell you plainly, boys, that if you don't quit this sort of thing, I'll leave the baseball club."

"Leave it if you want ter," replied John Chapman, coarsely. "Guess we kin get another catcher if you don't want ter play."

"Keep quiet, John, or Frank will leave the club, and we can never beat at the next baseball match, if he backs out. He's the best catcher we have."

"You're right, Barton. Strong plays well. I guess we'll leave the book-worm alone now. We hev plagued him consid'able, I'll 'low," and the boys followed Willie Riley into the play-ground.

Things went along very smoothly for some months, and Maurice was left largely to himself. Frank Strong was his most intimate friend, and the two boys were together much of the time. But Joe Chase owed Maurice a grudge for winning his place in the class, and toward the close of the term he played a serious joke upon his school-mate.

Opposite the Maypole there was a well of clear cold water, over which was a chain pump, and Maurice usually stopped on his way, to and from school, for a drink. One night, just as he was about

to draw the water, Joe Chase came out of the tavern.

"Hallo, Dow," he said pleasantly. "Don't bother to draw that water, ef you are in a hurry. I've jest made some lemonade, and I will bring you out a glass."

Maurice was unsuspecting by nature, and never dreaming of danger, he thanked Joe for his kindness, and said he should be glad of the lemonade. The contents of the glass looked very inviting to the tired boy, and he drank half the glass without stopping, then he realized the trick which had been played on him. His mouth and throat burned as though he had swallowed fire. Flinging the glass to the ground, he cried:

"You will live to be sorry for this some day!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Joe. "Here's one of the St. George Knights who can drink off brandy like an old toper. Oh, it's the richest joke out!" and he laughed loud and long, till Maurice was out of sight.

(To be continued.)

"GOING UP SALT RIVER."

In his collection of anecdotes and humorous bits from the speeches of public men, George S. Hilton revises the story of "Salt River." This is the story:

It is well known that when a candidate for political office, or a political party, has been defeated, he or it is said to have gone or been sent up Salt River. Brown and Strauss' Dictionary of American Politics, published in 1882, in speaking of the term, says:

"It is said that the phrase arose from a small stream of that name in Kentucky, the navigation of which was very difficult, and the unpleasantness of a journey up that stream was thought fairly to represent the feelings of the politicians to whom the phrase was applied."

But in 1895 the origin of this term or phrase was thus explained in a newspaper article:

Away back in the early forties an old office fiend, who lived in Pike county, Missouri, about the mouth of Salt River, ran for the legislature and was defeated. He moved into the next county, farther up the river, and once more announced himself as a candidate for the legislature. Again he was defeated. Nothing daunted, he moved farther up the river, and once more announced himself as a candidate for the legislature. Once more his constituents started him on his voyage farther up the river in search of political elevation.

Many years afterwards, when people made inquiries about the old office seeker, the answer would invariably be: "He is still moving up Salt River and running for the legislature."

FROM ONE SMALL POTATO.

A man in Toland, Connecticut, found a very small potato in one of his pockets when he came in from his work.

"Here," said he, laughingly, to a boy twelve years old, who lived with him, "plant that and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are of age."

The bright boy cut the potato into as many pieces as there were "eyes" in it, and planted it. In the autumn he dug and laid by the increase of it, and planted in the following spring. Next year he planted the larger crop gathered the previous autumn. The potatoes thrived, and his fourth year's harvest amounted to four hundred bushels. The farmer asked to be released from his bargain, for he saw that the boy's planting would cover his land.

Yet it is quite common to despise "the day of small things."—Normal instructor.

INDIAN REPARTEE.

Dean Hole recently told a capital story of two Indians who were dining in England for the first time.

One of them took a spoonful of mustard, which brought tears to his eyes. The other said: "Brother, why weepst thou?" and he replied: "I weep for my father who was slain in battle," and he passed the mustard.

The other then took a spoonful, and immediately he had a tear trickling down his cheek. Said the first Indian: "Why weepst thou?" and he replied: "I weep because thou wast not slain with thy father."

PERSEVERANCE.

An old coloured preacher was asked to define Christian perseverance. He answered, "It means, firstly, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly and lastly, to nebbber leave go."

Autumn Dreams.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

When the maple turns to crimson
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster on the wold;
When the moon is wrapped in vapour
And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut-burs are opened.
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the fall,
With the drumming of the partridge,
And the whistle of the quail;

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her who still is dear!
She is near me in the Autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near

Through the smoke of burning summer.
When the weary wings are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can hear her on the hill
In the splendour of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of earth and heaven,
Meet and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew,
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

So I think, when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometimes steal upon me,
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom,
And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to meet her, ah! to meet her,
And to hold her gently fast
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me—
That were happiness at last,
That were bliss beyond our meetings
In the Autumn of the past.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 23.

THE DUTY OF WATCHFULNESS.

Luke 12. 35-46. Memory verses, 43, 44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.—Matt. 26. 41.

OUTLINE.

1. Faithful Servants, v. 35-44.
 2. Wicked Servants, v. 45, 46.
- Time.—Winter of A.D. 29-30.
Place.—Perea.

LESSON HELPS.

35. "Let your loins be girded about"—To gird up the loins was, in Eastern habits and with Eastern garments, the symbol of active service. The "lights" are the lamps which the watchful hold in their hands.

36. The "wedding" or marriage feast was the most stately of all oriental festivities.

37. "Blessed are those servants"—The title "blessed," when used by our Lord, implies some rare and precious virtue in the one to whom it is given. "Shall find watching"—With house in readiness, table prepared, and ready to open the door at the first knock of their returning master. "Shall gird himself"—The allusion is to the Eastern custom of a host honouring his distinguished guests by performing some service done on ordinary occasions by servants. In heaven Christ will teach his faithful followers as chosen guests by serving them for ever. "To sit down to meat"—In the earthly wedding the Lord expects to find the table prepared for him by his servants, in the heavenly he prepares the feast.—Abbott.

38. "Come in the second watch"—The Romans divided the night into four watches—from six to nine, from nine to midnight, from midnight to three, and from three to six. The banquet would not be over before the end of the first watch; in the fourth the day would be breaking. Vigilance, therefore, is needed during the second and third watches, the still, weary hours of the night, when to watch is a task of difficulty and painfulness. The time of our Lord's coming is unknown. Our ignorance of it is a reason why we should maintain readiness.

39. "What hour the thief would come"—Christ changes the metaphor, comparing his coming to that of a thief in the

night. "Broken through"—Literally, digged through, for the walls of Eastern houses are usually of clay.

40. "Be ye therefore ready"—One cannot always watch his house; sleep is necessary. But spiritually he can live in a state of constant readiness. "An hour when ye think not"—Worldly men provide themselves against the uncertainties of the future. Fire and life insurance companies flourish because of this principle of forethought. God might have arranged that every one should carry in his own person an indication of the length of his life. He has



JOHN JONES HOUSE AT THE CREDIT, WHERE DR. RYERSON RESIDES.

left this uncertain, because otherwise men would spend most of life in sin.

41. "Then Peter"—A conception of the rewards mentioned in verse 37 deeply impressed the impulsive apostle.

42. "Faithful and wise steward"—The steward was a slave promoted for his intelligence and fidelity. "Portion of meat"—He distributed the allotted portions of food, grain, etc., to the servants, which they cooked for themselves.—Watson. Everything the steward had belonged to his master—the clothes he wore, the food he ate, the home which sheltered him. An account was kept of the goods committed to him, and in time the books would be balanced. This is our relation to God. We breathe his air, we bask in his sunshine, we tread on his earth. He gives us our living in trust for others.

43. "Blessed is that servant"—Exceptional fidelity to God in any position will not go unrewarded.

44. "Will make him ruler"—"The work of the faithful servant does not cease, either after his own removal from his earthly labour or even after the final consummation of the kingdom."—Plumptre. "All that he hath"—"That promotion shall not be like earthly promotion, wherein the emittance of one excludes that of another, but rather like the diffusion of love, in which the more earth has the more there is for all."—Alford.

45. "Say in his heart"—Thinking is just inward speaking. "My lord delayeth his coming"—"The expression denotes an eternal mocking frivolity."—Lango. "Drink, and to be drunken"—Self-gratification and severity to others often go hand in hand.

46. "The Lord . . . will come"—The



THE CREDIT VILLAGE IN WINTER.

wickedness of some professing Christians will not hinder his coming. "When he is not aware"—The life of profligacy will have a rude awakening, a bitter sequel. "Cut him in sunder"—This extreme bodily torment images the terrible inflictions of God's wrath upon unfaithful servants. "Will appoint"—Judgment cannot be evaded. "His portion"—He goes where he belongs. Our delights prophesy of destiny.

Drinking wine and strong drink makes people forgetful and watchful. Alcohol steals away a man's senses, so that he is not himself, and cannot watch and pray, cannot do right. Alcohol is our Master's enemy. "We must not let the enemy come in through the lips. The way to keep out of temptation is not to take the first step. The text says we must watch and pray that we enter not

HOME READINGS.

- M. The duty of watchfulness.—Luke 12. 35-46.
- Tu. Reason for watchfulness.—Matt. 24. 32-42.
- W. Be ready.—Matt. 24. 43-51.
- Th. Wise and foolish virgins.—Matt. 25. 1-13.
- F. Remember and hold fast.—Rev. 3. 1-6.
- S. Children of light.—1 Thess. 5. 4-11.
- Su. Watch and pray.—Luke 21. 25-36.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Faithful Servants, v. 35-44. How shall Christians live?

into temptation. If you never take a sip of wine you will never drink a glass.



I WOULD RATHER SING.

An eight-year-old child, with a cut in her hand, was brought to a physician. It was necessary for the best results to take a few stitches with a surgeon's needle. While the physician was making preparations the little girl swung her foot nervously against the chair, and was gently admonished by her mother.

"That will do no harm," said the doctor, kindly, "as long as you hold your hand still," adding, with a glance at the strained, anxious face of the child, "you may cry as much as you like."

"I would rather sing," replied the child.

"All right, that would be better. What can you sing?"

"I can sing, 'Give, said the little stream.' Do you know that?"

"I am not sure," responded the doctor; "how does it begin?"

The little patient proceeded to illustrate.

"That's beautiful," said the doctor; "I want to hear the whole of it."

All the while skilled fingers were sewing the wound the sweet childish voice sounded bravely through the room, and the only tears shed on the occasion came from the eyes of the mother.

It is, I believe, a fact that some expression of one's feelings tends to lessen pain. Since weeping and groaning are distressing to one's friends, how would it do for us all to try singing instead?

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