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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1900.

No. 44.



THE LIFE-BOAT.

At Maryport One Sunday.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Wild waves kept no Sabbath calm
Round the coast of Cumberland,
Wild winds rushed along the strand
And broke in upon the psalm
Which the children sang that day,
Ere from school they passed away.

Ah! the storm had work to do,
Cruel work! And strength gone mad
The great gale that thundered had
For its task. Most fiercely blew
The strong winds, and did not care
Aught for Sabbath or for prayer.

In the Firth the murderous gale
Found a barque, and shrieked with glee
As it struck and lashed the sea,
Then, bronzed faces growing pale
Looked upon the awful strife,
Looked and said farewell to life.

Like an army of dire foes
Rose the winds, and waves, and beat
On the ship, and no retreat
Had the sailors from their woes.
So the barque was forced at last
Where the sand-bank held it fast.

Shaken, smitten, and drawn down,
Lower, lower—would the men
Ever reach the land again?
Must they slowly, surely drown?
To the masts they cling, to wait,
Wishing courage for their fate.

Oh, would any know? and care
To come out amid the storm?
Who would leave his fireside warm
Conflict with that gale to dare?
These men knew their fellows, and
Strained their eyes toward the land.

News had spread in Maryport,
"There's a vessel in distress!"
No heart beat in carelessness;
Nead there was not to exhort
Men to courage. Once again
Forward ran the lifeboat men.

Love and pride were in that cheer,
Out upon the awful deep,
Out where mighty billows leap,
Go the men the town holds dear.
Men and women breathlessly
Watch the lifeboat out to sea.

Hearts that wait can always pray,
Eyes can look through tears to heaven.
Hopes and prayers most freely given
Speed that boat upon its way;
God be with the heroes brave,
Saving life upon the wave.

Just in time! The shipwrecked men
Catch the line; and through the foam
They are drawn for life and home.
And the boat goes back again,
With the men the crew have won,
To the crowd that cry well done!

British heroes are they all,
These brave men around the coast
Let us honour them the most
When we keep our festival.
Deeds are theirs of prayer and praise
Meet for even Sabbath days.

A NIGHT WITH A LIFE-BOAT.

BY JOHN OILMOUR.

During the whole of a bleak December day the wind had been blowing hard from the west-northwest; the weather had been very unsettled for some days, squally, with the cloud-scurd low and flying fast; now it is becoming worse, and the blasts more frequent and more fierce, rapidly growing into a continuous-rising and heavy gale. The weather signal hangs ominously from the flag-staff, giving a warning (for which experience has gained respect) of the dangerous winds which may be expected. The Downs anchorage is crowded with shipping—so much so, that the lights of the vesse' anchored there shed a glow upon their darkness, like the lights of a populous town.

In such a storm, anxious watchers are on the alert on all the stations of the coast. The coastguard-men, sheltered in nooks of the cliff, or behind rocks, or breasting the storm on the drear sands as they walk their solitary beat, peer out into the darkness, watching the signals from sea—the gun-flash or the rocket's light, which, while they speak of hope to the imperilled, tell to those on shore of lives in danger and of waiting death. Or the watchers listen for the dull throb of the signal gun, the sign of wild warfare and struggles for life amid breaking waves and dashing seas, and

call for the rescuers to rush into the contest that they may snatch their powerless brethren from the very jaws of death.

Often, too, the whisper runs along the telegraph wires telling of some distant scene of sad distress. It is so in this case. The expected challenge comes—a call to action that the crew do not one moment hesitate to accept. They know the hardship and peril, but do not think of these, for they know what it is for brother sailors to cling perhaps to a few spars of still-standing wreck, while the wild waves leap around, and only a few inches of creaking, yielding timber shield them from their fury. They are ready for any stern, deadly wrestle, to rescue their drowning fellow-creatures.

The order is given, and directly there is a rush to the life-boat. The men on board the ever-ready steam-tug "Aid" are no less prompt; and within half an hour both steamer and boat are making their way through the broken seas, and breasting the full fury of the gale. Imagine the picture that was hid in the pitch-darkness of that wild night. The lifeboat is almost burrowing its way through surf and sand. Each man bends low on his seat, and holds on by the thwart or gunwale; the boat, being towed in the

face of the gale and sea, does not ride over the waves as she should do if she were under canvas only, but is dragged on and on, cleaving their crests. The ends of the lifeboat are high, the airtight compartments in the bow and stern giving her the self-righting power; the waist is low, that she may hold as little water as possible. When a sea comes on board, it is rolled out over the low sides, or escapes through the valves in the floor of the boat, so that within a few seconds of being full of water, even up to the gunwale, she frees herself to the floor. At times, indeed, the water runs over the boat in volumes sufficient to wash every man out of her who is not holding on. She pitches and rolls with a motion quick as that of a plunging horse.

Upon nearing the light-ship they see on the sands the flare of blazing tar barrels, signals made from the vessel on shore, and they at once make preparations for going to the rescue. The men on board the boat cast off the tow rope, and the wind and sea at once swing the boat's head round, and she plunges into the broken water which is rushing over the sand. It is indeed a wild waste of water. It boils and foams in tumultuous uproar, as the waves break and rebound

and dash together, leap high in air, and then recoil and fall with the roar of an avalanche. It is a desperate strife of waters, and into the midst of it the boat rushes. All the men dare to do is to hoist a close-roofed foresail, the gale is so strong. But swiftly it bears the boat along, the waves battle around like hungry wolves, and at times the boat is so overrun with broken water and surf that the men can scarcely breathe. They cling resolutely to the boat, however, and again and again she shakes herself free of water, rises buoyantly over the tops of the waves, and the men are free for one moment again, and thus she undauntedly works her way in to the wreck. It is one o'clock in the morning; the moon gleams out through gulfs in the dark, deep clouds which sweep swiftly across her.

The men see a large ship hard and fast on the shore, and in a perfect boil of waters. The tremendous seas are shaking her from stem to stern, as they wildly leap against her. She is making all possible signals of distress. The boat makes in for the ship, the people on board see her, and cries and cheers of joy greet her approach. The anchor is thrown overboard, and the cable goes out by the run, and with a jerk it brings the boat up within sixty feet of the vessel, which they see to be an emigrant ship crowded with passengers. As the poor people see the boat stop short their cries for help are frantic, and sound dimly in the men's ears as slowly and laboriously they haul in the cable, and get up the anchor before making another attempt to fetch alongside the ship. In the meantime they answer the people with cheers, and the moon shining out, the emigrants see they are not deserted. They now sail within fifty fathoms of the ship before they heave the anchor overboard again. They let the cable out gradually and drop alongside. The captain and pilot of the vessel (the "Fusilier") shouts out, "How many can you carry?—we have more than one hundred on board, more than sixty women and children."

It was with no little dismay that the passengers looked down upon the boat half buried in spray; and wondered how she could be the means of rescuing such a crowd of people. Two of the boatmen spring as the boat lifts, catch the man-ropes, and climb on board the ship. The light from the ship's lamps and the faint moonlight reveal the mass of people on board—some deadly pale and terror-stricken, some fainting, others in hysterics, while many are more resigned.

But this night had not been one of unreasoning fear to all. There were those on board who, filled with a calm heroism,

(Continued on second page.)



LIFE-BOAT IN A STORM.

A Verse a Day.

Just a wee bit verse a day,
Just a morsel honest sweet,
Something in it to be glad to stay
Something for a daily treat.

OUR PERIODICALS:

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

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:
A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.
TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1900

AN AFTERNOON WITH A
MISSIONARY IN CENTRAL URINA

If you have an afternoon to spare, come with me on the street. We will take a handful of pennies and...

chief. He has been drinking. His face is flushed, eyes red, and his temper ruffled. He attempts to possess himself of our handful of books.

A MANLY BOY.

It was a crowded railway station, and a raw December day. Every few minutes the sweet-carriers enter their...

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor...

"See there, Harry; see Fred, that's what he dashed back for."

"No, not for peanuts or popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't he a goosie?"

"Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?"

But he shook his head, and nodded toward the little old woman at his side.

"Come along, Fred. Come along! You'll be late for school."

"No," was the indignant answer; "he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goosie, and that's me, and Fred makes me ashamed of myself."

"I know it; but I feel as mean as if Fred had caught me picking her pocket."

The train whirled away. The next one coughed, and then lurched against the New York; all aboard!"

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman.

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman. He carried the heavy burden; he put his lithe young figure between her and the press.

A Night With a Life-Boat.
(Continued from first page.)

had by their example of holy faith exercised great influence for good on the well-fitted for scenes of danger and distress.

"How many will the life-boat carry?" the captain shouts.

Between twenty and thirty each trip, is the answer given.

It is at once decided that the women and children are to be taken first, and the crew prepared to get them into the boat.

Every five minutes a stream of people flowed out through a door, near which a young man stood and yelled, "Rapid transit for East New York!"

As the door was closed at a moment, and closed again when enough persons and passed through to fill the two cars upon each train.

As to be farthest from the door must wait until next day morning.

Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland.

She had heavy burdens, and, though she was in place, she was not pushed against her.

Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came and she seized on the railing...

She was held by either arm by the two men who are suspended over the side.

Some of the men on board throw blankets down to the half-dressed women...

"Here, Bill, catch," the man shouts, and throws it to a boatman standing up in the boat.

In spite of all their care, the boat, once set afloat, then lurches against the ship's side, and would be stove in but for the cork fenders which surround her.

A great deal in the rush of sea and tide. A half-hearted cheer greets them as they pass.

But he shook his head, and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had seen her before, and he was as proud as the anxious face of a holiday Dutch doll.

free, staggering as the waves break against her bows and then coasting but for the air, as she climbs their crests and rolls as she sinks in the trough of the seas.

Each woman is thus got on deck, and half led, half carried to the cabin below.

God bless you!—God bless you! she exclaims, and then she bows and praises God out of the abundant fullness of her heart.

Many, who during the hours of danger had been comparatively calm and reassuring, can now be seen shivering and feeling faint.

Some throw themselves on the cabin floor, weeping and sobbing, some cling to the sailors, begging and entreating them to save their husbands.

Others can do little else than repeat some simple form of praise and blessing to God for his great mercy.

The boat reaches the pier-head, and the remaining passengers. The cabin of the life-boat is full of women and children.

The rumour spreads that the steamer and life-boat has been away all night, and every man, woman and child...

The rumour spreads that the steamer and life-boat has been away all night, and every man, woman and child...

It is pitious to see some of the aged women totter from the steamer to the pier.

It now became the glad office of the people of Hamgate to be their messengers of good news to the children thrown upon their charity.

It was so nearly lost overboard. The owners of the wrecked vessel soon obtained another ship in which they forwarded the passengers, and they had a prosperous voyage to Melbourne.

The Children in Heaven.

"Oh! what do you think the angels say?"
 Said the children up in heaven;
 "There's a dear little boy coming home to-day,
 He's almost ready to fly away,
 From the earth we used to live in.
 Let's go and open the gates of joy,
 Open them wide for the new little boy."
 Said the children up in heaven
 "God wanted him where his little ones meet,"
 Said the children up in heaven;
 "He will play with us in the golden street,
 He has grown too fair, he has grown too sweet
 For the earth we used to live in.
 He needs the sunshine, this dear little boy,
 That shines this side of the realms of joy."
 Said the children up in heaven.
 "So the King called down from the angel's dome,"
 Said the children up in heaven;
 "My little darling, arise and come
 To the place prepared in thy Father's home,
 The home that my children live in.
 Let us go and watch at the gates of joy,
 Ready to welcome the new little boy,"
 Said the children up in heaven.
 "Far down on the earth do you hear them weep?"
 Said the children up in heaven,
 "For the dear little boy has gone to sleep!
 The shadows fall and the night-clouds creep
 O'er the earth we used to live in;
 But we'll go and open the gates of joy,
 Oh! why do they weep for their dear little boy?"
 Said the children up in heaven.
 "Fly with him quickly, oh, angels dear,
 See! he is coming! Look there! Look there!
 At the jasper light on his sunny hair,
 Where the veiling clouds are riven.
 Ah! hush, hush, all the swift wings fur!
 For the King himself, at the gates of joy,
 Is taking his hand, dear tired little boy,
 And is leading him into heaven."

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XX.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
 Yet they grind exceeding small.
 Though with patience stands he waiting,
 With exactness grinds he all,"
 Deacon Chapman witnessed the disgrace of his two sons with strong emotion. Although he had been a harsh father and had neglected his children, he had a father's heart for his offspring. "Show mercy to my boys," he broke forth, during the trial. "They're young, yer know."
 Judge Seabury looked sharply at the Deacon. "Your sons are just what you made them, and you are only reaping what you have sown."
 Strange words to come from this man's lips. Little did he dream, as he was casting this stone at his neighbour, that its crushing weight would soon fall upon his own head and bring him to the ground, overwhelmed with sorrow and remorse.
 Maurice Dow was publicly exonerated from all blame, and a purse was immediately made up for him sufficient to defray his expenses for one year in Dummer Academy.
 Wild with grief and anxiety, Deacon Chapman sought the minister, to see if anything could be done to avert the stern decree of the law. "Oh, parson, can't yer help my boys?" he pleaded with tears in his eyes. "I know I've treated yer awful mean, but I'm sorry."
 Mr. Strong took the old man's hand and said gently, "My friend, all that I can do shall be done, but you know that Judge Seabury will not listen to me favourably. He cherishes bitter feelings toward me."
 The Deacon groaned and turned away. Well did he remember all he had done to foster such feelings in the mind of the Judge. His punishment had been swift and terrible, but he could not but admit it was a just penalty for his sin.
 Kind-hearted friends did what they could to make the sentence as light as possible, for the culprits. Joe Chase,

Charlie Chapman, and Peter MacDuff were sentenced to one year in the House of Correction, while the other boys were released after paying suitable fines. The Society of the Silver Skulls was effectually broken up, and the boys in Fairport were taught a lasting lesson.
 How fares it with Judge Seabury? Is he still continuing in his evil course and riding on the high seas of prosperity? Nay! the arrow which is to pierce his heart is already speeding on its way, and the mighty are surely to be brought low.
 Three years have passed since Ralph Seabury went away to school, and many favourable reports have been sent to his home during this time. Mr. Felton visited him several times during this period, and came away satisfied with his nephew's progress. But how was it really with the Judge's son?
 One rainy night late in the autumn, as Mrs. Dow and Maurice were coming home from prayer-meeting, they heard a groan. As they had reached the loneliest part of the walk and the sound came unexpectedly, it was no wonder that both were startled.
 "Who is there?" cried Maurice.
 "For heaven's sake give me a shelter to-night. I'm sick and faint."
 Phoebe crouched up close to the rock and saw a prostrate figure. A ray of light from a street lamp fell upon the young man's face. She gave a cry of horror at the sight. It was Ralph Seabury!
 Pale, haggard, with wild, staring eyes, and marks of dissipation stamped on every feature, Ralph Seabury lay there a miserable wreck.
 "I'm in pecks of trouble," he said, raising himself with difficulty. "Don't turn a cold shoulder on me this wretched night."
 "My poor boy," replied Mrs. Dow, "I am your friend. You can trust me. Maurice, run and ask Tom to help us. We will soon have this sick boy comfortable."
 "Poor little cove!" exclaimed the kind-hearted Tom, as he appeared without delay on the scene.
 "He's grounded, sure's fate; but, please God, we'll pull him off the sands and have him agoin' agin with sails set an' colours flyin'. Steady now, my hearty! There you are now, in sight of a warm fire. Keep a stiff upper lip, an' we'll land ye safe." With encouraging words like these the young man reached Mrs. Kinmon's cosy kitchen, and after donning a suit of Tom's clothes, he laid down on the lounge before the fire.
 "Can't yer eat a wee bit of this toast an' drink yer coffee?" asked Janet, bending over the lounge anxiously.
 "It'll do yer good."
 "Oh, no," said the young man. "I don't care whether anything does me good or not. I've disgraced the Seabury name, and father will be fearfully angry, and justly so."
 "Twice I've broken the rules of the school and gone on a drunk, and this time I was expelled. The boys shielded me the first time, and father never knew of it. But he'll know it now fast enough. I don't know how I came to be where you found me," and the young man turned wearily away. "How my head does ache, and the chills creep over me. It's father's blame. He drank, and so did Uncle Phineas."
 "Calm yourself, Ralph," said Mrs. Dow, as she noted how feverish the young man grew, and felt his rapid pulse. The pressure of her cool hand on his forehead seemed to quiet him, and he sank into a heavy sleep.
 "Land o' Goshen!" ejaculated Tom, as soon as the deep breathing indicated that Ralph was sleeping. "Things do turn out wonderful strange. P'raps the Lord has got suthin' in his mind 'bout all this. 'Twouldn't be at all strange ef he sent the young cove here. But I reckon ther Judge will fetch him away as quick as he finds out. Poor little cove," continued Tom, as he looked with great compassion on Ralph's face. "How could he be any better with a stepmother, an' sech a high-tempered father? He's got a stormy sea ter sail on. Unless he gets in sight of the light-house, he'll steer straight for some reef an' go under."
 "It is only right," said Phoebe, drawing her shawl over her shoulders, "that Judge Seabury be informed at once of his son's presence in our house. The boy is threatened strongly with fever, and the sooner he can have medical advice, the better. I do not feel that it would be right for us to call a doctor, as the Judge employs Dr. Slocum, and we do not."
 "Humph," growled Tom. "Slocum will dose him with poisonous drugs. Doctor Blake, our new man, uses water an' yarbs. He's the max for Tom Kinmon. But let me go, Phoebe, 'tis sech a dark night. Shan't yer be afraid?"
 "Oh, no, Tom. Every one in town

knows me, and I don't think any one will hurt me. It is best that I should go. I feel that God has a message which he wants me to deliver to that unhappy man."
 "The Lord go with yer," replied Tom, with unwonted solemnity of manner.
 Phoebe turned around and looked at the fisherman sharply. "Tom, I believe you are a Christian. You seem different of late."
 "Oh, how yer du talk," replied Tom, in his gruff way, yet looking pleased at the remark. "I ain't no kind of a Christian an' never made any professions to be sitch, but I will own up I've bin intrested in religion ever sence the parson preached his sarmon last communion. That sarmon jist hit me all around. Ef I dodged one way he slung out another argument that hit me on the other side. The parson come down on us to carry other folk's burdens, an' so be like as the Lord was. Wal, when he launched his craft, I didn't pay much notice, but kept a-sayin' to myself, 'I've got enough to do to look arter my own self an' family, without a luggin' burdens fur the hull town;' but 'fore the parson hed sailed half-way through I could see land, an' you could hev knocked me down with a feather. I see jist what he meant. Sum folks, Phoebe, is like pigs; they don't care fur nothin' outside their own trough. Sech folks are a curse ter any town. Instid of helpin' a poor feller along they jist give him a kick which sends him further down then he was at the start. Now, I've bin a-tryin' to help folks bear their burdens, an' so in a poor way ter be, as the good Lord was; but as to bein' a Christian, I don't make eny profession."
 "My good friend," said Mrs. Dow, grasping the fisherman's rough hand, "you are one of the Lord's own, whether you think so or not. By their fruits ye shall know them," said Jesus. Keep on with your burden-bearing, and you will be walking in the footsteps of the perfect One. Go and tell Parson Strong of your feelings. It will encourage him to know that his words have helped you, and the poor man is sadly in need of encouragement."
 A smaller nature than Phoebe Dow's would have rejoiced at an opportunity to take revenge upon one who had treated her so harshly, but no such feelings filled her heart. She was sorry for the proud old man whose punishment had fallen so heavily upon his head. He had sown to the wind, and he was now reaping the whirlwind. It was toward morning when Phoebe climbed the steps to the Seabury mansion. She pulled the bell, and the peal resounded through the house. Phil, the coloured servant, opened the door.
 "Tell your master that some one desires to speak with him immediately."
 "I dasset tell him, 'cause he's heard suthin' drefful, an' he's bin stampin' 'cross the libry floor all de night. Oh, missus, I dasset do it," and the boy's eyes rolled, and his teeth chattered.
 "Knock at the door then, and give him this note," and Mrs. Dow handed the boy a slip of paper which she had prepared, in case of an emergency, on which was written:
 "I have imperative summons from your boy. Phoebe Dow."
 The boy hastened to do her bidding. The effect was like magic. The library door opened, and a haggard-looking man beckoned Mrs. Dow to enter.
 "I suppose you have come like an avenging Nemesis to torment me in my misery," said the old man, bitterly.
 "Tell me quick about my boy, and then leave me. Your presence at this time is hateful to me."
 Unmindful of the ingratitude shown her by the man whose son she had befriended, Phoebe told her story in a simple, straightforward manner, and then said, "I will care for your son during his sickness if you have any difficulty in finding a nurse."
 The Judge motioned her away with his hand. "I will not trouble you to nurse my son. The carriage will be sent for him immediately. I suppose you desire some recompense for your services. Go back to your old home, and you shall have the rent of the cottage from henceforth. It shall never be said that a Seabury allowed a debt to go unpaid."
 The indignant blood mounted to Phoebe's cheeks at these insulting words, and for a moment she was tempted to answer the Judge as he deserved. But when she saw the anguish depicted on his face, and realized how deep the wound must be, she restrained herself, and replied gently:
 "If at any time you have need of my services you have only to command me. May God comfort and help you," and went her way.
 Ralph Seabury was carried delirious

to his father's house, and Doctor Slocum was summoned. The fat old doctor shook his head gravely when he saw his patient. "A doubtful case," he muttered to himself. "We shall pull him through all right," to Judge Seabury.
 The people in Fairport were afraid of the fever, and no one was willing to nurse the boy. After a long search the Judge brought a woman from Salem who was willing to undertake the task. Ralph was a hard patient to manage, for the fever made him wild. The sight of his father irritated him beyond measure. "Go away," he would cry, putting his hands over his eyes as though to shut out the sight. "You made me what I am. Go away, it's a devil I see!" At another time he would smack his lips and mutter, "Ha! that's prime. Father keeps the genuine article."
 Judge Seabury remained in his library most of the time. His meals were brought to him, but they were carried away untasted. A deep remorse filled his soul at the sight of his boy's ruin. The servants shook their heads as they spoke of him to outsiders.
 "Master takes it to heart dreadful," they said. "What a wicked boy, to disgrace his father thus!"
 But was Ralph Seabury to blame?
 (To be continued.)

THE RELIEF OF PEKIN.

The last days of the march of the relief column had been very heavy. The thermometer stood at 100 or over, there was no shade, and the four armies had to press forward along the same sandy road through the fields of tall, thin corn. The Japanese, light, accustomed to the conditions, took the lead and set the pace. Then came the Russians, stolid and impervious to the weather, then the Americans and English, straining every nerve, as one man after another dropped by the way and the exhausted horses were left by the roadside. Even the Indian Sikhs could scarcely endure the fatigue. As the forces approached the city, the Chinese redoubled their efforts to overpower the legations, but the barricades held good. The four armies deployed along the walls, the English and Americans being nearest the legations. General Gaselee found a sewage canal, and, with his staff and a company of Sikhs, waded up it into the canal under the Tartar wall, where wore the legation barricades. The besieged were on the watch, removed the barricades, the gates swung open, and the filth-begrimed men were in the midst of what they thought was a lawn party. There was Sir Claude Macdonald in "immaculate tennis flannels," and Minister Conger equally presentable, while the ladies were fresh and bright in summer clothes, all far less weary looking and bedraggled than the rescuers.
 Scarcely had the first greetings been given than General Chaffee was hailed by a marine from the wall and directed to the same entrance made by the British, and a hearty cheer went up for the Stars and Stripes. It was a brave company that the soldiers met. Not once had they lost heart, though the relief was so long in coming. Every device had been utilized for defence. Barricades of sand bags, pillows, boxes of earth, anything and everything that could give shelter had been utilized. Not a shot was fired without a target, and, while only eleven of the four hundred and fourteen civilians, and fifty-four of the three hundred and four marines were killed, the Chinese lost fully 3,000. The roofs of the American and English legations were much torn by the Chinese shells, which would have done far more damage had the gunners known how to depress their guns, and the rest of the foreign settlement was demolished.
 The placards told the story of the siege. "As there will probably be a heavy drop fire to-day, women and children are forbidden to walk about the grounds." "Owing to the small supply of vegetables and eggs, the market will be open from nine to ten o'clock hereafter. All horse meat is inspected by a physician." The Tsung-li-Yamen's offer of food was a farce; it provided barely for a single day. A considerable number—just how many or who it is not easy to learn—have come to the coast, and it is from them that the reports have been obtained. Since the entrance of the other troops, following close upon the English and American, the city has been under extensive looting. In this the Americans and English have not shared, unless a report be correct that General Gaselee permitted it with restrictions. The reports of brutality by the Russians come in from every hand, and the destruction of property is very great. Independent.

My Bed Is a Boat.

My bed is like a little boat;
Nuraa helps me in when I embark;
She lifts me in my sailor's coat,
And starts me in the dark.

At night when I go on board, and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore,
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer,
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 11.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

Luke 16. 19-31. Memory verses, 19-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.—Matt. 6. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. Our Lord's View of a Palace, v. 19-21.
 2. Our Lord's View of Hell, v. 22-26.
 3. Our Lord's View of the Human Heart, v. 27-31.
- Time.—Winter of A.D. 30.
Place.—Perea.

LESSON HELPS.

19. "There was"—This parable was spoken to the Pharisees. (Verses 14, 15.)

A certain rich man—His name is not given. Dives, which he is some times called, is only the Latin word for "a rich man." "Was clothed"—It is not said that he was immoral, that he amassed his riches by fraud, but only that he lived a purely selfish, pleasure-loving life, and left the suffering poor to famish at his gate.

—Cowles. "In purple"—Anciently the royal colour. "Finelinen"—Manufactured from the Egyptian byssus, a flax growing on the banks of the Nile. A robe made of it was worth twice its weight in gold. "Fared sumptuously"—Made merry in splendour.

20. "Lazarus"—This is the only instance in our Lord's parables of a personal name. Lazarus was a common name among the Jews. "The rich man's name is not mentioned, whereas that of the beggar is."—Cummings. "Full of sores"—Ulcerated.

21. "The crumbs"—"The fragments of those thin cakes used for bread in those times, upon which guests wiped their fingers after dipping them in the dishes, and which they then flung on the floor."—Robinson. "The dogs"—They belong to nobody, are a thin, mangy, starved set of outcasts. Were it not for those unclean, ownerless scavenger dogs, with whom Lazarus shared the refuse of the street, an oriental city would be a worse hotbed of pestilence than is the case even to-day.

—Hall. 22. "The beggar died"—"The first and the last relief that comes to such a sufferer."—Cowles. "It is not said that the beggar was, like the rich man, buried. His carcass may have been thrown into the valley of Hinnom; so that while his soul may have been in paradise his body may have been in the earthy symbol of hell."—Whedon. "And was carried"—His soul. (1) The unseen man is the real man "By the angels"—In accord with the popular Jewish belief. Either good angels in general, or the special guardian angels of the righteous took on them this office.—Plumptre. "Abraham's bosom"—The Jews used three

phrases to indicate the heavenly state—the throne of glory, paradise or Eden, and the bosom of Abraham.

23. "In hell"—"Hades." To Christ's hearers this word brought only the thought of a state where men lived without their bodies. "In torments"—He was suffering punishment.

24. "Father Abraham"—"The proud rich man can be content to claim kindred with Abraham; he called him Father Abraham; but ye read not that ever he said Brother Lazarus."—Bishop Brown- ing.

25. "Abraham said, Son"—Abraham does not disown his relationship. It is the same word the father uses to the elder son in the parable of the prodigal son. "Remember"—On memory will hang much of the joy and much of the pain of eternity. "Thou in thy life-time"—Every man makes choice of what joys he will indulge in. Lazarus has chosen the eternal things, and had had a hard time until the dawn of eternity brought him bliss. The rich man had chosen temporal things, and now his joy was exhausted. (2) Wheat from wheat; tares from tares.

26. "A great gulf"—Literally, a gorge or chasm. "The gulf symbolizes the necessary separation growing out of inherent and radical differences of character. There can be no interchange and no communication."—Kendrick. "Fixed"—(3) Character is permanent.

28. "I have five brethren"—This passage has been variously interpreted as indicating selfishness, and unselfishness and anxiety for others. We prefer the latter view.

are few men who have not within handy reach all the means necessary to secure their salvation.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The rich man and Lazarus.—Luke 16. 19-31.
- Tu. Careless ease.—Amos 6. 1-8.
- W. A bitter end.—Matt. 25. 41-46.
- Th. Buried and forgotten.—Eccles. 8. 9-13.
- F. The worldly portion.—Psa. 17. 7-15.
- S. God's care for the poor.—Prov. 22. 16-23.
- Su. Heavenly mansions.—John 14. 1-7.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

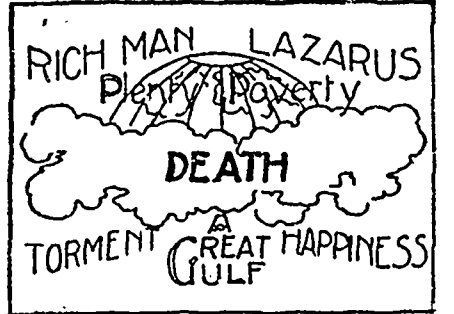
1. Our Lord's View of a Palace, v. 19-21. What do we learn about the rich man's wardrobe and bill of fare? Was he accused of any special sin? Have we any reason to think that his riches had not been honestly gained? Why then was he condemned? Who lay at his gate? Are we responsible in any way for the needy at our door? How does the Lord expect us to use the goods intrusted to our care? Are any too poor to glorify God? What example of living did Christ set? Where is a safe place for treasures? Golden Text. What do you understand by this? Is it likely to entail any sacrifices on earth?
2. Our Lord's View of Hell, v. 22-26. Did the poverty of Lazarus keep him out of heaven? What lesson may be drawn from this? Where was the rich man after death?

When God called the soul of the beggar Lazarus, he sent bright angels to bring it up to heaven. Lazarus' riches were all in heaven. He had laid them up there, and now he was to have love and joy and peace for evermore, with no sickness, sorrow, or trouble ever again. That good man, Abraham, was wait'ng



for him, and he was taken and laid upon his breast. Oh, what a rest and what a joy was that! And he was to be with God for ever. Was he not rich, this poor man, who lay at the gate?

The gulf between the rich man in his magnificence and Lazarus in his misery widened after death, and became that great fixed gulf over which no man can pass. But the beggar changed his poverty for the happiness of heaven, while the rich man descended into the place of



torment. Death overtakes us all, and we must leave whatever we enjoy or suffer here on earth. Happy shall we be if our heart condemn us not; but if we in our lifetime have received good things, and have seen our brother have need, living selfishly unto ourselves, our portion will be with the wicked. The rich man by refusing to relieve the beggar's distress denied his help to Christ himself.



TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF "THE RICH MAN," JERUSALEM.

29. "They have Moses," etc.—"All the Old Testament."—Trench. "Quite enough to teach them that a life of self-indulgent luxury was evil in itself, and therefore must bring with it, in the end, shame and condemnation."—Plumptre.

30. "From the dead"—The Jews were by nature exceptionally susceptible to the marvellous. Generally the thought of a messenger from the dead would be peculiarly impressive to the Jewish mind. "Will repent"—Observe that Dives here recognizes his failure to repent as the reason of his being in the place of torment.—Bliss.

31. "If they hear not"—The Scriptures are sufficient for salvation. "Neither will they"—The resurrection of the other: Lazarus, soon afterward, did not convince the Jews. (John 11. 46; 12. 16.) "An apparition from the dead might frighten men, but it would not change their natures, nor cause them to think less of self and its gratification."—Trumbull. (4) Infidelity and humble faith in God are produced in most instances not by outward circumstances, but by a man's own decision. (5) There

("In hell," that is, in Hades, the place of disembodied spirits.)

- Whom did he see?
- What favour did he ask?
- What was Abraham's reply?
- What do you understand by "thy good things"?
- Was it possible to help him?
- Why not?
- What warning does this convey?

3. Our Lord's View of the Human Heart, v. 27-31.

- What thought distressed the rich man?
- What further request did he make?
- Is any supernatural effort necessary for the conversion of men?
- Would it be likely to affect them?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
- 1. That neither wealth nor poverty in this world makes heaven's riches sure?
- 2. That people know each other in the future world?
- 3. That no miracle could save souls who refuse to be saved by the word of God?

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