

what need is there that God's grace cannot meet? So thinking that Joe's strong limbs would best be employed in subduing the earth, and that Joe's Bohemian instincts would be most likely to be tamed if he were sent to the quiet and regularity of country life, we despatched him to our Farm. It was hard work for our brethren there to love Joe, as they wished to do, and to bear with him, as they were often compelled to do. His sullenness, his waywardness, his selfishness were terrible to see. But at length the flow of his life became steadier; he was less liable to those half-insane fits; and now and then, when the Bible was being read, or words of peace were being spoken, Joe's eyes, fixed upon the speaker, would tell that the Word was finding lodgment. And at length the day came when I stood on the deck of the ship at Liverpool, with Big Joe's hand in mine. What a contrast, that parting from our first meeting! Now Joe was a strong, healthy-looking young man, with respectable clothes (partly paid for out of his own earnings), with a face from which the hang-dog look was gone—with the fear of God before his eyes. He was just about to put the broad ocean between himself and his miserable past. A few months afterwards I saw Joe in Canada, standing beside his master, an intelligent, Christian farmer, who told me that Joe was doing well, and giving promise of a useful and respectable life.

A Branch of this excellent Institution is in Canada, near Hamilton. In a future number we will give a picture of it, and an account of the work it does.

"It is More Blessed to Give than to Receive."

In the small town of M—, in the Province of Ontario, there lives a very aged woman, who subsists wholly on charity. During the extreme cold week of the past month a lady, having had a small donation given her to lay out on this poor person, called to see what she most needed, and ascertained that a pair of boots, in which to attend the house of God, would be acceptable. The following Sunday, while she was leading her juvenile class after Sunday-school, the thought occurred to bring this poor woman's case before the children. She acted on the suggestion, and very cheerfully did all present promise something towards furnishing the boots. The next Wednesday at half-past four was the hour appointed to meet at their leader's home to present their contributions. In the meantime the lady purchased a suitable pair from a merchant, who, knowing the object, kindly reduced the price. According to arrangement, twelve little girls and one little boy, with smiling faces and happy hearts assembled, when their leader passed around the plate, and very soon the jingle of penny, five-cents, ten cents, fifteen cents, and as high as twenty-five cents was heard until the required amount was raised. After singing a hymn, leader and children wended their way to present their willing offering. In addition to the above, one little girl took a nice parcel of cooked meat, &c. The aged woman thanked the little ones most heartily, pronouncing again and again, "God bless you!" "God bless you!" Thus giving the dear children to realize, on leaving that humble home, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Weariness.

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to strive or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatience, feverish heat,
Such lustless and strong desires;
Mine that has so long glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven their source divine;
Refracted through the mists of years,
How faded my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine.

—Longfellow.

How a Smoker got a Home.

I BEGAN to chew at the age of twelve. A few years later I commenced smoking. The practice grew upon me till I was smoking a large portion of the time except when asleep. At length I united with the Church, and very soon abandoned the filthy habit of chewing tobacco. I still, however, enjoyed the cigar.

Just at this time I met a friend, who, with a countenance beaming with love, said, "It don't look well to see a member of the Church smoking." "You are right," said I, and taking the cigar from my mouth threw it into the gutter. That was the last cigar I ever smoked. I was emancipated from a slavery worse than Egyptian bondage.

I now deposited the money I had been so long squandering for tobacco, in the Seaman's Bank for Savings. I will tell the boys what I did with it, that they may see how unwise and inexpedient it is to commence the expensive, demoralizing habit of smoking or chewing tobacco.

We had long lived in the city, but the annual visit of the children to their grandfather's made them long for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place for sale. There were over two acres of land, with abundant shade and fruit trees, a good garden, a fine view of Long Island Sound—near the academy, churches, and schools, and a convenient distance from New York. The cigar money was drawn upon to purchase the place, and it is mine.

I wish the boys who are tempted to smoke could see how the children enjoy their new home, as they watch the great steamers and the vessels with their white sails as they course along the Sound. Sometimes over a hundred are seen at one view.

Just before or after a storm we hear very distinctly the roar of old Ocean. It is then we think of the perils of the sea, and realize the great dangers to which the brave sailors are exposed. The children are also interested in the horse, cow, calf, and chickens. They enjoy their plays and sports on the green grass, which give them health and happiness.

My smoking was moderate compared with that of many, only six cigars a day at 6½ cents each, equal to \$136.50 per annum, which, at 7 per cent. interest for forty-nine years amounts to the small fortune of \$51,719.99. This has afforded means for the education

of my children, with an appropriate allowance for benevolent objects.

Great as this saving has been, it is not to be compared with improved health, a clear head, and a steady hand at the age of threescore and ten, and entire freedom from desire for tobacco in any form.

L. P. HUBBARD.

How to Save Boys.

WOMEN who have sons to rear and dread the demoralizing influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts you will be sure to throw them in the society that in any measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for the love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public houses in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. Do not blame miserable bar-keepers if your sons miscarry. Believe it possible that with exertion and right means a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—*Appleton's Journal*.

Use of Illustrations.

THE secret of Jesus' power as a public teacher lay in his apt use of illustrations. The power of Spurgeon in England, and Beecher here, as popular preachers, is owing largely to this faculty of illustrating. Arnold, of Rugby, was a prince of teachers, mainly from this cause. The use of illustrations is governed by five general laws:

1. The illustration must be within the comprehension of those addressed.
2. There must be an obvious resemblance between the illustration and that which it is intended to make more clear.
3. It must not be so absorbing as to attract from the main subject it would illustrate.
4. It must not be long drawn out.
5. It should be suggestive always, by association, of the thing to be illustrated.

THREE things should be thought of by the Christian every morning—his daily cross, his duty, and his daily privilege; how he shall bear the one, perform the other, and enjoy the third.

MR. HERBERT G. PAUL of this city, a contributor to PLEASANT HOURS, has published in the *Guelph Herald*, a long and striking poem, entitled, "The Opium Smoker." It describes in very graphic language the opium dream of the joys of heaven, and the woes of hell.

The following is a specimen of this admirable poem, which contains about eighty stanzas.

O, little I care for the charms of this world,
For I sail on a magic sea,
And my soul is deluged in glorious mirth as I
float like a sea-gull free,
Upborne by the purple arms of the flood that
flows from eternity.

For I sport in the airy clouds that I build, in
a wonderful world so bright,
And I revel in seas of milk white foam when
the earth is drowned in night,
Entranced, intoxicated, and lost in a raptur-
ous sea of delight.

O, gently the breezes blow on my cheeks as I
sail on the pathless tide,
And my pulses tingle with merriment as I
float on the ocean wide;
For I feed on the incense of heaven so sweet
that I want for nothing beside.

O, I feel no pain, and I have no care, I'm wild
with excessive joy;
Nor can the petty vexations of life my peace-
ful mind annoy;
For I sail where mortal ne'er sailed before,
where death cannot hurt or destroy.

Then little I care for the charms of this world,
for I sail on a magic sea,
For my soul is deluged in glorious mirth as I
float like a sea-gull free,
Upborne by the purple arms of the flood that
flows from eternity.

Then the scales of the darkness of earth were
removed, and I saw with a vision so clear,
Far, far through the limitless depths of the
space of that colourless atmosphere,
That the far away gates of the home of the
gods shone like a satellite near.

The Hanoverian Schoolmaster.

THE schoolmaster unites in one person the duties of sexton, grave-digger, and bell-ringer. All teachers must have passed an examination held by the State, for which they are prepared by some years' study at preparatory schools, and a three years' course at one of the eight normal schools in Hanover. In order to enter these schools, the applicant must be eighteen years old and be able to pass an examination in elementary studies. Teachers earn from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and twenty-five dollars a year. In E., the teacher received eighty-seven cents a year from each of his one hundred pupils, fifteen dollars a year from the church for his services as a sexton, besides fifty cents for each adult's and twenty-five cents for each child's grave dug by him. From the State he got eighty-two dollars, and from the village seven dollars and fifty cents a year, with six acres of good farming land and a house. All the books and maps I saw were of the most old-fashioned sort, and the teacher was drunk whenever he had money enough to buy schnapps. The church consistory appoints and removes the village teachers throughout Hanover. Teachers are not considered socially equal to nor do they associate with ministers. With the teachers ends the list of village officers, and next comes those communal servants for whom we in this country have no equivalent.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

THE seal of suff'ring impressed upon our destiny announces in clear characters our high calling.—*Gerando*.