

saw that you wanted them. I will send you some more tickets soon, and more papers. From H. H.—, Barrie, Ont."

And another from South Cedar, Nainimo, B. C.

"Rev. T. Crosby, Dear Sir,—Having read your letter in the PLEASANT HOURS for May 17th, which I always do read with great interest, I asked my dear mamma's permission to gather up all my tickets and simple books, which I beg you will accept for those dear little children you wrote about. I remain with great respect, F. W. T.—"

Now you see there are many ways you can help others, and by helping to make others happy you will be nappy yourselves. As dear, good Mrs. J. W. Jeffery, who loved missions and missionaries so much, used to say when she was young and would go to an evening party of little ones, when she would come home tired, "Mamma, I did try to make them all happy," and making others happy she was happy herself.

I will try and write again about the mission ship; she is to have her engines and boiler in soon.

Your Missionary,  
T. CROSBY.

#### VILE AND CORRUPTING.

**P**LEASE allow me to call attention to certain books in David C. Cook's "Sabbath Library." Such pabulum is "cheap," and worse. It needs no further comment. Superintendents will do well to look sharply to the material that comes into the hands of their scholars, and put under ban all vile and corrupting literature, even though it bears so attractive a title as "The Sabbath Library," and designed for Sunday reading. A couple of samples are offered:

"Don't you be afeared about what Davy drinks. He ain't no drunkard. That is, drink takes not much effect on him."

"Why, bless you! my maid, he'd drink a dozen men blind and stupid, and yet be hisself."

"We've been upon short 'lowance, a kind of six upon four."

"I don't want doctor's stuff, as my wife bothers me to take; I want 'double tides' and that'd float me all right in no time."

"Woman, fool! he shouted to his wife."—*From Manor House Mystery.*

"I was given to understand that the first practice a fighting pup had was with a 'good old gummer,' that is to say, with a dog that had been a good one in his day, but was now old, and toothless, and incapable of doing more than 'mumble' the juvenile antagonist that was set against him, the one great advantage being that the young dog gained practical experience in the making of 'points.'

"The next stage, as I was informed, in training the young aspirant for pithonors was to treat him to a 'real mouthful,' or, in other words, 'to let him taste dog.'"—*The Baptist Superintendent.*

No man can induce students to work hard who is not a hard worker himself; they must feel the subtle contagion of intense mental activity.—*Dr. Broadus.*

#### THE SILVER LINING.

**T**HERE'S never a day so sunny  
But a little cloud appears,  
There's never a life so happy  
But has had its time of tears;  
Yet the sun shines out the brighter  
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing  
With roses in every plot;  
There's never a heart so hardened  
But it has one tender spot;  
We have only to prune the border  
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant  
But has bitter with the sweet;  
There's never a path so rugged  
That bears not the prints of feet;  
And we have a helper promised  
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises  
But we know 'twill set at night;  
The tints that gleam in the morning  
At evening are just as bright;  
And the hour that is the sweetest  
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy  
But the waking makes us sad;  
There's never a dream of sorrow  
But the waking makes us glad.  
We shall look some day with wonder  
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow  
But the entrance is made straight;  
There's always a guide to point us  
To the "little wicket gate;"  
And the angels will be nearer  
To the soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty  
But will some day bow and kneel;  
There's never a heart so wounded  
That the Saviour cannot heal;  
There is many a lowly forehead  
That is bearing the hidden seal.  
—*Boston Transcript.*

#### CANADIANS AT CHAUTAUQUA.

**A** LARGE party of Canadians visited Chautauqua, among them the venerable "Father Douse," aged eighty-three. The *Assembly Herald* says:—A more sincere and cordial welcome could not have been given to any people than was extended to the Canadians. They were made to feel that at Chautauqua they were at home among their own people. When nations shall mingle together, without jealousy and with sincere respect for each other's rights and happiness, then will the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. A right royal reception was given to these visitors. Dr. J. H. Vincent and President Miller delivered speeches of welcome, which were full of Chautauqua catholicity. Edward Gurney, President of the Toronto C. L. S. C. replied, and his wit, and whimsical expressions and cool drollery seemed to be exactly in place. Rev. Thomas Cullen, of Toronto, was introduced, and it soon became evident that his warm heart throbbed with the best blood of the Emerald Isle. J. J. McLaren, Esq., spoke finely and at length. Prof. Sherwin, and Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald, of Nashville, made very appropriate speeches, and the address of Louis O. Peake closed a very pleasant hour.

LADY (in an Intelligence Office): "I am afraid that that little girl won't do for a nurse; she is too small; I should hesitate to trust her with the baby." Clerk: "Her size, madam, we look upon as her greatest recommendation—when she drops a baby it doesn't have far to fall."

#### REVIEWING.

**T**HE constant habit of reviewing," upon which good Dr. John Todd insisted half a century ago, in the "Student's Manual," is not yet estimated at its full value by teachers generally. Especially are Bible students slow to secure its benefits; wise men, however, are finding new ways of doing it, and are demonstrating its importance and usefulness. A method which a Connecticut school has recently adopted is that of having monthly review concerts. On these occasions, the titles, golden texts, and central thoughts are repeated by the school, or by classes, and this exercise is interspersed with the reading of more or less elaborate articles on special topics, in the line of the lessons, by the more capable pupils. In the same state there is at least one pastor who devotes a Sunday evening in each quarter to a review sermon,—a sermon reviewing not the Sunday-school lessons, but his sermons. He places on the blackboard such points from his sermons of the preceding three months as he feels to be important, and calls attention to them in a review discourse. On that evening he is always sure of a large and interested audience. Not less sure are his people to gain a clear view of truth in its relations, and to get a better hold on it for their memories. There is an old story of a sick tailor who sent word to his fellow-craftsmen that he wanted them all to be present when he should die, as he had a message for them. With his last breath, he gasped to the eager group, "Put a knot in your thread." For want of the knot which only reviewing can put in the thread of teaching, a vast amount of work is wasted. Dry and distasteful reviews do more harm than good; but of wise reviewing it is different to have too much. The more careful the "review," the more interesting and practical may be the review. But reviews there should be, in the pulpit, at the superintendent's desk in the class. Certainly every one who would have the truth at command must often recall what he has been studying that it may be labelled, classified, and, so to speak, filed away, where one can put his hand upon it at a moment's warning. "The constant habit of reviewing" is a capital habit to form in primary class, and to keep up through life.

#### THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

**N**OW, when boys hear so much said about electricity, as used to send telegraphic despatches, and know that railroad men are anxious to see the day when engines will be run by electricity instead of steam, they may be surprised to learn that the lightning which so often frightens us in the summer time is caused by electricity. There are two kinds of electricity—the positive and the negative—much of which is formed by the moist air rubbing against the dry air, and by the turning of the salt air into vapor by the sun's heat or the blowing of the wind.

When a cloud filled with positive electricity comes in contact with a cloud filled with negative electricity, we see a flash of lightning and hear a clap of thunder. When lightning passes through the air it leaves an empty space behind it, and the sur-

rounding air rushing in to fill up this vacuum makes the noise which we call thunder. The reason why we do not hear the thunder as soon as we see the flash of lightning is that light travels more than a million times as fast as sound.

If you can count five as slowly as the tick of a clock between the flash and the noise, it is said that you may be sure the cloud is not more than a mile away.

Sometimes the lightning is zig-zag or forked; sometimes it is straight and sometimes it is sheet lightning, and sometimes it takes the shape of a ball of fire!

When a thunder cloud is near the earth, the lightning comes straight down to the earth, because there is little air for it to pass through. When the clouds are farther from the earth, the air in the path of the lightning is pushed closer together, and, as lightning passes more quickly through thin air than through the thicker air the electricity runs from side to side to find the easiest passage to the earth, and so looks forked instead of straight.

The sheet lightning is the shining on distant clouds of flashes of zig-zag lightning; or else it is caused by slight discharges in the clouds which do not contain electricity enough to send forth a zig-zag display.

#### HOME FROM THE FROZEN SEAS.

**H**OME from the frozen seas!  
Back from the ice-locked land,  
Nations upon their knees  
Watching the little band.  
Home from the icy waste!  
Back from the snowy lea,  
Honor to the men who faced  
Death for the Polar Sea!

Home from the land of night,  
Back to a summer's day,  
Cold the auroral light,  
Sweeter the sunlight's play.  
Open each heart and hand,  
Welcome, with songs of glee,  
Men of the fearless band  
Seeking the Polar Sea.

#### HONOUR IN BOYS.

**T**HERE is great confusion in boys' notions of honour. You should not go to your teacher with tales of your schoolmates, but when questioned by those in authority over you, parents, guardians or teachers, it is your duty to tell who did a mischief, or broke a rule, no matter what result to yourself or how unpopular you become. Boys have a false honour which hides mean and skulking actions in each other, which ought to be ridiculed out of them. The most cowardly injuries and injustice among boys goes unchecked and the weaker are abused and bullied in a way every decent boy should resent, because this false notion of comradeship leads them to lie, prevaricate, or keep silent to screen the guilty. Teachers and parents ought to put down this ignorant, petty "sense of honour" for something more intelligent and upright. When you know of a wrong, and keep silent about it when asked, you become a partner in the wrong, and responsible for the original meanness. It is a pity that boys and grown-up people do not carry the same strictness of principle they show in screening bullies and frauds into points of genuine honour and courage.—*Wide Awake.*