

THE GRAND PARADE.

BY REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

THE billows are out on grand parade
In their uniforms of blue;
Their white plumes toss in the passing breeze,
And their steps are strong and true.

They march to the life-notes of the gale,
And the breaking surges' drum;
While the banners flash in the noon-tide light,
And the sea gulls cry, "They come."

They come, and their march is a thousand years
Aye, a thousand years thrice told;
They shake the earth with their lofty tread,
And their heart-beats grow not old.

They give no heed to the haughtiest foe,
But on in their high career,
Mid lightning's flash, and the thunder's crash
They laugh in the face of fear.

The centuries sat and gazed amazed,
Yet the crowding billows came;
With their plumes still tossing in the breeze,
And their uniforms the same.

They came, sometimes like the rough dragoons
Sometimes with the cannon's roar,
Sometimes they rush in the Northeast raid,
Till they terrify the shore.

Sometimes as still as the lovers' stroll,
When the moon walks in the sky,
Kissing the strand with their liquid lips,
And soothing it with a sigh.

They march till they touch the frozen North,
Then down to the Summer zone,
Still on, to remotest isles away,
To the eyes of men unknown.

They bow but to one Supreme behest,
To but one Commander's rod,
"Thus far," is the only law they heed,
And that law they know, is God.

And the coming centuries unborn,
Shall watch by the wave-washed shore;
Though the nations rise, and kingdoms fall,
The billows march ever more.

So, the waves of influence go on,
Our own, in an endless flow;
And all whom we reach for good or ill,
We never shall fully know.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

WE are very glad to publish the following letter from the Cooksville Sunday-school. We hope that many other schools will form similar juvenile missionary societies.—Ed.

DEAR SIR,—Thinking perhaps it might be interesting to the readers of your excellent paper, PLEASANT HOURS, to read the following letter from Mrs. Crosby to our Sunday-school here, I venture to send it you for publication.

At the beginning of this year we organized our school into a "Juvenile Missionary Society," and have every reason to be glad that we did so, for already it is a blessing to ourselves and some little help, we trust, to the great missionary work of the Church. We decided at the beginning to take up a collection every Sunday in school, and to have a public meeting once a quarter. Our first missionary meeting was held on the last Sunday in March, and was most enthusiastic, and rich in spiritual blessing. The money given during the quarter amounted to five dollars, and was voted by the school to the "Port Simpson Missionary Boat." We had, at our meeting, readings, addresses, a dialogue, and plenty of singing. The president of the society, a boy of about fifteen, presided most efficiently. All the offices are filled by scholars, who take a great interest in their work.

Our second meeting was held on Sunday, July 1st. We found the interest increasing in every respect, the collections amounting to six dollars.

We are only a small school, our average attendance perhaps fifty-five, but we hope and pray, not only that the children may be trained to give their pennies, but that they may give themselves, so that from our little school God may, in the years to come, call forth workers into His vineyard, who shall do glorious work for His kingdom on the earth. The seed is being sown in young hearts and who can say what the harvest shall be?

LETTER FROM MRS. CROSBY.

The following is the letter referred to in the above.—Ed.

Port Simpson, B.C.

My dear young Friends,
I was so glad to hear that you had formed yourselves into a missionary society, and I know you are everyone of you glad too, for such work always brings a happy reward along with it. And I know that those who are the most active and earnest find the most pleasure in it, for the half-hearted, or as the Indians say, the "two-hearted," get little or no satisfaction from their work whatever it is. But I hope you are all really in earnest, for think what a grand object you have before you! You know how grateful people who reflect on such things feel to those who make great discoveries in science, or write down beautiful thoughts to be an inspiration to noble deeds, or in any way labour to make life easier or happier. But surely the greatest benefactor to his fellow-men is he who does most to make known the Gospel. Did you ever think what your life would be without it? Suppose you knew nothing of the great Ruler of the universe, who holds all things in His hands, and loves everything His hands have made; of the tender Saviour who took upon Him our nature, and stands as our Mediator, of the Holy Spirit, our Counsellor and Guide, where would there be any hope or comfort? What should we find in life but terror and dismay?

The heathen, though they have an idea of a supernatural power, get little from it but fear. They dread death, and live in fear of their conjurers and medicine-men, who play upon the credulity of the people to extort property from them. A man is sick, and the medicine-man sends him word that he is going to die, then the friends of the sick man beg the doctor's interference, and in consideration of five, ten, twenty blankets, or some equivalent property, he comes and shakes his rattle over his patient, and sings, and blows, and dances round wildly, and leaves him to die or not as the case may be. There are Fire-eaters who, when the frenzy is on them, rush about from house to house, scattering fire around, and pretending to swallow fire. Others go about to bite anyone they can get hold of. It is only at certain times that these things are carried on, and then the people sometimes jump into their canoes, and run off, and the little children hide away wherever they can. But you will be glad to know that these practices are fast disappearing as the people hear and receive the Gospel. Some of these very men who used to be so wild and cruel, are now earnest Christians, trying to bring their friends to the Saviour.

We had a gracious revival here last winter. Everyone, almost, seemed to feel it. Meetings were held three times a day. In the evening lights would be set in the windows of the

houses on the way to light the road, and the people would come up singing to the church, and go away the same way, singing like a Salvation Army.

Some of them got their hearts so full they must go off somewhere to tell others what the Lord had done for them, so eleven men started off for Naas. Mr. Crosby went with them. It was in December. They had about thirty miles to travel, all by water, to the mouth of the river, then fifteen miles further up the river to the mission on the Naas. All along the way, wherever they found a few people camped, they preached Jesus. The river was full of broken ice, in huge cakes, floating up and down with the ebb and flow of the tide. Here was peril—once their canoe was jammed in by the ice and was being carried on, as it seemed, to be dashed on some huge rocks just ahead. Every one was in prayer, when, just in time to avert a disaster, the ice parted, and the canoe was quickly turned ashore, and a praise meeting began.

The visit of these men to the Naas was the means of beginning a wonderful work, which extended far up the river, and into the interior country hundreds of miles, and touched hearts that had never before felt the power of Divine Grace.

One of our little Sunday-school boys died last winter very happy. He told his mother and friends not to grieve for him, that he had given his heart to Jesus when the revival began, and now he was going to be with Him. We find the tickets which some of you so kindly collected last year, very useful in our Sunday-school.

They are a great encouragement, to the children to learn verses of Scripture.

My dear boys and girls, may God bless you more and more, and make you all happy workers for Him.

THE TWO APPRENTICES.

TWO boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman, the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home reading. The other liked fun best. He often went with other boys to have a good time. "Come," he often said to his shopmate, "leave your old books, come with us. What's the use of all this reading?"

"If I waste these golden moments," answered the boy, "I shall lose what I can never make up."

While the boys were still apprentices an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a state house, to be built in one of the Eastern States. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After careful study he drew out his plans and sent them to the committee. We suppose he did not really expect to get the prize, but still he thought "there is nothing like trying."

In about a week afterwards a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop, and inquired if there was an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there.

"No," said the carpenter, "no architect, but I've got an apprentice by that name."

"Let's see him," said the gentleman.

The young man was summoned, and informed that his plan had been accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his. The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go.

This studious young carpenter became one of the first architects in our country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the esteem of everybody, while his fellow apprentices can hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.—Exchange.

NOTHING TO DO.

"NOTHING to do!" in this world of ours,
Where woods spring up with choicest flowers
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day!

Nothing to do," thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole,
Oft with thy garments of sloth and sin,
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do," and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou Me in the path I tread."
Lord, lend Thy help in the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do."

HOME POLITENESS.

A BOY who is polite to father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinion others and caring too little for the good opinion of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the kitchen, as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.

WHITEFIELD'S LAST EXHORTATION.

THE last sermon by that wonderful orator, the Rev George Whitefield, was preached in the open air at Exeter, N.H., September 29, 1770. He went from there to Newburyport, Mass., where he was engaged to preach on the following day. He was the guest of the Rev Mr Parsons, and while at supper the street in front of the house became crowded with people, some of whom pressed their way into the hall. Being very weary, besides not feeling well, he requested a minister who was in the company to speak to the people; and then taking a candle, started up-stairs to his room. But while on the stairs the sight of the crowd so moved him that he stood for a while, with the candlestick in his hand, and spoke to them. He talked to them until the candle had half burned away and went out in its socket. It was his last exhortation. After going to his room he was attacked by asthma, and by sunrise the next morning he was dead.