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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

[No. 23

THE TRAP.

THESE are German boys, as might perhaps be guessed from their queer dress. But boys will be boys in whatever country they live, and these boys are just as fond of sport as any Canadian boy. They have apparently caught a bird by putting corn in a trap. I think they have done very wrong. It is all right to catch rats and weasels and vermin of that sort, which are very destructive, but the innocent birds have as good a right to their liberty as the boys who catch them. How would they like to be caught in a trap, and shut up in a prison. Fie for shame—boys.

ATTRACTIONS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

IN towns we are surrounded by man's work merely. "God made the country, man made the town," says Cowper. Man glories in his own works, and this drives out much thought of God. How can we expect much thought of God where there is a constant din and rattle, where there is grinding of wheels and the tramp of many horses, the hum of the wayfarers, the buzz of machinery, the shout of venders of small wares, and the incessant shrieks of whistles from trains or from boats? Even within the home, however retired in the city, the sound is generally like the "roar of the surf breaking on the ocean shore." We may not notice it, but it must all tell gradually upon the nerves of those who are compelled to live in it.

How great a contrast is presented in the country! There you feel the stillness as though keeping a continued Sabbath. Occasionally single sounds float through the air; you hear the click of a gate, the fall of a leaf, the

pipings of some feathered songster, the crowing of a cock, or cawing of the crow. The distant bay of a shepherd's dog, the patter of a horse's hoofs, the lowing of oxen and bleating of sheep, have no disturbing or exhaustive influence. It is on account of the quiet that men like to escape from city life to the country. The noise, hurry, dust; the heat, the closeness of the city; the disagreeable and disease-bearing odors, are exchanged for quiet, for pure air, for shady trees,

and open meadows or leafy lanes. A man's heart must be properly attuned, or he will not enjoy the country, and no lessons will be conveyed to his mind. If he allow low desires, petty cares, and selfishness to fill his heart, he might as well live in the town. There will be as little room for God in the heart in the one as in the other. Attuned, many a lesson may be learned. The lily will speak to the anxious one, "Consider how we grow; we toil not, neither do we spin."

The birds will say to the impoverished, "We sow not, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth us." Fields of corn will speak to the workers for God, tell that "the seed must be sown ere the harvest can be plenteous." When it draws on apace the warning will ring out to the indifferent, "The harvest is past, summer ended, and we are not saved." As they listen to the gurgling of a brook by the way they will drink of the spiritual brooks and think of the "streams which make glad the city of God." The trees of the wood, as the wind sweeps through the foliage, bending the branches to and fro, will perhaps suggest the coming of the time when "to Christ every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord."

A SWEARING FATHER.

A FATHER was swearing awfully one day; he had often been rebuked for it, but never felt the rebuke; but on that occasion using a most horrible expression to his wife, his little daughter, in fright, ran behind the door and began to cry. She sobbed aloud until her father heard her. He said to her, "What are you crying for?" "Please, father," she said, and kept on crying. He cried out roughly,

"I will know what you are crying about;" and the child replied, "Dear father, I was crying because I am so afraid you will go to hell, for teacher says that swearers must go there." "There," said the man, "dry your eyes, child—I will never swear any more." He kept his word, and soon he went to see where his daughter had learned her holy lesson.—Selected.

Good management contributes more to our comfort than great possessions.



THE TRAP.

NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS RIGHT!

MANICE all this time had been as anxious as only a mother can be. She heard, from other sources, of Miss Blythe's engagement just about the time that Jack did, and trembled for her boy, while she thanked God, who had taken away the temptation Jack might not have been able to bear. But her boy did not forget his mother; he found a chance to spend Sunday at home, and once more with his head on his mother's knee and his hand in hers he told her all that he had passed through, not without a breaking voice and wet eyes, for though Jack was a man the child-heart beat in him yet toward his mother, and he was not afraid to express the grief she both understood and consoled.

Mimy, with her usual keenness, perceived that there had been some sort of crisis in Jack's affairs, and with unusual discretion forbore to comment on it; but she made her sympathy known in her own fashion. Every dish Jack especially enjoyed figured on the table that Sunday, the heavy rain that fell all day excusing Mimy to herself for staying from church.

Jack did his best to enjoy Mimy's entertainment, but he felt something like a child that has cried itself to sleep, and woke up happy and languid.

He went back Monday morning, Manice longing to go with him, but comforting herself with the prayer that could follow him wherever he went, and staying her soul on the Father who had so guided and kept her boy, to whom an earthly father's care was denied.

Manice felt Jack's disappointment more keenly because she knew how great was his need of a home. She would have moved into the city herself but for her daughters, who needed her care and her house even more than Jack did; but she had always hoped that he would marry, as most young men do, and have a home of his own as a man should.

It is true she was fervently grateful that he had escaped the misery that a marriage with Jessie Blythe would have brought him. The old proverb says, "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," and half the marriages among young people justify the proverb. Manice had seen enough of life to know this.

Now she was still more strongly tied to Danvers, for Mr. John Boyd had become such an invalid as to require constant care. He could not leave the house at all, and his mind being weakened as well as his body, he clung to Manice like a child.

Will had gone into the city and become a partner in a broker's business, his whole life absorbed in making

and saving money. Manice was always obliged to write once or twice for his payment of Mr. Boyd's board, for it was never punctually sent. Disagreeable as this was to her, willingly as she would have kept her husband's only brother as a guest, she kept Will up to this duty as a matter of principle.

Jack and Will had no mutual friends or interests, so they rarely met in the city, and it was not a great surprise to any of Will's relatives when they heard he was about to marry a widow, much older than himself, with no charm but a million of dollars all her own, and an unaccountable infatuation for Will Boyd.

None of the Boyds were asked to the wedding. Mimy's comment was,

"Well, folks don't usually ask their kin to see 'em hanged. I'm proper glad he's got enough sense left to be ashamed on't. If I was a-goin' to sell myself 'twouldn't be at auction. I'd be consider'ble private about it, now I tell ye! And I'd hev it done by a justice o' peace, too. I wouldn't have the Lord's name took in vain over sech an ungodly piece o' work. But there's one solid comfort, an' that is he'll get his pay. I've lived in this world quite a spell, and seen quite a little o' the way things work; some buyin' an' sellin' is all fair and shipshape, 'n' you get as good as you give; but I never yet see man nor woman that married for money but what got cheated o' their bargain. Seems as though the Lord said to 'em the same as Peter said to Simon, 'Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be bought with money,' for Scriptor says elsewhere that a good wife is from the Lord."

And Mimy's keen eyes saw truly. Will's wife soon found out why he married her—it does not take a woman long to make that discovery—and though she could not entirely alienate her property from him by will, she kept a tight hold over her income, spent as little of it as possible, and invested all she could save in the name of her sister, who had married a poor minister and gone West.

Some year after Mrs. Will Boyd's marriage she suddenly died, and the hard-working Mrs. Brown, living in a log hut in Wyoming Territory, worn out with the labours of a missionary's wife, was astonished out of all belief by hearing from her sister's lawyer that all Mrs. Boyd's property except the share assured by law to Mr. Boyd for his life, had been left to her; and also that he held the certificates of very heavy investments in Mrs. Brown's name.

So Will was left sorely disappointed, with memories of a loveless, childless home, and a total failure in the intention of his marriage.

Soon after Jack went back to his work in the city he was struck one night at prayer-meeting with the sweetness and fervour of a voice

behind him singing that beautiful old hymn,

"Know, my soul, thy full salvation,"

a hymn whose words are as strong, calm, and fervent as the contralto voice that bore them upward.

Jack held his curiosity in check till the meeting was over, and then contrived to see, without any rude or inquisitive staring, that there was only one young woman in the seat back of his.

She was a plainly dressed girl, with a dark, sweet, tranquil face; full of feminine strength in the quiet lips and square dimpled chin. Her eyes were dark and steady, no wondering glance shot from them among the crowd; her black hair waved naturally, but was drawn back from her brow in becoming but unfashionable simplicity, neither "banged" nor frizzed; and her whole expression was that of content, sweetness, and repose. It was a face good to look at, restful, tender, and strong. Jack wished he might see it again, but yet not so strongly that he took any steps to find out who she was, though that countenance returned over and over to his thoughts.

The next week, however, there was some misunderstanding or mistake about a check sent in with the deposit of a great dry-goods firm in the city, and Mr. Gray asked Jack to step down after bank hours and set the matter right.

On entering the store he was directed to the cashier of the wholesale department, and a cash-boy was sent to show him the way.

"There she is!" snapped the urchin, pointing his thumb over his shoulder at a railed enclosure with a high desk, and shouting at the top of his squeaky voice, "Miss Carter!"

The lady at the desk raised her head.

There she was, indeed! and in a fuller sense than Jack knew.

It was the young lady who sat behind him in the prayer-meeting. She bowed, as if to a stranger, but there was an expression of recognition in her eyes. Jack introduced himself, and entered at once on his business.

Ruth Carter had a clear head and a thorough knowledge of her work, so the mistake—which was not hers, but made by one of the firm—was soon righted. Her words were few, and to the purpose, and when the matter in hand was adjusted she bowed and returned to her desk.

Jack recognized at once the lady who knew her position, and the trained book-keeper who had neither wish nor time for conversation with a stranger.

Jack felt a little "snubbed," nevertheless. That is the word he used to himself, for he would have liked to make acquaintance with this young lady. He had not the least idea of falling in love with her. There was no such witchery about her as en-

vironed Jessie Blythe, whose remembered loveliness and fascination still cost him a pang now and then in memory. This girl, he thought, would be a good comrade, a good friend. She was no beauty or belle; probably she went into no society, certainly not into that where Miss Blythe moved.

Jack sighed a little. He needed companionship much. But there seemed no way of making a friend of Miss Carter. He had not an idea where she lived.

A month after this, one warm June Sunday, the class next his own had a new teacher—the regular teacher being absent for the week. Jack felt like echoing the squeaky cash-boy, "There she is!" as the owner of that little white-ribboned bonnet turned her head and showed the face of Ruth Carter.

Never had Jack seen that class of boys so interested, so eager about their lesson; and as now and then he caught a glimpse of the teacher he saw how the dark face glowed with feeling, the eyes shone, the full red lips smiled, losing their firm expression in one of radiant sweetness; and when the school took up their singing-books he heard again that rich, pure voice join in the closing hymn.

When they reached the door they found large drops of rain spotting the stones, and a thunder-shower coming up rapidly.

Jack had expected this from the sultry heat of the day, and had been prudent enough to bring with him an umbrella. How glad he was! He stepped up to Miss Carter, whose pretty white bonnet and delicate muslin dress made her hesitate to face the shower, and offered to see her home.

"I think you will remember seeing me before," he said. "I am the teller of — Bank, and came to Holmes & Hallam's to see you about the check of Stuart Holmes's. My name is John Boyd."

"Oh yes, I remember; I shall be very much obliged," and with the simple cordiality of a well-bred girl she put her hand on Mr. Boyd's offered arm and came under the shelter of his umbrella.

He found that she lived six squares from the church, in the third story of a small house of flat tenements. The storm was still so violent that Jack did not hesitate to accept her invitation to walk in and wait till it abated, given as she opened the door into a parlour where a delicate elderly lady sat, evidently anxious about her daughter, and glad to find she had been protected from the rain.

"I am glad, too, that I happened to be there with an umbrella," said Jack, in answer to her acknowledgments.

"I don't believe in 'happenings,'" said Mrs. Carter, smiling; "but it was a good thing you were so prudent. Mr. Boyd. Ruth would not have liked to be out in such a rain in her

thin dress with no protection. My dear, go and change it at once; it must at least be damp. Mr. Boyd will excuse you."

Jack noted the instant obedience with pleased surprise. Ruth Carter was certainly twenty at least; she was no longer a child, but yet she was "obedient unto her mother, even as her Master was."

YES.

Of course, after so pleasant an introduction, Jack asked leave to call again, and Mrs. Carter granted it. She had been educated as the only daughter of one rich man, and had married another; but father, husband, money, were all gone before Ruth was six years old. Only a few hundred dollars a year were left for both to live on; but Mrs. Carter was an earnest Christian woman, and began her fight with life strengthened by that steadfast faith which is a woman's sole reliance under like circumstances. She took work from a dressmaker who had once been glad to make her costly dresses, and, renting two rooms, began her life with her child. She devoted herself to Ruth's training and education, and, while she laboured for bread, taught her child all that she knew herself, being unwilling to send her alone to the public schools.

When Ruth was fifteen, she was able to pass the necessary examinations and enter the High School of B—. There she thoroughly learned book-keeping, and had now for three years earned enough salary to support both her mother and herself, and let that dear mother rest.

There were no traces of pretension, no grasping after cheap finery, in the three little rooms Mrs. Carter occupied. It seemed to Jack too that nothing could be prettier than the parlour; it was so home-like, so cheerful, so exquisitely ordered, without the least primness. As the weeks went on he became a frequent visitor, not always to Ruth, for her hours of work were many more than his; but often in the late afternoon he went up with a few flowers to Mrs. Carter, generally wild-flowers, for he had become an expert bicycle rider by this time, and made his excursions into the country an excuse for adorning Ruth's home with the fresh spoils of wood and field. Sometimes he took a new book, for Mrs. Carter read a great deal in her solitude; sometimes he shared with her the basket of fruit sent from his own home. Always and ever he talked to her about his mother; talked with such enthusiasm, such admiration, such affection, that Mrs. Carter could not be impatient of the theme, but loved Jack the better because he so loved Manice.

One day, when he had just read her a passage in one of his mother's letters, an idea seemed to strike him.

"I really believe," he said, "that Miss Ruth is the only person I ever saw who makes me think of my mother."

Then, suddenly, Mimy's words returned to him:

"Set the one you think you've got to have, whether or no, beside your ma!"

The warm colour rushed to his face. Mrs. Carter did not notice it; she answered, with a little laugh:

"They can't look much alike, if your description of your mother is a good one."

"I don't think it's looks; it's ways," said honest Jack.

Mrs. Carter smiled. She had begun to be a little apprehensive of Jack. Naturally, she did not enjoy the prospect of a possible robber of her great and sole treasure; but now she was reassured. A young man who thought a young woman's "ways" were like his mother's could not be thinking of love-making. No! he was just a great honest boy.

It was Jack who grew uneasy. He had so far only considered Ruth Carter as a friend; she now belonged to the same reading circle that he did, and he often went home with her; he saw her home from prayer-meeting always, unless her mother was with her, and even then he generally escorted them, unless they were accompanied by some neighbour. He enjoyed talking over books with Ruth; her mind was quick and bright, but he had never felt toward her in the least as he did toward Jessie Blythe. He wrote freely about her to his mother, and Manice, if she had any forebodings as to the outcome of such a friendship, never mentioned them to Jack.

In the course of time Jack found out that Mrs. Carter's cousin was the sister of Will Boyd's wife, the very Mrs. Brown who had inherited all that property. She had come back to Danvers to live, as it was Mr. Brown's native place; and, having hunted up Mrs. Carter, made her promise to spend Ruth's vacation with her. Jack inwardly determined that his annual holiday should come at the same time, so that his mother and sisters could see and know his friend.

Still, Mimy's words haunted him—and so did Ruth's face. He pictured to himself the same future he had once adorned with Jessie's image, and was content to his heart with the vision. Like the first drop that pierces an embankment, Mimy's words had pierced his unconsciousness, and now there came rushing over him a whole flood of emotion. He knew that he loved Ruth Carter as he had never expected to love any one again—even more deeply, more intensely, than ever he had cared for Jessie; and in the darkness and silence of his room he fell on his knees and told his Father all his heart, asking for his best blessing at his hands, who was also Ruth's Father and God.

But with the humbleness of true affection Jack dreaded and delayed to ask the important question that filled his thoughts.

He even seemed less friendly to

Ruth. He was often silent, embarrassed. The frank smile and ready laugh that had been so pleasant and cheery were replaced by a certain gravity and reticence. Mrs. Carter thought he was tired of the heat and dust of the city. Ruth feared he was not well, or was perplexed with business.

At last, however, August came, and the three went down to Danvers together. Manice had already made Mrs. Brown's acquaintance, but she and her daughters called directly on Mrs. Carter and Ruth.

Jack did not go with them. He was not ready to betray himself! But Manice had already discovered his secret; who can hide anything from that mother-eye that is penetrative with the one love of earth! the eye that sees and feels, but seems to know nothing, because it is guided by a heart that has the tenderness, the delicacy, the selfless affection a mother-heart alone possesses. To tell the truth, Manice fell in love with Ruth herself, at first sight! Nor did further intercourse dim this affection; and Ruth said herself that next to her mother Mrs. Boyd was the sweetest woman she had ever seen.

Yet when Jack, in an agony of confusion and doubt, at last found time and place to ask Ruth if she would marry him, to his pain and astonishment he received a prompt refusal.

His face grew deadly pale.

"May I ask—O Ruth! what is it? Why not? Can't you learn to love me?"

Ruth blushed hotly; she had honestly been surprised; Jack's proposal had, as when a fire touches a torch, lit some strange and answering emotion within her, but her reason was not yet astray.

"I could not marry anybody," she said, in a low voice. "I can never, never leave my mother!"

"Do you think I would ask it?" said indignant Jack. "She would be my mother then!"

Ruth gave him a little shy smile. "Perhaps she would not adopt you," she said.

"May I try?"

"O wait, please wait!" was her answer, with a gush of tears; and Jack could press her no further. He soothed her with the promise, and oddly enough Ruth, for the first time, began to think she loved him, he was so gentle and so patient!

"All things arrive to him that waits," says the proverb, and so it was here. After a few weeks of delay Jack asked his question again, and received a very low "Yes" for an answer.

Why should I describe the happiness that came to them like a gift of God? And was it not?

Jack took a small house the following autumn, and spent his leisure hours and his treasured dollars in furnishing it, under Ruth's guidance. There was nothing expensive about it.

Simple furniture, plenty of sunshine, freshness, and good taste, made of the tiny dwelling a real home. In its sitting-room there was an open fireplace, the one luxury of the house, and on the oak mantelpiece was carved a shield with NO on it in elaborate and quaint letters. This was Alices's wedding gift to her brother, and her own work. Jack called it his talisman.

About the first of October Mr. Brown's health seriously failed; his work and exposures and privations in the West had broken down his constitution entirely, and Mrs. Brown begged Mrs. Carter to come and live with them as a sister, to be a help and comfort, and permit her to devote herself to the care of her husband. Ruth and Jack both protested.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Carter, "don't be unreasonable; you know I love you, and I know I should be happy with you, and Jack is not the sort of man to fear or hate his mother-in-law; but I know it is best for young people to begin their married life alone together. A third person, however dear, is a third person and a mistake, always. You need to learn to depend on each other, to forbear with each other, to ignore a great deal and accept a great deal with which a third person would interfere, though she might endeavour not to. I shall not go to Anne Brown till you are married; and meanwhile I commend to you a motto to hang under Alices's 'No,' good Bishop Ken's verse,

"O that mine eyes might closed be
To what becomes me not to see!
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what becomes me not to hear!"

Jack looked incredulously at Ruth, and Ruth laughed.

They had a very quiet wedding, just before Manice's Thanksgiving dinner, with no guests but their own family; and at dusk they drove into B— to their own house, which a friend had made ready for their coming, there to begin the new life.

As Jack put his arms round his mother, after all the other farewells were over, "Ah, mammy!" he said, "'No' has been my watchword, my shield, and buckler—the making of me, thanks to you and under God. There has been but one better word in my life, and that was Ruth's 'Yes!'"

THE END.

SPEAK COURTEOUSLY.

"I SPEAK courteously to the stable-boy, not because he is a gentleman, but because I am." If you address one whom you consider your social inferior in a discourteous manner, you will hurt his feelings and injure your own character. You can never be a true gentleman until you treat everybody with thoughtful kindness. If you speak to a boor in a boorish manner you become a boor yourself. You have deliberately placed yourself on a level with him! The command, "Be courteous," is without limitations—therefore, be courteous to all.

Grandmother's Bible.

So you've brought me this costly Bible,
With its covers so grand and gay;
You thought I must need a new one
On my eighty-first birthday, you say.
Yes, mine is a worn out volume,
Grown ragged and yellow with age,
With finger-prints thick on the margin;
But there's never a missing page.

And the finger-prints call back my wee ones,
Just learning a verse to repeat;
And again in the twilight their faces
Look up to me eagerly sweet.
It has pencil marks pointed in silence,
To words I have hid in my heart:
And the lessons so hard in the learning,
Once learned can never depart.

Your gift is a beauty, my dearie,
With its wonderful clasps of gold.
Put it carefully into that drawer;
I shall keep it till death; but the old—
Just leave it close by on the table,
And then you may bring me a light,
And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages,
To think of, if wakeful to-night.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

\$250,000 FOR MISSIONS FOR THE YEAR 1887.

COURSE OF HOME READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

It will be remembered that the last General Conference gave directions for the preparation of a Course of Home Reading for the Young People of our Church. Such a course was laid down, and a considerable number of young people entered upon it, although it was not announced till near February. It has been thought best not to make much change in that course this year, but to urge as many young people as possible to take it up early and follow it up regularly. Even very young people, from 12 to 14, who have not the time to take up the fuller Chautauqua course, can

manage this, and will find it much shorter and less expensive. We hope that Sunday-school superintendents and teachers will organize reading unions among the young people and induce as many of them as possible to take it up. It will be found, we think, both interesting and instructive. It will make them more familiar with the Word of God and with the evidences of our holy religion, with the evils of the drink habit and with a rational foundation for total abstinence, and with the romantic history of their own country. It will give them a taste for good reading and a disgust for the trashy reading on which many waste, and worse than waste, their time. There are no fees nor expenses of any sort except the price of the books.

COURSE FOR 1887-8.

The following books are recommended for home reading during the year 1887-8:

- (a) Assembly Bible Outlines, J. H. Vincent, D.D. 12c.
 (b) Richardson's Temperance Lessons 25c.
 (c) Canadian History and Literature, Withrow and Adams 50c.
 (d) Christian Evidences, J. H. Vincent, D.D. 12c.
 (e) What is Education? By Prof. Phelps 12c.
 And Socrates. By Prof. Phelps 12c.

The complete list will be supplied for \$1.15 net.

NOTE.—These books can be procured at the prices marked, from William Briggs, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto; C. W. Coates, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal; and S. F. Huestis, Methodist Book Room, Halifax.



FIFTEEN-SPINED STICKLEBACK.

Supplementary illustrative readings will appear in successive numbers of *Home and School*.

The following is the recommended Order of Study for the year 1887-8:

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

Canadian History, Literature, and Assembly Bible Outlines.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

History continued, and Richardson's Temperance Lessons.

MARCH AND APRIL.

History continued, and What is Education? By Prof. Phelps.

MAY AND JUNE.

History, etc., concluded. Christian Evidences, by J. H. Vincent, D.D.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

In order to carry out as efficiently as possible the directions of the General Conference, the Committee urgently solicit the hearty co-operation of all our ministers and Sunday-school superintendents and teachers in organizing, in connection with all our congregations and Sunday-schools, of local Home Reading Circles.

ONLY the other day a boy of fifteen was seen hunting all over the Old Testament to find the Acts of the Apostles. Bright, wasn't he? Yes, he was more than an average bright boy, who could reckon partial payments, diagram long sentences, bound almost any country on the face of the globe, write a neat letter, tell you all about the leading battles of the Revolution; but his heavenly Father's message to him he—well, it was not all his fault. These other things had been taught to him, and this had not; and you can hardly expect a boy to learn such things of his own accord.

FIFTEEN-SPINED STICKLEBACK.

The stickleback is a small fish, but like many small creatures in this great world, he makes up by cunning and activity what he lacks in size. Observation of the stickleback led scientific gentlemen to the discovery of the nest-building habits of certain fish—a very surprising thing, at least to me, for when I was a boy, it was commonly supposed that birds were the only nest-builders in creation. But we are growing wiser every day; not perhaps as fast as we should, taking into consideration all our opportunities, but still adding a little to our store of information as the days gather themselves into the heaps we call years.

When building the nest they collect small pieces of straw or stick with which the bottom is laid among water plants, and these they cement together by a peculiar substance that exudes from their bodies. Into the nest the mother stickleback creeps, after her husband has completed it—for he is the builder—and there she lays her eggs.

For quite a while after the little sticklebacks are hatched, they are compelled to remain indoors, for if they venture out into the water they run great risk of being devoured by other fish. So father stickleback continually swims around the nest, and as soon as one of his numerous children ventures out, with a whisk of his tail and a poke of his little cold nose, he drives it back again.

GET what you get honestly, peaceably, and prayerfully; then you will enjoy it gratefully.



DEDICATING THE FIRST-BORN.

November.

THE year is waning! Solemn sounds are heard
 Among the branches of each wind-toss'd tree;
 Brown looks the grass; no floral gems we see;
 Forsaken nests by winds alone are stirr'd,
 And not by wing of bird.

The skies look cold—wind-driven clouds
 scud by,
 While fitful gales whirl sere, dry leaves
 away;
 Fair once, like friends who come to us one
 day,
 Creep to the heart, bring love-light to the
 eye,
 Then droop and fade and die.

Yet, while winds chill and summer joys
 depart,
 A host of other pleasures now doth come:
 Brothers and sisters scattered, all come
 home,
 Thanksgiving cheer abounds, while fond
 smiles start,
 As heart responds to heart.

Then, curtains down, around the fire we
 press,
 To sing and jest, to romp and laugh, and
 play;
 But while the fun goes round, each heart
 can say,
 "November brings thanksgiving. Lord, we
 bless
 Thee for our happiness!"

DEDICATING THE FIRST-BORN.

MANY of you know what a happy time it is at home when a new baby comes; the tiny brother or sister is gladly welcomed, and finds a warm place in every heart; but, of course, if you are the eldest, you cannot tell how very happy your father and mother were to take you from God's hands, as his first blessing of a little child. God himself knew that many and many a home would thus be made happy, and so he told Moses he wanted to be remembered in this joy, and therefore the first-born should be brought to the temple, and presented to him with offerings of thanksgiving. You can see in this picture how bright and happy every face is, as the family procession follows the young mother with the first-born baby in her arms. St. Luke tells us how the neighbours and cousins rejoiced with the mother of St. John the Baptist at his birth, so I suppose all these you see

are the outside family, who have come to share in the rejoicing. The father leads "a kid of the goats;" just behind is "a lamb without blemish, of the first year;" and a third person bears on her head some turtle-doves. These were the offerings God had commanded Moses to have brought.

The Mother of our Lord followed all the Jewish customs with her Holy Child. She named him the eighth day; she presented him to God, with the customary offerings that the very poorest brought—the doves alone.

REV. JACKSON WRAY AT THE METROPOLITAN.

THERE was no room to spare in the Metropolitan Church recently when Rev. J. Jackson Wray, of Whitfield chapel, London, Eng., announced for his text, Proverbs xxv. 16, "Hast thou found honey? Eat so much as is sufficient for thee." He said there is a common but mistaken idea abroad that religion is a melancholy thing, an enemy of pleasure. Christianity is supposed to be synonymous with melancholy; honey is supposed to be forbidden, and bitter herbs and stale bread to be the common food of all Christians. This was a lie—as false a lie as the devil ever coined. Pleasure is a necessity of our common nature. God who made man made him to enjoy pleasure—gave him ears, nostrils, eyes, taste to preserve and receive the honey they all disclose. Which of these joy-giving senses are dulled by a man's becoming a Christian? Men talk of religious cant; but there is a cant of irreligion, as when one says, "I thank thee I am not as other men are, especially these Christians." In all true physical delights the Christian has honey in full proportion with the non-Christian. The preacher then showed that the Christian had at least his equal share of the honey of intellectual delights and of the moral side of man's nature, the existence of which cannot be ignored. In all these there is no greater enjoyment for the irreligious than the religious. The only restric-

tion for the latter is that he must not tamper with these delicate organs which give him pleasure, not rob his brain of its vital force, shall not stain his manhood. Farther than this, his recreations should do him good—they should recreate him. Has the irreligious man further pleasures than theirs, any deeper delights than the religious man? But the religious man has far more than this:—"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; in her left hand are riches and honour. But her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." He illustrated and expounded in a beautiful and convincing manner.

MAGNIFICENT JUBILEE DEMONSTRATION OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN OF MONTREAL.

SATURDAY, October 1st, was a red-letter day in Montreal Sunday-school history. It was an occasion to which thousands of children had long been looking forward, and when they awoke on Saturday morning to find that a merciless rain was falling it must have been a great disappointment to many a little heart. The rain converted the streets into regular mud puddles, and upset all the arrangements of the Parade Committee. Had the day been fine, one of the most magnificent spectacles ever witnessed in Montreal would have taken place. At 11 o'clock on Saturday morning a meeting of the Sunday-school superintendents was held in the Y.M.C.A. rooms, when it was decided that, should the rain hold out, the procession would muster on Dominion Square instead of the McGill College grounds, as was originally intended. Despite this concession the rain poured down in no half-hearted manner, and all hope of a procession was abandoned.

Inside the rink the scene which presented itself was one well calculated to inspire. Here were gathered together at least twelve thousand children—the sunshine of our homes—whose beaming countenances and child-like glee showed that their spirits were anything but dampened by the inclemency of the weather. Here were representatives from every Protestant denomination in the city, as well as a contingent of Indian boys and girls, who, under the benign influences and protection of our beloved Queen, had been civilized and are being brought up to Christian faith and fellowship.

From the gallery were suspended about fifty flags and banners of all nations, the Union Jack of course predominating.

The banners carried by the East End Methodist Sunday-school, of which Mr. J. H. Ferns is superintendent, probably surpassed everything of the kind in the parade. There was one large banner with a picture of Her Majesty the Queen and the words

"ON WHOSE DOMINION THE SUN NEVER SETS."

There was another one belonging to the same school with the picture of an open Bible and the words, "The True Secret of England's Greatness."

Each Sunday-school, as it arrived, was received with applause by the one preceding it. The cheers developed into a long and continuous "hurrah" when the Indians, under the care of the Rev. E. H. Wilson, arrived. Each of them bore a little Union Jack, and when they entered the building the deafening applause with which they were greeted seemed to take them fairly aback. There were in all thirty of them, and a more healthy, robust set of boys and girls it would be difficult to find. Several of the schools had beautiful banners. The following are a few of the very appropriate mottoes inscribed on the banners:—"Watch and pray," "Believe in God," "Faith, Hope and Charity," "Fear God and Honour the Queen," "God is Love."

Long before the hour advertised for the commencement of the proceedings, the huge building was filled to its utmost capacity. Every available seat was occupied, and hundreds were unable to gain admission.

At the afternoon meeting the Hon. Senator Ferrier, the oldest Sunday-school superintendent in Canada, presided. When the Senator appeared on the platform, which was erected in the centre of the rink, the children gave three hearty cheers. The silver cornet band played the overture of popular hymns. Mr. C. W. Coates, the conductor, discharged his difficult duties so as to merit the approbation of all who were present. The training of the children, as evidenced in the choruses, was wonderfully good. "God save the Queen" was sung by all the children, and as the sound

went up from twelve thousand throats, to use a familiar expression, it was enough to take the roof off the building. Perhaps it was one of the most charming incidents in the Jubilee celebration, this tribute of loyalty from the little colonists, and one which doubtless Her Majesty would have highly appreciated were she a spectator.

The Rev. Dr. MacVicar then led in the Scripture reading, Psalm 103, 1-5. The children, or so many of them as were within voice range, repeated the words after the Principal of the Presbyterian College.

The Lord's prayer was then repeated by the Rev. Dr. Shaw, the children joining. Scripture exercise was led by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, the selections being Mark 16, 16; Matt. 28, 20; John 3, 16; 1 Corinthians 1, 18; Romans 1, 16. The hymn, "Stand up for Jesus," was then sung by the children with grand effect.

An interesting feature was the exercises of deaf-mutes, who recited the Lord's prayer, "Nearer, my God, to Thee" and "God save the Queen." Three girls and one little boy recited the mute language with grace and expression, for the exhibition showed that even in the language of the mute there is expressiveness. But the most attractive item on the programme was the singing of the original Jubilee singers. Harmony in singing was present in its greatest beauty and perfection. The Jubilee singers have a world-wide reputation and their singing delighted both children and adults.

A tableau representing ten Indian boys at work was a feature which perhaps interested the children more than anything else. The Rev. E. F. Wilson, who had devoted his life to the education of Indian children, and whose mission is a noble one, carried out with an energy and love which merits for him the thanks of the nation, was in charge of the Indian boys. Splendid looking young fellows they were as they marched on the stage in their neat uniform, with knapsacks strung on their backs and each shouldering a staff, from which floated the ever-present Union Jack. The boys in the tableau engaged in different trades, blacksmiths, tailors, washermen, shoemakers and a medicine man, with his mortar and pestle, who is studying the mysteries of the alchemic art. All those trades are taught at the Shingwauk house, Sault Ste. Marie, over which the Rev. Mr. Wilson presides. A second tableau of ten Indian girls at domestic work was an attractive feature. The missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and the Doxology were also sung by the children. Three cheers for the Queen, with banners waving, concluded the afternoon's demonstration.

The Methodist schools of Montreal contributed a noble contingent to this

great gathering, their number being estimated at 3,500.

THE EVENING MEETING.

Another immense assemblage of children met in the rink at 8 o'clock in the evening. The Rev. George H. Wells presided and delivered a short address expressing the general gratification felt at such a glorious demonstration. The Rev. Mr. Wilson also delivered an address referring to the noble work of educating the Indians, in which he takes such a deep interest. The following programme was then gone through:

Tableau—Ten Indian boys at their trades, singing Indian work song.

Part song, "Steal Away to Jesus"—By the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers. Dakotah and Ojibway hymns, by the Indian boys.

Part song, "March On"—By the Jubilee Singers.

Tableau—Ten Indian girls at laundry and house work, and singing.

Glee, led by David Minominee, Ojibway, of Parry Island—"John the Boatman."

Part song, "I am Rolling"—By the Jubilee Singers.

Tableau—Ten Indian boys at chore work. Part song, "Rise and Shine"—By the Jubilee Singers.

Sacred music by thirty Indian pupils, "How Beautiful upon the Mountains." God Save the Queen.

It was intended to distribute the jubilee cups and medals to the children as they passed out, but the cups did not arrive and the distribution had to be postponed. They will, however, probably be given to the children in the Sunday-schools next Sabbath.

During the day a telegram was sent to the Queen in the name of 12,000 children assembled, congratulating Her Majesty on the attainment of her Jubilee and expressing the loyalty of the Sunday-school pupils.

Sir William Dawson received a cable from Her Majesty the Queen in response to the one sent on behalf of the children. Her Majesty thanks the children for their good wishes.

The arrangements for the accommodation and care of the children were perfect. Almost all the clergymen of Protestant churches in the city were present.

GIVE GOOD MEASURE.

WHEN I was a young man, there lived in our neighbourhood one who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing him frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him not to do it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his own advantage. Now, mark the answer of this man: "God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world; and when gone, I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this; only one journey through this world.

"The Plains of Abraham."

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

I stood upon the Plain,
That had trembled when the slain
Hurled their proud, defiant curses at the
battle-heated foe,
When the steed dashed right and left,
Through the bloody gaps he cleft,
When the bridle-rein was broken and the
rider was laid low.

What busy feet had trod
Upon the very sod,
Where I marshalled the battalions of my
fancy to my aid?
And I saw the combat dire,
Heard the quick incessant fire,
And the cannon's echoes startling the
reverberating glade.

I saw them, one and all,
The banners of the Gaul,
In the thickest of the contest, round the
resolute Montcalm;
The well-attended Wolfe,
Emerging from the gulf
Of the battle's fiery furnace, like the swelling
of a psalm.

I heard the chorus dire,
That jarred along the lyre
On which the hymn of battle rung like
surgings of the wave,
When the storm at blackest night,
Wakes the ocean in allright,
As it shouts its mighty pibroch o'er some
shipwreck'd vessel's grave.

I saw the broad claymore
Flash from its scabbard, o'er
The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the
close and fierce attack;
When victory gave the word,
Then Scotland drew the sword,
And with arm that never faltered drove
the brave defenders back.

I saw two great chiefs die,
Their last breaths like the sigh
Of the zephyr-sprite that wanders on the
rosy lips of morn;
No envy-poisoned darts,
No rancor, in their hearts,
To unfit them for their triumph over death's
impending scorn.

And as I thought and gazed,
My soul, exultant, praised
The Power to whom each mighty act and
victory are due—
For the saint-like Peace that smiled,
Like a heaven-gifted child,
And for the air of quietude that steeped the
distant view.

The sun looked down with pride,
And scattered far and wide
His beams of whitest glory till they flooded
all the plain;
The hills their veils withdrew,
Of white and purplish blue,
And reposed, all green and smiling, 'neath
the shower of golden rain.

Oh! rare, divinest life
Of Peace, compared with strife!
Yours is the truest splendour and the most
enduring fame,
All the glory ever reaped
Where the friends of battle leaped
Is harsh discord to the music of your
undertoned acclaim.

A LITTLE girl was asked to bring papa's slippers, but didn't want to leave her play. Finally she went for them very unwillingly, and came back without a smile. "I's bwinged 'em, papa, but I guess you needn't say 'Thank you,' 'cause I only did it with my hands, my heart kept saying, 'I won't.'"

SAM JONES AT HOME.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON.

IN this neighbourhood the Jones family is no unimportant one. One of the most venerable of men is the aged grandfather, a minister of sixty years' standing, and about him are eight children and grandchildren, preachers of the Gospel. Each one seems to inherit some of those peculiarities of genius which have made the name of Rev. Sam Jones a household word the world over. In his own home the distinguished evangelist is seen at his best. He is a prince in hospitality; his heart and home are open to the poorest and humblest, and no labour is spared to minister to the comfort and pleasure of all. The house is a typical Southern one, large and comfortable. When Mrs. Jones refused a beautiful mansion in Nashville, furnished throughout, the princely gift of a host of friends, they insisted upon making her a money offering, and with this she enlarged and beautified the homestead and made it one of the finest residences in the city. Over the well-ordered household the devoted wife presides as a queen. Mary and Annie are two beautiful girls, and their parents' hearts have been made glad to overflow in the stand they have taken for Christ at these meetings. Paul and Robert are the brightest, funniest, most rollicking little fellows you ever saw, and Laura and little Julia make up the circle. It is worth making a pilgrimage of a thousand miles to see the evangelist in his own home and witness the tokens of home piety and devotion. Sam Jones is not only the Christian but the gentleman, a term which denotes chivalric good nature. Manhood first and then gentleness. He adds to his great abilities the most social disposition and real love of others. He often speaks rude truths, for he delights in reality. And how the people love him from the highest to the lowest. In testimony meetings the remarks are nearly always prefaced with "Bro. Jones." During the progress of the meetings he was taken ill, and for three days was unable to be present. On the morning of the fourth day he stood up among them, as a father among the children that love him, and as he talked to them of his yearnings and longings, and how Jesus was the best friend he ever had, the best friend his mother ever had, his father ever had, his wife and children ever had, the great tabernacle became a Bochim. My heart said, "Behold how they love him." These meetings have been wonderfully owned of God—immense crowds, grand discourses, soul-inspiring music. Tuesday last was "old folks' day," and was of interest to the grey hairs and bent forms. Wednesday was "Children's day," and drew forth immense gatherings, the entire day being given to the single purpose of reaching the minds and hearts of the youngest.

The Heritage.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that feels the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With satel heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinowy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he doth his part,
In every useful toil and art,
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labour sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it,
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record to a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"SCORES of our boys were constant students of the Bible. The majority of the men came out of the army better than they went in, and all owing to the Christian commission. The good accomplished by their letter-writing can't be computed. Mrs. Fisk could show you a literal bushel-basket filled with letters from mothers, wives and daughters of soldiers' families to whom she had written.

"I remember, after one of the most terrible fights in Arkansas, where we had gone down to squelch the Rebs, and found they had gone, we had had no letters from home for about a

month. When we received our first mail I sat down on a log outside my tent to read mine. As I finished reading, I looked up and saw an old soldier sitting on the other end of the log, oycing me. He said, 'Old fellow, I want you to read my letter for me.'

"'Can't you read?' said I.
" 'No.'
" 'Where are you from?'
" 'Iowa,' he answered.
" 'Why, I thought everybody out there could read.'

" 'Well,' said he, 'all that ails me is that I was born in North Carolina.'

"I took the letter and found it was from his wife. After speaking of the gathering in of the crops, and entering into all the little affairs of home—mentioning even Susie's new dress, the new boots for Johnny, and the cunningest wee bits of socks for the baby—the faithful wife began to read John a sermon on this wise: 'John, it was quarterly meeting last Sunday and the presiding elder stopped at our house. He told me that a great many men who went into the army Christians, came back very wicked; they learned to swear and gamble and drink. Now, John, I want you to remember the promise you made, as you were leaving me and the children, that you would be a good man.'

"The soldier wept as he listened, and when I came to the dear name that closed the letter, he raised the sleeve of his coat, brushed away the great swelling tears and said, 'Bully for her!' It was the soldier's amen.

" 'Well, John,' I said, 'have you been a good man?' Then came the sad, sad story of drunkenness and gambling and profanity, into which John had been led, and the humble confession that he had forgotten his vow, but would renew it, and with God's help try to keep it.

"I discovered my rank to him, which disconcerted him at first, but he soon got over it and came to all our meetings after that. Weeks after, while hurrying through a hospital, the nurse hurried after me, saying one of the men wanted me. I went back and he said, 'I am the man for whom you read the letter. I've been thinking of my life and believe I have been a little wicked. Will you send the chaplain here?' He died in the faith soon after that."—*Gen. Clinton B. Fisk*

OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

THOSE who have had charge of children have often been warned not to try to "put old heads on young shoulders" by being too strict; and it is wrong. Boys ought to be boys while they can, and girls girls. But there is a new way of "putting old heads on young shoulders," against which boys and girls need to be warned, because they themselves are the ones who are likely to do it, and not their parents and teachers. We met a boy the other day who, though but ten years old, seemed to have as much

confidence in his opinions, addressed you with as knowing an air, coolly disputed the word of his elders, declared himself tired to death with what usually interests a boy, and squirted tobacco-juice and talked slang as though he were a man of the world of fifty years' experience. There are girls, too, who seem to be sorry that they have to be girls—as soon as the bib and tucker are put away, they ache to be young ladies and go into society, and give receptions, and have beaux, and all that sort of thing. They forget that if they are in a hurry to become young ladies they will be in a hurry to become old ladies; for Nature will not be cheated out of her order of things. They will lose girlhood altogether, and grow prematurely faded and wrinkled. The boys will lose their freshness, and grow tired of life just when they ought to be in their prime. Be boys and girls while you can. It is a period in life you can't afford to lose. Don't put "old heads on young shoulders."—*Our Morning Guide.*

Men and Deeds.

WANTED: Men.
Not systems fit and wise,
Not faiths with rigid eyes,
Not wealth in mountain piles,
Not power with gracious smiles,
Not even the potent pen.
Wanted: Men.

Wanted: Men.
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of sect and creeds.
Wanted: Deeds.

Men and Deeds.
Men that can dare and do,
Not longings for the new,
Not partings of the old;
Good life and action bold;
These the occasion needs—
Men and Deeds.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

THE following interesting recital of the exalting influence of one Chautauqua circle should be read by all ministers and young people:

"DEAR SIR,—When we moved into the place, my husband as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we found a large class of young people who were not Christians, and being a Chautauquan I conceived the idea of trying, through the Chautauqua circle, to bridge the chasm so often felt by young people to the Church. Accordingly, I invited this class of our congregation to spend an evening at the parsonage. Then I freely told them how we desired to do them good in every possible way, and showed to them the advantage of study of even a few minutes a day of the world of knowledge brought to them by the C. L. S. C., and how much better to make their social gatherings after an order that would bring them permanent good and blessing, than to leave sorrow and regret. Without any opposition they signified their willing-

ness to organize themselves into a circle. I have not a record of the constitution, but remember the object was self-improvement, in order to bless others. We opened our meetings by singing; roll-call responded to by Scripture texts, and while all were standing, a brief prayer was offered. Then business was attended to, after which the literary programme filled the time, closing at 9 p.m. I feel sure the influence of this unpretentious circle gave the right direction to young lives so easily influenced by surroundings, for since its organization twelve of the members have been converted and three of the number have been licensed to preach the gospel."—*Mrs. H. E. TAYLOR, in Michigan Christian Advocate.*

GETHSEMANE.

THIS is the garden to which Jesus went for prayer the night before he was crucified. There he suffered such great agony that his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And all this and much more he suffered for you and for me, that he might save us from our sins.

We sometimes sing a very tender, sweet hymn about this sad scene in the garden of Gethsemane.

Beyond where the Cedron's waters flow
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.
He bows beneath the sins of men,
He cries to God and cries again
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above;
"My Father, can this cup remove?"
With gentle resignation still
He yielded to his Father's will
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, thine only Son,
And, Father, let thy will be done."
The Father heard; and angels there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

BLIND CHILDREN AT PLAY.

A VISITOR at the asylum of the blind, in Indianapolis, Indiana, says that the blind girls and boys play a good deal like children who can see. The visitor saw five boys playing shinny. The boys had obtained a tin can, and they used the can as a shinny-block, following it from point to point by the sound. The superintendent of the asylum said:

"The hearing of these boys is marvellous. I have often tried to slip up on them, so as to hear what they were talking about, but in every instance they have heard me coming. They play marbles sometimes, and mumble-the-peg is a favourite game with them. They play ball, tossing it to each other, and following it by the noise it makes in the air, and the sound of the rebound."

The girls have a play-ground of their own. They are very fond of dolls, and often play housekeeping. They swing and jump the rope without trouble.

Luther's Bird.

"The Christian should be like the little bird, which sits on its twig and sings, and lets God think for it."
—LUTHER.

Like Luther's bird I sit and sing,
Not knowing what the day may bring;
Nor have I any need to know,
My Father doth protect me so!

I do the work he gives to me,
Not heeding what or where it be;
And more my Father will not ask
Than that I do my daily task.

He sees, he knows, my every need;
Then why should I take careful heed?
He bids me cast on him my care,
And every burden he will bear.

Each day will bring some new surprise,
Some token of his watchful eyes:
If trouble comes, to him I fly
Who doth my every want supply.

Who, then, so free and glad as I,
With such a Friend forever nigh?
Beneath his shadow I may hide,
And safely in his love abide.

And so I calmly sit and sing,
Content with what each day may bring;
My Father orders for the best,
And in his will I find my rest.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A. D. 29.] LESSON VIII. (Nov. 20.)
JUDGMENT AND MERCY.

Matt. 11. 20-30. Commit to mem. vs. 27-30.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matt. 11. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. Judgment.
2. Mercy.

TIME.—28 A. D. Immediately after the last lesson. Dr. Strong divides the verses, and assigns verses 25-27 and 28-30 into two different periods in the last six months of Christ's ministry, not long before his crucifixion, verses 28-30 being spoken on the earlier of the two occasions. Other writers think that the whole section (verses 20-30) was given at once, and a part of it afterward repeated.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Uproaid*—Rebuke. *Mighty works*—Miracles. *Repented not*—Did not turn from their sins to his service. *Sackcloth*—A coarse kind of cloth worn by people as a sign of grief. *Ashes*—Sprinkled on the head as a token of mourning. *More tolerable*—Their condition less terrible. *Day of judgment*—The final judgment at the end of the world. *Exalted unto heaven*—By the privilege of being the home of Christ. *To hell*—Here meaning the place of death, not of punishment hereafter. *Had these things*—The knowledge of gospel truth. *Wise and prudent*—Learned people, such as the scribes. *Babes*—Meaning people of a teachable and humble heart. *Of my Father*—By my Father. *Knoweth the Son*—Understands all the mysteries of Christ. *Labour*—The burdened in soul. *Give you rest*—Peace of heart. *My yoke*—Of obedience and cross bearing. *Yoke is easy*—"Because it is a yoke lined with love."

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That great privileges mean great responsibility?
2. That true wisdom is a gift of God?
3. That true repentance will bring rest to the soul?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what did Jesus rebuke the cities in which his mighty works were done? Because they did not repent. 2. Who are the only ones who know God? Those who learn from Christ. 3. What is Christ's call in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Come," &c. 4. What is Christ's command? "Take my yoke upon you." 5. What does Jesus say of his yoke? "My yoke is easy."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Retribution.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. What do you mean by Christ's exaltation? I mean the honour put upon him by the Father because of his obedience even unto death.

Philippians ii. 9. Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name.

A. D. 28.] LESSON IX. (Nov. 27.)
JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

Matt. 12. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 10-13.
GOLDEN TEXT.

It is lawful to do well on the sabbath days. Matt. 12. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Keeping God's Day.
2. Doing God's Work.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—Journeying and in Galilee.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Through the corn*—Through the fields where grain sowing was growing. Their journey was toward Galilee, the allowed Sabbath day's journey doubtless. *Pluck the ears of corn*—A privilege allowed by Moses's law. See Deut. 23 25. *That which is not lawful*—Meaning it was unlawful to do it upon the Sabbath. *What David did*—See the story in 1 Sam. 21. 1-6. *The house of God*—Not the temple, for the temple was not yet built, but into the old tabernacle at Nob. *The show bread*—This was the consecrated bread placed out before the Lord in the tabernacle, as a sign of consecration renewed every week, and the old given to the priests only, who were themselves consecrated. *The priests . . . profane the Sabbath*—They were compelled to work in the temple on the Sabbath in order that Israel might worship. *His hand withered*—Probably with flesh and sinews shrunk and shrivelled, making it not only useless but unsightly. *Might accuse him*—That is, to the local synagogue where he was worshipping.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That the Sabbath was meant to be a blessing to man?
2. That acts of mercy are always lawful?
3. That prejudice blinds people to the truth?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Of what did the Jews accuse Jesus? Of breaking the Sabbath. 2. What did Jesus tell them? That he was lord of the Sabbath. 3. What did Jesus say of the Sabbath in the GOLDEN TEXT? "It is," &c. 4. What good works did Jesus do on a Sabbath? He restored a withered hand.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Sabbath.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. How do you describe that exaltation? It was his victory over death; His rising again on the third day; His ascending into heaven and receiving power to send down the gift of the Holy Spirit; His sitting at the right hand of God the Father; and his appointment to judge the world at the last day.

A LITTLE GOSSIP.

Don't you imagine that only girls and women are gossips, though people often say so. We have seen men that were notable gossips; sometimes large men, too,—large in body, not in mind,—who could sit and gossip by the hour. They could tell stories about their neighbours just as the most approved gossips are said to do, with as much interest and enjoyment, and as little truth in them as gossips put into that kind of entertainments. And then we have known boys that were gossips. They were learning the art; and their prospects were fair for becoming established gossips.

Gossips are not a valued class in society. They are usually understood to be mischief-makers, and they appear to deserve that name. Their stories are often thought to be unreliable—this because they manage to make a

few facts go a great way. They are found in every neighbourhood; and while their conversation is often entertaining,—that is, to persons who love gossip,—it is generally best to avoid them.

ENDURING TREASURE.

WHILE passing through State Street, in this city, one bright day in summer, the writer was struck with the sickly appearance of a young sailor, who was supporting himself by the stone abutments of the merchants' exchange, as he slowly crept along. The tide of business was passing by—bankers, merchants and clerks—some with heavy care upon their faces, others excitedly hurrying as if under much pressure.

The inquiry was made, "Aro you sick, my friend?"

"Yes, sir, I am just discharged from the hospital; they can't help me. I am going to the consul's office to get my papers and get back to Bristol, England."

"Have you any friends here, my boy?"

"No sir, not one."

"I wonder if you have any Friend up overhead?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" was the reply. "Jesus Christ is my best Friend. If I don't live to reach Bristol, I'll be all right, for he'll take me."

Words of comfort and cheer were said to him, and we parted to meet in a better world. The writer again mingled in busy scenes, the banks and the offices teemed with careworn, anxious faces; but far above the atmosphere of earth shone the blessed assurance, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away."—*Mount Vernon.*

AS SWEET AS MOLASSES.

In the realm of experience all Christians agree. I remember having read of a little coloured boy down in Mississippi who was converted to God, and he was so happy he didn't know what to do with himself. He laughed and he danced and he sung and he shouted, and finally he cried out, "Oh, it is sweet—it is sweet—it is sweet—as molasses!" Yes, you laugh at that, but twenty-eight hundred years before that, Israel's royal singer said, "It is sweeter than honey and the honey-comb." One of them lived in a honey country, and the other lived in a molasses country; but the sentiment is exactly the same.—*Dr. Meredith, at National Council.*

Most of us lay up a good stock of patience, but we make the mistake of putting it where we can't find it just when we need it most.

Jesus wants you to stop doing wrong. Try to do right.

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