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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

No. 20

## THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.\*

Within a few short years there has sprung into existence in Canada one of the greatest railway systems in the world, extending from the "ice waters of the Atlantic to the life waters of the Pacific" with a continuous main line of 9,050 miles, and with arms reaching out in all directions—the Canadian Pacific.

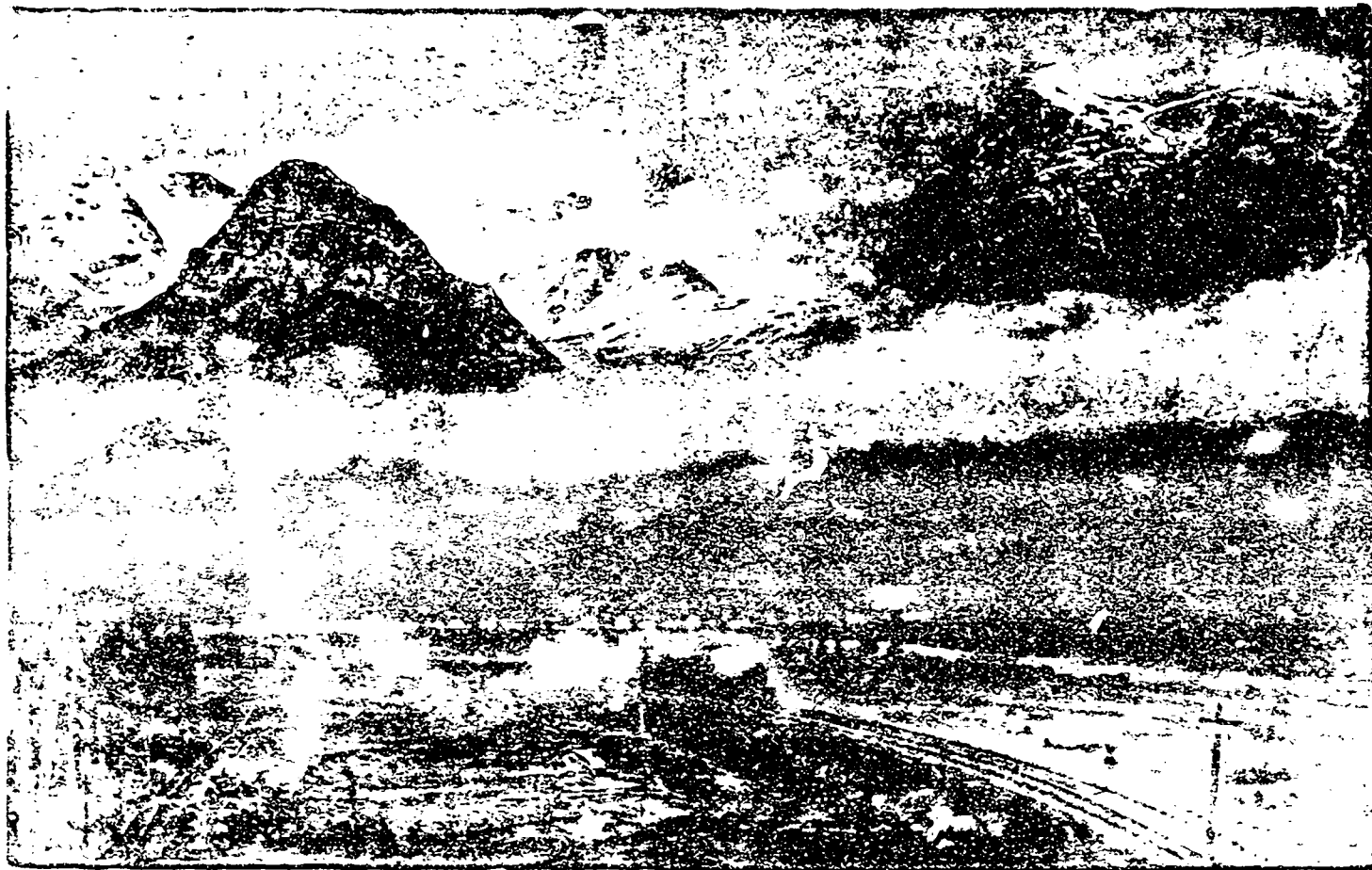
The main line passes up the Ottawa valley and thence westward around

fifty-two degrees, after which it traverses the heart of British Columbia to the sea. The tourist along this three thousand miles of railway—the longest single line owned by one corporation in the world—will encounter scenery fresh and attractive in an extraordinary degree, not only essentially contrasted to anything in the Old World, but different from what travellers in the United States are accustomed to.

Leaving the Ottawa, the course is past Niagara, and the other lakes of that region, westward to the northern

mad cascades. The granite walls and the isolated masses of rock with which their flanks are strewn, are painted with bright lichens, entwined into creeping vines, and shadowed by graceful trees. Through this pleasing combination of grandeur and prettiness the road makes its way, bridging the chasms and tunnelling the headlands. On Thunder Bay the rival towns of Port Arthur and Fort William, with their gigantic elevators and extensive docks, hotly contest for commercial supremacy, both claiming the honour

valley. At Winnipeg, where hardly ten years ago Fort Garry stood alone, but where now thirty thousand busy people have erected a handsome and most enterprising city, the traveller will probably pause a day or two. Resuming his journey, the railway conducts him through fertile river valleys and grassy uplands straight towards the setting sun. This vast stretch of open country—a thousand miles wide—is a closely grassed prairie of amazing extent, watered by many constant rivers, dotted with lakes, refreshed by



BEAVERFOOT MOUNTAINS, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Lake Superior to Winnipeg. Westward from Winnipeg the line spans a thousand miles of grassy uplands to its crossing of the mountains near latitude

\* The Canadian Pacific Railway are selling at all stations from Montreal West, tickets to the Pacific Coast, as follows.—Second class \$50. First class \$75 good for 9 days; and \$90 good for 30 days. First-class round trip, \$150 good for 30 days; \$120 good for 60 days, \$110 good for 90 days. These tickets are good for Victoria, Vancouver, Tacoma, or any Puget Sound port, are good by all rail or lake and rail. For particulars at any office of the Company, or write W. R. Colaway, District Passenger Agent, 110 King Street West, Toronto.

shore of Lake Superior. For a long distance Lake Superior is within view, the line sometimes running close between its beach and the adjacent crags, more often carried at a considerable height above it, so that the passenger's eye is able to take in a wide expanse of blue water, dotted with sailing vessels and steamboats.

The scenery of this part of the line is as notable, in its way, as any in the world. A range of mountains to the northward sends down spurs which reach the lake in abrupt and lofty headlands, separated by profound gulfs down each of which rushes a stream in

of being the lake terminus of the western section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, both destined in time to become part of one great city.

Between Thunder Bay and Winnipeg (continuing the journey westward, lies a region full of connected lakes and rivers, picturesque with every combination of rocks, tumbling water, and diversified foliage, where the names, people, and natural history are all associated with exploits of the fur-trappers and the Indians. From the rugged and legendary "Keweydya" the transition is surprisingly abrupt to the level prairies of the Red River

many summer rains, and varied by wooded elevations. The lakes are alive with water fowl, and their borders teem with birds and four-footed game. As the base of the Rocky Mountains is approached, agriculture gives way to the more profitable grazing of cattle and sheep.

Into the province of British Columbia are packed together, in half a dozen stupendous ranks, separated by narrow valleys, all the mountain ranges in Western America. We cross in succession the Rockies, the Selkirk, the Coast, and the Coast ranges, by a route six hundred

and fifty miles in length, although the breadth, measured in a straight line, hardly exceeds four hundred miles; and during the whole time are in the midst of snow-crowned monarchs.

The extent, distinctness, and variety of Alpine scenery visible from the railway trains are beyond adequate portrayal and comparison. The line enters the mountains upon the east by ascending the Bow River, about one hundred and fifty miles north of the boundary, to its sources amid the summits of the main range; after passing which, it is led by a marvel of engineering down along the cataracts of the Kicking Horse to the Columbia. The railway does not follow that queenly river in its detour to the northward, however, but climbs straight over the Selkirk and succeeding barriers, until it has descended to the Fraser and threaded its canyon to the ocean.

Here, then, are six hundred and fifty miles of mountains, heaped against and over one another, in Titanic masses, ever present to the traveller and ever changing in aspect—a great "sea of mountains" that can be likened to no other on the earth. Rising more than two miles above the sea, these mountains are cleft to their base by the passes followed by the railway, and their whole dizzy height is seen at once. Far up on their shoulders, in full view from the train, rest many glaciers, by the side of which those of the Alps would be insignificant; and from beneath the clear green ice crystal cascades come down the mountain sides in enormous leaps. Forests of gigantic trees line the valleys and reach far up the mountain sides. Great rivers follow the deep and narrow valleys, now roaring through dark gorges, now placidly expanding into broad lakes, reflecting each cliff and snow-capped peak. For thirty-two hours the traveller rolls along through this great and varied mountain panorama, without losing the wonderful scene for a minute, and finally emerging from the stupendous and terrible canyon of the Fraser River, finds himself at the tide-waters of the Pacific, having, in less than five days, completed the longest continuous railway journey that can be made in the world, and through the most interesting, picturesque, and sublime scenery anywhere accessible to the modern traveller.

The terminus is the new city of Vancouver, on Burrard Inlet, whence steamships will soon ply to China, Japan, and Australasia, as well as to San Francisco, and all along the coast.

And all this may be reached in comfort and luxury, and in greater comfort and luxury than can be found on any other line of travel. The Company planned its work on a wide and liberal scale, and with a determination to make its railway the best that had yet been built on this continent. With its liberal subventions from the Government in lands and money, and with the great resources of its members, it was able to carry its magnificent plans to full completion. The roadway is thoroughly built, with wide embankments and easy gradients. The rails are of heavy steel and the track is thoroughly ballasted throughout; the bridges with few exceptions, are of iron and steel, and the heaviest that have yet been built in America; and trains may safely be run at sixty miles an hour.

The passenger equipment is all now

and has been especially designed to secure the greatest possible comfort and safety. It is superior in every respect to that of any other railway, and embraces many novelties not to be found elsewhere. The sleeping and dining and ordinary passenger cars as well, are finished outside and in with polished mahogany. Solid comfort and artistic effect have been sought in every detail. Even bath-rooms are provided in the sleeping cars intended for long journeys. The trains are so timed as to enable tourists to see the most interesting sections of the line by daylight, and well-appointed hotels are provided at intervals in the mountains—stopping places for pleasure-seekers and sportsmen.

The Canadian Pacific Railway may be reached at Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and Brockville, or by way of St. Paul; and excursion tickets are sold, covering a great variety of routes. Fine steamships connect the Pacific terminus with all points on the Pacific Coast, and excursion steamers will run northward through the mountain-girt Gulf of Georgia and the fiords of Alaska.

#### THE BOY THAT WILL LIE.

WHAT is a boy good for that will lie? Boys at the best make considerable trouble by their ignorance, inexperience, and awkwardness; and it requires considerable patience to put up with the faults of an ordinary boy, and try to make anything of him. But when in addition to all his usual faults a boy will lie, what is he good for? He breaks things, and lies about it; he forgets things, and lies about it; he neglects things, and lies about it; you send him on an errand, and he lies about it; you give him work to do, and he lies about that. As crooked as a snake, you never know where to find him or what to do with him. You cannot know what to depend upon, nor where to trust him. He misleads you, deceives you, and disappoints you. If you hire him to work, you need to hire somebody else to watch him; so you have to hire two persons to do the work of one and of course what you pay for watching comes out of the wages of the rascal who needs to be watched, or else is his employer's loss.

A boy who tells the truth, whose word can be depended upon, who owns up to his failures, is a treasure. If he fails to-day, he will do better to-morrow; if he makes mistakes, you can show him how to correct them; if he is thoughtless, you can admonish and caution him; and you can have the joy of seeing him improve from day to day, and grow wiser and stronger and better so that even in his boyhood he can fill the place of a man, and be worth more than many a man who cannot be depended upon. There are good things ahead for such a boy. He is wanted to take charge of business, to do honest work, to fill important positions, to watch rascals who cannot be trusted. He is wanted to fill places of responsibility, to manage great undertakings, to be a power in the community and a blessing in a home. He is wanted as a husband to some honest, truthful noble girl; he is wanted as a head of a family, to train children in the paths of righteousness; and as a member of the Church of Christ, to do good in the world and to save the souls of men.

But the boy who will lie—what on earth is he good for? What can be

done with him? He never can be confided in; he never can be trusted. Nobody knows when he is lying, and nobody dares to believe him when he tells the truth.

My boy, God has given you a tongue, to speak the truth and to sing His praises, and you had better bite your tongue off than to use it to tell lies, for "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."—*The Little Christian.*

#### THE ORGAN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I WAS weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by a monument. The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint response of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion, and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

For in silent grave no conversation,  
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,  
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,  
For nothing is, but all oblivion,  
Dust and endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep labouring organ burst upon the ear, falling with double and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grand accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And how they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound—and how they pause, and soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! what solemn sweeping concord! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!—*Irving.*

#### A NEW LEAF.

HARRY WILDE says he "has turned over a new leaf." His teacher thinks he has, and his mother knows he has. "The boys," Harry's old companions, laugh a little, and say, "Just wait awhile, and you'll see!"

What has Harry done?

He has smoked his last cigarette! He has bought his last sensational story-paper! He has taken hold of his school work in earnest. He has turned his back on the "fast" boys, and says to them in a merry way when they want him to join them in some of their old-time wicked fun, "I can't go into that with you, boys."

At home, he is a very different boy. There is no more teasing to spend the

evenings on the street; no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way; no more sour looks and lagging footsteps when required to obey. O! Harry is certainly another boy! What can it mean!

Just this: a looking-glass was held up before Harry's eyes! In it he saw himself, a selfish, conceited, willful boy, on the road to ruin! The sight started him, as well it might. He did not shut his eyes as he might have done, but he looked long enough to see that he was fast getting to bear the likeness of one of Satan's boys, and he said, "This won't do; I must be one of God's boys!"

Harry soon found that he could not change one of his evil ways, so he was obliged to let God make the change in him, and it is indeed a great change.

How glad Harry's friends are! How glad Harry's Saviour and the good angels are! And how disappointed Satan and his evil-minded slaves are!

Harry has chosen "the good part." Will you, dear boy? Will you, dear girl?

#### A THOUGHT FROM BRUSSELS.

IN Brussels bright, upon the town hall's ceiling,  
A form is pictured wondrous fair to see:  
Intently I behold it with the feeling,  
That calmly it is peering down on me.

To right I go and then to left, amazing!  
Upon me ever rests the figure's eyes;  
Far off I walk—upon me steadfast gazing  
I view them still with infinite surprise.

To-day in Brussels, but away to-morrow;  
The painting soon may all forgotten be,  
But O, the lesson from it I may borrow  
Is worth a pilgrimage o'er land and sea!

There are above me other eyes all-seeing,  
That follow after every way I turn—  
In sweetness, grace and majesty agreeing,  
Which mine eyes some day shall unveiled discern!

—George Rose.

#### ADVICE TO GIRLS.

"SEE," counsels Mr Ruekin, "that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and, in order to do that, find out first what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper and write down as minute a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so find out why you dare not and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet-table, and see that, with proper care, you dress body and mind before them daily. Write down, then, frankly what you are, or, at least, what you think yourself, not dwelling upon those inevitable faults which are of little consequence, and which the action of a right life will shake or smooth away, but that you may determine, to the best of your intelligence, what you are good for and can be made into. Girls should be like daisies—nice and white, with an edge of red, if you look close; making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do it, and that it would be wrong if they didn't do it."

NEVER correct father or mother when they are telling anything in public.

GRANDMOTHER READING THE BIBLE.

How little feet I go softly  
Over the echoing floor,  
Grandmother's reading the Bible  
There by the open door.  
All of its pages are dearer still,  
Now she is almost down the hill.

Mellow September sunshine  
Had her is gently shed—  
Gold and silver together  
Crowning her bonnet head—  
While she follows where saints have trod  
Resuing the blessed book of God.

Grandmother's past the morning,  
Past the noonday sun,  
And she is reading and resting  
After her work is done;  
Now in the quiet autumn eve  
She has only to bind her sheaves.

Almost through with trial,  
Almost done with care,  
And the discipline of sorrow  
Hallowed by trust and prayer;  
Waiting to lay her armour down,  
To go up higher and take the crown.

No little feet to follow  
Over this weary road,  
No little hand to lighten  
Of my a weary load;  
Children standing in honoured prime  
Bless her now in her evening-time.

Grandmother has closed the volume,  
And by her saintly look  
Peace I know she has gathered  
Out of the sacred book;  
May be she catches through that door  
Glimpses of heaven's eternal shore.

—New York Evangelist.

PRAY AND PULL.

BY J. C. HONIGH.

WHEN OUR Saviour was on earth he told his followers: "The time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he is doing God service." This prophecy has been fulfilled in various times, but especially about three hundred years ago.

Philip II. of Spain was then the mightiest monarch on earth—the greater part of Europe, South America, and the Indies being subject to him. This king was a very bigoted adherent of the Catholic Church, and his desire was that all his subjects should embrace the same faith. Not only did he desire this, but he looked upon every departure or deviation from that faith as a grave crime. Among the various countries that were subject to this tyrant was Holland, a small country; but owing to the industry of its inhabitants and its peculiar situation, it proved a very profitable possession. The majority of the people, however, were strong believers in the doctrines of Martin Luther, and as such were called Protestants or heretics. When Philip undertook to force the Hollanders back into the Church of Rome, they rebelled against him; and though he devised every imaginable cruelty to compel them to forsake their religion, they stood firm, and fought eighty years for the privilege of following Christ according to the Bible.

In those days (about 1550 A.D.), there lived in the province of north Holland—ten miles from the city of Hoorn—a poor widow and her son. The boy was twelve years old, and his name was Lambert. Being too poor to afford the luxury of a surname, he was known by the name of Lambert Melissoon, or (as it would be in English) Lambert, son of Melis. His mother was a cripple; but with her boy's help she managed to raise enough potatoes and vegetables on her few acres to provide for their simple wants. Though their hut was small and their purse

empty, yet they were happy. This happiness had been increased when, a year ago, a colporteur—in the disguise of a tin pedler—had come across their lone abode and given them a copy of the New Testament. This Lambert used to read to his mother, she not being able to read it herself; and both drank in the words of eternal life eagerly, receiving the witness of the Spirit: love, joy, peace, etc. To read the Word of God, however, was committing a great offence, for the introduction and reading of the Bible had been forbidden on a penalty of death. Lambert and his mother were well aware of the danger in which they were, but thus far they had escaped the sharp eyes of the Inquisition.

One day during the winter, while Lambert was amusing himself on a pair of skates rudely made out of a pair of cow's ribs, he heard the sound of approaching skaters. Looking up, he saw a man with a child on his back, and a woman with a babe tied in her shawl, skating as fast as they could. Seeing the boy skating leisurely up and down, the man stopped close to Lambert and said:

"See here, boy! Duke D'Alva's soldiers are about two miles from here, coming to take Hoorn. They are burning and killing everything that comes in their way! You'd better hurry and get out of their way." And without waiting for answer, the man hurried along to his wife, who had not stopped at all.

Lambert stood a few moments as if bewildered; then, shaking off his skates, he ran into the hut, crying out,

"Mother, the Papists are coming! What a! what a! do!"

"Who told you so my son?" asked the mother, anxiously, looking up from her knitting.

"A man with his wife and children were fleeing for life,—sailing on the canal,—and he stopped long enough to give me the warning."

"Yes; I thought our time would come, Lambert. Well, the good Lord help us if we fall into the hands of these fiends!"

"Oh! and he will mother. But didn't it say in God's Word, where I read yesterday, not to be afraid of them that can only kill the body but cannot touch the soul?"

"Yes, my boy; and I trust that if we are to suffer anything, God will give us strength to bear it. At the same time, I think we have a right to try and escape if we can."

"Yes; but how, mother?"

"I don't know, my boy. I can hardly walk, and will be a great hindrance to you. You are young and smart; put a piece of bread in your pocket, put on your skates, and go to Hoorn. There you'll be safe, for it is still ours."

"But, mother, what about you?" queried Lambert.

"They'll perhaps have mercy on a poor crippled woman, Lambert," answered the mother, trying to smile.

"Oh, no, mother! They have mercy toward none. Don't you remember how the man that gave us the Bible last year told us how these soldiers in the lower provinces took women and children, and even helpless old people, and beat them and killed them in the name of the Church?"

"Yes, my son; but what can we do? We can't go together. And then, they can but kill me, and that is nothing;

I am growing old. But you are young, and if they got you they'll keep you prisoner and make you renounce your faith, and you'd become one of their soldiers, and so be a traitor to your country. That would be worse than death. No, no, my son, receive my blessing, and go to the city."

The boy Lambert seemed to feel himself grow into a man, and stretching himself to his full length he said:

"Never, mother! We will live together or die together. We will make our escape together; but if we are caught, they won't kill you before they kill me. Hark! They are shooting. We'll have to hurry. I've got a plan. Make yourself ready as soon as you can."

After saying this, he printed a kiss upon his mother's forehead and ran out into the yard, where on the day before he had been trying to make a sled, which for some reason he had not finished. He soon found some nails; and, using a stone for a hammer, he had in a few minutes a strong but very rude sled. Knocking a knot out of the middle of the board, he pulled a strong rope through the hole he thus made, and dragged the affair in front of the hut. Running in, he said gleefully,

"Now, mother, your team is ready; we'll drive to the city in style. Are you ready?"

The mother came toward her son; laying her hand on his head, she kissed him, and, with tears in her eyes, she said:

"May God bless you, my boy! Yes, I'm ready. We have no treasures to carry except God's Word, and that I have."

Lambert took his mother out and placed her on the sled; but thinking she hadn't sufficient covering for the coming night, he went in again to get some blankets. Having made her as comfortable as circumstances would permit, he put on his cow-ribs, took the rope, and, after throwing one more look upon their humble home, started on his journey. About half an hour after their departure they heard a distant sound of horses' hoofs, accompanied by a tumultuous noise. Looking back he saw flames leaping up in the air. Turning to his mother he said:

"Mother, our hut is burning; they'll soon be after us now. Pray all you can, and I will pull all I can."

And, without looking back any more the faithful boy flew over the mirror-like ice as fast as his rude skates and sled would let him. Having been detained but a short time by the burning of the little hut, the soldiers proceeded to see what else they might devour; and though Lambert dragged his precious freight along as fast as he could, he heard the noise of the approaching marauders draw nearer and nearer. As yet he was protected by the trees and shrubbery along the canal; but as the main road ran almost parallel with the canal, he could not hope to escape their eyes much longer. Still, as it was getting dark, he was in hopes of receiving the covering of the night if he could only keep far enough ahead until then. The noise, however, drew so near that every moment he expected to be commanded to halt. Fear gave him a spring, and swiftly glided skater and sled over the smooth road until he came to where a ditch was cut. Here his mother stopped him, and whispered: "Lambert, follow this ditch; it will take you to Hoorn, but it is a little roundabout."

Without answering, Lambert did as he was directed. He did not slacken his speed, and soon the sound of the pursers grew fainter, and at last was heard no more. The twilight, which is of rather long duration in Holland, at last turned into dark night. He now felt himself out of danger, and went somewhat slower. Suddenly he followed the winding ditch through the darkness of the night until he came within about four miles from the city of refuge. Here he was suddenly brought to stand by the appearance of three men who commanded him, in Spanish, to halt. Frightened by the unexpected demand, he was inclined to go on as fast as he could without heeding it, when another voice spoke in plain Dutch: "Stand, or you'll be shot!"

Lambert stopped; and, stepping in front of his mother, as if to protect her, he said:

"What do you want of a poor boy and his poor mother?"

"Where are you going this time of night?" asked the last speaker.

"Going to find shelter," answered Lambert. "The soldiers burned our house."

"Give us your money!" he said.

"We haven't a cent in our purse," answered Lambert.

Again the men, who were evidently Spanish spies, exchanged a few words in their tongue.

"Well, then, boy," said the one who spoke Dutch, "go as fast as you can and thank the Holy Virgin for your escape."

Lambert hardly waited for him to finish his sentence, but speedily started off once more with his precious burden. Though he commenced to feel sore and tired, he did not stop until he came under the very walls of the strongly fortified city, where he was halted by one of the Dutch sentinels, who kindly took them under his protection. When the sergeant of the watch came to relieve the sentinel, Lambert and his mother were taken into the barracks until morning, when the civil authorities provided them with everything they needed.

If any of the readers of this incident should ever travel through Holland and visit the city of Hoorn, they will find on one of the city gates—cut out in stone—a boy drawing a sled on which a woman is sitting, and this legend under it: "Lambert Melissoon and his Mother."—*The Well-Spring*.

Pictou, N. S.

BURYING A HEATHEN CHIEF.

THE horrid nature of heathenism in Congo-land, is revealed by the ceremonies of burying a chief. The course of a stream is turned and a large pit dug in its bed. The bottom of this is covered with living women. Then the dead chief is placed in a sitting posture, surrounded by his wives. The earth is then shoveled in, and the women buried alive, save the second wife, who has the privilege of being killed before the grave is filled up. Then some forty or fifty male slaves are killed, and their blood poured over the grave, after which the stream is turned back into its course.

How thankful we ought to be that we are living in a Christian land where we have no such dreadful customs! While we are thankful that we are so much better off, we ought to do what we can to send the gospel to those who are yet living in heathen darkness.



THE BIBLE.

**S**TUDY it carefully  
Think of it prayerfully,  
Deep in the heart let its pure precepts dwell,  
Slight not its history,  
Ponder its mystery,  
None can ever prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,  
The warm rebukes and chidings,  
Found in this volume of heavenly lore,  
With faith that's unfailling,  
And love all prevailing,  
Trust in its promise of life evermore

With fervent devotion,  
And thankful emotion,  
Hear the best will done, respond to its call,  
Life's pure oblation,  
The heart's adoration,  
Give to the Saviour who died for us all.

May this message of love,  
From the Triune above  
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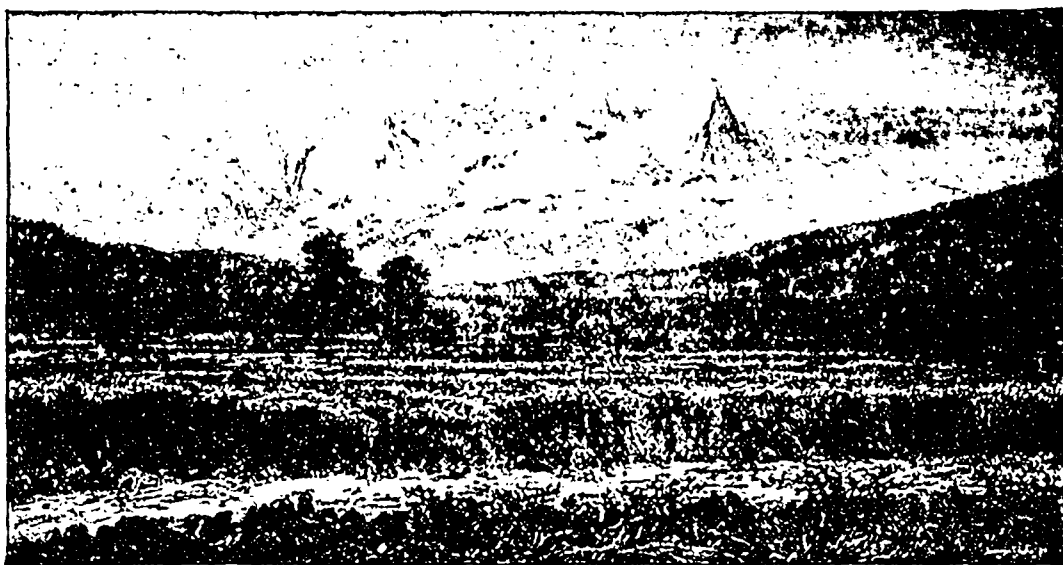
A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

TORONTO'S great sensation the other week was the loyal Indian chiefs, brought down from the North-West, by the missionary, John Macdougall. Elm Street Methodist church would not hold half the people who turned out to see them, and listen to their addresses. They were welcomed by Lieutenant Governor Robinson, Mayor Howland, and Dr. Potts, and in reply Pakan, chief of the White-Fish Lake Steneys, and his brother chiefs, spoke in Cree. "John," as they called Mr. Macdougall, translated each speech, and one could not but compare the eloquent, dignified, and impressive addresses which fell from their lips with the tremulous speeches which he has often listened to from cultured whites, to the manifest disadvantage of the latter. How many readers know that the heroic George Macdougall, who lost his way on a North-West plain in a blizzard, and was found frozen to death, was born at C-alphurst, and spent his boyhood there? How many have ever heard that he who in after life braved dangers that entitle him to be remembered as at least the equal of the Jesuit



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—FROM ESLOW RIVER.  
(From a Sketch by the Marquis of Lorne.)

Fathers who were killed at Penetan-guishene, broke down on his first appearance in the pulpit because a couple of dozen prankish students from Victoria College, each wearing a pair of blue glass goggles, filled the front seats of the little church in which he was to have delivered his "trial" sermon? If we were to tell the rest of the story, how he returned to his room utterly discouraged and refused to be comforted, how one after another of the spectacled lot became ashamed of the part he had taken in the practical joke and dropped in to apologize, how Macdougall got them all at last in his room, and how it wound up with a prayer-meeting from which some went away resolved to be better men, who are better men to this day, our readers might accuse us of preaching.—Orillia Packet.

GUIDE-BOOKS

DURING a visit to Switzerland and the Tyrol, last summer, I was much struck with the constant use which intelligent travellers were making of their guide-books. Every excursion was planned with reference to the account which Baedeker had given of the point of view, and the general opinion was that if there were two stars affixed to any particular place, that place must be seen, no matter at what cost of time or money.

One evening, in the parlour of a hotel, I overheard a lady exclaim with great animation: "I have discovered at last the only right way to read a guide-book. You must read it before you visit any place of interest, in order to learn what you are to see; you must read it while you are there, to be sure that you are missing nothing, and that you are taking the right turnings in puzzling paths; and you must be sure to read it after you get home, so as to deepen the impression made, and strengthen your memory of all the beauty which you have enjoyed."

Now this was well said, and it was quite true, even about an ordinary guide-book; but if we put the Bible in the place of that guide-book, how valuable is the lesson which we may learn! If we only remember that we are travellers in a strange country, and that we need advice and help about each step in our daily lives, surely we would study the great Guide-Book more, and read it not three times only, but over and over.

A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

MOST of our readers have heard of the great Dr. Johnson a learned man, who died in 1784. He wrote many wise books, and also published a Dictionary of the English language: a book which is found in almost all English libraries. He said many wise things, too; and some very funny ones. But better than his wisdom or wit was his kind heart. You may judge how kind and gentle he was from these facts. Very often as Dr. Johnson walked through the streets of London late at night, or rather early in the morning, for it was often one or two o'clock before he returned home after visiting his friends, he passed poor little street arabs curled up asleep on doorsteps, and he would quietly slip a few coppers into their hands and gently close the little sleepers' fingers over the money, and then walk on, picturing their surprise and pleasure in the morning, when they would wake up to wonder what good fairy had supplied them with money to buy their breakfast.

Once, when Dr. Johnson was staying at a house in Wales, the gardener brought in a hare which he had found running about in the garden. It was proposed that the animal should be killed and cooked for dinner; but Dr. Johnson asked to have it placed in his arms. Then, to the surprise of all present he opened the window, and let the poor thing run away as he shouted to increase its speed. His host complained that they had lost their dinner; but Dr. Johnson said that the hare had placed itself under the protection of the master of the house, and it would be a breach of hospitality to injure it.

Dr. Johnson was a truly good man, too; and that is better than being kind. He had a good mother, who brought him up in the fear of God, and he feared God all his life; though for some years the cares and pleasures of life choked the good seed. But not until a short time before his death did he love God as his own Father. You know there is a difference between a servant and a son, and Johnson, like a servant, used to think he must do a great deal to earn salvation. "I am afraid," he would say, "I shall be one of those who will be condemned." But before his death he came to Jesus and received the kingdom of God as a little child. One day he said to his physician, who did not love God: "Doctor, believe a dying man, there is no salva-

tion but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God; and so this wise, clever, kind man entered Heaven just as we must all enter it, by simple faith in Jesus.  
G. E. S.

THE RIGHT MAN.

A PRINCE, once travelling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon, where the convict galleys were. The commandant, as a compliment to the rank of his visitor, offered to set at liberty one—any one of the prisoners he selected. The prince went round, and conversed with them all. He inquired the reason of their being there, and met with little else but complaints of injustice, oppression, and false charges. At last he came to one man, who admitted that his imprisonment was just. "My lord, I have no reason to complain. I have been a wicked, desperate wretch. I have deserved the greatest torments, and it is only in mercy that I am here." The prince, fixing his eyes upon the man, without a moment's hesitation, said: "This is the man whom I wish to be released." And he was set free.

Life in a Parsonage By W. H. Withrow, D.D. Price, 50c. Wm. Briggs, Toronto

The story is a happy conception of the experience of a pioneer Methodist itinerant, the lights and shadows of which are presented with a faithfulness which will be fully recognized by not a few Methodist ministers and their families. Familiar faces came out upon the picture, and many scenes very trying to the young itinerant rise up again when we read, as though they had transpired but yesterday. Very faithfully, too, has the author preserved the personnel of his principal characters, among whom one easily recognizes the lamented Dr. Rice, who, as Dr. Dwight, seasons his conversation with his young friends with so much wisdom. The genial Chancellor of "Old Vic." is also personated by another Doctor, whose ready wit sparkles so freely throughout his charming talks. To multitudes of the early Methodists of this country this little book will be a reminiscence of earlier days, while to those whose lives have been spent under less primitive conditions it will be a revelation of how our beloved Methodism was planted among the wilds of Canada.—Christian Guardian.



AN EGYPTIAN SHADOOF.

IN THE OLD CHURCH-YARD.

BREATHE soft and low, O whispering wind,  
 Above the tangled grasses deep,  
 Where those who love me long ago  
 Forgot the world and fell asleep.  
 No towering shaft or sculptured urn,  
 Or mausoleum's empty pride,  
 Tell to the curious passer-by  
 Their virtues, or the time they died.

I count the old familiar names,  
 O'ergrown with moss and silt on gray,  
 Where tangled briar and creeping vine  
 Across the crumbling tablets stray,  
 The summer sky is softly blue:  
 The birds still sing the sweet old strain;  
 But something from the summer time  
 Is gone that will not come again.

So many voices have been hushed—  
 So many songs ceased for aye—  
 So many hands I used to touch  
 Are folded over hearts of clay;  
 The shallow world recedes from me—  
 I cease to hear its praise or blame;  
 The mossy marbles echo back  
 No hollow sound or empty fame.

I only know, that calm and still,  
 They sleep beyond life's we and wail,  
 Beyond the fleet of sailing clouds,  
 Beyond the shadow of the vale;  
 I only feel that tued and worn,  
 I halt upon the highway bare,  
 And gaze with yearning eyes beyond  
 To fields that shine supremely fair  
 —Exchange.

AN EGYPTIAN SHADOOF.

WHAT is the man in our picture doing, do you think? He seems to be very hard at work, dipping water up out of the river. You know he does not live in any country that you have seen, for off in the distance stand a group of palm-trees. So you judge from that and the scanty clothing the man wears that it must be in some very warm country. And so it is.

This river that flows so smoothly and quietly along is the Nile; and that, you know, is in Egypt. In that part of the country where this man is at work they have no rains. Just think what long, sunshiny days they must have, and such a blue, blue sky! But the land would be parched and dry if it were not for one thing. Every year the river rises till it comes up over the high banks, and thoroughly waters the land. After awhile it goes down, leaving a rich coating of

mud on the wet ground. Then the farmers sow the seed.

What makes the river rise in this strange manner? Away off at the source, hundreds of miles from its mouth, every year fall, O such her rains! Of course the water flows into the river, and it grows to be a very large, swollen stream, downing all the rich, low gardens, and making little islands of the houses. If it were not for this, the land would be only a desert, where no one could live. When we learn that the people did not know of the true God, it does not seem so strange that they should worship the Nile since it was the cause of so many blessings to them. But in the dry season the land would become parched if the people did not take some way to keep it watered. So all over the land they dig deep ditches, or little canals, and keep them filled

with water from the river. And that is what the man in our picture is doing. At one end of the swinging pole hangs an empty vessel, and at the other is a great lump of Nile mud. He pulls down on the end where the vessel is tied, thus raising the heavy mud at the other end, and dips the vessel into the river. You may be sure it is not easy to move this great pole, and I should think he would almost break his back. He has to keep doing it all day long, for one bucketful would not go far toward filling the canal. This awkward machine is called a shadoof.

For hundreds of years the land has been watered in this way. It does not seem to have occurred to the people that there is any easier way to get the water from the river.—*Youth's Instructor.*

TEMPERANCE.

ALL our most experienced arctic navigators and voyagers have come to this unquestionable conclusion, that for resisting for any lengthened period the severest cold, there is nothing to be compared with fat food, and that alcoholic liquors, so far from being beneficial, are positively injurious... The operation of alcohol is essentially that of a stimulus—being followed by a corresponding depression of power. When exhilaration is produced there is corresponding depression.—*Dr. W. B. Carpenter.*

It is too clear that the rapid extension of this system of saloon-drinking is threatening the very life of the community; that it is producing a physical and moral pestilence more deadly in the deepest sense than any other plague which stalks the infected cities of the East; that it is bringing great masses of our working classes to a self-imposed bondage, more complete and more degrading than slavery itself; that it is undoing for the people; that it is not only filling the present with unspeakable misery and vice, but blighting the prospects of labour for the future.—*Goldwin Smith.*

In the summer of 1648, there was held at the mission of Sillery (near

Quebec) a temperance meeting; the first in all probability on his continent. The drum beat after mass, and the Indians gathered at the summons. Then an Agonquin chief, a zealous convert of the Jesuits proclaimed to the crowd a late edict of the governor imposing penalties for drunkenness, and in his own name and that of his other chiefs, exhorted them to abstinence, declaring that all drunkards should be handed over to the French for punishment.—*Francis Parkman.*

If shipwrecks, striving to make a seaworthy vessel, should look only at the shape and model, and do nothing to disturb the worms that were making a nest of every timber, it would scarce seem to us more absurd or ludicrous than the New York edict of making good city governments without disturbing the drink-shop retailers.—*H. D. Cushing concerning the N. Y. commission to "devise a plan for the government of cities."*

THE SEVEN VICTIMS.

BY WILLIAM BEATTIE, TORONTO.

ALMOST twenty years ago I left my home in an eastern town to attend the Military School in Toronto. In the squad of which I was a member were eight young men, of whom I was the youngest, as I well might be at sixteen, full of hope and confidence in a prosperous career appearing to my wild eyes as they gazed along the vista of the future years glowing with brilliant possibilities that invited me to pursue the path to fame and honour. The first night I was industriously engaged at the Queen's Regulations when my study was interrupted by a rap in answer to which I invited the intending visitor to enter, when in came the senior member of the squad, whom they called General, as the others also were titled, according to the fancy of their fellows, Colonel, Major, etc. down to Ensign, my military title, I being both youngest and last entered. He had come to invite me to be initiated into full membership at a hotel kept by the Sergeant—are tired soldiers who successfully catered to the appetites of the cadets of the Military School. I had never been in such a place, and had made a promise to my mother not to drink anything intoxicating, which I meant since I was to keep. Now came the time to resist the temptation at its inception, but I was so flattered by the attentions of the General—a handsome, stalwart son of Mars, six feet one, with a winsome gleaming smile on a face of Sanson mould, and complexion that fairly formed my good intentions, dispersing them like morning mists before the rising of a summer sun. My text-book was shelved, and proudly my little self walked arm in arm with my patron into the gilded chambers of death. I was formally introduced by the General, on whose right hand I sat, in an appropriate speech to which I made a very inadequate reply but I had the satisfaction of knowing for the first time that I was a jolly good fellow "which nobody could deny." If this was not strictly true then, it soon was abundantly so when the wine heated my young brain and stimulated my fancy, then I was indeed all they had so flatteringly asserted of me. Gradually, however, I became insensible to all these delights, and knew nothing till next morning, when I awoke with such a thirst as might have been

endured by him who called for Laurus to dip the tip of his finger in water to quench that intellectual drought. All my nature was in rebellion against the first outrage. Head, throat, and stomach conspired to torture me for my abuse of them, and their revenge was as common as my submission was abject and punishment intense. Cupious as were my draughts they could not satisfy the cravings for water, war, war.

A general sympathetic rap is heard, welcomed by a "Come in," when in at the door the General looking as radiant as he had spent the previous night on the summit of Olympus as a sipping the quaffs of heavenly nectar, cheering us on by praising the living thing, where he met, we had personated the god of the golden love. His very look was a boon to my sufferings as in nothing more he assured me I was not so bad as I imagined. Helping me up he told me he knew how I felt, to cheer up, that I would be all right in an hour, and soon I would be able to carry as much as any of the squad, and think as little of it too. I felt no desire to renew my acquaintance with Bacchus, only to be rid of the results of the debauch I hoped would be my last, as it had been my first.

As I caught sight of my auburn gray face in the glass, I was startled at its ghastly lines, as if I had seen my own corpse. Conscience was upbraiding me for neglect of my sacred promise to my mother and two sisters, whose kisses were still fresh on my lips, and their earnings still ringing in my ears. I had heard that at mother's prayers for the preservation of her son from surrounding temptations in the great city. They were like bread cast on the waters, not to be found till after many days. I dressed myself with the assistance of my well-intentioned visitor, and aided by him I walked down to be revived by a draught of something that would cure my dreadful headache. The Sergeant took in the situation at sight, and the mixture was prepared and swallowed with the most satisfactory results, so that I struggled through the morning at school till noon, when I had another revisiter that enabled me to eat a little dinner, after which I was almost myself again. Thus began my education in the ways that lead down towards the perdition that awaits those who "shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

In a few weeks, as predicted, I could carry nearly as much liquor as the best of them, reflecting great credit on my trainer, who took much pride in his protégé. Every day we would have five or six drinks, and Saturday nights were specially dedicated to bacchanalian orgies, to which we usually invited some of our friends, who spent these jolly occasions with us, when we did not go home till morning, often being indebted to friendly policemen for piloting us home instead of taking us to the station to swell the list of Monday morning drunks. After such a night the next day was spent mostly in recuperating from the effects of our debauch, and soon church-going was neglected for more congenial exercises with those who, like me, were gliding down the stream of pleasure, breathing the exhilarating air of transient happiness that intoxicates its victims, and lures them to eternal misery. So passed the weeks till the

examination came, when, in spite of our joyous times, we all passed creditably, the General in particular, winning the encomiums of Colonel L——, who praised his ringing word of command, expressing the hope he would yet be a British officer, and serve his Queen and country with credit and honour.

That night we had a grand farewell banquet, the General presiding with his usual grace over about forty genial young fellows, some of whom have made their mark in the professions chosen by them, and several have become politicians of note in our Legislatures. Yet there was not one of them that had so bright an eye, or so brilliant an imagination as the president, whose tact as chairman of a convivial party I have never seen equalled. By and by, as the fun grew furious, "There was a sound of revelry by night," some succumbed to the influence of protracted potations and lay in state under the table, others were performing miraculous feats of agility, and several were singing, spouting, and toasting at the same time, when the president, still able to control himself and the noisy revellers also, proposed we should part with Auld Lang Syne, which he led with his fine, strong, mellow baritone. The eight members of the jolly squad were among the survivors, and as they gave and took the hands of trusty friends, the tears of true friendship fell unexpressed, and we pledged eternal fidelity to one another. Thus we parted, never all to meet together again, with great possibilities before us, but with our courses sadly warped at the beginning of our lives—a fatal impediment to the successful issue of our careers. Next day I returned home and was met at the station by my dear sisters, who kissed, as they supposed, their own brother, and at home I was embraced by the best of mothers, who thought her own son had returned, but brother, or son, that left the earth short months before, never came back. A change which they soon painfully realized had taken place, and I was their prodigal son and brother.

There was another, not a sister, the memory of whom extended away into the misty days of childhood, whom I had learned to love with that affection at once deeper and more tender than any other. She at last, having hoped against appearances, gave up in despair, and knew I was a drunkard. These were bitter days for them who loved me, and I, adjured by my mother more than once, tried to stay me on my downward course, but unaided by the Power whom I had not asked for help, I soon relapsed into the deepest grooves of sin, and slid along them with the merry companions whose ways were mine.

Thus passed several sorrowful years during which I met at different times the various members of our jolly squad, all of whom were chasing the fleeting phantom of unlawful pleasures. I had met the General and Colonel several times in summer holidays at exhibitions or elsewhere. The former and I had exchanged visits. The Lieutenant and I often did so as there were only thirty miles between our homes. Of course all these reunions were signalized by an appropriate speech to indicate our joy at again meeting with one another, and merrily flowed the poisoning cup as we drained its sweetest draughts.

Five years had elapsed since we left the Military School, during which we had all been busily sowing the wild oats of sin. The question, "What shall the harvest be?" was soon to be answered. The final and fatal reaping time for one of our number had almost come. Nemesis had been on our tracks, and now she was about to close on her first victim with sudden and appalling fury. It was a holiday time, and going up to Toronto I was glad to meet my dear old friend the General, whom I invited home with me next day. We celebrated our reunion with becoming festivities, and had one more jovial time. Next day we were both in joyous mood, careless and happy as we went down to the Union Station. After the train started it was backed up outside, and the opportunity thus presenting itself to buy some oranges, we both rushed out to obtain a supply of that thirst-quenching fruit, and were swiftly returning with them. A brick wall since removed prevented us from seeing another train that was backing into the station. We were both running abreast, he next the moving car. Suddenly we saw it, but too late to avoid it. In a moment I was senseless. When I awoke from what seemed to have been a deathly trance I was in a ward of the General Hospital, and my mother was by my bedside. I lay unable to move, stiff, sore, and dazed. My first words were to ask for my friend as the moving car flashed across my mind. My mother was unwilling to tell me, but I learned enough from her to convince me that I would never again see that noble face, or grasp that manly hand, and I wept silent, sorrowful tears for him I had so loved and admired, the friend I should never again behold. He had lived just long enough for his wife, to whom he had been married little more than a year, to see him alive ere his shattered frame yielded up his immortal guest to appear before the Judge of all.

I then determined to quit the habit we had both so carefully nursed till one of us had paid the awful penalty of death, and the other narrowly escaping a similar fate, lay with a leg broken, a jarred body, and a miserable mind troubled by an accusing conscience. It was three weeks before I could be moved home, and many more ere I was able to go about. During this time my companions frequently called to see me, and, sad to say, my resolution to abstain forever from what had caused my friend's death, and almost mine, was broken by one of them, with well-meant kindness, a kindly me to take a sip from his brandy flask, his constant companion. I yielded and fell. Again was I whirled into the current from which I had been so painfully struggling. By and by I resumed business, and my old habit too, to the deep but ineffectual sorrow of my dear ones who wept and prayed for the wanderer far from the fold of the Good Shepherd.

One link of the golden chain of friendship having been wrenched away, others were soon to follow, so that in other five years only one poor solitary member was left to look back remorsefully on a misspent life, and to count the fatal catastrophes that had shattered "the gems of love's shining circle." Wit in that period my other six friends brought themselves to untimely graves, their brilliant prospects blighted, their lives a wreck,

and their unchangeable future realized. I was down in N——, where the Lieutenant lived occupying the position of registrar, and on visiting him he called me into his office with a troubled look on his face, and asked me if I had heard the news. I saw it was evil tidings which he was unwilling to tell, so I inquired, what? He had just received a letter from the Colonel with an account of the Captain's death caused by an attack of delirium tremens while he was away some hundreds of miles from home. A dreadful debauch had had a fatal termination. We felt so sorrowful about his sudden departure that we had to go to the nearest hotel to console ourselves for the loss of the second of our school chums within a year, and parted far from sober, yet having had a serious talk of reformation, which was indefinitely postponed till a more convenient season. Did it ever come?

I kept on the uneven tenor of my devious way down "the broad road that leadeth to destruction" for many more months, when I was suddenly arrested by the death of another comrade, and induced to try to struggle out of the whirlpool of death that was drawing me nearer that fatal vortex that now had engulfed three of these fast friends whom I so dearly prized.

The Colonel was the most joyous spirit of all the squad; mirthfulness was the predominating feature of his character, and no one ever gave or took a joke with greater gusto than he did. His profession of surveyor had taken him to one of the best of the world, where several mines were wrought. One day he was out with some friends enjoying the festivities of the bottle at a picnic. Returning in the evening with high spirits and fast horses, raced to the top of their speed, they slying at a bash on one side of the road, rushed to the other where yawned one of the mines, a hundred and fifty feet deep, upset the buggy over a stone, and pitched him into the rocky abyss whence his shapeless corpse was drawn by his sobered companions, the one in the vehicle with him having narrowly escaped the same awful fate. So stocked was I at the melancholy news that I determined to make an effort to release myself from the fatal fetters of vice that held me in their viewless coils. But "unless the Lord is with us our efforts are vain." In spite of excruciating pains, however, I held on my way and was gaining against my foe, and the smile of hope lit up my mother's faded face, and beamed from the brightening eyes of my dearest Mary who never during my darkest years despaired of my ultimate reclamation. My sisters were both married now, and living at a distance, so that those who were left had a greater interest in me, if that were possible. But an accident occurred that caused me to lapse into the paws of the tempter, and again become his victim. An early snow-storm was followed by a thaw, and an avalanche from a roof having fallen upon me, I was carried insensible into the nearest store, kept by one of my drinking associates, who always carried a flask. Of course this was a merciful provision for such a case, and I awoke with the taste of brandy on my tongue, and an appetite for more, which demanded and received satisfying from that cursed vessel. Away I went again adown the swiftness current, heedless

alike of the sighs, tears, and prayers of those who would have died to save me. Thus ended my unassisted efforts to save myself from following those to destruction whom I had been so long accompanying. So I continued with the survivors, some of whom also felled like me in their efforts to recover themselves from the captivity of sin.

One day I was reading the Globe newspaper, and observed a paragraph headed, "Catastrophe on the Bay—One Man Drowned—Another Rescued from a Watery Grave." Their names were given, those of the doctor and the Major, visitors to the city from the west who had, partially intoxicated, hired a boat to go over to the island, and upset while trying to tack, the former going down before help arrived, and the latter saved in a precarious condition. But so exhausted was he that he survived the thorough chilling he received only a few days.

I at once wrote to the Adjutant, now practicing law in a western city, and to my neighbour, the Lieutenant, the other survivor, and we solemnly pledged ourselves to total abstinence, that we might be saved from the fate of our five friends who had ended their lives so disastrously. Again the roses were blooming on my Mary's face, and hope's cheerful rays shone from my dear old mother's. Months had passed since a drop of the accursed stuff had entered my lips. I felt as if I had escaped from a protracted imprisonment in some enchanted region subjected to the tyrannical will of an evil genius. Thankful to God for my preservation, I had again after many years of absence become a regular attendant at church, where one might expect to be safe. I was kindly welcomed by minister and members, friendly hands warmly grasped mine, and kindly voices cheered me with words of encouragement. Strange that amongst such surroundings there should be the snare of the tempter. Yes, those good people thought that the Saviour's blood could only be symbolized by "that which giveth its colour to the cup." At the table of the Lord from the chalice itself I partook of that draught that revived the old demon in me, and again was bitten by the old serpent, and felt the sting of the adder. Draining the cup, I rushed from the church, and again I madly sought oblivion from my shame, as I greedily swallowed stronger potations to satisfy my reanimated appetite. Thus was I driven, like the Babylonian king, among the bestial train whose association I had learned to shun. I was a victim to an idea prevalent in some Churches, that only intoxicating wine should be used at the communion, as the only symbol of our Redeemer's shed blood. But for this false notion of fitness I should not have lapsed into that old and fatal habit which had proved the death of my five friends, and of which I was to be the bond-slave for another period of degradation, till I was well-nigh drawn into the very jaws of death.

The next time I met the Lieutenant I was not sorry, for sin likes company, to learn that he also had forgotten his solemn vows as well as our common friend who had joined us in making them. As we were talking he received a telegram from the Adjutant that he would be down on the next train. He received a jolly welcome from us, and we all got on another train from



which we did not get off for some days during which we visited some friends at the nearest town where we prolonged our bacchanalian festivities, putting in a season of mirth and riot that would have been no discredit to the modern Damon and Pythias, whom Burns depicts as full of brotherly love and whiskey as Tam the farmer, and Souter Johnnie. But our spree, though not so protracted as theirs, was more deadly in its results. We saw our friend off to the west in a condition far from sober or fit for traveling, and then returned to the nearest hotel to wait for the down train. A number of the choice spirits from N—— had joined us, and in the midst of our glee we heard the whistle of the locomotive. Down we rushed and scrambled on board as the cars were moving off. When we had collected our breath and looked around, we discovered that my friend was missing. But this gave us no uneasiness, as it was no uncommon occurrence for one or more of our number to be left behind on such an occasion. That night I slept long and soundly till late in the morning. During the forenoon I walked up to my friend's house to see him, for I knew he would be down on the morning train. When I inquired for him his mother told me he had not returned to me, and asked why he had not come with me? I told her how it happened, and rose to go when the bell was loudly rung. She ran to answer it. A breathless messenger, pale and almost speechless, held out a sealed telegram. She motioned to me to take it from him, seeming to know there must be unwelcome tidings that caused him to make such haste. It was from the town we had been at. Trembling I sank into a chair unable to communicate the dreadful contents that must pierce that fond mother's heart. By this time her three daughters had come in, to the nearest of whom I handed the terrible news for her to read. A loud shriek and she fell into my arms in a fit. No questions were asked, they instinctively knew that a fatal catastrophe had overtaken their only brother and son, and the room was filled with wailings for poor Frank, whom they should never see again.

"Your son Francis was killed by falling from the bridge between here and N——. His body was found this morning."

So read the message of death. In a moment I was thoroughly sober, and did everything in my power to soothe the suffering ladies, who needed a better consoler than I could be. Soon kind friends came to show their sympathy for them in their distress, and I was left to my own sad reflections, which were in no way alleviated by the sounds of sorrow from the bereft relatives of my deceased friend. Could I hear those wailings and answer that I was in no way responsible for their ills? Guilty, I slunk from that house feeling that I could not wash my hands and say I was clear of his blood. I did not dare to stay till that mangled corpse was brought home. Was not his blood crying to me from the ground? I had failed to be my brother's keeper. I had not kept myself. I felt myself on the crumbling verge of a fiery volcano, yawning to devour me. Retiring to my room at the hotel, I locked the door, and falling on my knees I prayed to God to take away my vile appetite and restore me

to my former condition of sobriety I had lost in my youth.

The funeral of my friend's remains was attended by a vast number of people from miles around. The awful suddenness of his death, together with the high esteem he was held in combined to make his death a public bereavement. The whole town and vicinity were affected by it. I had been battling with my desire for the deadly poison which almost overcame my stern determination never again to taste "that divine spring of woes unnumbered." My dismay was great when the aroma of port wine, old and very fine, filled the house of death with its fragrance, so that I had to rush out into the open air to avoid being recaptured by the enemy of my temporal and eternal happiness. What madness to bring the tempter into the home he had robbed of a beloved member! Ah ye simple ones, why will ye love simplicity and hate wisdom? How subtle is the influence of the vinous monarch who smites with one hand and soothes with the other, who is at once the bane of happiness and the antidote of woe, who first lacerates bereaved hearts and then soothes them with the false consolation that seems like the balm of Gilead to their wounded spirits! I sat down on a seat in the garden to compose myself for the struggle. My thoughts fled across the bourne whence cometh no returning traveller. Imagination depicted six wan spectres waving their shadowy hands across an awful abyss warning me to avoid meeting them in that dolorous region. I knew those ghastly visages that once smiled in glee on one another, and on me also. No sound was heard, for their voices were mute, but the gestures were eloquent urging me to flee from the wrath to come upon the workers of iniquity, and despisers of God's law.

I had written home an account of the catastrophe with a statement of my renewed determination to quit the path that leads to the grave of those who cannot "inherit the kingdom of heaven." My mother received me with outstretched arms—me, the prodigal who had been in the far country so long "feeding on the husks that the swine did eat." We knelt in prayer, she leading and I following in humble devotion, feeling myself an unworthy sinner, to whom I asked God to be merciful and who answered the prayer of the contrite heart. Weeks of illness, accompanied with excruciating tortures followed, during which my mother was aided and supported by my Mary who had clung to me through all the hopeless years of a whole wretched decade, lit up by only occasional gleams of hope. The tortures of the morning after my first debauch were repeated and prolonged through a seeming eternity. At length I revived. The devil was cast out. I was in my right mind. When I was able to go out it was the end of genial June when nature is at her best, and I seemed to hear the songs of the hills and the valleys and the trees of the forest clapping their hands. Those were halcyon days when the influence of the Comforter descended in a sweet effusion in my happy heart, making melody therein. Never had the birds sung so sweetly, nor the flowers bloomed with such fragrance as they then did. "Old things had passed away. All things had become new."

I was soon able to resume business,

and that in such a manner as I had never before done, so that my employer, Mr. Robinson, expressed himself as highly pleased with my zeal and ability. In a few more months he increased my salary; then I ventured to renew a question I had more than once asked my Mary, but which she had always answered in the negative for only too sufficient a reason. She looked calmly at me with her deep blue eyes, saying, "I must continue in well-doing a whole year," as she must be certain that she would never be the wife of a man whom she could not respect and trust as a sober man. This was so firmly said that I resigned myself to my long probation with the best possible grace knowing that she had for long, weary years waited for me. But before it was ended my only surviving comrade, the Adjutant, had died, the last of the seven victims, in an inebriate asylum. How lonely I felt when I heard the news of his decease. Ten years before we were attending the Military School, and enjoying a season of brilliant pleasures which to me seemed the dawn of brighter days. Alas! we were repairing to streams of false delight to drink the draughts of unlawful pleasure whose mortal taste-dragged all except me into that fearful maelstrom in whose vortex are the undying worm and the unquenchable fire. Alone I was spared—a monument of God's grace to "the chief of sinners."

At the end of that year of trial, Mary asked me if I had been true to my vow! When I answered her she laid her hand in mine with smiling confidence saying, "I can trust you now, dear Charles." With God's grace I have been enabled to hold on to the right amid every trial, and have been brought forth more than conqueror through Jesus Christ who hath loved and given himself for me, so that nothing can separate me from the love of God which is in Him. Verily it is the Lord's doings, and wondrous in mine eyes.

KNOW THYSELF.

ABOUT 2500 years ago Solon, the great Athenian, and one of the seven wise men of Greece, wrote the two words at the head of this article. It is excellent advice. Every one of us ought not only to be acquainted with our neighbours, but with ourselves. We ought to know all about our minds, and hearts, so that we may, by the grace of God, strengthen our weak points and overcome the bad ones. Many people would not know a good description of themselves. They would think it looked like some one they know, but would scarcely take it for themselves.

There is a story in the New Orleans Times about an East Tennessee mountaineer and raftman who came out of his rough mountain home to that city, which illustrates this idea very nicely. It is amusing and may be instructive. Here it is:

"A raftman, fresh from the mountains, was coming up the street at a rapid rate. As he passed Facier's jewellery house, he happened to glance in the store, and saw his body reflected in the large mirror in the rear of the store-room. He had never seen a mirror before, and recognized a familiar object in the figure, and supposed it was one of his friends. He glanced a second time, and exclaimed:

"Wait a minute, I'll be there, Bill!" and the same instant he hurried around the store to meet his supposed friend.

"He found no one, and looked rather perplexed. He returned to the door and looked back, and on seeing the frown, felt his face, and shaking his fist, he exclaimed:

"Wait for me, Bill! I'll come right away," and ran around the corner again as quickly as he could.

"He searched for several minutes, and on failing to find his friend, returned to the street, looking more perplexed than ever.

"He glanced slyly into the store, shook his head, and continued up the street, completely nonplussed and evidently deeply disgusted with the queer antics of his imaginary friend."

BEHIND THE SCREEN.

Al but a rustic country lad,  
And have not learned the ways  
That village boys so soon adopt  
In these progressive days;  
And some things I can't understand  
Which I have often seen,  
One is, why all the saloon bars  
Are hid behind a screen.

Another is, why men who work  
Ten hours every day,  
And constantly are grumbling at  
Their small amount of pay,  
Shrink squander it for worse than naught,  
Tis appetite, I ween,  
That makes them spend so much for drink  
Behind the saloon screen.

Another is, why many that  
Should early be at home,  
Night after night till twelve o'clock  
Prefer the streets to roam;  
E'en boys of young and tender age,  
From ten years to sixteen,  
Are forming habits hard to change  
Behind the saloon screen.

Another is, how men can feel  
Tis right to dim the brain,  
And stimulate the baser thoughts,  
Where reason ought to reign;  
And if the men who sell and drink  
Don't think the business mean,  
Why do they always strive so hard  
To hide behind the screen?

All this, I honestly admit,  
I cannot understand,  
And to this question pertinent  
An answer I demand:  
If whiskey, wine and lager beer  
Do not mankind demean,  
Why not dispense them openly,  
And not behind the screen?

—Selected.

DESIRING AND CHOOSING.

"OH," said a poor drunkard, "I desire above all things to reform, and be a steady man."

Yes, you may desire it, but do you choose it? There is a great difference between desiring a thing and choosing a thing. If you choose to be a reformed man you will be one.

Ask a poor, ragged vagabond, "Do you wish to become rich." Of course he will say, "Yea." But he does not choose it; he desires to be lazy much more than to earn a living; therefore he is a vagabond.

"Charlie, do you desire to be a scholar, and stand at the head of your class?"

"Indeed I do," cried Charlie; but Charlie is at the foot of everything, because he likes his ease better than he likes to study.

Lucy said, "I really desire to be obliging and sweet-tempered." "Then you must choose to be," answered her mother.



THE REAPER.

HERE is a reaper whose name's Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the hard and grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he,  
"Have naught but the bearded grain!  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet  
to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The reaper said, and smiled:  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saint, upon their garments white,  
These sacred flowers wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The reaper came that day;  
Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away. —Longfellow.

A THOUGHTLESS BOY  
PUNISHED.

"I SHALL never forget," remarked a friend of mine, "an incident of childhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school children were playing by the roadside one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to the neighbouring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly gentleman with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself."

"I unthinkingly shouted, 'Look at old Rattle Bones!' while the poor man turned his head, with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook hands warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a short distance."

"I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hidden myself, but I knew it would be in vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me:

"Such a fine boy is surely worth the saving!"

"How the words cut me to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me, as I was drowning when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule and a laughing stock for my companions!"

"I tell you, boys and girls, I won't give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever

you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good comes of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a life time." — Selected

BY AND BY.

"How dull and dingy you look among us!" said a young larch-tree, that had just come out in all the glory of its spring foliage, to a sombre looking yew that stood alone of its kind in a plantation of fresh green saplings. "It's a pity you're not a little farther off for your own sake, for nobody will notice you here, unless it is to say how ugly you are; and really, you'll excuse my saying so, but you quite spoil our plantation with your dusky leaves."

"May be so now, friend," said the yew—"though there may be two opinions about that—but wait awhile till November comes, and where will your glory be? When your branches are bare, and the ground strewn with your withered leaves, my bushes will be covered with glossy foliage and shining berries, and I wonder which of us will be most admired then. Remember, my time is coming!" — Mrs Prosser.

WRITE TO THE BOYS.

If we had the ears of mothers in the country, whose boys have gone away to the cities, and to the great city, and who are wondering how they may help them to keep pure and true among the temptations of city life, we should say this to them: Write them a mother's love-letter every week. We know, by personal experience, how mother's letters keep her before the young man's eyes and ears; in the young man's heart. We know how those letters keep on building a hedge round a young man so high and so thick that foul conversation and evil enticement cannot get through. We do not believe that the devil can get near the mother-guarded youth — *Sunday-School Chronicle*.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A.D. 80.] LESSON II. [Oct. 10.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

John 18. 28-40. Commit to mem. vs 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I find in him no fault at all. John 18. 38.

OUTLINE

1. The Accusers, v. 28-32
2. The King, v. 33-37
3. The Robber, v. 38-40.

TIME.—Early in the morning of Friday, the day of the crucifixion.

PLACE.—The Roman pretorium, called judgment-hall, was probably Pilate's residence when in Jerusalem, and was also probably in the castle of Antonia.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Should be defiled*—To enter the house of a Gentile was to be ceremonially defiled. But they did not hesitate to secure the punishment of death for Jesus. *The Passover*—the great commemorative feast in honor of Israel's deliverance from Egypt. *Malefactor*—He is a criminal by our law. We do not ask you to try him. We have tried him. We want too sentence of death. *Thou sayest*—This was the common form of assent, exactly equivalent to our shorter word, yes. *A robber*—Not simply a thief, but a violent murderer and highway robber.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we shown—  
1. The cruel hatred of wicked men!  
2. The indifference of worldly men!  
3. The living witness for the truth!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Before whom did the Jewish ruler bring Jesus? Before Pilate the Roman governor.  
2. What did Pilate ask Jesus? "Art thou the King of the Jews?"  
3. What did Jesus tell Pilate about his kingdom? "My kingdom is not of this world."  
4. For what purpose did Jesus say that he had come? To bear witness of the truth. What was Pilate's testimony concerning Jesus, as given in the GOLDEN TEXT? "I find," etc.  
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The truth.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

50. In what part of man is the image of God? In his spirit or soul, which was breathed into him by the Creator. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.—Genesis ii. 7.

A.D. 30.] LESSON III. [Oct. 17.

JESUS DELIVERED TO BE CRUCIFIED.

John 19. 1-16. Commit to mem. vs 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. John 19. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Kingly Man, v. 1-7.
2. The Cautious Governor, v. 8-12.
3. The Murderous Crowd, v. 13-16.

TIME.—A. D. in Les on II.

PLACE.—The judgment-hall, as in Lesson II, and the paved court without Pilate's hall, where was the judgment-seat, on which he was seated when he officially delivered up Jesus.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Scourged him*—The Roman scourge was a short club with lashes attached with hooks at the end of the lashes. These not only beat, but also tore and lacerated the flesh. *A crown . . . a purple robe*—Insignia of royalty. The soldiers wished more to insult the Jews by this denial of Jesus than to insult him, and Pilate countenanced it. *Crucify him*—A Roman punishment, not a Jewish. It was the most terrible death, and the most humiliating Rome could inflict. *We have a law*—The law was a Jewish law against blasphemy, and did not come within the province of Roman justice. *The preparation of the passover*—Jesus and his disciples evidently ate the passover on the night before the regular time for the feast.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—  
1. The feeble character of Jesus!  
2. The fulfilment of prophecy!  
3. The wickedness of yielding to popular clamour!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus suffer from his enemies during his trial? He was mocked and scourged.  
2. What did the soldiers place upon his head? A crown of thorns.  
3. What did Pilate say when he brought him forth to the Jews? "Behold the man!"  
4. What did the priests and rulers cry out when they saw him? "Crucify him!"  
5. What does the GOLDEN TEXT say that Pilate did? "Then delivered," etc.  
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The wages of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

51. Is then the soul of man created to live forever? It is immortal and will not die as the body dies. [Ecclesiastes xii. 7.]  
52. What is the other part of man? His body, which is flesh and blood, and will die. [Matthew x. 28.]

THE boaster fights his battles with his tongue while the enemy is absent; the quiet one, with hands, head and heart. The one wins, the other runs.

THE power of drudging at disagreeable tasks is necessary to any worthy work. This power is never attained by one who always chooses and refuses in accordance with his inclination.

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