

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1885.

No. 19.



NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—(See next page.)

CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children!
For I heard you at your play;
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sun-
shine,
In your thoughts that brooklets flow;
But in mine the wind of autumn,
And the first fall of snow.

O what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us,
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food;
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
Through them, it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunk below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear,
What the birds and the winds are singing,
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

You are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—H. W. Longfellow.

NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE dog belongs to the same family as the wolf, fox, and jackal. But our noble Newfoundland is very different from any of these. He is intelligent, trusty, and kind, a special favourite with children, and a good-tempered play-mate. They will bear almost any amount of mauling about by their little friends. Their toes are partially webbed; so that they are by far the best swimmers of the whole tribe of dogs. They have many a time saved human lives by their heroism in rescuing persons who were exposed to the peril of drowning.

TESTS WITH ALCOHOL.

IN the performance of feats of strength and endurance, as in the case of Weston, the famous pedestrian, alcohol has been avoided; and in the harvest-field and the workshop, and with contestants in ancient Roman games, the advantage has ever been with abstainers. The most conclusive tests have been in armies in severe marches, where accurate observations on a large scale have been made by intelligent medical and commanding officers. In all such tests, whether in hot or cold climates and seasons—in Africa, India, Russia, and United States—in our own country, and everywhere, it has been shown that those soldiers who abstained from alcohol could accomplish and endure more than those who indulged in it, however moderately or freely.

SAID a Moorish caliph: "Fifty years have elapsed since I became caliph. I have possessed riches, honours, pleasures, friends—in short, everything that a man can desire in this world. I have reckoned up the days in which I could say I was really happy, and they amount to fourteen."

THE EARTH AS A STAR.

IT was as a beautiful summer's night. Uncle John and his young visitors had been making a visit to a friend at some distance, and as they were walking home together, George began to talk about the stars, and Frank tried to count them.

"What a strange thing a star is," said George; "I often think of Ellen's rhyme:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are."

"No need of wonder," said Uncle John; "at least, no more reason for wondering at a star than at a daisy."

"But, uncle, dear," said Ellen, "we know so much more about a daisy than we do about the stars."

"That may or may not be," was uncle's answer. "Have you never been introduced to a star—never made a star's acquaintance?"

"How could we, uncle?" asks Frank. "They are so far off."

"Not all of them."

"Which is the nearest star to us?" asked Ellen.

"That one on which you are now moving," was uncle's answer. "Our earth is one of the star family, of which our sun may be called the head. We may learn a good deal about a family by knowing one of its members; there is a family likeness in stars as well as in human creatures. Regarding our system as a family of stars, can any one of you recollect the names of its members?"

George was ready with the answer: "Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune."

"Yes, these are the principal members of the family; but the smaller members are still more numerous. There are Juno, Ceres, Vesta, Pallas, and others; in addition to which there are secondary kinds of planets—such as I should be inclined to call the servants of the family, but which astronomers have called satellites or moons. Some of the planets have several moons; Jupiter, for example, has four. We have but one. Ruth, you remember the lines in Milton, about the 'Queen of the Night?'"

Ruth repeated:

"Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

"Those verses are very pretty," said Frank; "but who is Hesperus?"

"Hesperus," George answered directly, "means the planet Venus, the brightest star in the sky."

"It is not so bright as the moon," said Frank.

"It is in reality," said Uncle John, "but the moon is so much nearer to us than the star you mention that it appears to us to be much more brilliant, and certainly gives us more light; but judged by this standard, a gas-lamp would give more light than either, to read or work by."

"I suppose," said Lizzie, "that the sun is larger than the moon."

"Yes; if it would take forty-nine such bodies as that of the moon to make one of the bulk of the earth, to make one of the bulk of the sun would require more than fifty million."

"But they look very much about the same size," said Frank.

"They do, and that is accounted

for by the difference of their distance from our earth; the farther an object is removed, the smaller it appears to our gaze; now the sun's distance exceeds the moon's by above four hundred times."

"Do you remember, uncle," said Frank, "about the two old men disputing which was the most useful, the sun or moon, and settling it that the moon was really the best, because it shined in the dark, whereas the sun always shined in the day-light, when it was not wanted?"

"Yes," I have heard the story, and the poor man had appearances in his favour. He only knew what he saw; about the principles of astronomy he would have to say, as the witty school-boy did when posed by a difficult question, 'Short of information on the topic.' The man did not know that we should never have what we call daylight without the sun; and that the moon's light was merely lent to it by the sun."

"How do you mean, uncle," asked Lizzie, "that the sun lends its light to the moon?"

"I mean that when the sun no longer shines in our part of the world its light is thrown into the surface of the moon, and from the moon reflected back to us. The moon does not give light; it merely reflects it."

"I should like to go to the moon," said Frank, very seriously.

"It would be a long journey—about twelve months, at the rate of sixty miles an hour, twelve hours a day! And the end of the journey might scarcely reward your toil."

"I wonder what sort of a place it is?" said Frank, in an absent way, as if he had some idea of starting on the journey. "I should like to know. I wonder whether one could go in a balloon."

"No, certainly not; but you may go through a telescope. By help of a powerful telescope, a building as high as St. Paul's would be readily discernible on the moon's surface. If there were people on the moon, who knew how to use lenses, they might discover several buildings on our earth—cathedrals and pyramids—and might, if they liked, read learned papers about them, at the meetings of some Lunar Royal Society. However, from all that we can learn about the moon, it does not appear that we should find any society at all. It seems to be a barren rock. Those cloudy appearances, which the children sometimes call the features of the man in the moon, are in reality deep valleys or the shadows of lofty mountains. Supposing that we could reach the moon, and wander over its surface, it is possible we should be more alarmed than gratified. We should find mountains of awful height; huge masses of rock, with bare summits and rugged flanks, rising to an altitude of several miles; we should find these rocks torn by fissures, and jagged blocks of stone hurled in confusion at their base: we might ascend one of these mountains, parched with thirst, almost blinded by the intolerable light of the sun, our hands torn and bleeding, and reaching the top in hopes of finding a pleasanter descent and more fertile country on the other side, shake with terror at the sight of a precipice thousands of feet deep—a circular precipice that shuts in an immense extent of bleached, barren country, unrelieved by a glimpse

of green, unrefreshed by a drop of water. Placed on such a summit, looking down into a blackness of darkness that no eye could penetrate, or gazing with awe at a gigantic mountain rising in the centre of the inclosed space, the stoutest heart would quail. I am not," said Uncle John, "drawing a fancy picture when I describe the rocky desolation of the moon. This has been placed beyond a doubt. The telescope has shown us much; photographers have taken the moon's likeness, and then, by the aid of magnifying lenses, men of science have wandered over it at their leisure. Believe me, Master Frank, for visiting the moon the telescope is the best conveyance."

"Then there is no living thing—much less a man—in the moon?" said George.

"Certainly not; there is no air, no water, nothing but rugged rock."

"My respects to the moon, then," said Frank; "it will be as well for me to stay where I am."—S. S. Visitor.

HOW BOYS MAY SUCCEED.

If you have no leaning towards a trade, and no work offers at home, you must find it elsewhere. If you do not want to end your days as a labourer you must make up your mind in advance of any step to be diligent and faithful—to be honest and economical. By observing the first three maxims you will hold any place you may secure, and have the good will of your employer to follow you into new fields. By observing the fourth you can, in a few years, accumulate sufficient capital to enable you to enter into business for yourself.

What boys have done other boys can again accomplish. Eight out of every ten of our rich men were poor boys and made their own way. As for those who began life with plenty of money, not one out of eight has been anything like a success. Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, St. Louis, and every other city contains men who began life by working for smaller wages than will ever be offered to you, and who are now worth from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 apiece. Some of the old growlers will tell you that it was all in luck. Don't you begin your career by believing in luck. It leads to the poor house by the straight road. What the lazy man calls luck is simply diligence, economy and management.

Pick out the laziest, poorest man in your town and you will find him growing about luck. When he comes to explain his career you will see that he planted potatoes and waited for luck to come around and hoe them while he sat on the grocery steps and talked politics. The ill-luck he grows about has come more through his own shiftlessness and bad management than from any other cause! Diligence makes luck; economy makes luck; honesty makes luck. It is too late in the day to make the world believe that some folks were born to be rich and others to be poor. It rests solely with the boy and man.

Nine cases out of ten the boy who is thoroughly determined to make something of himself will succeed. He may have to encounter rough usage, but the resolution which carried him out into the world will carry him safely through any crisis.

TOMMY'S DEATHBED.

"**B**UT hush! the voice from the little bed,
And the watchful mother bent her head.
'Mammy, I know that I'm soon to die,
And I want to wish them all good-bye.

'I shouldn't like any here to say,
'He didn't shake hands when he went away;
He was glad to be off to his harp and wings
And couldn't remember his poor old things."

'In Heaven I never should feel content
If I hadn't been kind before I went;
So let me take leave of them, great and small,
Animals, people, and toys, and all.'

So the word went forth, and in no great while
The servants entered in solemn file,
The stout old cook, and the housemaid Rose,
And the aproned boy with his smutted nose.

So each of the women, with streaming cheek,
Bent over and kissed him and could not speak;
But he said that they must not grieve and cry
For they'd meet again in the happy sky.

'Twas longer and harder to deal with Jim—
The child grew grave as he looked at him,
For he thought to himself, 'He bets and swears,
And I hardly believe that he says his prayers.'

'Oh, Jim, dear Jim, if you do such things
You'll never be dressed in a harp and wings.'
He talked to the boy as a father should,
And begged him hard to be grave and good.

The lad lounged out with a brazen air
And whistled derisively down the stair,
But they found him hid in the hole for coal,
Sobbing and praying in grief of soul.

Old 'Bever' came next, sodate and good,
And gazed at his master and understood,
Then up we carried in order due,
'Maris,' the cat, and her kittens two.

Proud purred the mother, and arched her back,
And vaunted her kittens, one white, one black;
And the sweet white kitten was good and still,
But the black one played with his nightgown's frill.

He stroked them all with his poor weak hand,
But he felt they could not understand,
He smiled, however, and was not vexed,
And bade us bring him the rabbit next.

He welcomed 'Punch' with a loving smile,
And hugged him close in his arms a while,
And we knew (for the dear child's eyes grew dim,
How grievous it was to part with him.

His mother he bade, with tearful cheek,
Give 'Punch' his carrot three days a week,
With lettuce-leaves on a cautious plan,
And only just moisten his daily bran.

Then next we brought him, one by one,
His drum and trumpet, his sword and gun;
And we lifted up for his fondling hand
His good grey steed on the rocking-stand.

Then close to his feet we placed a tray,
And we set his armies in array;
And his eyes were bright with fire and dew
As we propped him up for his last review.

His ark came next, and pair by pair,
Passed beasts of the earth and fowls of the air;
He kissed good Joseph, and Ham, and Shem,
And waved his hands to the rest of them.

But we saw that his eyes had lost their fire,
And his dear little voice began to tire;
He lay quite still for a little while,
With his eyes half closed and a peaceful smile.

Then 'Mammy,' he said, and never stirred,
And his mother bent for the whispered word;
'Give him his carrot each second day.'
Our Tommy murmured, and passed away."
—*London Spectator.*

AN exchange says: "When we see a string bean we are always impressed with the idea that it is extravagant to waste so much string on so little bean.

A SPARTAN HERO.

MANY hundreds of years ago—a long time, in fact, before the Holy Child was born—there lived a little boy in Sparta, which, you may not know, boys, was a part of Greece. Sparta was composed of the bravest men that ever existed—as, indeed, why shouldn't it be! For every little boy was taken away from his mother when he was seven years of age, and educated by the State, as they called it—that is, they were not allowed to live at home with their brothers and sisters; but at an age when our boys are just out of kilts and into knickerbockers, they were taught not to love their mothers and the rest of their home friends, but that they were to live and die for their country, and she must occupy the first place in their affections. They were taught, too, that it was a mark of weakness to love home or home friends. And that was not all. They were taught that it was very unmanly to love easy habits or to indulge themselves in any way. They were given only the poorest and coarsest of food, often not enough of that. They were made to suffer from cold and hunger and thirst, and were often beaten or tortured in other ways. That was in order that they might be able to bear all the privations of a soldier's life, when they were men, without complaint. And the boy who could undergo all the tortures of hunger and cold and whipping with the most unflinching spirit, who could bear it all gladly for Sparta's sake, was considered a hero. There was one Spartan lad especially who was considered such a hero that his example was held up for years before Spartan youth, and his story has come down to to-day. Let me tell you about him.

The Spartan youths, as I told you, were given only a small allowance of food, and sometimes even were allowed only what they could steal. I suppose this was in order that they might be able, when grown men and in a foreign land, to steal their rations when they could not get them otherwise. This does not look just right to you and me, boys, does it? But, then, there are many things about war that are hard to explain so that they will look very well to a moral reasoner.

Well, the little Spartan whom I referred to one day stole a fox, so the story goes, and hid it under the short cloak he wore. Evidently he had not become very proficient in the art of stealing, for he was found out. Now the Spartans applauded a boy who could steal and not be found out, but punished him roundly if he were not skilful enough to conceal his theft. So when they discovered the fox's tail under that cloak, the poor little fellow, who had been taught to steal, and that disgrace lay only in being found out, was arrested and ordered to be flogged till he confessed. So his tender, quivering back was bared and he was beaten with a scourge, which is a dreadful whip with several "tails" to it.

The lashes fell thick and fast, until his back became raw and bleeding, but the boy stood without a word of confession or pain. As the blows fell, the fox, which the boy still held tightly, became frightened and struggled to get away. But the brave boy was determined not to give up an inch to man or beast, and only held him the tighter and uttered no sound.

The fox with its sharp teeth and claws tore the tender flesh of the boy's breast, while the lashes fell unmoici-

fully on his lacerated back. Finally he fell to the ground—dead! And then it was found that the fox had torn his way to the boy's very heart, and, as the tradition says, "eaten it out." That was Spartan courage, and that boy was held up as a brave example for the Spartan boys to follow.

Now, how do you think, boys, you would like to have lived twenty-five hundred years ago, and been a Spartan hero?—*Ex.*

WHY HE WAS A THIEF.

A PROMINENT citizen of one of our large cities, on leaving his house one morning a short time ago, found thrust under the door a pamphlet containing the first three chapters of an illustrated romance, entitled "The Doom of the Betrayer." There was a picture on the cover of the pamphlet of a woman with hair streaming, and two or three dead bodies lying around.

"Ha!" she shrieked. "It is done! The avenger is satisfied!! The command of the Mystic Three has been obeyed!!!"

Without concerning himself as to the Mystic Three, Mr. Blank determined to find out something about the author, publisher, and readers of this production, of which it was asserted twenty million copies had been sold during the year.

The information was easily obtained. The writer he found to be a middle-aged man who had served a term of imprisonment in the penitentiary, and had taken up the business of writing this class of stories as being more remunerative than stealing, and quite as congenial to his tastes. He was a bloated drunkard, whose every sentence was garnished with oaths and obscene jokes.

The publishers were sharp, unscrupulous business men, who from the sale of this and like publications had amassed fortunes. They lived in luxurious dwellings in a fashionable quarter. Their printing-house covered half a square. The circulation of these books, cheaply bound and sold for a trifle, was enormous, though fortunately it did not reach the millions claimed for it.

The first purchaser of these dime novels that Mr. Blank found was his own office-boy, who had been an eager reader of them for two years. He was the only son of an honest fellow employed as janitor in the establishment.

Old Jack and his wife had but one hope and interest in the world—their boy. They had saved and pinched from their scanty earnings to keep him at school and to clothe him better than themselves. Mr. Blank, from regard for his parents, had taken the boy into his office and given him every opportunity to rise.

"I'll see you a gentleman before I die," his old father said to him, with glistening eyes.

But the boy gained other notions of life from the books which he read. He robbed his employer the very week after the latter found the novel at his door, and escaped to enter a gambling-house in the West. Mr. Blank had found cause and the effect.

There is a large class of working-people who read the *Companion*, whose hopes for their children are as high as were poor Jack's. Do they know what books their children read at recess, or between working-hours?

They forbid them to drink liquor, yet they allow them to take a fiery poison into their minds and souls, which will start every latent vice into vigorous growth.—*Youth's Companion.*

COLD WATER ARMY PLEDGE.

GOD help me evermore to keep
This promise that I make!
I will not chew, nor smoke nor swear,
Nor poisonous liquors take.

For poison drinks are very bad.
I know the names of some:
Ale, brandy, whisky, wine and beer,
With cider, gin and rum.

I'll try to get my little friends
To make this promise too;
And every day I'll try to find
Some temperance work to do.

—*Exchange.*

SATAN'S CHAIN.

WHILE coming from our Sunday-school-room I heard two boys before me talking.

"Wasn't it strange what our teacher told us this afternoon about Satan's chain?" said Charlie.

"Yes," replied Jimmy, "but I know it is all true; and I tell you I don't want the old fellow to get too strong or too long a chain around me."

"Nor do I," said Charlie, "but I never thought that Satan could slip such little things into his chain for links. How can a boy help getting mad when others tease him as some of those chaps at school do me?"

"Miss Seymour said 'getting mad' is one of Satan's best links, and that he is glad to have us use it, for then he is sure we will soon want others."

"That is true, for when I am mad the bad words slip from my tongue before I know it, and I often feel just like hitting somebody too. The other day I hurt little John Miller just because I lost my temper, but he was so provoking! There were three links slipped into the chain for me that day."

"I believe we boys have more links added to our chain on account of our tempers than from any other cause. I know my temper has led me into many troubles."

HINDOO SERVANTS.

ONE very great inconvenience arising from "caste" among the Hindoos falls heavily upon European residents in India, by obliging them to have a large number of servants, for the simple reason that each will only do one thing, and they will not help each other. The bearer will not take a tea-cup off the table, nor the khidmutgar pull the punkah.

One lady was asked by another, recently arrived in the country, how many servants she had.

She replied: "I am not sure, but we are very moderate people. I can soon reckon."

They were nearly thirty in number—a waiting-maid, an under-woman, a sweeper, a head bearer, a mate bearer, six under-bearers, khansaman or house steward, three table attendants, a cook, a gardener and a water-carrier, a washer-woman, a tailor, a coachman, two grooms, two grass-cutters, a man to tend to the goats, and two messengers. And all these servants will only wait on their own employers, so that every one visiting must take his own.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept tolling on,
That children might be glad.
I always weep, as looking back,
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
While mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their work
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But, oh! beyond this shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1885.

HARD TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

HARD to be a Christian! Of course it is. But whether you will believe it or not, it is a great deal harder not to be one—that is to say, you have a harder time than if you were. You have at least as many cares and trials as if you were a Christian, and as many temptations. Every sad and trying element of human life is manifested in your experience as often and as signally as it would be if you were one of Christ's followers; you trust yourself inevitably upon many sharp points of evil habits which you might in that case escape; and you lack what a Christian—however feeble and imperfect his success as yet may be—always possesses; the consciousness that his Creator and he are no longer working at cross-purposes; that he is in harmony with God's will and plan for him; that omniscience and omnipotence and infinite love are occupied in shaping his circumstances, so that however painful they may be to-day, they are sure to be full of blessing in

the end. You may not think this consciousness a very solid advantage, but if you had it in the sense that a Christian has it you would.—*Congregationalist.*

REMEMBER
THE
S. S. AID COLLECTION
ON
REVIEW SUNDAY,
SEPTEMBER 27.

THIS collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of circuits and Superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the fund. (See Discipline, §§ 354-356.)

THE USE OF TIME.

THERE is nothing of which we are more prodigal than time. And yet there is nothing in the use of which we should be more careful. Time is the raw material out of which we make life and character. On its proper employment rests our destiny here and hereafter. Every hour is precious, every moment is filled with the largest possibilities for good or ill.

It is wonderful what results some men have achieved by an economical use of time. Hugh Miller spent his hour at noon, while working in a stone quarry, in studying Bacon's Essays. The result was the strengthening of his mind, and the formation of habits of thought and style which, in after years, made him famous all over the world. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, put up the grammar he was studying on a stand by the forge, so that, as he worked the bellows, he might see and study the printed page. The result of this was, in time, the securing of more than a score of modern and ancient languages. These two are representatives of a host of men and women who, by a careful use of the corners of time, have won eminence and success. Young people, use well your time.

THE child of God will soon know the full import of all precious promises; the wicked will soon know what is meant by the terrible threatenings of God.



A STRANGE PUNISHMENT.

A STRANGE PUNISHMENT.

THE picture illustrates a strange mode of punishment practiced in China. The culprit is placed in a sort of covered tub, with his head and hands protruding through openings in the top and sides. He cannot even feed himself, and has to be dependant on the kindness of others.

The nature of his crime is written on the outside of this prison. The punishment is somewhat like that of the pillory and the stocks once common in England.

DANGER OF LITTLE SINS.

SATAN seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbours; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, then bring a few small sticks, and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log.

And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no harm in this," "no great peril in that," and so by these little chips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the green log is burned. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."—*John Newton.*

LETTER FROM MR. OROSBY.

Port Simpson, May 22, 1885.

DEAR DR. WITHROW,—I have just time for a few words to the young folk, as it is some time since I wrote you. We have been trying to visit all the outports, and we are just back from a trip to Skitegate on Queen Charlotte Island. This place is about 100 miles from here. On our way we took Mr. Hopkins and some lumber for the mission. The day we left we had to turn back, as the wind and sea were so high, and anchored for the day. Next morning we put out again. It was a little foggy; we put on and got to anchor at Skitegate by 8 p.m. The people were all much pleased to see the little mission ship; the guns were fired and flags flying. We spent three days here; a subscription was taken up towards a spire and painting the church; all blankets, which is their

money. On Sabbath, prayer-meeting in the early morning; I preached at 9 a.m. at Skitegate, and baptised some adults and a number of children, then left by small boat to Mr. Stirling's, S. Oil Co.'s place, where I preached to a few whites, and then crossed over to Gold Harbor, where we preached, and sang, and prayed in every house, and back again to the oil factory, and preached at 7 p.m. This ended a good day's work for Jesus.

On Monday, at 5 a.m. we left; glass a little low; got out over the sand bar and a slight breeze rose from the west, so we up sail and made for Browning's Pass, which gave us a side wind, and the run is 60 miles across, and we found we had all the wind that we needed. We made the other shore by a little past noon, and now we saw what the *Glad Tidings* could do in a sea. She did nobly with all sail up and steam at the same time; she passed over those mighty waves like a thing of life, and although she was light, yet she was very steady. Having called at Kit-hat-lah, we were anchored at Inverness, having run 115 miles, so that in every way the little mission ship is a grand success. One old man said the other day they had been praying for some time that they might get some lumber to build houses, and they could not get any. They would save a little and try and get some, but no, and it would all be spent again for other things; but now they had got lumber, as the *Glad Tidings* had brought it to them. So you see she can help them in this way as well as to take your missionary to them.

The boat has now travelled over 2,700 miles in our trips, and is every way suitable for her work. We have now made the rounds of the district, and I expect soon to start for Victoria and all the missions on the way. While there I would like to settle up our account as far as I can. Now we hope our dear friends would send on the subscriptions and let us pay all up soon. Will you please put in the following names:—

J. E. Case, London, Ont.	\$2 00
Rev. J. S. Ross, Tilsonburg	2 00
Rev. J. Pollard,	5 00
Mrs. McRay	2 00
A. Chown, Kingston	5 00
Miss Lizzie Chown, Kingston	5 00
A Sister in Christ, N.W.T.	1 00
Rev. C. M. Tate, B. C.	10 00
Miss Green, Naas, B. C.	5 00
Miss M. G. Skinner, Ottawa	5 00
Miss S. Lawrence, B. C.	5 00



CHATODONS.

THE MARINERS' REST.

[BY LUCIE C. HAGER.

ON the shores of a certain island,
At peace on the ocean's breast,
Is a place that they call Snug Harbour,
And a Home called the Mariners' Rest.

Far away on the turbulent billows
The sailor thinks of its calm;
In his dreams the glad vision soothes him,
Like the notes of a dead mother's psalm.

When his voyaging days are over,
And age, want, or sickness come,
In Sailor's Snug Harbour he anchors,
In the peace of the Mariners' Home.

One who loved the poor, weary sailors
Who roam o'er the treacherous main,
Made this Home in the quiet harbour
For their refuge in sorrow and pain.

Far beyond the westerling twilight,
Beyond all the clouds of gold,
Lies a land where no storm-winds enter,
The inhabitants never grow old.

Through its pastures and blooming meadows,
The River of Life flows free,
And the Lord, in His love, has made it,
And has perished for you and for me.

O'er the waves of Life's fitful ocean
That ceaselessly rush and roar,
May He bring our frail barks to anchor
Over there on that beautiful shore!

ONE night about eight o'clock an inebriated man was observed holding himself up by means of a lamp-post that had a mail-box. As a reporter passed, he said to the man, "Hello, what's the matter?" "Well," replied the man, "I—hic—put 5 cents in the box here half an hour ago, and the car aint started yet."

CHATODONS.

THE chatodon is a small, but very beautiful fish, which, when feeling the need of a light lunch, quietly repairs to where the reeds and grasses droop over the water. Thereon he usually finds some unsuspecting fly dressing her delicate wings. The fish moves carefully just below the surface of the water, and quietly thrusting its curious muzzle above, shoots a drop of water with such force that the fly tumbles off its resting place and is quickly snapped up. This habit it keeps up even in confinement, which makes it a favourite for the Japanese aquarium.

BLOOD INDIAN MONTHLY.

REV. JOHN M'LEAN, B.A.

Blood Reserve, Macleod,
Alberta, June, 1885.

WE have received from our indefatigable missionary at Fort Macleod a copy of a MS. monthly, price 25cts. a year, from which we make the following extract:

The past month has been the testing time for the principles taught by the missionaries to the Indians. Although removed from the scene of conflict we were subjected to many of the evils arising from false reports. Our Indians kept well posted on all the events of the war, and for a time they were unsettled, not knowing what the results would be. We sought to use our influence energetically on the side of peace. Being requested to find out the opinions of the Indians on the rebellion,

I visited a large number of the lodges, conversing with the people and urging them to heed not the offers that might be made to them to break their treaty. They said to me: "Neo-katos, you are a missionary and speak the truth. Tell us the true report about the war." I explained to them the state of affairs, and pressed them to consult the officers of the Indian Department and the Lieutenant-Governor before they did anything. They said, "We will do what the Chief Woman (the Queen) tells us. We have pledged our word to her, and we will stand by that."

The influences of the Gospel have done this much toward securing peace. Obedience to the powers that be has been one of the chief truths taught continuously to the Indians, and it has borne fruit. We suffered somewhat in having poor congregations and small attendance at school through the prevailing excitement that existed in the country. The men and women worked well at fencing and putting in their crops. It was surprising to see them at times engaged in their labours, although for a short season little was done. Matters were in a critical condition, but the right prevailed. The health of old and young has been good. There were 42 patients during the month, and none of them in the least dangerous. A few simple remedies cured them. Our work amongst the sick has been a blessed one. Many have been helped who, without our aid, must have been subjected to the excruciating remedies of the medicine men.

We have been offered money for our medical services, but we refrained from taking it, although we should much have liked to teach the Indians another lesson toward self-support. Many are poor, however, and could not pay, and we have enemies amongst immoral white men who would use this against us. Our stock of medicines is getting low. Ten or fifteen dollars would help us nicely for the present to continue this branch of our work. We are still very busy improving the mission property by building fences and outbuildings. Our mission-house is not yet finished through lack of funds. One hundred dollars would enable us to put a floor in the kitchen, a mud roof on, and make it habitable.

We are toiling away at translations, hoping thereby to reach more readily and effectively the hearts of the Indians.

Many of our people still love intensely the religion of their fathers. But we rejoice in the fact that Christianity is extending its influence, and we toil on, trusting in God that the fruit of our labours will be seen in due time. Meanwhile we use our judgment, and we exercise our faith in our labours amongst the Bloods.

We have again to remind our friends that a bell for our school would be very acceptable and would prove a boon to us. The monotony of Indian missionary life is wearing upon the mind, but the grace that cometh from above is a wonderful sustainer, and the hope of ultimate success is one of our grandest incentives in our toil.

Mark Twain says there is no end to the anti-liquor laws and no beginning to their execution.

THE LITTLE CHAPLAIN.

FROM babyhood MaoBlount grew up in sight of the ocean, and sported about the wharf where the vessels were anchored. Sailors were his constant companions, and it is not strange that Mac became a cabin-boy in his uncle's ship when he was but ten years old. His duty was to wait upon the officers and passengers, but he dearly loved to play sailor too, and learned to run up the rigging as nimbly as a cat. "He is a likely lad," said the sailors, "and will be captain of a fine vessel some day." One thing puzzled them, however, and that was Mac's love of the Bible that his good mother had put in his chest and told him to read. But when old Sam Briggs fell sick and the boy sat by him day after day reading the wonderful words of life until the dying man told his shipmates that he was "bound for the port of glory," then they called him their little chaplain. Mac accepted the title, and by his devoted Christian life taught the whole ship's company that faith in Christ is the anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast. Without this faith the soul's best interests are sure to go to shipwreck sooner or later. Without the hope this faith inspires we drift in uncertainty on the ocean of life, and have nothing to cheer us in the midst of the tempests and darkness we are sure to encounter. But he sails surely who takes the Bible for his guide. He will not fail of reaching the haven of eternal rest. Are you sailing or drifting? It is easy to just drift along, but it isn't safe. We are required by the law of God in nature to strive for everything that is worth the having. A good character is not to be had without painstaking labour any more than good crops, or money, or any other desirable thing. So if you would have a Christian's reward you must serve Christ faithfully. MaoBlount had embarked on "the old ship of Zion," and he knew that it had "landed many thousands, and would land as many more." But he also knew that Jonah went overboard for shirking duty. Are you sailing or drifting?

MISERY BY THE GALLON.

AT a temperance meeting in Weldon, North Carolina, one old coloured man said: "When I sees a man going home wid a gallon o' whiskey and a half a pound o' meet, dat's temperance lecture 'nuff fo' me. And I sees it ebery day. I knows dot ebery thing in his house is on de same scale—a gallon of misery to every half pound of comfort."

It is probable that as much misery can be carried home in a gallon whiskey jug as in any other vessel of the same size.

IN the August issue of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* the editor dwells with pardonable pride upon the fact that the Methodist Church has increased by 20,000 souls, or ten per cent. of the entire membership, during the Conference year just closed. There is the usual judicious assortment of miscellaneous papers and lighter material—chief amongst which may be mentioned articles on the "Grimsby Camp Ground," and "The Hal-Breeds and the Indian Insurrection."—*The Week*.

BATOCHÉ.

Middleton's forces attacked Batoché on the 2nd, but it was not until the 12th of May the rebel position was taken.

Three days they fought,
With shell and shot,
To drive the foe
From pits below,
But drove them not.

Three days, I say,
They marched away.
Those rebels bold
To drive from out
Their rude redoubt,
But backward colled.

No cowards they
In holes of clay,
Those western men,
But fought and died,
Their friends beside,
Nor feared not then.

Another night;
Again the light
Of a new day,
The "forward" sounds
And each man bounds
Into the fray.

Through fields and brush
They downward rush.
Neath leaden hail,
What care they for
The sounds of war
Or death's travail!

'Tis theirs to fight
With all their might
And ask not why,
Though friends be foes,
And death their blows,
They all should die.

And they have sworn
To rest no more
On tented field,
Until the foe
Intrenched below
To them shall yield.

So on they sped,
Those coats of red
And coats of black,
While each wild note
From rebel throat
They answered back.

Close draws the snare
Round rebel lair,
While fiercer still
They fight and yell
As shot and shell
Sweeps pit and hill.

Then comes the word,
Each man it heard,
The pits to storm,
And with wild cheer,
From front and rear,
O'er them they swarm.

Soon fades the star
That rose to mar
Our Western sky,
And with new life,
Above the strife,
Our flag shall fly.

—Henry T. McPhillips.

HOW HE KEPT THE PLEDGE.

MRS. LUCIE D. PHILLIPS.

YEARS ago, when John B. Gough was lecturing throughout the U. S. he stopped for a night in a small town on the Ohio. The famous orator was greeted by the largest audience ever known in the annals of the town, and when the total abstinence pledge was presented by him to the people who had hung entranced upon his fervid eloquence, many pressed forward to sign their names. Among the number was a man of stately presence with a slightly foreign air, who turned pale to the lips when his turn came, and wrote his name with an almost palsied hand.

As Mr. Gough was leaving the next morning, for a village near, he was much struck by the appearance of

an ancient house built upon a rugged height overlooking the river. He inquired something in regard to its history of a fellow-traveler.

"It looks as if it might be haunted, you think?" said the man, with a careless laugh. "Well, both mystery and tragedy have been hidden there. By the way, its present owner signed the pledge last night. I was glad to see him do it, though he'll be raving like a madman in less than twenty-four hours."

"How terrible!" said Mr. Gough; and some painful remembrance of his own personal struggle seemed to stir his soul.

"The house is almost a century old," continued the narrator, pleased by his listener's interest. "It was built by a French nobleman who was probably an exile, and who thought of it less as a home than an asylum. It was suddenly deserted one night, and remained so for years; but was finally bought by a New York capitalist; and since my father settled here, four generations have occupied its gloomy rooms. They are a family of drunkards, as far as their history can be traced; and drink transforms them into demons. The first of the race threw himself from the highest tower to the stone pavement below, and was taken up a shapeless mass. His son put a pistol to his wife's breast, and then to his own, and they were buried in one grave by the side of the father from whom this thirst was inherited. When the only living child took possession of the estate, a fine young man, strongly resembling his beautiful young mother, the neighbours hoped for better things. He married a lovely Christian girl; but the trail of the serpent was over that house. There could be no happiness in it. He was drinking heavily one black night, and missing the next day. His body was found in the Ohio. Now, what do you suppose that pledge will amount to with the man who signed it last night? That was his only son, and the greatest dare-devil of the race! He, too, has a wife and child, and the boy is the image of his father. Often and often he has tried to kill them both."

Mr. Gough could not forget this tragic story. He resolved to revisit the town as soon as possible, and give personal help to the man who had turned white when he signed the pledge, knowing what a fatal poison lurked in his veins. But the great temperance lecturer was urged to visit England, and for years did not return to the States. When he did, he was greeted with such enthusiastic demonstrations as only America gives to heroes. He found that millions had signed the total abstinence pledge, and that the whole country appealed to him for help in the work of prohibition. His labours were indefatigable, and once again he stood in the city hall of the town on the Ohio, and spoke to the immense throng on the subject so dear to his heart. As before, an eager throng pressed toward the lecturer, and signed the offered pledge. Among them was a lad, a handsome, bright-faced boy, who met your eyes with a frank and fearless glance, and wrote his name, Chester Adair, in a manner so earnest and resolute, it could not pass unnoticed. Years before his father had signed this pledge; but the demon was too strong

within his breast. He ceased to struggle against what he called his "fate," and when the child Chester was some five years of age, died in a fit of drunken frenzy. The grim old castle was silent and deserted once more; for the mother took her child away from the haunted rooms, with their black, tragic memories, and found an humble home and work in a distant part of the town. She did not wonder that all eyes were turned upon the boy as he took for life this vow of total abstinence. She believed he would keep it; for she knew that there was in his young heart that which no Adair had ever called to his aid in the years of terrible and unequal contest—the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. And the boy had a simple, trusting faith, and had, indeed, risen from the baptismal waters "to walk in newness of life." He knew something of the dark records the Adairs had made. He could imagine what had whitened his mother's hair in youth, and he thought often of the taint in his young blood, and the curse which he had inherited with his name; but none of these things moved him, or touched the faith he had in the promise of his Saviour.

"You see, mamma," he said, one day, when he had been looking at his old home through the dim little window, "I couldn't save myself. The others tried, you know. I shall just let Jesus save me."

"Of course, my boy," and the inexpressible misery of her married life was forgotten in that moment of perfect joy. "You have his word. He has promised to be faithful. You have only to give your heart and life entirely into his keeping, and all will be well. You are the last of your race. May God help you to do something to redeem your name, and glorify his own!"

And, in after years, this prayer received a remarkable answer.

The town grew into a prosperous city. Chester Adair has been fortunate, and has invested his means in an enterprise which he knows in God's sight can never be a failure. It is impossible to estimate the power for good he wields. In all temperance movements he is a strong and fearless leader. He has lectured in all the cities of the South; he has rescued thousands from a drunkard's Christless grave, and become to the people, who honor and revere him, what John B. Gough was to his boyish dreams, "the greatest moral hero of his times." Thus did the last of the Adairs redeem his name, answer the prayers of a pious mother, and prove the Saviour in whom he trusted "all-sufficient."

KEEP STRAIGHT.

DEAR children, listen while I tell you something which deeply concerns your welfare. The subject is the shape of your bodies. God knew the best shape. He created us upright, in His own image. None of the inferior animals walk upright. God fitted the great vital organs in your bodies to an erect spine. Do your shoulders ever stoop forward? If they do, so do the lungs, heart, liver, and stomach fall down out of their natural places. Of course they can't do their work well. To show you how this is, I will tell you that when you bend forward you can only take about half as much air into the lungs as you can when you

stand up straight. As I have said, God has so arranged the great organs in the body that they can't do their duty well except when the body is straight. O how it distresses me to see the dear children, whom I love so much, bending over their school-desks, and walking with their head and shoulders drooping! My dear children, if you would have a strong spine and vigorous lungs, heart, liver, and stomach, you must, now while you are young, learn to walk erect.

If a boy were about to leave this country for Japan, never to return, and were to come to me and ask for rules to preserve his health, I should say: I am glad to see you, and will give you four rules, which, carefully observed, will be pretty sure to preserve your health. He might say to me: "Four are a good many. I fear I may forget some of them. Give me one, the most important one, and I promise not to forget it." I should reply: "Well, my dear boy, if I can give you but one, it is this: Keep yourself straight—that is, sit up straight; walk up straight; and, when in bed at night, don't put two or three pillows under your head, as though intent on watching your toes all night." And I believe that in this I should give the most important rule which can be given for the preservation of health and long life. My dear children, don't forget it.—Dio Lewis.

NO!

LIFE, my boy, is what you make it; Whether good, or whether bad, All depends on you; then ever Dare to answer "No," my lad.

When temptation's wiles assail you Turn your back, and, with a joy Only known to those who dare it, Boldly answer "No," my boy.

Be a man and bravely battle 'Gainst youth's dire and deadliest foe; "Touch not, taste not!" be your motto, And, when tempted, answer—"No."

ROSE OF SHARON.

"I AM the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." That means Jesus Christ. Teacher told me that. But, dear me! I don't see why."

"I do," said Nellie, who was several years older than Dora. "It means that Jesus is like the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley. Don't you know the rose is beautiful, and very fragrant?"

"Lovely," said Dora, "and so is the lily of the valley."

"And don't you know," said Nellie, "you can't be in the room with either of them, but you think at once, Oh, how lovely those flowers are! because their fragrance fills all the room so?"

"Yes," said Dora.

"That is like Jesus' life. It was full, right along, of good deeds for others, ending with giving up his life, just as the flowers are all the time giving out their fragrance and pleasing us with their beauty, till they, too, fade and die. And then, Dora, the lily of the valley is a very lowly little plant; and Jesus says of himself: 'I am meek and lowly in heart.'"

"Perhaps, there are some other ways in which they are alike," said Dora, as Nellie stopped. "I'll ask the teacher next Sunday."

"Do," said Nellie, "and then tell me. The more we learn about Jesus the better."

THE LITTLE GIRL ON THE "FRESH-AIR FUND."

WAS little she knew of the sweet green grass,
With its wonderful wealth of clover,
Which, far outside of the city's walls,
Was spreading the broad folds over.
Yet blue her eyes as the summer skies,
And as sunny her tangled hair
As the goldenest sunbeam ever sent
To lie on the earth so fair.

What wonder she opened her blue eyes wide
When she learned, one happy day,
That she and many a child beside
Were to travel far away,
"To the fairy place where daisies grow,
And the streets were soft and green,"
And her little heart o'erflowed for joy
Of the glad things yet unsoon.

Old Farmer Jones on the platform stood
When the train came in at last,
And the little "wait" who was sent to him
Ho clasped in his strong arms fast.
"For it's never a chick nor a child have I,"
Said he to the agent then,
"An' just as true as the heavens are blue
I'll be good to this gal. Amen!"

And he bore her home to the shady farm,
And he "turned her out to grass,"
As he merrily said. And the sun and breeze
Made free with the little lass,
And kissed her cheeks till they blushed as red
As the reddest rose that grew,
And innocent mischief peeped from out
The once sad eyes of blue.

"Dear friend," says a letter from Farmer Jones,
"There's no two ways about it,
This farm's got used to the wee gal's laugh,
An', in fact, can't thrive without it.
Why, bless your soul! it would do ye good
To watch the chick each day
A-turnin' the old place upside down
Along of her happy play.

"An' me an' my wife we don't see how
There's anything else to do
But just hold on to the little gal,
If it's all the same to you.
An' I reckon the blessed child that lives
With the angels in the skies
Won't mind if the little new one stays
To wipe the tears from our eyes.

"An' the mother this gal has lost will find
My pet in the angel land,
An' I make no doubt but they'll both be glad
As they watch us, hand in hand.
So, now, whatever there is to do,
Just write it fur me to sign,
An' God's blessin' rest on the 'Fresh-Air Fund'—
Your work as well as mine."
—Mary D. Brine.

A SMALL BOY'S RIGHTS.

Big men are not always just or generous, and many times the small boy is a sufferer at their hands. Sometimes the big man is cross because he has eaten too much dinner—the small boy will understand now how uncomfortable he feels—and as he is too big to cry he vents his ill humour, many times, on the first small boy who comes in his way. Now you know that some people think that if you eat too much meat you will become savage, and as this man who was unjust to the small boy was a butcher, perhaps he had eaten so much meat that he had become in part a savage. In one of the police courts up town in New York, one morning not long since, a very small boy in knickerbockers appeared. He had a dilapidated cap in one hand and a green cotton bag in the other. Behind him came a big policeman with a grin on his face. When the boy found himself in the court-room he hesitated and looked as if he would like to retreat, but as he half turned and saw the grin on his escort's face, he shut his lips tighter and meandered up to the desk. "Please, sir, are you the judge?" he asked in a voice that had a queer little quiver in it. "I

am, my boy; what can I do for you," asked the justice, as he looked wonderingly down at the little mite before him. "If you please, sir, I'm Johnny Moore. I'm seven years old, and I live in 123rd street, near the avenue, and the only good place to play marbles on is in front of a lot near our house, where the ground is smooth, but a butcher on the corner," and here his voice grew steady, and his cheeks flushed, "that hasn't any more right to the place than we have, keeps his waggan standing there, and this morning we were playing marbles, and he drove us away, and took six of mine and threw them away off over the fence in the lot, and I went to the police station, and they laughed at me and told me to come and tell you about it." The big policeman and the spectators began to laugh boisterously, and the complainant at the bar trembled so violently with mingled indignation and fright that the marbles in his little green bag rattled together. The justice, however, rapped sharply on the desk, and quickly brought everybody to dead silence. "You did perfectly right, my boy, to come and tell me about it. You have as much right to your six marbles as the richest man in the city has to his bank account. If every American citizen had as much regard for his rights as you show there would be far less crime. And you sir," he added, turning to the big policeman, who now looked as solemn as a funeral, "you go with this little man to that butcher and make him pay for those marbles, or else arrest him and bring him here." You see this boy knew his rights had been interfered with, and he went to the one having authority to redress his wrongs. He did not throw stones or say naughty words, but in a manly, dignified way demanded his rights.

WHEN YOU START, GO!

THAT is more than everybody does, though one would at first suppose otherwise. Why any one should start and not go is a mystery hard to explain, yet such is the fact in many instances. Lest our readers imagine that we are speaking in riddles, we will say that the illustration we have in mind is to be found in the case of those people who make several stops before they get away from a house where they have been calling. There is Amarantha Spriggs, for instance. She is just old enough now to pass for a young lady, and to be called "Miss." She has many excellent traits, for which her friends admire her, but she has one habit which is a cause of annoyance to every one on whom she calls. That is, she starts to go, and then stops. It would probably be thought impolite for her to spring from her seat and rush out of the house as if it were on fire. No one could wish her to get out quite so speedily as that. If she would gently rise and say "Good-by," and gracefully walk out of the parlor into the hall and through the opened door into the street, it would be all that could be expected. But that is not her way. She says she "must go." Then she rises and remains standing for several minutes in conversation. Then she slowly moves into the hall, where she stands again and talks a little more. Then she gets the door open and finds something more to say. Then she

stops out on the "stoop," as we New Yorkers call it, and has a little more to say. She is comfortably clad in outdoor costume, and does not feel the cold; but her friend is kept shivering on the steps without any protecting wraps, while Amarantha finishes her last long tedious tale. O Amarantha Spriggs, and all you thoughtless ones that are like her, why can you not remember two simple rules of common politeness? 1. Say what you have to say within doors. 2. When you start, go! Do not keep your friends standing in the cold, at the risk of pneumonia, while you are saying "just one thing more."—*Classmate.*

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

It was the evening after a great battle. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror Death that night was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale, broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferers bent over him, he at first thought him dead, but the white lips moved, and slowly, in weak tones, he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

Opening his eyes and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier, he exclaimed: "My mother taught me that when I was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I could remember! Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for Jesus' sake; but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital, and to his mother he dictated a letter full of Christian and filial love. Just as the sun rose his spirit went home, his last articulate words being:

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in infancy, and he whispered it in dying when his manly life ebbed away on a distant battle-field. God bless the saintly words, loved and repeated alike by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young! Happy the soul that can repeat them with the holy fervor of the dying soldier!—*Dr. H. Bonar.*

CHEAP ENOUGH.

"I guess I'll back out of it somehow," muttered Arthur Swain, drawing his new sled into the stable and stowing it away under the stairs. "Back out of what?" asked his brother, entering in time to hear Arthur's low words. "Zakie Oso offers for my old sled ten cents more than Oscar Blake, and I think I shall let it go to the highest bidder!" exclaimed Arthur in quite a business-like tone. "But didn't you agree to let Oscar have it?" asked Dennis, quite surprised at his brother's sharpness. "Yes; I told him I thought twenty-five cents all the sled was worth," replied Arthur, somewhat disconcerted, "but I suppose now it is worth more, if Zakie will give more."

"But you know Oscar expects to have it for twenty-five cents," returned Dennis. "You set your own price when he asked what he should give you for it. I wouldn't sell another boy's sled," he added somewhat scornfully.

"I'll sell my sled to the one who will give the most for it!" exclaimed Arthur angrily. "Thirty-five cents is cheap enough."

"Cheap enough!" echoed a voice from the gloomy depths of a room beyond.

"Who is in there?" And Arthur bolted through the open door to ascertain from whom the voice came.

"O Uncle Dana, then you think my sled cheap enough at thirty-five cents?" asked the boy, drawing the individual found into the open air.

"I was not thinking of your sled at all," was the quiet reply. "I was thinking of something else that was cheap enough."

"What else, uncle? What is cheap enough?"

"A boy's honour, Arthur. Don't you think ten cents cheap enough for that?" asked Uncle Dana, looking keenly at the lad.

Arthur coloured, but said nothing.

"Tell me truly, Arthur," and uncle took the boy's red face between his hands, "had no other offer been made you, would you not have expected Oscar to take the sled and pay twenty-five cents for it?"

"Yes, uncle, I should," was the unhesitating reply.

"Honour is honour, my lad, whether it be in your hands or in Oscar Blake's, and it demands the same usage from you that would be expected from another. Whenever you fail to do this, you sell your honour cheap, whether you get ten cents or ten thousand dollars."

It is hardly necessary to say Oscar got the sled.—*Well Spring.*

ONLY A CRACK.

"CAN you not see it?"

"Where?"

"That little crack stretching across the ice ahead! Look out Tommy!"

"Nonsense!" says Tommy, skating over that thin line of danger.

"Only a crack!"

It is lengthening though—widening.

"Look out Tommy!" is the warning again sounded to the returning skater.

"Shut up!" says the offended Tommy, pushing on; but he does not "shut up" at all. It yields, opens, and lets Tommy down into an Arctic bath.

"Help-p-p!" is the cry ringing out all over the pond. "Fetch a board there!" "Throw him an end of your comforter!" "Get a rope!" "Quick; quick!" are the excited outcries on either hand.

At last Tommy is pulled out, his hands purple, his lips white, his teeth chattering. A minute more and he would have been stretched out on the bottom of the pond. What a serious risk he ran!

"Only a crack!"

That is the trouble with Frank Peters. He takes now and then a glass of beer.

"Shut up!" he says to his mother, father, and Sunday-school teacher, and all the time the crack is opening, widening, a gap to-day and it may be a grave to-morrow. Look out!

A BOY'S POCKET.

IF your boy is bright and clever,
And, moreover, you have never
Chanced to fish that urchin's pocket
('Tis his own word, please excuse it,
But so apt I think I'll use it.)
At its contents you would wonder;
Nothing on earth, or under,
Nothing he can grasp above her,
But you're likely to discover
In that mystery of measure,
That receptacle of treasure
Called a boy's trousers' pocket.
Here's a sample of the mixture:
Rusty nails, a missing locket,
Headless doll, arms out of socket,
Pieces of curtain tixture,
Handkerchiefs, my stars how many,
'Tisn't strange he hadn't any,
Mittens that he lost last winter,
Paper that would stock a printer,
Jack-knife, broken blade and handle,
Dried-up doughnut, piece of candle,
Tar and spruce gum mixed together,
Ship, dismasted, seen rough weather,
Spools of No. 40 cotton,
Used for rigging, snarled and rotten,
Tops and marbles without number,
Ball of yarn, a piece of lumber,
Pencils of all lengths and sizes,
There's no limit to surprises,
Here's my gold one I remember
That I lent him last September,
Soldiers used in mimic battle,
Old tin whistle, baby's rattle,
Fish-hooks, careful, you'll be wishing
That you hadn't gone a-fishing,
Fire-crackers, Land of Goshen!
What has hindered an explosion?
Friction matches, some good fairy
Shields this young incendiary,
Strings of cotton, hemp, and leather,
Strings for all things he can tether,
There! We'll stop enumeration,
But it does beat all creation;
And we can but question whether
All this trumpery and treasure
Ever again in fullest measure
Can be crowded, crammed, and knotted
In the little space allotted
To a boy's trouser pocket.

—M. A. P.

THE OLD TREE.

THUD! thud! went the ax, brought
down by John's strong arms; and
young Webster stood watching. "What
are you cutting that tree down for?"
he asked at last.

"Dead!" said John, promptly;
"not worth a red cent! We coaxed
it and pattered around it for weeks,
and it did not do a mite of good—kept
getting more dead-looking all the time;
and it made the other tree look bad,
and kept the sun from it, and was a
nuisance generally; so down it comes!"

"What are you going to do with it?"
"Chop it up for kindling wood. It
will start the kitchen fire for ever so
long. It is good to burn, and that's
about everything it is good for."

"Yes," said Webster; "I read
about it."

"Read about it!" said John, much
astonished. "You don't say this old
tree has got into the papers, do you?"

"It's in a book," said Webster.
"Every tree that bringeth forth not
fruit is hewn down and cast into the
fire." That is exactly what is said,
and that's what you are doing."

"That's true enough," said John;
and he said not another word, but he
thought about it a good deal. Far
away back in his childhood, one day
when he sat in a chair that was too
high for him, and swung his feet, he
studied over and over those words in
his Sunday-school lesson. He knew
just who said them, what came next,
and how Jesus made the trees stand
for men, though he had not thought of
it before in years.

"John," said Webster, "it wouldn't
be nice to be chopped down good for
nothing, would it?"

"No more it wouldn't," said John.

"HALF-PAST TEN."

SOME years ago I spent a short time
in North Wales, and with a party of
travellers ascended Snowdon. We
had two guides. The older guide
seemed to be about twenty years of
age, and was well acquainted with the
road; the younger one was quite up
to his business too, and moreover was
a very cheerful companion. How old
was he, think you? You will smile
when I tell you the answer he gave
when I enquired his age. "I'm half-
past ten, sir!" He was a little Welsh
boy; if he had been an English boy
he would most likely have said, "I'm
ten and going on for eleven," but
Welsh boys have different ways of
expressing themselves.

Only "half-past ten," and yet he
could help to guide two gentlemen, a
lady, and two little girls up Mount
Snowdon! Well done, Cambria!

There are other climbers in the
world, and God only knows how foot-
sore and weary they are at times, and
how much they need a helping hand.

There's little Rachel, the cripple.
She had an accident three years ago,
and never since has she been able to
run about like other children. Life
to her is an uphill path now. Where
is the kind-hearted boy or girl who will
show her sympathy, and plant some
flowers in her path?

There's Mrs. Smith, dear old lady!
She was eighty-six last birthday, and
has been blind for several years. If
you were to speak to her about her
age, she would tell you that she is
"going down the hill of life;" but she
is going up, and steep and rugged is
the path. Which of my readers will
be her helper up the mountain? And
there are many others to whose wants
even children can minister by words
of sympathy and deeds of love.

Do not think you are too young to
be a blessing to others. Be eyes to
the blind, and feet to the lame, and
bring to the sorrowing some gleams of
blessed sunshine.

The Snowdon guide was only "half-
past ten," and the Holy Book says,
"A little child shall lead them."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Sept. 27.

REVIEW SCHEME.

Lesson I. *Revolt of the Ten Tribes.*—From
whom did they revolt? Whose evil counsel
had he taken? What does the GOLDEN
TEXT say of such? Over whom did Rehoboam
still reign?

Lesson II. *Idolatry Established.*—What
king set up idolatry among God's people?
Against what divine command? [GOLDEN
TEXT.] What excuse did he make? What
did he present to the people as their gods?

Lesson III. *Omri and Ahab.*—In what
did Omri go further than the kings before
him? Who exceeded him in wickedness?
What defiant thing did he do? [Repeat the
GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson IV. *Elijah the Tishbite.*—What
calamity to Israel was revealed to Elijah?
What divine protection did he receive? To
whom was he sent for help? How was she
able to take care of him? [Repeat GOLDEN
TEXT.]

Lesson V. *Elijah Meeting Ahab.*—With
what message was Elijah sent to Ahab?
Who was afraid to announce the prophet?
Of what did the king accuse the prophet?
What charge did the prophet make against
the king? [GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson VI. *The Prophets of Baal.*—What
decision did Elijah leave to the people?
[GOLDEN TEXT.] Between whom was a test
proposed? What success had the prophets of
Baal?

Lesson VII. *The Prophets of the Lord.*—
What additional test did the prophet propose
for himself? What divine testimony did he
receive? What was the verdict of the people?
[GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson VIII. *Elijah at Horeb.*—Whither
did Elijah flee from Jezebel? Who met him
there? What miraculous help had he?
What favour did the prophet ask of the Lord?
How did the Lord answer him? [GOLDEN
TEXT.]

Lesson IX. *The Story of Naboth.*—Why
did Ahab hate Naboth? Who caused
Naboth's death? What became of the
vineyard? What punishment was pro-
nounced upon him? [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson X. *Elijah Translated.*—Who was
with Elijah at his translation? [Repeat
GOLDEN TEXT.] What token did he leave
his servant? What power went with the
mantle? What was the testimony of the
witnesses?

Lesson XI. *The Shunammite's Son.*—Why
did the Shunammite woman seek the prophet?
How was her son restored to life? [Repeat
GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson XII. *Naaman the Syrian.*—Of
what was Naaman the victim? To whom
did he apply for cleansing? What direction
was given him? What followed obedience?
What should be the prayer of every sinful
heart? [GOLDEN TEXT.]

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KINGS AND PROPHETS.

B.C. 890.] LESSON I. [Oct. 4.

ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

3 Kings 6. 8-23. Commit to mem. vs. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear not: for they that be with us are
more than they that be with them. 2 Kings
6. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. A Great Mystery, v. 8-12.
2. An Angelic Ministry, v. 13-17.
3. The Prophet's Mercy, v. 18-23.

TIME.—Perhaps B.C. 890.

PLACES.—Dothan, twelve miles north of
Samaria; and Samaria, the capital of Israel.EXPLANATIONS.—*Shall be my camp*—Evi-
dently a sort of ambushade into which he
expected the Israelites to fall. *Sent to the
place*—That is, sent scouts or spies. *Not once
nor twice*—Frequently. *Which one is a traitor?*
Thou speakest in thy bed-chamber—Indicating strict
secrecy. *How shall we do*—How can we
escape? *That he may see*—That is, behold
the invisible host. *When they came down*—
Referring to the Syrians. *Smite this people*
... with blindness—While the prophet's
servant had supernatural sight, the prophet's
enemies were supernaturally blinded. *Ac-
cording to the word*—According to the prayer.
I will bring you to the man—This was not a
lie, for he did as he said; but it was a
stratagem. *Thou shalt not smite them*—He
would not permit any advantage to be taken
of those whom he had miraculously made
helpless. *Prepared great provision*—Showing
the prophet's magnanimity to his enemies.
Came no more—Made no further effort to
capture the prophet.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God knows our secret thoughts?
2. That God's presence means safety and
deliverance?
3. That enmity may be killed by kindness?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Elisha tell the king of Israel?
Where the Syrians were encamped.
2. What
did the king of Syria do? Sent to Dothan to
capture Elisha.
3. What did Elisha say to
his fearing servant? "Fear not."
4. What
did Elisha pray the Lord to do? "Smite
this people . . . with blindness."
5. When
they were smitten with blindness what did
Elisha do? "Led them to Samaria."
6. When
their eyes were opened at Samaria
what did the king of Israel do? Fed them,
and sent them away.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The insight of
faith.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

38. What was the practice of the first
Christians? Spiritual fellowship was one of
the special marks of the primitive Church,
from its beginning at Jerusalem.

[Acts ii. 42; Col. iii. 16; 1 Thess. v. 14;
Heb. x. 25.]

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