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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

[No. 18.]

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

THE eagles of the Alps are very large and strong birds. They will sometimes swoop down and carry off a lamb or even a child. The picture shows an example of the latter. The father rushes to the rescue and keeps the eagle at bay till a well-aimed shot brings down the ferocious bird.

INDIAN GRATITUDE.

At the time when the Indians were scattered along the borders of the settlements in the neighbourhood, of Litchfield, Conn., a poor, weary Indian arrived at a country inn, and asked for something to eat. The landlady refused, when a white man told her to give the Indian all he wanted, and he would pay the bill. The Indian promised he would some time pay him, and went his way.

Some time afterward this man was taken captive by the Indians, and carried to Canada. After some time an Indian came to him and told him to meet him at a certain spot at a certain time. The man, fearing a trick or some danger, neglected to go. The Indian again came and asked him why he did not come, and kindly reproved him for want of confidence, naming another hour for meeting. The white man went and found his Indian friend, who had a musket, knapsack, and provisions ready. Pointing to them, he told the

white man to take them and follow him. After several days' travel the white man, wondering what would become of him—for the Indian said very little—suddenly came to the top of a hill. The Indian, stopping him, said: "Do you know that country?"

The white man looked, and at last cried out, "Why, that is Litchfield!"

"Well," said the Indian, "long time ago you give poor Indian supper there. Indian tell white man he never forget." And bidding the delighted and



A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

long-lost exile farewell, he turned and retired into the wilderness by the way they had come.

ADMIT IT: WHAT THEN?

WHAT if here and there a man be so made, nervously, physiologically, as to use stimulating drink his life long and not become seriously injured by the habit? At best this is a negative result. He has been made no better morally, no stronger intellectually, by

the drinking. A course revolving peril must, with the man of business, show large profits possible, or he prudently keeps out of it. Not so here. The most any one can say, reviewing a life of moderate drinking, is that it has not hurt him. Has not hurt him? Alas, that important factors should be left out in the reckoning! What if one now and then goes dry shod through the Red Sea—red with the oceans of blood it has drunk? If a son or brother or personal friend, essaying to do the

same, miserably perish, and his poor bones whiten the sanguine shore, is he not therefore hurt? He who blesses all says, no man can live to himself. How humble soever the lot, unknown beyond our own door-sill though we be—and all the more if conspicuous in position—there yet are some, there may be many, who certainly will be affected by what we do and what we omit, and we may as well try to escape from our shadow, as escape from the responsibility which living imposes. Let us, therefore, manfully meet it. In the particular of drinking let us use the influence beneficently.

In its best result intoxicating drink cannot ennoble; in its ordinary issue its course is downward; too often its end is irremediable disaster. If it be self-denial to let it alone, danger is imminent; make haste to any sacrifice. The cull is so self-denial; the award, to abundant liberty.—
F. G. Cooley.

IS IT RIGHT TO LICENSE?

We respectfully ask, Is it right to license man thus to mar the image of God in his brother man? Right to give him authority thus "to sell insanity" and deal out sure destruction? If it is right, why should any man be forbidden to do it? If not right, why should any man be permitted? Why forbid all but "men of sober life and conversation" to do this if it is right? Why allow "men of sober

life and conversation" to do it if it is wrong? Will the poison be less active or less fatal if it is dealt out with a steady hand? Will the buyer be the less a drunkard because the seller is a sober man? May this pollution be poured out upon society only by clean hands? Can that which always works private evil conduce to public good? Can that which is bad for all the parts be good for the whole? Can evil be converted into good by multiplication? Can wrong be legislated into right?

My Own Little Sam.

BY FREDERICK LANSBROUGH.

"A change in the house, you am—
A sad 'un—you'll find;
All still as a mouse, ma'am;
I'll draw up the blind.
No, no! I aint frotting—
He doeth all well!
But, as for forgetting—
Ah, mothers can tell:

Yes, these is my riches,
My jewels and gold—
The pocket and brooches
I made him of old.
I brush 'em and air 'em,
And lay 'em out right,
As though he woult wear 'em
O' Saturday night.

But no little Sammy
Comes running anon,
A-calling out, "Mammy,
Just look at 'em on!"
When the housework is ending,
Tow'rd's three of the clock,
I still sit a-mending
Some little gray sock.

And sometimes—though thirsting
And hanging so sore—
I hear him come bursting
And banging the door,
And jump up to hold him
And feed on his smiles—
Oh, how could I scold him
For soiling the tiles:

All the gold ever minted
I'd gladly give o'er
To see his foot printed
In mud on the floor.
There's the bed where I laid him,
My precious, at night:
And the quilt as I made him,
So cozy and light.

And now as he's lying
Down under the mould,
I'm wakin' and crying
A-thinking he's cold.
I know as it's blindness—
Rebellious I am:
The Shepherd in kindness
Has folded his lamb.

But oh! how I miss him,
And hunger to kiss him,
My own little Sam!"

WORK AWAY, BOYS.

THESE are years of advancement in many ways, and good men, men of skill and power, inventive men, are needed to carry on the progressive history of the age. We would stimulate the boys of to-day to work on in spite of all hindrances or discouragements, to make the wisdom of the past their own, to cherish any fresh suggestions that come into their minds, and to persist in such practical experiments as may lead them into ways of usefulness and distinction. As an encouragement to do this, we will recall the lives of some who have struggled and achieved success.

Who was poorer than Hugh Miller at his start in life? An uncouth lad, plodding in a stone quarry, lodging in the loft of a barn on a bed of straw, feeding on oatmeal, nothing more, and surrounded by rough ignorant men. In the intervals of labour young Miller wandered along the shore, among rocky crags, with hammer and chisel in hand, cutting out odd petrifications which seemed of no use at all, and

carefully observing the manner of the stratifications of rocks, thereby prying into all the secrets of geology. The result to him was a world-wide fame, and gave to us some of our richest treasures of science and literature.

You know how the boy Watt found out the tremendous agency of steam. When the aunt of James Watt reproved the boy for his idleness and desired him to sit down quietly and read a book, and not to be meddling with the lid of the tea kettle, lifting it off and putting it on again, holding first a cup and next a silver spoon over the steam as it poured forth from the spout, she little thought that he was investigating a problem that was to lead to the greatest of human inventions—the steam engine.

And it is said that we are indebted for the important invention in the steam-engine called "hand-gear," by which its valves are worked by the machine itself, to an idle boy, Humphrey Potter by name, who, being employed to stop and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times in consequence of the general movement. What does this prove? That Humphrey Potter might be very idle, but at the same time very ingenious. It was a contrivance not the result of accident, but of observation and successful experiment.

The father of Eli Whitney on his return from a journey, which had taken him from home for several days, inquired, as was his custom, into the occupations of his boys during his absence. He received a good account of them all, except Eli, who the house-keeper reluctantly confessed, had been engaged in making a fiddle! "Alas!" said the father with an ominous shake of the head, "I fear that Eli is my scapegrace!" To have anything to do with fiddles the father thought, showed a mind only fitted for trifles! Little did he think that what seemed a mere fiddle-fiddle was the dawning of an inventive genius that should rank among the most useful and effective in arts and manufactures.

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that when a boy he was observed by a gentleman at Sheffield very busily cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the youth what he was doing. "I am cutting old Fox's head!" he replied—Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. The gentleman then examined it, pronounced it excellent and gave the youth a sixpence. Years afterward the stranger heard of him as one of the greatest sculptors of the age.

The first panels on which Wm. Etty, the celebrated painter, drew were the boards of his father's shop floor, and his first crayon a lump of white chalk. Now William's mother was a sensible woman, and instead of scolding the boy for disfiguring her nicely swept

floor by his chalk marks, ~~see~~ what he wrote soon afterward to a friend: "I shall never thank my mother enough for her patience with my first trials, and the promise that she gave me of some colours mixed with gum water instead of chalk. I was so delighted I could hardly sleep.

Young West, the great American painter, first began to display his skill in drawing, and learned the method of preparing colours from the teaching of some roaming Indians, but being at a loss to know how to lay on these colours, a neighbour told him that this was done with brushes of camel's hair—of course there were no camels in America, and he bethought him of a favourite cat, whose back and tail supplied his wants, and thus day after day he laboured secretly in the attic of his mother's humble dwelling, having forgotten all school duties in his greater love for painting.

And another American painter, Edward Malbone, spent the intervals of school-hours by industriously making experiments. One of his greatest delights was in blowing bubbles to discover the colours therein displayed. Thus we see that even the blowing of soap bubbles may help the artistic mind to better know and understand the more delicate shades of colour.

The spark of electricity in the hair of the old black cat to the observing boy, Franklin, developed into the discovery of that tongue of flame speaking all languages; telling our wants across the water almost as soon as our lips can speak them.

As soon as you begin to search for the powers within yourselves, God reveals himself to you as the wonder-working One, and there is a great difference between wondering over any talent you have, and giving devout recognition to the Giver of it! When the apple dropped from Newton's hands he not only followed it downward, and discovered the great law of gravitation, but the marvellous principle thus brought to light caused him to look upward to the throne of God with a profounder reverence. Newton saw that the law he had discovered was a great power, and he also recognized the wonderful Counsellor who ordained it. So we would urge you while improving your spare moments, and using the faculties God has given you to the best advantage, reverently to acknowledge the Giver of any good things you may achieve or honours that may come to you. Thus you will not fail of the love of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, and all the powers you possess will become stronger, brighter and better.—Mrs. G. Hall.

As old Quaker who was hardly ever known to be angry was once asked by a young man how he managed to keep down his temper. His answer was: "My friend, if thee always speaks in a low voice, thee will never be angry." A good rule, and we want our little friends to try it.

WHAT'S THE HARM!

"Just this once! What hurt will it do? You can study quite as well to-night, and if you have a ride at all you must go now."

Thus persuaded, Dick threw down his book and joined his companions. They had a delightful ride, and then in the evening he settled down to study. He did not feel much like it, partly because he was tired, partly because he frequently found his thoughts wandering from the lesson to something he had seen in the afternoon; still, being pretty persevering, he finally learned it, and had a perfect recitation the next day.

"There!" said his companions: "what did we tell you? You needn't have made such a fuss about going; it didn't do a bit of harm."

Dick agreed with them then, but he was inclined to change his mind later in the day when he found how ineffectual were his efforts to fix his attention on his books.

"I've learned the harm," he exclaimed. "It is just like sliding down hill: the first time, before the snow is broken, we only go a little way; the second time we go farther; and pretty soon we can't stop short of the bottom if we want to. There are two sides to it, though: if I stick to these tough old lessons to-day, it will be easier to do it to-morrow."

Stick to them he did, and learned a lesson thus that was as valuable as any in his books.—Early Dev.

LAPLANDER BABIES IN CHURCH.

I WANT to tell you how the mothers away up in Lapland keep their babies from disturbing the minister on Sunday.

Poor babies! I suppose it is growing bad style everywhere to take them out to church.

And I suppose, too, that the ministers are privately as thankful as can be. But the Lapp mothers do not stay at home with theirs. The Lapps are very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors. Every missionary is sure of a large audience and an attentive one. He can hear a pin drop—that is, should he choose to drop one himself; the congregation would not make so much noise as that under any consideration. All the babies are outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church and the reindeer is secured, the father Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mother Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. Then father piles the snow around it, and the parents go decorously into church. Over twenty or thirty babies lie out there in the snow around the church, and I never heard of one that suffocated or froze. Smoke-dried little creatures, I suppose they are tough. But how would our soft, tender, pretty, pink-and-white babies like it, do you think?—Wide Awake.

Blood-Stained in the Snow.

BY REV. E. STUART BERT.

The story told in this little poem is a sad reality—recorded not long ago in the columns of the Holyoke Transcript.

Out in the cold, yes, out in the cold,
A shivering, shivering child;
Young in years, in sorrow old,
This is the terrible tale she told
In chattering accents wild:

"I go to the shop that sells the beer,
I want them to fill my pail:
I'm trembling to death, Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
I'll never get home again, I fear,
I'll freeze in this awful hail."

The cruel ice cuts into her feet,
Her blood encrimsons the snow,
As she moans and minces along the street,
Her scanty garments covered with sleet,
A picture of want and woe.

"Come in! come in! No longer stay
Facing this fearful cold!
Little lost lamb, no longer stray,
Wandering thus wild and wintry way,
But rest in this o'er-cared fold."

"Oh, no! Oh, no. I must never stray;
My mother is dead a year;
They beat me almost every day,
They never listen a word I say,
But order me off for beer."

She enters the bar; 'tis blazing with light;
To minors they make no sale;
They order the little wretch out of their
sight,
And send her wandering back through the
night,
Bearing her battered pail.

Ah! those sellers of rum, so sly and shy,
Their hearts with pity swell,
When they hear a measured tread go by,
Or catch a glance of an officer's eye—
To minors they never sell!

Home again, but almost dead,
No beer for her brutal father;
Scoffed, and cursed, and beaten to bed,
With hardly a tatter to cover her head,
She weeps for a grave with her mother.

Out again goes the battered pail,
And with it the tottering toper;
He shudders and shakes in the howling gale,
But dreads far more than the driving hail
The pain of sleeping sober.

The pail is filled, the money tilted—
A legalized transaction;
Talk not of stuff with poison filled,
Talk not of thousands it has killed
And buried in perdition.

Who sold the right to curse and kill
His weak and tempted brother!
Who sold his suffrage to the still!
Who voted license with a will?
We need not ask another.

These blood-stained footprints in the snow
Are calling loud to Heaven.
God will his righteous anger show,
And all who traffic in this woe,
Down, down to death be driven!

A NEW ZEALAND girl, brought over to England to be educated, became a true Christian. When she was about to return some of her playmates said:—"Why do you go back to New Zealand? You love England, its shady lanes and clover fields. Besides, you may be shipwrecked or killed and eaten up by your own people." "What!" she said, "do you think I could be content with having got pardon and eternal life for myself and not go to tell my father and mother how they can get it too! I would go if I had to swim there."

A SCENE FROM THE LIFE OF MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

Dr. Judson himself had been arrested by the Burman authorities, and had been thrown into a loathsome prison. Mrs. Judson was indefatigable in her efforts to secure some mitigations of his sufferings, and if possible, his release. As often as she could, she visited the authorities, and implored them on his behalf. One of these visits she thus describes:

"For two or three months I was subject to continual harassments, partly owing to my ignorance of the police management, and partly through the insatiable desire of every petty officer to enrich himself through our misfortunes. When the officers came to our house to confiscate our property, they insisted on knowing how much I had given the governor and the prison officers to release the teachers from the inner prison. I honestly told them, and they demanded the sum from the governor, which threw him into a dreadful rage, and he threatened to put all the prisoners back into their original place. I went to him the next morning, and the first words with which he accosted me were, 'You are very bad; why did you tell the royal treasurer that you had given me so much money?' 'The treasurer inquired; what could I say?' I replied, 'Say that you had given me nothing,' said he, 'and I would have made the teachers comfortable in prison; but now I know not what will be their fate.' 'But I cannot tell a falsehood,' I replied. 'My religion differs from yours; it forbids prevarication; and had you stood by me with your knife raised, I could not have said what you suggest. His wife, who sat by his side, and who always from this time continued my friend, instantly said, 'Very true; what else could she have done? I like such straightforward conduct; you must not—turning to the governor—'be angry with her.' I then presented the governor with a beautiful opera-glass I had just received from England, and begged his anger at me would not influence him to treat the prisoners with unkindness, and I would endeavour, from time to time, to make him such presents as would compensate for his loss. 'You may intercede for your husband only; for your sake he shall remain where he is; but let the other prisoners take care of themselves.'

It is pleasant to know that Mrs. Judson's efforts on behalf of her husband and the other prisoners, seconded as they doubtless were by the wife of the governor, were successful, in part, at least. Had it not been for her, they would, in all probability, have been put to death.

As it was, after many weary months, they were released. These months were, however, too much for the heroic woman. Not long after the release of Dr. Judson, she sank into the grave, exhausted by toil and anxiety.

THE BLUE RIBBON CHILDREN.

Tom and Jennie had drunk together, and many times were they ill-treated by him when he was the worse for drink. Their mother was a teetotaler, and did all she could for them, but she could scarcely provide them with the necessaries of life, because the money which their father earned was spent in the public house.

The poor, homeless children were out together, one day, and thoughtful Jennie had been relating to Tom some of the stories she had heard at the Band of Hope meeting the night before. She had put on the blue ribbon, and had made up her mind to follow her mother's example.

It did not require much persuasion to induce little Tom to put on the ribbon too, for he had suffered a good deal from the hands of his father, and he was well aware of the disadvantages of drinking the intoxicating cup.

"Look here, Tom," said Jennie, taking the ribbon off her dress, "I will go and ask the gentleman this evening, to give me another piece, and he will be so glad to know you have made up your mind to be a 'Blue Ribbon.'" Poor little Tom stood still while Jennie pinned the ribbon to his breast, and he was never sorry for the step he had taken.

Boys and girls, I knew what it was when thirteen years of age to be tempted, by men who ought to have known better, to partake of intoxicating liquors. But it is now many years since I became a teetotaler; and, trusting in God's strength I have kept the pledge ever since. So I urge my young readers to make up their minds to follow the example of poor Tom and Jennie, to "sign the pledge, and don the blue."

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

WHAT TO AVOID.

A LOUD, weak, affected, harsh or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagances in conversation—such phrases as "Awfully this," "Beastly that," "Loads of time," "Don't you know," "hate," for "dislike," etc.

Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise and joy—often dangerously approaching to "female swearing"—as "Bother!" "Gracious!" "How jolly!"

Yawning when listening to any one. Talking on family matters even to bosom friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you cannot execute with ease.

Crossing your betters. Making short, sharp nods with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

An unaffected low, distinct, silver-toned voice. The art of pleasing those around you, and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings or prejudices of others.

An erect carriage—that is a sound body.

A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them—thus avoiding giving offence through not recognizing or bowing to people, or saying to them what had best been left unsaid.

The art of listening without impatience to prosy talkers, and smiling at the twice-told tale or joke.—Exchange.

The Song of the Cricket.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

Yes, the world is big; but I'll do my best,
Since I happen to find myself in it;
And I'll sing my loudest out with the rest,
Though I'm neither a lark nor a linnet,
And strive toward the goal with as tireless
zeal,
Though I know I may never win it.

For shall no bird sing but the nightingale?
No flower bloom but the rose?
Shall little stars quench their torches pale
When Mars through the midnight gloom?
Shall only the highest and greatest prevail?
May nothing seem white but the snows?

Nay, the world is so big that it needs to all
To make audible music in it,
God fits a melody even to the small;
We have nothing to do but begin it.
So I'll chirp my merriest out with them all,
Though I'm neither a lark nor a linnet!

A GOOD THING FOR BOYS.

MANUAL training is one of the few good things that are good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy, to teach him respect for the dignity of beautiful work. It is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools, if tools prove to be the things he must handle for a living afterwards. It is good for the bookish boy, to draw him away from books. But, most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in showing him that there is something he can do well. The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up the book knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull and moody. Let him go to the work-room for an hour, and find that he can make a box or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brighter scholar, nay, very likely better than his brighter neighbour, and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be a brighter and a better boy for finding out something that he can do well. Mind you, it is not planing the board that does him good; it is planing the board in the presence of other boys who can no longer look down upon him when they see how well he can plane. He might go home after school and plane a board in the bosom of his family, or go to an evening school to learn to plane, without a quarter part, nay, without any of the invaluable effect upon his manhood that it will have to let him plane side by side with those who in mental attainments may be his superiors.

Mother's Girl.

She sits securely by my side,
My bonny, little lass!
The world is cold, the world is wide,
I let the cold world pass;
With Mary smiling up at me,
I care not what the world may be!

She looks into my faded face,
My bonny, little lass!
But does not see the wrinkled place
Where Time's rough footsteps pass;
She measures me by love's own rule
And thinks "Mamma is beautiful."

She asks me many curious things,
My bonny, little lass!
"Be angels shaking out their wings?"
She says when snow showers pass.
I kiss her happy face and say:
"Angels have surely passed this way."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

REMEMBER
THE
S. S. AID COLLECTION
OR
REVIEW SUNDAY,
SEPTEMBER 30TH.

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 Cir-

cuits 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. The claims on this fund are increasing faster than the fund. We need a large increase this year to even partially meet the many applications made. Nearly 600 new schools have been started in the last three years by means of this fund. No fund of this comparatively small amount is doing more good.

WORK OF THE SABBATH-SCHOOL AID AND EXTENSION FUND.

THE Editor of the *Sunday-school Banner* performs also the duties of Secretary of the Sunday-school Board of the General Conference, and Executive Administrator of the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund. During the last quadrennium, this fund had made over 950 distinct grants to poor schools, involving a correspondence of over 3,000 distinct communications. With each of these schools a distinct account is kept, and credit given for the partial payments on grants.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

The following are extracts from a few only out of several hundreds of letters received by the Secretary of the Sunday-school Board, showing the nature of the operations of the Sabbath-school Aid Fund, and the character of the benefits it confers. It will be observed that these schools are doing all they can to help themselves, and to pay back part or the whole of the grant given by the S. S. Board.

From New Brunswick: "I cannot find words to express the welcome which these papers meet in the schools, and also in the homes from which no scholars can come, for surplus numbers from one independent school are promptly distributed in the course of my pastoral visitation."

A missionary in Manitoba writes: "Please find enclosed \$6.00, from the Sabbath-school at Stoney Creek. This is one of the mission-schools I formed this year, and to which you gave books and papers; and I am sure that if you could see the avidity with which these are read, and knew the good that they are doing, you would be more than gratified."

A brother in British Columbia writes: "There has not been much done in Sabbath-school work on this mission before this year. The greater part of the scholars are half-breeds, and their parents care nothing about Sabbath-school work. Many of them are worse than Indians. If you can help us still further, I will try and start one or two more schools in the

spring. This mission is over two hundred miles in length, and we can only get a few scholars in a place; but we must do what we can to save them. Although a very hard field, we rejoice that the work of God is making some advancement."

Another missionary writes: "To those scholars and teachers who go on the Labrador, we shall send papers, etc., during the fishing season, so as to keep them supplied with profitable reading matter."

A minister in New Brunswick writes: "These precious papers are about the only religious literature ever put into some of these homes. This fund is as truly a mission fund as that which bears the name. Favoured ministers of independent schools and churches, composed from homes of intelligence, little know how hard the work is in uplifting children and adults where parents, because poor, will not spend a cent in religious literature."

Another missionary, in Newfoundland, writes: "The poverty here is extreme. For three years the fisheries have failed, and it is very difficult to earn any money. The teachers in these schools are working very faithfully; and last summer a large number of our people went to Labrador, and we had some of the Sunday-school papers sent down to them, for the benefit of the scholars, teachers, and parents. And they gave them to others—sailors, fishermen, and others who resort thither. I am sorry to say, that many children are not able to attend school this winter for the want of clothing; but we have a large number of young men and women who are coming in to learn to read God's holy Word."

Another missionary, in Newfoundland, writes: "The papers come with surprising regularity, and afford infinite pleasure to the children. In some of the poorer homes, no other literature—periodical or otherwise—is ever seen. The parents con the papers almost as eagerly as the youngsters. Our enterprising Canadian Church is doing a grand work, in the gratuitous distribution of healthy literature for juvenile capacities. We sincerely hope that the present generous grant may be continued after the current half-year closes. With many thanks on behalf of one hundred and fifty delighted children."

A missionary in Newfoundland writes: "The papers are a great boon to us. They are eagerly sought after by adults as well as children, and eternity alone will reveal the amount of good done by them. Methodism has a hard fight here. The people dare not attend a Methodist service, or allow the Methodist minister to pray in their houses, on pain of expulsion from the sacrament, which to them is the same as locking heaven against them. But if they cannot take the gospel from the "preacher" in the usual way, they will gladly take it in the shape of *Pleasant Hours*, or

Home and School, or Happy Days; and the simple message, told so simply and beautifully, attracts and impresses them. When going about among these people, I have often thanked God that I had papers that I could give them so full of the gospel message."

A missionary on the Island of Grand Manan, N.B., writes: "I am thankful to be able to report that God is blessing our efforts to win the young people of our village for Christ. Several of our Sabbath-school pupils have become active members of our Church. Praise the Lord! We feel exceedingly grateful to you for the generous aid you have already rendered us. Your Sabbath school publications are considered by all classes here superior to any extant, as far as we know. You are doing a glorious work for the youth of our fair dominion."

A minister at Lion's Head, writes: "Our school is the only Methodist Sunday-school on this large mission, and a few of its teachers are very earnest to maintain it both winter and summer. Your papers are highly valued, and anxiously looked for; and, in my opinion, are a credit to the cause of Methodism, being of a very exceptional order of merit."

An enthusiastic missionary writes from New Brunswick: "I organized a Methodist Sabbath-school at W—, where our blessed cause has been persecuted so much. The school has all the appearance of a glorious success. Up to date I have collected back numbers of your *soul-stirring* papers, which I have given to the scholars—even the *old* papers have worked up an interest. Thank God! I expect the new ones to influence many to gather into our schools. We have to contend with the diabolical elements of infidelity and mormonism. By this you may form an idea of our opposition; but we find, that 'He that is for (and with) us, is stronger than all who can be against us.'"

Another superintendent writes: "We live on poor land. Some have hard work to get enough to live on; but we try to do what we can. We are thankful for your help; that our young people may have something to help them to live aright. They would rather read those little papers than big books."

MISSIONARY tendencies often reveal themselves in successive generations of the same family. The Brainerds, the Moffats, the Martins, the Careys and others are examples. Another has recently been furnished. Rev. W. P. Carey, son of Rev. J. P. Carey, and great-grandson of the Rev. William Carey, the father of Indian missions, has been appointed by the Baptist Missionary Society to the oversight of the work at Howrah near Calcutta, where he will direct the missionary work of the district. This is the third William Carey now living devoted to the cause of missions in India.



GOING TO SCHOOL.—(SEE PAGE 140.)

Going to School.

School will begin to-morrow,
And oh, what fun there will be,
For I'm going to sit this summer
With my cousin, Clarabel Lee.

We have got our books all covered,
And our pencils sharpened nice,
And velvet over our slate-frames
So we can be quiet as mice.

We shall sit in that pleasant corner,
Where the window opens wide
Right into the elm-tree branches,
Pressed close to the school-house side.

And then in the long, nice noon-time,
We shall go to the woods for flowers,
And to where the wild-grape tangles
Make two of the prettiest bowers.

And there we shall play housekeeping,
With lots of the loveliest things,
And Clarabel says her brother
Will make us some grape-vine swings.

Oh, I'm so happy for thinking,
I don't like to wait at all,
I wish to-night was to-morrow,
And I heard the school-bell call.

We mean to have splendid lessons,
The perfectest ever were heard,
And we hope we may say at the end of the
term,
That we never have missed a word.

The King's Messenger;

OR.

Lawrence Temple's Probation.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE WORM OF NILUS STINGS NOT SO."

At the last it biteth like a serpent and
stingeth like an adder.—PROVERBS.

This is an asp's trail.—SHAKESPEARE.
Ant. and Cleop.

Death's harbingers lie latent in the draught,
And in the flowers that wreath the spark-
ling bowl
Fell adders his and poisonous serpents roll.
—PRIOR.

LAWRENCE pitied from the bottom of his heart this solitary, cynical, broken-spirited man, who had made shipwreck of such fair prospects, and wasted such golden opportunities, and had sown such a crop of bitter memories, whose melancholy harvest he must now reap. He therefore took an opportunity of quietly conversing with him and endeavouring to inspire hope in his hopeless heart. He referred especially to the good Providence, by which he had been rescued from imminent peril, as a reason why he should endeavour to live a nobler life, and devote his gifts and attainments to the service of God.

"It is very kind of you to care for a poor forlorn wretch whom nobody else cares for; but it's no use, I tell you," said Evans. "I know all you would say, and I know it's all true; but it's too late—too late," and he gave a heavy sigh. "I've had to make shipwreck of all that a man should hold dear to be what I am. There was a noble woman loved me once and I hoped to call her wife, but

even her holy influence had not power to keep me from the wine-cup." And his features twitched convulsively, and his eyes, though tearless, wore a look of hopeless agony.

"Do you see that log?" he asked, pointing to a bruised battered trunk drifting helplessly down the rapids. "Well, I am that log, battered and bruised with knocking about in the world, drifting without hope on the stream of chance. Nothing on earth can stop me or help me. It's too late, I tell you," he repeated, with an impatient and almost angry gesture.

"It is never too late, my brother," said Lawrence, laying his hand affectionately on his arm. "It is never too late, if you will but put your trust in God and look to him for help."

"It is, for me," said Evans, dejectedly. "Young man, you don't know the overmastering appetite that drives me to drink, as the devil drove the swine into the sea. Here I can't get it, so I keep pretty straight, though an unsatiable craving gnaws at my vitals all the time. But when I go down to Quebec with the raft we are building, I can no more withstand the temptations of the scores of taverns in Champlain Street and *Rue des Matelots* than that log can help going over those falls, and as he pointed it disappeared with a plunge in the foam.

"Why, the very smell of the liquor coming out of those low shebeens," he went on, "burns up all my resolutions, as flax is shrivelled in the flames, and I go to my fate like an ox to the slaughter. Even while I think of it the thirst kindles like a tiger's that has tasted blood. You see those boiling rapids? Well, if there was liquor on the other side, I'd go through them to get it."

"Oh! don't talk so dreadfully," exclaimed Lawrence, with a shudder. "It is wicked. Try to give it up. Ask God to help you."

"Do you suppose I haven't tried, and vowed, and prayed?" asked Evans, bitterly. "God only knows how I've tried. But

The limed soul that struggles to get free
Is but the more engaged,

as the immortal Shakespeare has it; and liquor is the devil's bird-lime, by which he catches more souls than by anything else. Young man!" he said, solemnly, grasping Lawrence by the hand, "I'm on my way to hell, and I can't stop; but for God's sake, for your friends' sake, for your soul's sake, I adjure you, never touch the first glass. Would to God I never had," and he buried his face in his hands.

"I never have, I never will," said Lawrence. "My father taught me when a boy to vow eternal hatred to it, as Hannibal did against the enemies of his country."

"Your father was a wise man," said Evans, raising his head, "and my father was a —, but I'll not upbraid his memory. Yet, when I was a child,

he used to have me brought in after dinner, and set me on his knee, and let me sip his wine, and showed me off to his guests, he was so proud of me. He lived to be ashamed enough of me," he added, bitterly.

"And my mother—one of the kindest of mothers, but what mistaken kindness!—when I was studying, used to bring me up wine and cake, and kiss me good-night. I think I see her yet! And, O God! I broke her heart, and brought down my father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." And he shuddered through all his frame with a convulsive groan, as he again buried his face in his hands.

Lawrence wept tears of sympathy for this unhappy man, but in the presence of this bitter sorrow, this appalling past and hopeless future, he was dumb.

RAFTING.

The brain grows dizzy with the whirl and
hiss
Of the fast-crowding billows as they roll,
Like struggling demons, to the vexed abyss,
Lashing the tortured crags with wild de-
moniac bliss.

—SANGSTER.

The glorious summertime had come. The leafy luxuriance of June robbed all the forest in richest verdure. Trilliums and sweet wild violets filled the woods with beauty and fragrance. The river had fallen to its normal height, and most of the logs had been run down to join thousands of others on the mighty flood of the Ottawa. Each bore the brand of its owner, and they floated on together, to be arrested by the huge boom, and there sorted out to their several owners. The long spars and square timber intended for exportation were made up into "drains," as they are called. These consist of a number of "sticks" of pine, oak, elm, or ash, lashed side by side. They are kept together by means of "traverses" or cross pieces, to which the "sticks" are bound by stout withes of ironwood or hickory, made supple by being first soaked in water and then twisted in a machine and wound around an axle, by which means the fibres are crushed and rendered pliable. The "drains" are made just wide enough to run through the timber slides. On the long, smooth reaches of the river they are fastened together so as to make a large raft, which is impelled on its way by the force of the current, assisted by huge oars, and, when the wind is favourable, by sails. In running the rapids, or going through the slides, the raft is again separated into its constituent "drains."

By the end of June all was ready for the final breaking up of the camp. Many of the men had already gone, some to take up land; others to drive the teams through the forest trail. The last meal was prepared, the personal kit of each man was packed and piled on a raised platform on the raft, and the whole covered with a tarpaulin. On the "Cabin Dram" was built the

cook's shanty, with its stores of pork, bread, and biscuit. The raft was loosed from its moorings, and, with a cheer from the men, glided down the stream and out into the Ottawa. It was steered by huge "sweeps" or oars, about twelve yards long. Baptiste and the Indians assumed command of the oars and piloted the raft.

The crew, with but one exception, seemed delighted at the prospect of returning to the precincts of civilization, though to many of them that meant squandering their hard-earned wages in prodigal dissipation and riot. That exception was Matt Evans, who wore the air of a doomed man going to his death.

"I know," he said to Lawrence, "that in a week after we reach Quebec I shall be a drunken vagabond, and not draw a sober breath while my money lasts. I think I'll ship on a two years' whaling voyage. I won't be waylaid by taverns at every turn among the icebergs."

Lawrence was full of eager longing to reach home. He was to leave the raft at Ottawa. Most of the others were to accompany it to Quebec.

The voyage down the river was uneventful but not monotonous. The weather was glorious. The bright sunlight and pure air seemed to exhilarate like wine. The raftsmen danced and capered and sang "En roulant ma boule," and

"Ah! qui l'hiver est long!
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!"

Baptiste meanwhile furnishing the music with his violin.

Lawrence enjoyed running the rapids exceedingly, although it was not devoid of a spice of danger. With the increasing swiftness of the current the water assumes a glazed or oily appearance. Objects on the shore fly backward more rapidly. The oars at bow and stern are more heavily manned. Right ahead are seen the white seething "boilers" of the rapids. With a rush the dram springs forward and plunges into the breakers which roars like sea monsters for their prey. The waves break over in snowy foam. The shock knocks half the men off their feet. They catch hold of the traverse to avoid being washed overboard. The dram shudders throughout all its timbers, and the withes groan and creak as if they would burst asunder under the strain. The brown rocks gleam through the waves they flash past. Soon the dram glides out into smooth water. The white-crested billows race behind like horrid monsters of Scylla, gnashing their teeth in rage at the escape of their prey.

The great cauldron of the Chaudière, in which the strongest dram would be broken like matchwood, was passed by means of the government timber slides—long sloping canals, with timber sides and bottoms, down which the drams glide with immense rapidity. Sometimes they jam with a fearful collision. But such accidents are rare.

This is the way in which Canada's great timber harvest seeks the sea. At Quebec the rafts are broken up and the "sticks" are hauled through timber ports in the bows of the vessels that shall bear it to the markets of the Old World.

"HOME AGAIN."

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd, ever turns to thee.

—GOLDSMITH.

At Ottawa, Lawrence took leave, not without much motion, of his winter comrades and friends, for such, with scarce an exception, they had become. He wrung Evans long and warmly by the hand, and adjured him to avoid the taverns at Quebec.

Evans shook his hand and said, "I guess the only safe place for me is at the North Pole, or somewhere else which the liquor has not reached, and such places are hard to find."

O'Neal took both Lawrence's hands in his own and shook them, while the tears ran down his face. "Never fear," he said, "I've drunk my last sup of whiskey, an' I'll go an' see the Methody pracher as soon as I get to Quebec, an' put meself under his care. I feel as wake as an unweaned child, not able to walk alone," which, to one who noted his huge bulk and interpreted him literally, would seem a rather astounding statement.

Lawrence received his winter's wages from the agent of the lumber company at Ottawa, and found himself the possessor of more money than he had ever owned in his life. He felt an honest, manly pride in the fact that it was earned, every dollar, by his own hands. He knew what hard toil it cost, and he determined to make it go as far as possible in carrying out his cherished purpose. The free gift of three times the amount would have been a less valuable possession, without the lessons of thrift, economy, and self-denial that to well-balanced minds hard-earned money brings.

At the camp, on account of his superior education, Evans had been employed much of his time as clerk, accountant, and keeper of the stores. After his accident at the "timber jam," which proved more serious than it seemed at first,—Lawrence, relieved him of those duties, and had, from his trustworthy character and obliging manner, discharged them greatly to the satisfaction of the foreman and of the entire camp.

Mr. McIntyre, the company's agent, to whom his fidelity and skill had been reported, offered him for three years the post of clerk, which would relieve him of much of the hard work of the camp, with the promise of a hundred dollars increase of salary each year, and the chance of further promotion at the expiration of that time.

"I am much obliged, Mr. McIntyre," replied Lawrence, "but I cannot accept the situation."

"Has ye onything else in view,

lad?" asked the kind-hearted Scotchman.

With some hesitancy, Lawrence told him his purpose to use his hard earned money to pay his way for a time at college.

"Vera guid; I was twa winters at auld Mareschal mysel'. But what then? Ye'll be gangin' into the law or phleesic belike; and enym' genteel starvation instead o' earnin' an honest leevin' in business."

Lawrence modestly explained his further hope of preaching the Gospel.

"An' what'll ye get for that, gin I may speer?" asked the agent.

"Perhaps a hundred dollars a year for four years," replied Lawrence, "and then three or four hundred more."

"An' here I offer as much as that at the vera start, and before four years double as much."

"If you were to offer me ten times as much, I dare not take it," said Lawrence firmly, yet respectfully. "I feel bound as by a promise to the dead, a duty to the living, and an obligation to my Maker."

"In that case there's nae mair to be said," replied Mr. McIntyre. "If ye're boun' to starve, ye're gaun to do it on high prenciples, I see. I'll no say yere no richt. Fair ye weel an' guid luck to ye," and he shook him warmly by the hand.

At the truly "general" store of Father Daily, Lawrence bought a new suit for himself, stuff for a dress for his mother, and some bright ribbons for little Nell. In spite of himself, he got a very good bargain out of Mr. Daily, who gave him a very unbusiness-like discount. At the village bookstore, he bought Robinson Crusoe for Tom—a book he had long been wanting—and a copy of Mrs. Hemans' Poems for his sister Mary.

In order to enjoy for a day longer the company of Jim Dowler, to whom he felt his soul knit by tender ties, he took passage in a barge on the Rideau Canal. The little cabin was a mere box "where ye cudn't swing a cat," as Jim remarked. "But then, nobody wants to," he added, "an' so as we can double up at night, what's the odds?"

While the barge was going through the locks, the two friends strolled along the bank of the canal, Lawrence giving much good counsel, and Jim thankfully drinkin' it in.

"I used to think that nobody cared for Jim Dowler's soul, but now I know better, an' I'll try, God helpin' me, to save it, for yer sake an' my sainted mother's, who's an angel in heaven, an' for my own sake."

At night, they had literally to "double up," so "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" were they in the berths of the barge. Next morning they parted, Lawrence taking the stage for Northville. His emotions, as he drew near home, we shall not attempt to describe. It was after dark when he arrived.

His coming was not expected, for no letters could be sent from the Mattawa.

He walked rapidly up the garden path, intending to surprise the inmates; but the love-quickened ear of his mother recognized his footstep, and with the cry of delight "That's Lawrence," she rushed to the door, scattering spools, thimble, and work on the carpet,—a home-made one of rags. A moment more and the brave boy was in his mother's arms, and a long, loving embrace, holy as any ever known on earth, was his. His sister Mary claimed her turn, then little Nell and Tom, who varied the performance by dancing around the floor with delight, and then returning to hug and kiss their brother again.

"Thank God to be home again, mother dear," he said. "I want to embrace you all at once," and he tried to fold them all in his long, strong arms.

"God bless you, my son; your mother's prayers are answered at last."

"How handsome Mary has grown," said Lawrence, after all enquiries as to each other's welfare were over. "Why, Mary, you're almost as handsome as mother."

"Thank you, Lawrence dear, that's the highest compliment you could pay me," said the affectionate girl.

"And these children, how they've grown," he went on folding one in each arm. And a very pretty group they made, the great bronzed fellow, the two fair children, and the loving mother and sister hanging on his shoulder and stroking his hair.

"But we must give you more substantial welcome than this," said the housewifely mother, and soon the snowy cloth was laid, and furnished with white bread, sweet butter, and rich strawberries and cream—"A feast fit for a king," Lawrence declared. While his due ample justice to this dainty purveying, Tom brought his slate to show how he could do long division, and Nelly her Christmas Sunday-school prize, and Mary her elegant gold watch—"so useful at school, you know," she said,—a present for playing the organ in church; and the mother brought,—well, she had nothing to bring but the great mother-love beaming in her rich dark eyes, with which she feasted proudly on her boy, and he basked in their light with a feeling of infinite content.

Then the presents were distributed, amid great glee and fresh caresses—amongst the rest, a pair of embroidered moocasins from Red Fawn for his mother and tiny bark baskets of maple sugar for the children. But the bearskin rug made the greatest sensation of all, and the story of Bruin's capture had to be told with all its details, the mother's cheek paling, and Tom's eyes flashing from time to time at the crisis of the tale. The wolf adventure, Lawrence did not tell for some time after.

Great gladness filled their hearts that night as Lawrence read his

favourite psalm, the hundred and seventh, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever," with its exultant refrain, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men." And sound was his sleep and sweet his dreams as he sank into his downy nest in his little attic chamber, for which he had so often longed as he lay upon the spruce boughs in the lumber shanty on the Mattawa. As he lay in the dreamy border-land between sleeping and waking, he was aware of a saintly face bending over him, and a mother's kiss falling lightly as a rose leaf on his forehead, and a mother's tear, not of sorrow, but of joy, falling on his cheek, and he seemed to be again a little child in his crib, watched over by a mother's love, and his soul was filled with a great content.

(To be continued.)

The Little Ones.

Only a little lad

With a morsel of barley bread,
And a few small fish. 'Twas all he had,
So the disciples said,
As they placed his gift before
The blessed Master's feet;
When, lo! from out the wondrous store,
Five thousand people eat!

Only a little child

Obeying the Saviour's will,
Yielding his heart, by sin defiled,
With his gifts and graces small.
Yet firm with a purpose true,
And filled with a faith sublime,
The good that little child can do
May reach to the end of time.

—Aunt Adna.

NELLIE'S DAILY BREAD.

"MAMMA," said little Nellie one day at breakfast, suddenly, "every morning I pray to God to give me my daily bread, but really it is you that gives it to me—isn't it?"

"Let us think a moment about that, Nellie," replied her mother.

"Where do I get the bread I give you?"

"From the baker, mamma."

"And he gets the flour out of which he makes it from the miller, and the miller gets the grain out of which he makes the flour from the farmer, and the farmer gets the grain—where does the farmer get the grain, my little girl?"

"Why, out of the ground," said Nellie. "Don't you remember Uncle George was cutting wheat and oats when we were at the farm?"

"Well, now, suppose that Uncle George put grain in the ground, and God sent no sunshine, and no dew, and no rain, would Uncle George have any harvest?"

"Why, no," said little Nellie.

"Then, you see, it is God, after all, who gives us each day our daily bread; and when we have fruitful seasons and plenty to eat, we ought to be very thankful to our kind Father in heaven, who never forgets to give us what we need."

Nobody Knows but Father.

BY H. C. DOUGLASS.

Nobody knows of the money it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the debts it makes,
Nobody knows—but father.

Nobody's told that the boys need shoes,
And girls hats with a feather;
Nobody else old clothes must choose,
Nobody only father.

Nobody hears that the coal and wood
And flour's out altogether;
Nobody else must make them good,
Nobody only father.

Nobody's hand in the pocket goes
So often, wondering whether
There's any end to the wants of those
Dependent—only father.

Nobody thinks where the money will come
To pay the bills that gather;
Nobody feels so blue and glum,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody tries so hard to lay
Up some thing for bad weather;
And runs behind, do what he may,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody comes from the world's cruel storm
To meet dear ones who gather
Around with loving welcome warm,
Nobody does—but father.

Nobody knows of the home-life pure,
Watched over by a mother,
Where rest and bliss are all secure,
Nobody can—but father.

LESSON NOTES.**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1490.] **LESSON XI.** [SEPT. 9**THE UNBELIEF OF THE PEOPLE.**

Num. 14. 1-10. Memory verses, 2 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So we see that they could not enter in be-
cause of unbelief. Heb. 3. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. Unbelief.
2. Faith.

TIME AND PLACE.—The same as in the
previous lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Fill on their faces*—The
attitude of solemn prayer to God. *Beat
their clothes*—A common custom to ex-
press grief; it was done by tearing the skirt
downward a hand-breadth toward the feet.
Flourish with milk—An exceedingly fertile
and beautiful land. *They are bread for us*—
That is, they will become our servants,
minister to our support; or, on their part,
which God will give us we shall live. *Their
defence is departed*—"Their shadow," says
the margin; probably the favour and pro-
tection of God is gone from among them.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught

1. That unbelief is sin against God?
2. That faith in God gives courage in
danger?
3. That wicked people dislike those who
rebuke their sins?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the effect of the spies' report?
The people wept all the night. 2. What
did they say in their frenzy and fear?
"Would God we had died in Egypt!" 3.
What did they do? They chose a new
leader. 4. What did Moses and Aaron do?
Fell on their faces in prayer. 5. What was
the result to the people of this night of
rebellion? "So we see that they could not
enter," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sin of un-
belief.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. Does God care for you? I know that
he cares for me, and watches over me always
by his providence.

B.C. 1451] **LESSON XII.** [SEPT. 16**THE SMITTEN ROCK.**

Num. 20. 1-13. Memory verses, 7, 8

GOLDEN TEXT.

They drank of that spiritual rock that
followed them; and that Rock was Christ.
1 Cor. 10. 4.

OUTLINE.

1. The rock of Kadesh; Rebellion.
2. The water of Meribah; Rebuke.

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACE.—The desert of Zin.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The next month*—The
month Nisan, thirty nine years after the
Exodus. *When our brethren*—Referring to
some one of the occasions when God had
visited them with death for their sins. See
Num. 11. 33. *Fell upon their faces*—The
attitude of prayer. *Glory . . . appeared*—
The usual immediate answer which God
gave to the prayers of Moses. *Take the rod*
—Not a rod, but the rod; the one that he
had in his hand at the bush when God first
appeared to him in Midian. *Speak unto the
rock*—God would thus work a most notice-
able miracle. *He smote*—He disobeyed
God.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What does this lesson teach us about—

1. The sin of ingratitude?
2. The duty of prayer?
3. The danger of disobeying God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What memorable event happened at
the second visit to Kadesh? Miriam died
and was buried. 2. While the people were
camping what calamity came? A scarcity
of water. 3. What sins were occasioned by
this water famine? The people murmured
and Moses disobeyed. 4. Why were Moses's
words sinful? He assumed power that was
only Christ's. 5. What proof does the Bible
give us that the work and the water were of
Christ? "They drank of that spiritual
rock," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Perversity of
human nature.

A FATAL POSTPONEMENT.

A SCOTCH Missionary says: "Some
time ago, when I was at Lanark, a
godly mother came to me and said,
'I have an only son, whose father
died some years ago, and I am very
anxious about his soul. I should like
you to try and get him to some of your
meetings, for this is a very critical
time of his life. He is twenty years
of age, and had just finished his ap-
prenticeship as a plasterer. If he is
not led to give his heart to Christ
now, I am afraid he will go astray.'
I went and saw him, told him what
his mother had said, and asked him
to come to our meeting that night.
He expressed his willingness to com-
ply with my request, but hoped that
I excused him for that evening, as he
had promised to see some of his fellow
plasterers, but the following night he
would come. I told him I could not
say anything of the morrow, that now
was the accepted time. The following
day I was at the Falls of Clyde, and
there I saw this young man, John
Neil, with some other young fellows.
By-and-by, as I looked about me, I
saw John and some others amusing
themselves by jumping from rock to
rock, seemingly with ease, but their
success made them careless, and to my
horror I saw John's foot slip, and he
was precipitated over the rocks. He
was dashed to pieces. His body was
recovered afterwards, but for John
Neil to-morrow had never come."

THE BEST WAY.

O YE tired mothers and daughters,
and occupants of the sitting-room
generally, listen now and let me tell
you a secret—a secret worth knowing.
This taking no comfort as you go
along, but forever looking forward to
all the enjoyment, does not pay.
From what I know of it I would as
soon chase butterflies for a living, or
bottle moonshine for a cloudy night.
The only true way to be happy is to
take the drops of happiness as God
gives them to us every day of our
lives. What is work but something
to keep us out of mischief? But she
who does too much of it is playing
the very mischief with herself. How
can a woman be at her best to enter-
tain her husband or to amuse and
instruct her family, who makes a per-
petual slave of herself and keeps her
poor, tired body in a state of drudgery
and physical weakness? Better let
some things go undone than to com-
pletely unfit one's self for all enjoy-
ment of home. The great thing is to
learn to make the most of one's self
and to be happy over our work.—

THE BIBLE THE WORD OF GOD.

"THE Bible the word of God!" ex-
claimed a young sceptic in the hearing
of a friend. "No; it is the invention
of men."

"The Bible claims to be God's word,
does it not?" asked the Christian.

"Yes, the men who wrote it pretend
that they 'spoke as they were moved
by the Holy Ghost.'"

"If the Bible, then, is not what it
claims to be, it is, you think, an im-
posture, and its writers liars?"

"Yes, that is what I believe."

"Good men would not not lie and
deceive, would they?"

"Of course not."

"Then the Bible, you are sure, could
not have been written by good men?"

"I feel certain it was not."

"Now, answer me candidly. Does
the Bible condemn sin, and threaten
bad men with punishment?"

"Yes," rather reluctantly.

"Does it condemn lying and decep-
tion?"

"Yes," a little sharply.

"Would bad men—deceivers and
liars—make a book that condemns
their own sins?"

"They would not be likely to do so,
certainly."

The young sceptic felt the ground
giving way under him, and changed
the subject.

"NEVER start what you can't stop."
Never start a false report. You can't
stop it. Never begin a bad practice;
it will become a habit which you can't
manage.

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