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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1887.

[No. 15.]

German Cradle Song.

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father guards the sheep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it falls sweet dreams for thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

A VERY SCANTY DINNER.

THE following fact is recorded of a man who was in the habit of too often spending his days and nights lounging about grog-shops, gambling and indulging in the various gross amusements that pertain to such a life. One day while he and his cronies were employed as usual, his wife entered the tap-room bearing in her hands a dish. He looked up with surprise while she said:—

"I thought, husband, that you were so busy, and had not time to come home to dinner, I would bring your dinner to you;" and setting the dish upon the table she quietly retired.

Calling his associates around him, he invited them to partake with him of the repast. Lifting the cover from the dish he found in it simply a piece of paper, on which was written:—

"Dear husband, I hope you will enjoy your dinner. It is of the same kind as your wife and children have at home."

The discomfiture of the husband may be imagined. The subject was too grim for mirth. The hungry wife and suffering children stood in vivid relief before the idle and shiftless man.

How many men there are throughout the



Schlaf, Kindlein schlaf!
Der Vater hüt die Schaafe!
Die Mutter schütelt das Bäumelein
Da fall'n herab die Träumelein
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!

GERMAN CRADLE SONG.

length and breadth of our land who are daily pursuing the same wretched course! Oh, that the voice of God speaking within their souls may awaken them to their obligations and their sins, and turn their feet into the right way! How many weary hearts and desolate homes would thus be made glad! how many sad and tearful wives would sing for joy! How many children, alas! would rejoice in comfort and plenty, who now are oppressed with poverty, want, and woe!—*Sel.*

ALMOST A CLEAN SWEEP.

NINETY-EIGHT and one half per cent. of the whole population of Fiji attend Wesleyan worship. On the island of Nagan—population, 2,000,—700 are pledged to teetotalism, 400 of whom abstain from tobacco also. In the Bau Circuit, in a population of 11,508 there are 11,328 who attend services. There are in that circuit 140 Roman Catholics, constantly decreasing there as elsewhere. The missionary contributions of Fiji last year were that \$20,000, and yet James Calvert, the man who surprised them at their cannibal feast by the story of the cross, is living still, hale and hearty, with boundless faith in the power of the Gospel to save the world.

HE is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the white-washed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's
grace.

Matted and damped are the curls of gold
Kissing the sun of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from his fair mates take;
They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it mother's soft and white—
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love;
"Somebody's" heart enshrined him there;
"Somebody" wafted his name above,
Morn and night on the wings of prayer.
"Somebody" wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
"Somebody's" kiss on his forehead lay,
"Somebody" clung to his parting hand.

"Somebody's" watching and waiting for
him,
Yearning to hold him again to their heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear.
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER VI.**THE EASY WAY DOWNWARD.**

"WHAT a fool you were, Jack!" said Lewis Denning, as he caught up with the boy on his way home that evening.

"Why was I a fool?" answered Jack.

"You'll find out, I guess, when you come to try for another place. It isn't the best recommend to be turned out of a clerk's place inside your first year at it."

"But what did I do to be turned out? Lew, you know that woman paid the money just as well as I do."

"Well, I've got sense enough not to say so. If old Gilbert said it wasn't paid why should I set up to know more than he does?"

"But it wasn't true; she *did* pay!"

"Look here, my young gaby; let me give you a piece of advice. Don't you see everything nor hear every thing that goes on in other folk's business; it don't pay. There's tricks in every trade; and old Gil has got his full share of 'em. Business can't be done on a Sunday-school square; it's cheat or be cheated, I tell you."

"Do you mean to say the way to do business is to take advantage of everybody?"

"You bet it is, or they'll take advantage of you; and then where are you!"

"I don't believe it," said Jack hotly.

"I don't care whether you do or don't, you little greenhorn! You'll get your eye-teeth cut before your a sight older, and then you'll see for yourself!" and Lewis turned off into the street where he lived.

Jack hurried home to pour out his troubles to his mother. Happy boy! His mother was his friend; as much respected and trusted as beloved. She had never called him a "bother" or a "nuisance," whatever boyishness of his had interfered with her comfort or tried her patience. She had been so just, so reasonable, so tender, that he never feared to tell her what he had done, no matter how wrong it was; for she did not ever reprove him in anger.

No doubt Manice was troubled and disappointed, but not by Jack's conduct.

"You did quite right, my boy," she said, when she had heard all his story. It is a man's business to help the poor, particularly women; and I want you to have 'the stature of a perfect man.' As to Lewis Denning's ideas of business, I do not doubt that many people do as he says; but that does not make it right. And, Jack, strive yourself to enter in at the strait gate; no other way is here, or blessed hereafter."

Jack turned his face away; he was not ready yet to acknowledge his need of a Saviour. Looking at the faults of other people made him conceited; he thought himself so much better than Mr. Gilbert and Lew Denning that he did not consider how different his education had been; how patiently and carefully he had been trained.

While all this was going on, Will Boyd had his own troubles in the bank. The cashier, who was extremely civil, smiling, and bland to depositors, to people who wanted to buy stocks of him, or invest in the western bonds in which he dealt, was irritable and very domineering to those below him in office, and especially to the "boy," whoever he was, who gave him any reason or no reason to be so. Many a good scolding and many a tweak of the ear were bestowed on Will, who was both careless and lazy; but his education and his habits had not fitted him for work. He hated to sweep, he did not half-dust the counters, the pigeon-holes, the tables, and the chairs, and Mr. Gladwin could not endure a speck of dust about him. Many a time, too, Will forgot to shake down the furnace before he filled it up at night, and consequently the fire would go out and the rooms be very cold in the morning. He liked to get away into a corner and read a dime novel, and more than one was snatched out of his hand, torn to bits, and flung into the waste-basket by the angry man.

All this made Will very uncomfortable. A strong, kindly Christian man might have impressed his facile nature somewhat, but he had neither respect nor affection for Mr. Gladwin, and hav-

ing within himself no sense of duty or principle of uprightness, he gradually came to feel that the cashier was his personal enemy, and that he must "get the better of him," as he phrased it, in every possible way; waging with him a constant and lawful war, not in pitched battles, but guerrilla skirmishing and underhand sapping and mining. He liked to set a wet umbrella just where it would drip into Mr. Gladwin's overshoes; to go by the hat-rack with the broom on his shoulder and "accidentally" knock down Mr. Gladwin's stovepipe hat, which set the last seal of respectability on that gentleman's aspect. He let the ink on the cashier's desk dry up when all the rest were refilled daily. He forgot to moisten the sponge used in counting bills. In short, he became an adept in small annoyance, and but for his father would have been dismissed even sooner and more curtly than Jack had been. But at the time of Mr. Boyd's failure he owed two or three hundred dollars to Mr. Gladwin, who had taken his note for it, and when, owing to the disastrous failure of a New York house with which he was connected, Mr. Boyd suddenly failed too, Mr. Gladwin could think of no better way to secure his money than to give Mr. Boyd a position in the bank, and take his debt out of his salary. Just at that juncture the teller of the bank was promoted to a cashier's place in another town, and so Mr. Boyd was provided for; and to put him under an obligation that would make him a fixture there, Mr. Gladwin also took in his son.

Mr. Boyd had more to break down and sadden him than the loss of his money. His little daughter had been seized with diphtheria shortly after his failure. Mrs. Boyd, always fragile of constitution, quite gave way under this shock. She only moved from her bed to her sofa in the narrow rooms of the small house they now occupied, and wore her life away in fretful lamentation.

So Will had no home, in the highest sense of the word, and with the eager craving of youth for excitement and enjoyment, he sought them everywhere there was hope of finding them, whether in smoking cheap cigars, hanging about saloon billiard-tables, frequenting every circus or minstrel show that came along, or playing cards with other like-minded boys in any place where they could find shelter.

It was greatly in his way that he had but a pittance of wages; constant spending of a little here and there soon brought his resources to an end, and then he did not know what to do.

But there came to him what he called "a bright idea," which was to "borrow" money from the cash drawer, and repay it when his wages were paid, the last day of every month.

This scheme worked well at first, as most evil schemes do. He was not found out at once and so became bolder and bolder. At last, when he was sent one day to carry a package of

small bills to a customer who had sent in a check by him, he coolly abstracted a ten dollar bill, and folding it carefully, slipped it into his vest pocket, intending to hide it more carefully when he went back to the bank.

He had set his heart in going into Dartford to see a great circus that was to exhibit there the next day and evening. A special train was to go in and return, so that he need not leave his duties to go. But he had no money.

Will was an inexperienced thief. It did not occur to him that Mr. Gilbert, who had sent the check in a careless way—very unusual for him—would pursue just the course he did. Indeed, the fact that he had trusted Will with the money at all was the result of Jack's honesty. He thought the Boyds were all alike. But he was a man to make sure and as Will laid down the envelope with the bills in it, and was turning to go, he roared out,

"Stop, young feller! I never take money without counting it, not from nobody."

Will wanted to run, but like a flash it came to him that escape would be confession, so he leaned against the desk and whistled, rather tremulously, to be sure, but no one observed that.

"Ten dollars short!" and Mr. Gilbert glared at Will over his spectacles.

"I s'pose they made a mistake, sir. I'll go back and ask," the boy answered, thinking he could go back and return with the bill, and so save himself.

"No you won't!" growled Mr. Gilbert, "I'll go with ye. If they're so careless as that at the bank, it's time it was looked into; and I'm a director. And if you've lost it you'd better be lost too. We don't want no such boys 'round as that."

So Mr. Gilbert marched Master Will, frightened enough, back to the bank.

"I counted that money myself, sir!" said Mr. Gladwin, indignantly.

"I guess I lost it out then," suggested Will.

But his voice shook and his face was pale. He looked at his father as if for help, and Mr. Gilbert caught the glance. So did the cashier, and stepping quietly round the corner, he seized Will by the collar.

"Come in here!" he said, sternly, opening the door of the directors' parlour. Mr. Gilbert went in after him.

Will struggled and kicked in vain. Pocket after pocket was turned out, and at last Mr. Gladwin's long, slim fingers drew out of the vest pocket that ten-dollar note that was to have given Will so much pleasure.

"I thought so!" snapped Mr. Gilbert, nodding his big head sagaciously at the cashier. "That Dartford circus will be the ruin of more boys than one. But this fellow will circus it in jail."

Will gave a shriek of terror and fell on his knees. The door opened, and with ghastly face and dilated eyes his father came in.

Mr. Boyd covered his face with his

hands and groaned. Even Mr. Gilbert felt a stir of compassion in his money-hardened heart, but he could not forbear a taunt.

"Comes of trusting any boy; but I thought the Boyds were as honest as fools!"

Did he think what his words implied? Was it a good lesson to give that cringing, terrified boy that honesty was ever folly!

"Will Boyd, what made you do this?" said Mr. Gladwin.

"O, I wanted so to go to the circus!" sobbed Will.

"Yes, so much that you were willing to ruin your character, and break the law for two hours of racing horses and leaping women, with plenty of wild beasts—the only respectable part of it—thrown in! I wonder what a boy thinks his life will be who begins it by sneaking after every dime show, and the like!"

Mr. Gladwin had never done this sort of a thing in his boyhood. He had lived in a little village, and been rigidly kept down by a stern father and a high-tempered mother. No love had softened his hard training: he had been obedient from pure fear; and, naturally timid, he grew up a moral and physical coward, a tyrant where he could be, as cowards always are, but without the ordinary childish sins to look back on, and holding it a dreadful thing for a boy even to do any mischief.

He was all ready to send Will to jail, but, strange to say, Mr. Gilbert interfered to prevent it.

"Come now, Gladwin," he said, gruffly, "it's my business. 'Twas my money he stole, not yours; and I won't prosecute him, and you can't."

Whether he was moved inwardly by Mr. Boyd's distress, or whether he thought it would be a good idea to have a boy under him who would be utterly in his power, who can say? But he went on:

"Now, you can't keep him here; that's not to be expected. But seein' Mr. Boyd is an old citizen, and, so far as I know, an honest man, I am willin' to take this boy into my store and try fetchin' him up to business. But look here, young feller! my eyes are consider'ble sharp. If I ketch you tripping once, just once, d'ye hear! off you go, and, more 'n that, everybody shall know why! I'll give ye a chance, but not but one. Mr. Gladwin here'll keep our secret, and seein' the' wasn't anybody here but him and your pa, I guess it'll be kept. Lucky for you the book-keeper's to home sick!"

Will was abjectly grateful. He realized what he had done the moment he was threatened with imprisonment. Like many a boy before and since, he went on to do what he wanted to without thinking of consequences, much less of duty.

Mr. Gilbert found Will at his store bright and early the next morning.

"Now you come along here!" he said, preceding Will into a back room

where the groceries were. "Set down on that barrel, and hark to me. I want to put a scrap of sense into that addled head of yours at the start. Do you know what the best thing in the world is? Well, it's money. And why so? Because if you've got money you've got every other airtly thing. You'll have houses and land, and good clothes to wear, and good vittles to eat just as long as you've got wherewithal to pay for 'em. So now if you're goin' to stay along with me I want you to pay attention to makin' money, and help me make it. Save your cents, that's sense. Ho! ho! ho! I'll put your wages in the savings bank, and you mind what I say. Money's the thing. You foller what I tell ye, and like enough you'll die a rich man."

So Dives finished his sermon! But, strange to say, it sank deep into Will's mind. He had not enjoyed this last year's poverty. He pined for the comforts and luxuries he had before enjoyed without giving a thought to their provision. He was a selfish boy and a weak one, but there was a certain tenacity of character about him that made him cling to this new idea. He was impressed by Mr. Gilbert's earnestness and force, and felt grateful for his interposition in his behalf. He resolved then and there to turn over a new leaf. But, alas! he turned it the wrong way.

In the meantime Jack was looking about him for work. He was willing to do anything, and at last found a butcher who wanted some one to drive his cart, and Jack, though rather young for the situation, got it.

Great was Aunt Maria's indignation. "Well, this is what I never expected! I should think Walter Boyd would rise out of his grave! Manice, I should think, from respect to his father's family, you would at least wish your boy to grow up a gentleman!"

A red spot rose on Manice Boyd's cheek, and a spark to her usually calm eyes. She had to practice her own precepts, and say "No" to the temper Aunt Maria's insulting words had roused.

She turned and looked out at the window. There was Jack in his clean gingham apron on the red meat-cart, looking up and laughing.

She turned to Aunt Maria quietly and said,

"I hope Jack will be a gentleman in any place where his duty calls him. He will if his good breeding is genuine!"

"Pshaw!" snapped Aunt Maria, "do you think a gentleman would ever condescend to drive a meat cart!"

"I know of One, Aunt Maria, who was a carpenter, and spent his life with poor rough fishermen,

"A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit, The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

It is he whom I would have Jack copy in all his ways. May I live to see it!"

"Nonsense!" replied the old lady. "I don't know what poetry has to do with it! I feel disgraced, and so does Sally, to have our nephew's son driving about Danvers on a meat-cart."

Aunt Maria had not an idea to whom Manice had referred, and Aunt Sally took up the remonstrance.

"I do feel real bad about it, Manice. It'll be laid up against him, you see if 't isn't! There's Will, first in a bank and now in Mr. Gilbert's; you don't see him letting himself down! It is a great thing for a boy to grow up in good society."

"I hope Jack will!" laughed Manice, "since he grows up with his aunts and his mother."

Mimy, who had brought in coal for the stove, turned round and was just about to speak, but Manice caught her eye.

"Mimy," she said, "if you will bring up those apples from the cellar, I'll come and show you the new way of Mrs. Gladwin's to make a dumpling."

Manice knew very well that Mimy was ready to presume on her age and her long faithful service, and enter into the discussion herself, so she gave her something else to do and to think of. But Mimy was not to be set aside in that way. Manice broke off further discourse with her aunts on the excuse of the dumplings, and as soon as she entered the kitchen Mimy broke out:

"Well, I've got to own I was consider'ble dashed when Jack took to drivin' cart; but when I heered Miss Mari' talkin' to you so, I wheeled square round. I was madder'n a hornet. What business hed she, knowin' what she knowed, to twit you that way? If you wasn't the reasonablest and the particulest creetur' the Lord ever made you'd ha sassed her back. I would!"

"Mimy! Mimy! you forget that Miss Maria is old and her rheumatism is very painful. She suffers so much it makes her nervous."

"Nervous! I should spell nervous c-r-o-s-s! Why ain't you nervous? Well, well, if it's so to be, why it is to be so! Jack's as plucky as a top-knot rooster; but I do wish, to speak true, he'd got somethin' else to do."

"Still, Mimy, he has got to do something. Brother John has lost all he had, and cannot help him to any further education, and the girls are not yet old enough to teach. We must all work when we can, and my work just now seems to be educating Nan and Ally, and taking care of the aunts."

"And that's a handful. I'd ruther bile soap for a livin' if 'twas me;" with which parting shot Mimy turned her attention to the dumplings and subsided.

As for Jack, he rather enjoyed the new work, and Mr. Marsh's customers certainly enjoyed the clean, civil smiling young fellow who brought them their dinners, and was so obliging and so handy.

"I'm learning a lot, mammy," he said, as he sat in his mother's room in

the fire-light of a Saturday evening to rest both soul and body in that dearest spot of his little world. "I can do the marketing now; I know all the prices; and yesterday I cut up a calf, and he said I did it well."

"That's good!" said Manice, smiling. "I have wished a great many times I could send to market, when I've been too tired or too lazy to go."

"You lazy! Well, I'd just like to see you lazy. You're tired out, poor little mammy! But just you wait till I'm a man and make a lot of money!"

Manice looked at the eager face.

"O my boy! don't set your soul on money; it isn't the best thing. I want you to be a useful, honourable man, and a real Christian; then if ever you get money you will know how to use it for God's glory and other people's good; and if you don't get it, you will be content to be one of those whom God chooses, 'the poor of this world rich in faith,' but sure of an everlasting inheritance that no man can take away."

Jack sobered. He was beginning to feel that he did not come up to his mother's standard; that he was not even so good as she thought him.

She did not know how often he drove round a bystreet to escape the jeers and laughs of his school-fellows, or how he felt as if he should sink into the ground when some lady whom he had met at his uncle's house stared at him incredulously, and did not choose to return his bow since it was made from a butcher's cart. He despised such persons, but then he despised himself for being troubled by them; and many a time hot tears filled his eyes as his old dreams of life came back to him, and he thought how they had ended.

But Jack was young; they had not ended yet, as he was soon to find out.

(To be continued.)

BIRD STRATEGY.

SOMETIMES certain birds will act as if lame or hurt when man comes near their nest. That seems to show a good deal of keen instinct or else tricky sharpness.

An observer tells about a heron that made use of a curious mode of self-preservation. (The herons belong to the order of "waders;" they have long legs and long necks.) This heron, when disturbed, is said to perch erect on a reed, the head and neck straight up, with no noticeable curve or inequality in a front view, but the "whole bird is the exact counterpart of a straight, tapering rush." Thus it stands, its "loose plumage, arranged to fill inequalities, the wings pressed into the sides, made it impossible to see where the body ended and the neck began." This was a front view, and the surface of the body thus shown was a "uniform dull yellow like a faded rush." The bird's eyes seemed "all the time rigid and unwinking like those of a creature in a fit." When the observer tried to get a view of its striped back, it kept turning so as to always front him.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1887.

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FOR THE YEAR 1887.

THE CHAUTAUQUA IDEA.

WITH the closing of the universities and seminaries there opens upon us a series of schools during the vacation term. The largest, and mother of them all, has been appropriately called the People's College. Certainly, with its fifty or sixty thousand detached students, its thousands gathering around its beautiful seat upon the Lake, which has given to it its name, engaging in serious study and enjoying the instructions of the most accomplished teachers on both sides of the Atlantic, with rare appointments and educational appliances, it well merits its title.

It seems almost providential that at just this hour these summer schools, which are a natural evolution of the Sunday-school conventions, should have been instituted. Summer resorts by the sea and among the mountains, growing up at first around our camp-meetings, were taking on a purely recreative character, attended with many perils and an utter loss of all intellectual and moral profit. Suddenly the possibility of turning these long periods, often of three months, to some profit, in no wise detracting from their sanitary benefits, was revealed, and soon we had the announcement of these summer schools all over the land.

But the original Chautauquan institution, and its nearest parallel, at Framingham, will injure no one. Indeed, the most elaborate work of these schools extends throughout the year, and is accomplished in the local circles all over the land. During the weeks of these sessions in their very

attractive forest villages, the assemblies have more the appearance of a protracted and jubilant *fete* than a school session. There are, indeed, regular classes and the most accomplished teachers; there are instructive and inspiring lectures upon various branches of science and literature; there are recitations, reviews and examinations; but with all these, there are constant interruptions of varied forms of recreation, music, vocal and instrumental, animated discourses on patriotic and reformatory themes, and pleasant excursions. Something substantial, however, is constantly gained; a taste for study and for improving reading is awakened, and not a few young people have been aroused to take a full college course through the inspiration received in these summer institutes. No small amount of intellectual benefit arises out of the familiar intercourse and society of the leading men of the country and of Europe, who are annually brought to these popular assemblies. The most widely-known clergymen, conspicuous statesmen, men of science with an international reputation, visit with no little interest and wonder these popular schools, and contribute their rare acquisitions as well as their presence to the interest and profit of the occasion. Some of our leading clergymen have become enthusiastic patrons of the institution, and conduct circles during the year in connection with their churches and neighbouring societies.

Tens of thousands have already enlarged the compass of their knowledge to a marked degree, and have acquired a taste for improving reading and study which will add to their resources for happiness and usefulness a hundred-fold. Indeed, these institutions have already produced a perceptible effect upon the free public libraries of the country. The demand for fictitious reading has been decreased, and the call for scientific, historical and descriptive works, with illustrations of art, has been greatly increased. Dr. Vincent had already acquired an enviable reputation on both sides of the Atlantic for the wonderful impulse he had given to the Sunday-school department, and the enriching and broadening of its instructions, but even this has been somewhat overshadowed by the extraordinary interest he has awakened in both Biblical and general study, and the nation-wide inspiration he has given to the community to enter upon regular courses of annual reading and investigation through the Chautauquan movement.—*Zion's Herald*.

WHAT the unconverted sinner needs is, not to have the good that is in him cultivated and developed, but to have his nature changed and a new life begun within him. He needs to be born again, to become a new creature in Christ Jesus. It is not evolution that is needed, but revolution.

CONVICTION.

WE would say a word in the ears of the children, about their convictions. You have them, I am sure. God is good and he does not wish you to live in sin. Christ has died that you may be saved, and now God draws your mind to think about your duty to him. It may not be pleasant to think of, but it is for your good, as it is the only way to obtain his favour and blessing.

I remember well, when quite young, how I used to think and feel, until I could not rest; and then I would go alone and pray, but be very careful not to let any one know it. I see now, that it was the Spirit of God striving with me, and it was the fear of man, and the pride of my heart, that prevented me from seeking God.

I used to think that when I was older, I would certainly seek religion. No doubt many children think just so. But it is a great mistake; God says, "Now is the accepted time." If you refuse to seek the Lord, the impressions you now have will become less—perhaps pass away entirely. You will be led into temptation and sin—your heart will get hard, and it will be far more difficult for you to become a Christian by and by.

We want you all to live in heaven when done with this life. We know the terrible danger of delay, especially when the Spirit strives. It is the voice of God—the messenger of mercy to you—and what a mercy! God notices you—even you—sends a special message to you, and invites you to repent, seek his favour, and be forever happy. Will you do it?

This is the golden opportunity of your life, in which to attend to these things.

"While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!"

Cherish the Spirit—ask God to give you more of it. Walk in the light while it shines, lest this blessed light become darkness. O that all the children would follow their convictions—do just what they feel that they ought to do—seek God. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—*Little Crumbs*.

God's holy day is like a little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where tired steps halt for refreshment and repose, and the traveller, tasting of calm, clear waters, recovers strength to start forth anew upon his journeyings.



HUNTING AND FISHING.

HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

OUR cut shows the great profusion of game in the North-West. Having seldom seen the face of man, the game is very unwary and easily approached. The splendid turkeys and other wild fowl, and the luscious fish of the lakes and streams, add a substantial quota to the larder of the settler and camper, of very great value and importance.

Victoria!

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

VICTORIA! A golden reign,
Of fifty tried and trusted years;
The Empress of a wide domain,
A Koh-i-noor amid thy peers.

Around the globe thy power is felt,
On every sea thy banners glow;
Thy highest fame when thou hast knelt,
To Him from whom true honours flow.

Back, fifty years! A maiden fair,
A royal maiden, pure and good;
But nobler now, though marked with care,
In all thy royal motherhood.

A woman's reign Yet wise and true.
A woman's reign! Revile it not;
A woman's reign! The past review,
A woman's reign! without a blot.

Hail woman! Queen of home and heart,
Thy sceptre wave o'er sea and sod,
Thy rule is love's divinest art,
Thy reign, next to the reign of God.

OCEAN GROVE.

June 15, 1887.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

A GOURD wound itself round a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top. "How old mayest thou be?" asked the new-comer. "About a hundred years," was the answer. "A hundred years, and no taller! Only look: I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years." "I know that well," replied the palm. Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up round me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be."



ANCIENT ARMOUR

Reasons For and Against Teetotalism.

THE following verses in rhyme are given by some people to justify their use of strong drink :

Some drink to make them wide-awake,
 And some to make them sleep ;
 Some drink because they merry are,
 And some because they weep.
 Some drink because they're very hot,
 And some because they're cold ;
 Some drink to cheer them when they're
 young,
 And some because they're old ;
 Some drink to give them appetite,
 And some to aid digestion ;
 Some whose doctors say it's right,
 And some without a question.
 Some drink when they a bargain make,
 And some because of loss :
 Some drink when they their pleasures take,
 And others when they're cross.
 Some drink for sake of company,
 While others drink more sly ;
 And many drink, but never think
 About the reason why.

—League Journal.

ANCIENT ARMOUR.

WAR is a very different matter now from what it was before the discovery of gunpowder. Battles are generally fought and won while most of the soldiers of the two armies are widely separated from each other. In olden times warriors with spears and swords fought hand to hand. Those on horseback covered their bodies from head to foot with armour, usually made of steel, so that the blow of the sword or the thrust of the spear should not hurt them. The museums of Europe are full of suits of such armour. Some of it looks so heavy that one wonders how a knight could fight with it as fiercely as Richard the Lion-hearted and others are said to have done. In the Bible frequent mention is made of armour from the time that David went out to fight against Goliath until Paul wrote his letter to the Ephesians. Quite a full description is given of the armour worn by the Philistine giant. We read that David tried on Saul's armour, but found it too heavy, and decided to trust simply to his sling and to the help of God.

Methods of warfare between man and man change, new inventions give new weapons of offence and of defence, but the spiritual conflict each one of us must wage against sin and Satan remains the same in all ages. No inventions will enable us to lay aside any part of that armour of which Paul speaks in the sixth chapter of Ephesians—what he calls "the whole armour of God."

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

A PAGEANT UNPARALLELED IN MODERN TIMES.

THE Jubilee demonstration in London, June 21, was a stupendous success. Vast multitudes, numbering over a million people, have witnessed the greatest State pageant in English history. With the perfection of order, not a single incident occurred to mar the harmony of the great demonstration. The scene presented by the long lines of streets, with draped pavilions, endless floral vistas, innumerable flags, banners and trophies blended into masses of decorations, and the ever-moving and immeasurable sea of faces, has been one of dashing brilliancy and marvellous animation.

The scene at Westminster Abbey was most brilliant. Every seat was filled, and every person present was a distinguished person. When the sun shone brightly through the noble stained windows of the abbey, its rays fell upon an unaccustomed sight, and the picture was indescribable.

Punctually at 11.15 a.m. the Queen in open carriage emerged from the palace gates. At sight of her thousands of voices were lifted up in cheers, the applause being accompanied by the music of many military bands stationed in front of the palace. The Queen did not wear her State robes, but was dressed in black. Her carriage was drawn by eight ponies. The Queen's sons and four of her grandsons all rode in full uniform beside the Queen's coach as a body-guard. When the people at the palace gates had shouted themselves hoarse cheering for the Queen, they continued to cry out "Long life to the Prince and Princess of Wales." The Queen as she left the palace seemed to be in excellent spirits, and she smiled and bowed gracefully to the people on every side. All the servants wore State liveries of scarlet and gold. Shop fronts and first floors rented at £20 to £60, and some even more. One thousand children sang "God Save the Queen." On reaching the Regent Circus, where six main streets converge, the sight was a memorable one, the streets being all splendidly decorated with flowers, flags, evergreens, etc. Many of the shops hereabouts had their fronts removed and elegant boudoirs formed in their

places. On the procession nearing the abbey, the troops saluted, guns were fired, the bells of the churches rang out merry peals, and flags were run up, the cheering being continued until the Queen had passed into the west door. Inside the abbey the picture was one of surpassing beauty. On the entrance of the Queen the scene was absolutely dazzling. The ladies, discarding their wraps, displayed their jewels, which flashed and reflected as they reflected the rays of the sunbeams that found their way through the transepts. When the Queen reached the dais she looked very pale and somewhat fatigued, but she soon recovered and wore a bright and composed countenance throughout the service in her honour. She was surrounded by thirty-two members of the Royal family. In the abbey three tiers of galleries with seats were erected, seating about 10,000 persons.

AT THE ABBEY.

The Queen's advent was arranged so that she entered the abbey precisely at noon. Dr. Bridge, organist of the abbey, who had for the occasion a specially trained choir of 250 voices selected from the great choirs of London and a number of eminent soloists, besides a large accompaniment of brass instruments and drums, gradually drew the immense congregation into silence by rendering a number of selections in a manner that made every person within hearing of the great organ eager to catch the softest note. When the clergy at the head of the Royal procession moved into the church the National Anthem was rendered by the organ. The music was thrilling. The audience rose as a unit and lent their ten thousand voices to accompany the choir. The effect was so grand, so profound, that many were moved to tears. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Dean of Westminster, who had taken their places within the sacarium, began the service by asking of God a blessing upon the Queen. The "Te Deum Laudamus" was then sung by the choir to the music composed by the Prince Consort, the Queen having requested this. The Lord's Prayer was said and the responses were intoned. The Dean of Westminster advanced to the altar rails and read the lesson for the day. (First Epistle of Peter xxiv. 6-18.) Two more special prayers for the defence of the Faith, the spiritual welfare of the kingdom, and for peace and love followed, and were supplemented by the benediction, which was pronounced by the Archbishop.

THE CONGRATULATIONS.

When the benediction had been said, the Queen's sons knelt before her and kissed her hand. They arose, and Her Majesty kissed each upon his cheek. The Princesses next advanced to the Queen and kissed her hand, and she kissed them all, favouring some twice, making unusual demonstrations over the Princess of Wales and Princess

Beatrice. Other relatives of the Queen then saluted her and she shook hands with some and kissed others, kissing the Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany twice, very heartily each time. At all this the congregation applauded warmly. All the Princesses upon the dais wore light dresses.

After the royal salutations had all been made the Queen descended the dais and moved out of the abbey, preceded by the Royal Family, the congregation standing and cheering with fervour all the while. Mendelssohn's march from "Athalia" was rendered by the organ and band until Her Majesty had departed. The congregation at once dissolved, selections of sacred music being played until all had left the abbey.

BACK TO THE PALACE.

It was past one o'clock when the Queen emerged from the abbey. She at once resumed her carriage and returned to Buckingham Palace, this time taking the route she went after her coronation, fifty years ago. The Queen seemed fairly overcome with the loyalty displayed by her subjects. The Queen bore her journey well and was seen soon after returning laughing and smiling at the Royal children, who were upon the main balcony of the palace, and kissing her hands to them.

While the procession was on its way to the abbey, just as the escort of Princes about the Royal carriage was ascending Constitution Hill, the horse on which the Marquis of Lorne rode became restive and reared so that the Marquis was thrown to the ground. The Queen stopped her carriage to inquire about him, and when she found he was unhurt she continued her journey. The Marquis procured another horse and proceeded by a shorter route to the abbey.

The press is requested to state that the number of congratulatory telegrams to the Queen from public bodies and private individuals is so overwhelmingly large that it is impossible to answer them individually. The Queen is greatly touched and gratified by such expressions of loyalty and devotion from all classes of subjects.

The *Journal des Debats*, a French paper, in an article on the Jubilee celebration, says, "We cordially envy Englishmen, and would give a great deal could we ever be what they are to-day—a people mad with joy and happiness. This universal homage is paid, not only to the Queen, but to the woman who has given an example of two great virtues of royalty—gravity and dignity. Her influence has been great and salutary, and her great merit is that in using her prerogative for the public weal she has never been tempted to strain its exercise."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE.

The following is the text of the President's letter of congratulations to the Queen :—

Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America, to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India:—

Great and Good Friend,—In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States, I present their sincere felicitations upon the arrival of the fiftieth anniversary of Your Majesty's accession to the Crown of Great Britain. I but utter the general voice of my fellow-countrymen in wishing for your people the prolongation of a reign so marked with advance in popular well-being, physical, moral and intellectual. It is justice and not adulation to acknowledge the debt of gratitude and respect due to your personal virtues for their important influence in producing and causing this prosperous and well-ordered condition of affairs now generally prevailing throughout your dominions. May your life be prolonged, and peace, honour and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule. May liberty flourish throughout your Empire under just and equal laws, and your Government be strong in the affections of all who live under it. And I pray God to have Your Majesty in his holy keeping.

Done at Washington this 27th day of May, A.D. 1887.

GROVER CLEVELAND, President.

T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.

THE CHILDREN'S FETE.

THIRTY thousand children marched to Hyde Park, London, to attend the young people's fete held there in honour of the Queen's Jubilee. The day was bright and sunny and a refreshing breeze was blowing. The children were arrayed on a great lawn and made a pretty picture. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their sons and daughters, accompanied by a number of royal guests, visited the park during the fete. The children at once freed themselves from restraint, broke the rope barriers and rushed pell-mell toward the visitors and packed themselves in solid groups around them. All etiquette vanished and the Prince and Princess, who seemed delighted at their position, mixed among the children with perfect freedom and pleasure. All at once the children began to sing "God Bless the Prince of Wales." They sang in every key, but their earnestness and enthusiasm made up for the lack of harmony. The visitors then made their way to the platform erected for their accommodation. The Queen soon arrived. When it was announced that she was coming, the children massed themselves in an orderly manner along both sides of the road over which Her Majesty's carriage passed and moved with it toward the stand, assembled bands playing the National Anthem, which the children all sang with grand effect. The Queen reached and ascended the platform while the music was proceeding. At its conclusion she presented a memorial cup to a little girl who had been selected to represent all the children assembled. When the Queen departed the whole assemblage sang "Rule Britannia." Mrs. Gladstone and Lord Spencer were present.

NOTHING is good enough that can be made better.

The Children's Song-Tribute.

Oh, listen, Queen of England! thy mother-heart is strong,
And mother hearts remember though the backward years be long.
Thou hast heard children's voices rise in music at thy knee,
And royal sons and daughters tell their childish love of thee.
Canst thou the memory hold without a thrill of mother-pride?
Oh, gracious Queen! thy realm is vast, thy rule of hearts world-wide;
From north, south, east and west there comes—from near and far away—
The sound of children's voices singing songs of loyalty.
Princes and mighty rulers have homage paid to thee;
The great men of the earth have come to sound thy Jubilee.
Upon the altar of its love—chain-grit by fifty years—
There showers a nation's trusting smiles, a nation's grateful tears.
From palace-homes ascends thy praise in many a swelling pean,
And humble lips breathed the prayer, "Long live our noble Queen."
But let the children strike the note—the children British-born.
They keep the world-pulse beating fast, they keep the world-heart warm—
And thou shalt hear the anthem sung as though the loyal words
Had waked the tenderest music of the heart's vibrating chords.
The music that bespeaks thy realm a glorious future day—
The sound of children's voices singing songs of loyalty.

EFFIE F. IRISH.

Toronto, June, 1887.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

IN the August number of the *Sunday-School Banner* will be given a condensed report of the proceedings of this great gathering at Chicago. We give below an outline of the addresses of welcome to the city, and of the response on behalf of Canada by the Editor of this paper.

THE REV. DR. GOODWIN delivered the following address of welcome for the clergy of Chicago: "Mr. President, and Fellow-workers in the blessed gospel service,—You are come as representatives of the great Sunday-school army, seventeen million strong. I greet you with great delight, my brethren, because of what I conceive to be great interests and great perils that gather about us in this city and country. The great lack to-day is conscience, truth, and duty. These old words of loyalty to God and loyalty to the law are to be cherished.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS which are now engaging the public attention, and which are of such vital importance to truth, to home, to civilization, and to humanity, would be definitely settled if we could have them settled by truth in the simple word of God, and if there be any one thing in my judgment that needs now to be brought home to the hearts of the people, it is that this book, which we love to teach, which we love to honour, is from Genesis to Revelations, not in part, not in some considerable portion, but in anity, from

first to last, supremely, and authoritatively, and infallibly the book of God, and until the consciences of the people in the pew and the consciences of not a few men in the pulpit are brought to accept that truth, there is no hope for us in our homes, nor in our cities, nor in our land, and therefore I believe that to you, as leaders in this grand army—an army not with a bloody banner, but with the white banner of peace and hope of the world aloft—to you pre-eminently, and your brothers and sisters, superintendents and teachers, fellow-workers in this blessed service, is the high calling of God.

MR. E. NELSON BLAKE,

who represented the laymen of the city, spoke as follows: Of all the branches of religious work now carried on by Christians everywhere your work for the saving of children and youth has the unqualified approval of the world at large, and for this reason I stand as the representative of this city in welcoming you here to-day to hold your convention. For our city, more truly than almost any other in the land, verifies the prediction of the prophet Zachariah, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof," for the statistics show that there are nearly 300,000 youths and children within our limits. And we, of all people, should be intensely alive to the imperative necessity of your work.

Welcome, then, brethren from the Sierras and from the Alleghenies, from Tampa and from Saco, from the Rio del Norte and from the Rio Grande, from Ontario and Quebec, from Atlanta and Mobile, from the Aztecs' home and from Osceolas' land, from the Bay of Fundy and from Puget's Sound, from Great Britain and the Pacific coast.

When the fierce, rushing flames licked up and wiped out our city of the past, you all turned to us with cheering words and noble acts. Burning to-day with a holy fire, consuming with a heavenly zeal, we would again solicit your words and acts that shall strengthen the ties that bind us, and the loving cords that unite us together in the work of the children.

When we consider the ultimate objects aimed at, and the results to be reached in this work, we can say that this is the most important gathering that was ever held in this city. For the children, for whom you are working, own this world. If you doubt it, look into your wills, and your life-insurance policies, and your title deeds, and try to dispose of your property without any reckoning of these heirs.

We welcome you as a noble band of voluntary workers, expending much, but receiving no money for invaluable services. We welcome you with an earnest desire that a new interest may be kindled in all our hearts in this most important work.

We welcome you because we realize that in nearly all cases the careers of

men and women are settled during the years when they are under your charge as scholars. Therefore we welcome you and bid you

GOD-SPEED IN YOUR WORK.

When Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, took his son Hannibal, at 9 years of age, to the altar, and made him swear eternal hatred to Rome, he kindled the fire that burned into his young heart and made him all his life Rome's bitterest foe. We welcome you to our city. We welcome you because we believe that the work done with the young is the most effective work for Christ and for the world. Workmen in God's vineyard training his trees for fruit-bearing, budding the young stocks with scions from the tree of life, we welcome you.

BRETHREN OF THE SOUTH,

in coming here you have crossed battlefields made historic by fierce contention and strife. You have passed cities of the dead with crowded streets, where, dust to dust, the ashes of the warriors are mingling together. You have looked upon deserted and slowly fading earth-works, once hot with flame and black with smoke. You have gazed up at heights made renowned by fierce struggles for possession.

You have beheld streams from whose banks and fords the horrid stains of human blood have been swept to the sea. But gathered here, we welcome you, where we are all one in Christ. There is neither bond nor free, poor nor rich, North nor South, and his banner of love is over us. His eye guides us. His Spirit animates us. His desire thrills us. Our strivings shall be to enter into his work. Our battlings shall be with wrong, our seekings shall be to save the little ones, that these children may be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

With our religious denominations there is still a "Border Line." There is still a "church North," and a "church South," but this is a National and International Association.

Let the shadow of the cross fall on that border line. Let Gethsemane's tears drop on that border line. Let the "feet of him who bringeth good tidings, who publisheth peace," tread out that border line. Let garments and branches of palm cast in the way of the coming King cover that border line forever from view.

The President said they would now turn from words of welcome to words of response. He called upon

THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., of Ontario, to speak.

Dr. Withrow said: Mr. President, and Fellow Sunday-school Workers—I am happy to have the privilege this morning to respond for my native Province of Ontario, and for the Dominion of Canada, for the kind, the more than kind and cordial words of welcome to the hospitable homes and hearts of the city of Chicago. I am reminded of the friendly invasion of

my native city just six years ago by a large army of Sunday-school workers from nearly every State of the American Union. That army soon captured all our hearts and has kept possession of them ever since. Hence we Canadians in coming among you this morning do not feel that we are strangers and foreigners, but we feel we are fellow-citizens of the saints and of the household of God, and that we come among brethren tried and

TRUE AND WELL BELOVED.

Thank God, sir, there is one kind of reciprocity the politicians cannot prevent—the reciprocity of kindly intercourse and Christian good-will and fellowship. (Applause.)

Some years ago I lived on the banks of the river Niagara, whose tortured waters raged and chafed and fretted along their rugged channel, just as for long years the cruel tide of war had chafed and raged between our kindred people. But through the kindly ministries of peace and good-will, and the growing ties of commerce, across the deep chasm was deftly woven, strand by strand, that wondrous wire-spun bridge which is now the highway of commerce, across which throbs every hour of the day and night the tide of travel between our kindred people. So, too, between these kindred lands there has been woven, by such international gatherings as these, a band of love, a three-fold cord which never can be broken. A cord? No, a great bridge, with steel-wrought cables, on which our hearts may come and go with messages of love and sympathy. And perish the hand and palsied be the tongue that would do or say aught to sever one strand of that golden cable, or stir up strife between these kindred peoples. For we be brethren, children of the same great mother of nations across the sea, heirs of the same noble literature, of the same heroic traditions, of a common English Bible and

A COMMON ENGLISH SPEECH.

In the hour of your deepest national sorrow our sorrow was scarcely less deep than yours, and across the sea to the stricken widows of your Lincoln and Garfield and Grant reached out the heart of our own widowed Queen—God bless her—in words of sympathy and love. (Applause.) We be brethren, and on both sides of the line are engaged in the common work of saving the children and bringing them to Christ.

In that glorious task the Sunday-school workers of our two countries occupy a glorious vantage-ground. We can lay our hands upon a lever of more than Archimedean power to elevate and bless the world. The successive generations of children are God's best gift to mankind—

Trailing clouds of glory with them as they come
From God who is their home.

The old, the conscience-seared, the

hardened in sin—these will soon pass away. But the fresh young souls with their tenderness of conscience, and their vast possibilities for good, their guilelessness, their innocence, their docility—these are our best hope for the conversion of the race. Let us save the children and we shall soon save the world. But with these possibilities of good there are also vast possibilities of evil. Your anarchists, and hoodlums, and assassins, who a few months ago made your streets red with civic strife and for a time shook the very foundations of the common weal, were but a few years before, innocent white-browed children unstained by vice or crime.

And to-day, in this city, in every city, what fell temptations beset the unwary feet of those little wanderers upon life's rugged road.

Let me have the little children,
Cries Crime, with a wolfish grin,
For I love to lead the children
In the pleasant paths of sin.

In your great city, in every great city, are far more places of dreadful temptation, far more gilded soul-traps, and haunts of hell working their potent spells all the week long than there are of schools or churches open for a few hours a week for their rescue and salvation. Your vast foreign population, the children of poverty and vice, the children unfathered, unmothered, the worst than orphaned children, are growing up, multitudes of them, to be pests of society, the menace of the common weal.

In Canada we are to a large extent free from many of the difficult social problems which perplex the people of the United States. We have no very large cities—none reaching a quarter of a million, and no congeries of ignorant, fanatical, infidel, foreign population. In the Province of Ontario, which I represent to-day, there exists a type of Christian civilization which is not excelled in any place on the earth. If Dr. Crafts were here he would tell you that in Toronto and Ontario there is the highest type of God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping people he knows on the face of the earth. Not even in the land of Knox, nor in New England, the home of the Puritans, can the Canadian Sabbath be rivalled. One of your writers has said "the wheat of the earth was sifted for that planting which took root so deeply in New England." The same may be said of the

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS,

the founders of empire in Upper Canada. At the time of your revolutionary war a hundred years ago and more, when my ancestors and yours met in the shock of battle, the pilgrim fathers of Canada, for conscience' sake, went forth into exile, not knowing where they went. They taught their sons to fear God and honour the king, and to-day their descendants hold high the banner of Christ and seek the glory of

God, and to do him honour. The Christian leaders of our land were trained in our Sabbath-schools, and a high type of civilization is the outcome of the Sabbath-school training of the last thirty years. The Mayor of the city of Toronto is an active Sunday-school superintendent and Christian worker. The churches of our land are alive to the importance of the Sunday-school institutions, and we have an active Interdenominational Sabbath-school Union

EMBRACING ALL THE CHURCHES.

I could give you the statistics of our work, but you will read them in the report. I was struck with a remark I heard made that this convention represents seventeen million Sunday-school scholars and teachers, and I agree that no more important gathering was ever held in the city of Chicago than this Sabbath-school Convention, not even the conventions which have assembled here to nominate presidents of this great country. I seem to hear the tramp, tramp of that great army waiting to hear a word from us. Let us give them the command God gave to Moses: "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." They are looking to us for marching orders for the next three years. Let it be for a grand aggressive movement all along the line, that they may march onward and capture the world for Christ.

Five hundred years ago the bones of Wycliffe, the father of the English Reformation, were rifled from their grave and burned to ashes, and their ashes strewn in the rippling stream of Lutterworth, which, says quaint old Fuller, bore them to the Avon, the Avon to the Severn, the Severn to the narrow seas, and they to the wide ocean—an emblem of his doctrine which, like their waters, was to engirdle the world. So the humble beginnings of Christian effort, inaugurated a hundred years ago in the little city of Gloucester by Robert Raikes, has grown and grown to a world-wide movement whose influence is felt in every land beneath the sun. May it go on and on with ever increasing volume and strength till the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the mighty deep.

SUGGESTIONS TO S. S. SCHOLARS.

1. NEVER absent yourself from your class, if possible to prevent it. Irregularity in attendance will cause you to lose interest in the school, and will demoralize the class.
2. Try to be at school in time to take part in the Opening Exercises. And, when present, never fail to take part in them.
3. Never neglect the study of the lesson before coming to the class. Otherwise it will prove uninteresting, and you inattentive. If you study the lesson you will soon take delight in reciting it.
4. Remember that this is the house

of God, and that the best deportment is becoming those who worship herein.

5. In every way possible manifest your interest in the school, and unite with the officers in making it the best in the State.

Advertisement of a Lost Day.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graven in Paradise.
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost, where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where thrilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again!
I offer no reward,
For, till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven-intrusted gift
Is reft away forever!

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in his hand
Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

TALK WHILE AT MEALS.

The majority of persons nowadays have too much work to do—"too many irons in the fire." They desire to accomplish more work in a day than should be done in two days. The consequence is there is perpetual hurry and commotion, and no rest for any one. Even the meals are hastily eaten, the time taken for them being begrudged and looked on as lost. On the other hand, what a delightful flavour is given to dinners by pleasant, lively chat at table. Though the meal should consist of but one course, and the variety of dishes to that be small, yet bright, cheery talk is a spice that suits all dishes, pleases all tastes, and goes a long way toward making the plainest meal a delightful repast—not exciting argument, or a lecture from one of the heads of the family which would blunt the appetite and depress the spirits, but light, airy talk, interspersed with pleasant and amusing anecdotes.

Dr. Franklin says that his father always managed to have some instructive conversation going on between himself and the boys at the table, engaging their attention so entirely that after the meal was over they would remember the talk and not the dinner. There is health, too, in such a course; for cheerful talk promotes digestion. In fact, without pleasant feelings, eating is little more than an injury. The person who hurriedly eats his meals, with no good word for those about him, will have a great deal to be sorry for as time goes on.

The Mother Wants Her Boy.

THERE'S a homestead waiting for you, my boy,

In a quaint, old-fashioned town;
The gray moss clings to the garden wall,
And the dwelling is low and brown,
But a vacant chair by the fireside stands,
And never a grace is said;
But a mother prays that her absent son
Soon may be homeward led,
For the mother wants her boy.

She trains the vine and tends the flowers,
For she says, "My boy will come;
And I want the quiet, humble place
To be just like the dear old home
That it seemed when he, a gentle lad,
Used to pluck the orchard's gold,
And gather of roses and lilies tall,
Far more than his hand could hold;
And still I want my boy."

How well she knows the very place
Where you played at bat and ball;
And the violet cap you wore to school
Still hangs on its hook in the hall;
And when the twilight hour draws near
She steals adown the lane
To cosset the lamb you used to pet,
And dream you were home again;
For the mother wants her boy.

She is growing old, and her eyes are dim
With watching day by day,
For the children nurtured at her breast
Have slipped from her arms away;
Alone and lonely she names the hours
As the dear ones come and go;
Their coming she calls "The time of flowers,"
Their going "The hours of snow;"
And ever she wants her boy.

Walk on, toil on; give strength and mind
To the task in your chosen place;
But never forget the dear old home,
And the mother's loving face!
You may count your blessings score on score,
You may heap your golden grain,
But remember when her grave is made,
Your coming will be in vain:
'Tis now she wants her boy.
—*Christian at Work.*

LESSON NOTES.**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
MATTHEW.

A.D. 26.] **LESSON V.** [July 31.]

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Matt. 4. 1-11. Commit to mem. vs. 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is able to succour them that are tempted. Heb. 2. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Temptation.
2. Triumph.

TIME.—26 A.D. Immediately following events of last lesson.

PLACE.—Not mentioned in Scripture, but, by tradition, said to have been Mount Quarantania, near Jericho.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Led up of the Spirit*—The Spirit had just descended upon him, and this is the first act in the life which the Spirit was thereafter to govern. *To be tempted*—Temptation was an absolute necessity. There could be no overwhelming of evil except by personal contest. *Forty days and forty nights*—We think the absolute time is here correctly mentioned. Men have gone longer than that without food in the present generation. *The tempter*—Satan. The same evil spirit who had tried and overthrown Adam, now appears to overwhelm the new Adam. *Stones he made bread*—What a wise tempter. Jesus was ahungered, and Satan knew it. *It is written*—That is, it is written in the Holy Scriptures, which are my law of action. *Not live by bread alone*—Man lives two lives,

a physical and a spiritual. Obedience is better than sustenance for the body. *The holy city*—Jerusalem. This became the favourite name of the city, and is its Arabic name to-day, El Kudhs. *Pinnacle of the temple*—Some lofty point about the temple. *An exceeding high mountain*—Probably the high precipice of Quarantania. *Showeth him*—Not by human eye; but gives him a mental vision of the power to be had over the kingdoms of the world. *Worship me*—A direct presentation of himself, and at once recognized, and, with the recognition, comes the first exercise of his power as the triumphant Son of God, and, with the first display of power, the tempter vanishes. *Leaveeth him*—But not forever. Over and over he came.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The source of temptation?
2. The nature of temptation?
3. The way to overcome temptation?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was Jesus led by the Spirit after his baptism? Into the wilderness.
2. How long was he without food? Forty days. 3. What took place at this time? He was tempted by Satan. 4. How did he answer each of Satan's temptations? With the words of Scripture. 5. How does Christ's temptation help us, as stated in the GOLDEN TEXT? "He is able," etc.
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Temptation.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. Why did the Son of God become man? That he might teach us his heavenly doctrine, set us a pattern of perfect holiness, and lay down his life as the price of our redemption.

John xv. 15; 1 John ii. 6; 1 Peter ii. 21; 1 Peter iii. 18.

A.D. 27.] **LESSON VI.** [Aug. 7.]

JESUS IN GALILEE.

Matt. 4. 17-25. Commit to mem. vs. 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The people which sat in darkness saw great light. Matt. 4. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Calling the Disciples.
2. Teaching the People.

TIME.—27 A.D.

PLACE.—In Galilee.

EXPLANATIONS.—*From that time*—From the time when he came to Capernaum to live. *The kingdom of heaven is at hand*—A repetition of John's preaching. *They were fishers*—The phrase throws light on the occupations of men who lived about the Sea of Galilee. *Fishers of men*—A fine illustration of the tact of this wonderful teacher, who himself knew how to catch men. *They immediately left*—But they had some months before accepted him, and probably had been dismissed to await his call. *Synagogues*—The Jewish house of worship, which had become an institution since the captivity. *Gospel of the kingdom*—The glad news that the kingdom had come. *Possessed with devils*—Some kind of spiritual possession by evil spirits which made the victim insane and violent.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That Jesus chooses his own helpers?
2. That Jesus' call should be promptly obeyed?
3. That the Gospel brings blessings to the bodies as well as to the souls of men?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What two brothers were the first disciples of Jesus? Simon and Andrew.
2. What other brothers were called soon after? James and John. 2. Through what part of the country did Jesus go? Through Galilee. 4. What did Jesus do throughout Galilee? He preached and healed the sick. 5. What is said of his ministry in the GOLDEN TEXT? "The people," etc.
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Effectual calling.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

6. What do you call this wonderful mystery? The Incarnation of the Son of God.

7. Where is the Redeemer called a Mediator? 1 Timothy ii. 5. For there is one God, one Mediator also between God and men, himself man, Christ Jesus.

THE OLD BARN.

THERE is nothing in the world that just fills the niche in the human affections like the old-fashioned, wide-doored, deep-mowed barn of New England traditions. Old or new, such a barn has possibilities of enjoyment which are the despair of the "effete monarchies of the old world." The barn of our childhood! How its ample proportions rise gracefully in the background whenever the melody of "Home, Sweet Home," salutes the ear! What infinite resources our childhood discovered in it. It was gymnasium, play-ground, a shelter from summer's heat and winter's cold, always ready to give us a breezy welcome, limitless in its hospitality.

A barn is the only thing with four walls that imposes no apparent limitations. There is room to run, room to jump, room to play horse, room to play house, room to mount a scaffold and in it, as in a steamboat, make a circuit of the world. No limit to physical freedom, nor the flights of fancy. The child never lived who did not cry to go to the barn, as soon as he learned that there was such an El Dorado close at hand. When playthings disgust, when mother's singing is wearisomeness of the flesh, and everything seems to baby's eyes "stale, flat and unprofitable," a visit to the barn will bring back the smiles and dry the tears. And in years somewhat later, the barn, fragrant with hay, and piled with unhusked corn, comes to mind with recollections of red ears that brought blushes to white ones. In youth and age, the barn is a spot fragrant with pleasant recollections.—*Attleboro Chronicle.*

AN INCIDENT.

A YOUNG man went into the office of one of the largest dry-goods importing houses in New York, and asked for a situation. He was told to come in again.

Going down Broadway that same afternoon opposite the Astor House, an old apple-woman, trying to cross the street, was struck by a 'bus, and knocked down, and her basket of apples sent scattering into the gutter.

This young man stepped out from the passing crowd, helped up the old lady, put her apples into her basket and went on his way, forgetting the incident.

When he called again upon the importers, he was asked to name his price, which was accepted immediately, and he went to work.

Nearly a year afterwards, he was called aside one day, and asked if he remembered assisting an old apple-woman in Broadway to pick up a basket of apples; and much to his surprise learned why he obtained a situation when more than a hundred others were desiring the same place.

Young men, how little you know who sees you do an act of kindness! The eyes of others see and admire what they will not take the trouble to do themselves.—*Labour of Love.*



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