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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

No. 23.

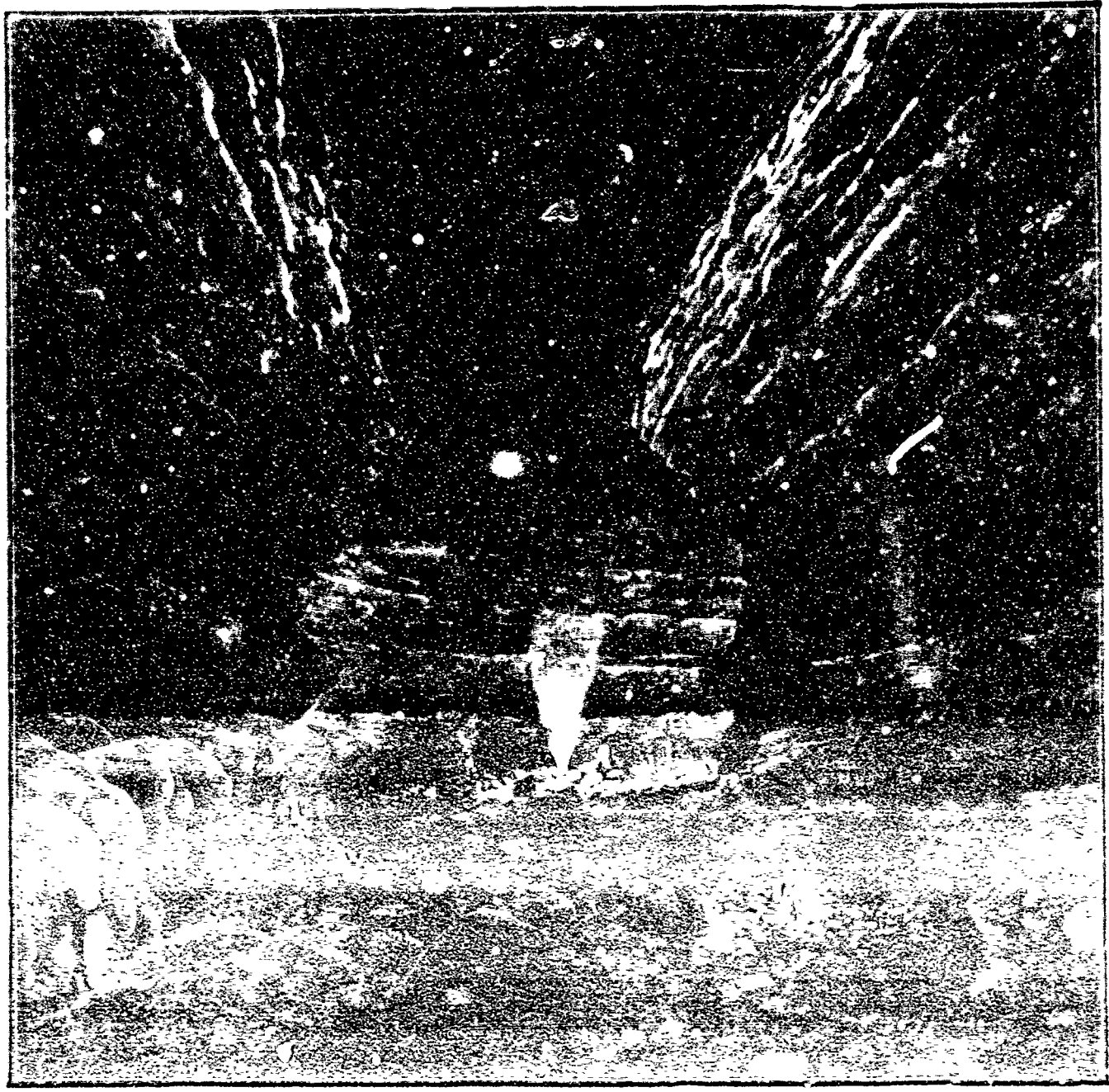
A VISIT TO MAMMOTH CAVE. BY THE EDITOR.

ON the 16th day of August last, the present writer and his son made a visit to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. That visit was so

City, Ky. Here we explored one of those strange "sink holes," of which there are 4000 in this single county. It was a large funnel-shaped opening, about 100 feet deep. At the bottom was a grotto, through which flowed a good sized subterranean stream. A

At four o'clock we mounted the top of a stout Concord coach, drawn by four sturdy horses, for a nine miles' ride to Mammoth Cave. It was a glorious ride over hills rising three or four hundred feet, and overlooking the fertile valleys planted with tobacco and

About sunset we rode up to the quaint, old fashioned hotel, and were soon equipped for exploring the Cave. A merry party of ladies and gentlemen, each carrying a swinging lamp, and accompanied by guides, filed through the moonlit forest to the mouth of the



STAR CHAMBER, MAMMOTH CAVE.

interesting and instructive, that we will endeavour to share the pleasure it yielded with the readers of PLEASANT HOURS. We left the city of Nashville, Tennessee, on our way north in the morning, and stopped about noon at Cave

steam engine was pumping up water to supply the railway station and tank. There are 500 caves, large and small, in this region, all hollowed out, it is supposed, by the action of these underground streams, dissolving by chemical action the calcareous rock.

tall corn—some of the latter as much as twelve feet high. Our sable driver entertained us with stories of moonlight hunts of the "possum and de' coon," and of the exploits of the Jesse James gang, in plundering the stages on this route. He showed us the very spot

Cave. Like some grim portals of the nether regions its black arch yawned, over-arched by stately tulip trees and festooned by luxuriant vines. The guide unlocks an iron grated door and we enter a long and lofty corridor. We had pretty large ideas of the extent and

grandeur of the cave, but our anticipations were far surpassed. The entire length of the passages is said to be over 150 miles. We did not go through all of them, but for mile after mile and hour after hour we wandered, coming at every moment to new scenes of wonder and delight. Through spacious corridors, and vaulted domes and chambers we pass, some of them of majestic size and grandeur. One of the noblest of these is The Star Chamber, shown in the large cut on our first page. It is a vast hall 70 feet wide, 60 high, and 500 long. Here, to use the words of another:

A strangely beautiful transformation scene is exhibited. The lofty ceiling is coated with black gypsum, studded with thousands of white spots, caused by the efflorescence of the sulphate of magnesia. Our guide asks us to sit down on a log bench by the wall, and then, collecting the lamps, vanishes behind a jutting rock; whence, by adroit manipulations, he throws shadows flitting like clouds athwart the starry vault. The effect is extremely fine, and the illusion is complete. One can easily persuade himself that the roof is removed, and that he looks up from a deep valley into the real heavens. Yet over a hundred feet of solid rock is above his head.

"Good-night," says the guide; "I will see you again in the morning."

With this abrupt leave-taking he plunges into a gorge, and we are in utter darkness. Even the blackest midnight in the upper world has from some quarter a few scattered rays; but here the gloom is without a gleam. In the absolute silence that ensues, we hear the beating of our hearts. But while we are roundly berating the guide's treachery, we see in the remote distance a faint glimmer, like the first streak of dawn. The light increases in volume till it tinges the tips of the rocks, like tops of hills far away. The horizon is bathed in rosy hues, and we are prepared to see the sun rise, when all at once the guide appears, swinging his cluster of lamps, and asking us how we like the performance. Loudly encored, he repeats the transformation again and again,—starlight, moonlight, thunder clouds, midnight and day dawn, heralded by cock-crowing, the barking of dogs, lowing of cattle and various other farmyard sounds; until, weary of an entertainment that long ago lost its novelty for him, he bids us resume our line of march. Another single chamber is 800 feet long, 300 feet wide and 120 feet high, and covers an area of over four acres—probably the largest room in the world.

New objects of interest met us at every step as we advanced. During a moment's pause we were startled by what seemed the loud ticking of a musical time-piece. It was but the measured melody of water dripping into a basin hidden behind the rocks. Drop by drop monotonously it falls, as it has fallen, it may be, for a thousand years.

The Giant's Coffin is near by—a rock shaped like a mighty sarcophagus. It is detached from the ceiling, walls and floor, resting its weight on stone trestles, and equals in size one of the famous blocks of Baalbek, being forty feet long, twenty wide and eight deep.

There are also deep pits, down which we gaze with awe into the impenetrable darkness. Then the guide takes from his haversack a fireball which he ignites and hurls down the abyss. Deeper and

deeper it falls, lighting up the rocky walls, till it reached the distant bottom of the pit, and, flickering to extinction, darkness and silence resume their immemorial and solitary reign. The darkness is intense and appalling—like that of Egypt, "a darkness that may be felt."

Then lofty domes expand; one of these, the Mammoth Dome, is estimated as 250 feet high. When lit up with burning magnesium or Bengal lights it is most impressive and sublime, the deep shadows croning around, the feeble glimmer of the tapers only making the darkness visible, and the brilliance of the magnesium light illuminating the stately "Egyptian columns," twenty-five feet in diameter, and supporting, age after age, the massive roof.

Great stalactites of fantastic forms hang from the roof, formed by the dripping, through countless centuries, of the lime-saturated water upon the floor, where huge stalagmites are formed. In places the stalactites and stalagmites have met and form a huge column of alabaster, supporting the roof like the piers in a Gothic cathedral. Indeed, one chamber is so named, and here religious service is frequently held, and more than once a marriage ceremony has been performed. The wall in places is studded with exquisite crystals of snowy gypsum simulating the form of every imaginable flower.

"Floral clusters, bouquets, wreaths, garlands, embellish nearly every foot of the ceilings and walls; while the very soil sparkles with trodden jewels. The pendulous fringes of the night-blooming cereus are rivalled by the snowy plumes that float from rifts and crevices, forever safe from the withering glare of daylight. Clumps of lilies, pale pansies, blanchet tulips, drooping fuchsias, sprays of asters, spikes of tuberose, wax-leaved magnolias—but why exhaust the botanical catalogue? The fancy finds every gem of the greenhouse and parterre in this crystalline conservatory."

One of the most striking adventures is the sail on Echo River, which flows in darkness well-nigh 200 feet below the surface. It is thus vividly described by an accomplished writer:

On entering River Hall, we found our path skirting the edge of cliffs 60 feet high and 100 feet long, embracing the sullen waters of what is called the Dead Sea. Descending a flight of steps, we came to a cascade, but a little farther on, said to be a re-appearance of the waterfall at the entrance, suggesting the idea that the cave has doubled on its track. Passing the River Styx and Lake Lethe, we come to Echo River. Four boats await us on the banks. Each has seats on the gunwales for twenty passengers, while the guide stands in the bow and propels the primitive craft by a long paddle, or by grasping projecting rocks. The river's width varies from twenty to two hundred feet, and its length is about three-quarters of a mile.

The low arch rises to a height varying from 10 to 30 feet, while the plummet shows a still greater depth below.

A quiet lady in black velvet led us in sacred song. The concord of sweet sounds was surprisingly agreeable; but the tones followed each other too rapidly to secure full justice. A single aerial vibration given with energy, as by a pistol-shot, rebounded from rock to rock. The din awakened by discordant sounds was frightful. On the other hand, when the voice gave the tones of

a full chord *seriatim*, they came back in a sweeping *arpeggio*. Flute-music produced charming reverberations. The finest vocal effect followed the utterance, as strongly and firmly as possible, of the keynote of that long vault, letting all other sounds meanwhile cease; the wonderful vibrations thus caused were prolonged from fifteen to thirty seconds after the original tone had been delivered.

An extraordinary result was obtained by the guide's agitating the water vigorously with his broad paddle, and then seating himself in silence by my side. The first sound that broke the stillness was like the tinkling of silver bells. Larger and heavier bells then seemed to take up the strange melody, as the waves sought out the cavities in the rock. And then it appeared as if all chimes of all cathedrals had conspired to raise a tempest of sweet sounds. They then died away to utter silence. We still sat in expectation. Lo, as if from some deep recess that had been hitherto forgotten, came a tone tender and profound; after which, like gentle memories, were re-awakened all the mellow sounds that had gone before, until River Hall rang again. This concert was prolonged for several minutes, until the agitation of the waters had wholly subsided. Those who try their own voices are pleased to have the hollow wall faithfully give back every shout and song, whimsical cry or merry peal; but the nymphs of Echo River reserve their choicest harmonies for those who are willing in silence to listen to the voice of many waters.

Another prominent writer says of the ride on Echo River: "This alone is worth a trip across the ocean. Darkness indescribable, stillness which can only be likened to the tomb, yet gliding over waters without a wave, a stream without beginning or end. 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' sung in a deep, manly voice, wakes the 'echoes' and the reverberations go down the cavernous depths for miles and continue sounding in fainter and fainter tones until they seem to finally die away at an immense distance. 'William' (the guide) then sings the 'Sweet By-and-By' and more melody is heard than was voiced by the 'Swedish Nightingale' in days when whole cities hung upon her tones. If Nilsson, Kellogg, or Gerster would go there and sing, the music would surely call back to life the 'dwellers in the caves,' and bring out the rock-riveted melodies of the lost ages."

In this river my son had the good fortune to catch one of the strange eyeless crawfish which haunt its dark depths. As no ray of light ever penetrates its eternal gloom, they have no need of eyes, and in the lapse of ages these have disappeared. He also procured one of the eyeless fishes, which are so great a curiosity as to be preserved in the museums of London, Vienna, and Berlin. But space will not permit to recount our adventures in traversing the rugged route of Sparks Avenue, in scrambling through "Fat Man's Misery," and in wriggling our way up the winding "Corkscrew;" nor to describe the strange stone houses in which a number of invalids once dwelt, in the hope that the dry and equable temperature of the Cave would cure consumption; nor the queer salt vats, in which, during the war of 1812, vast quantities of saltpetre for manufacturing gunpowder were leached. We shall fully describe

these and many other striking aspects of the cave in an early number of the *Methodist Magazine*, to be illustrated with 14 elegant engravings, much finer and more beautiful than those given in this article.

Bayard Taylor, after visiting all the great natural wonders of the Old and New World, says of the Cave: "I had been twelve hours underground, but I had gained an age in a strange and hitherto unknown world; an age of wonderful experience, and an exhaustless store of sublime and lovely memories. Before taking a final leave of the Mammoth Cave, however, let me assure those who have followed me through it, that no description can do justice to its sublimity, or present a fair picture of its manifold wonders. It is the greatest natural curiosity I have ever visited, Niagara not excepted, and he whose expectations are not satisfied by its marvellous avenues, domes, and starry grottoes, must either be a fool or a demigod."

We were not so long in the cave as he—only about half the time. After travelling underground for about twelve miles, we emerged into the starry night at two o'clock, and in the comfortable beds of the hotel soon forgot all our fatigue.

Mammoth Cave is only eighty-four miles south of Louisville, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. A visit to it can be easily combined with one to the Great Southern Exposition, which we had also the pleasure of visiting. The International Sunday-school Convention will be held next June in the city of Louisville, and doubtless many Canadian delegates will desire, when so near it, to visit this great natural curiosity. For their information we may say that round trip tickets are issued by the Louisville and Nashville Railway, entitling the tourist to, we believe, a night's lodging and one meal at the Cave Hotel for \$8.75.

FOR THE BOYS.

THE *Wide Awake* gives the following story, which is all the better for being true:

Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changing his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moving out of a tenement-house, into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of the year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.

LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

BY THE EDITOR.

H! how I loathe this sad autumn weather!
Clouds that lower and winds that wail;
The rain and the leaves come down together,
And tell to each other a sorrowful tale.

The beauty of Summer alas! has perished,
The ghosts of the flowers stand out in the rain—
The fairy flowers that we fondly cherished,
But cherished, alas, in vain, in vain!

The wind it wails, it wails forever,
Like a soul in pain and in dread remorse;
Like a murderer vile, whose pain can never
Cease, as he thinks of his victim's course.

For the Summer now on her bier is lying,
Lying silent and cold and dead;
And the sad rains weep and bewail her dying,
Over her drear and lowly bed.

Pallid and wan she grew; yet fairer
Than in richest wreaths of leafy green;
The hectic flush on her cheek was rarer
Than ever is seen in health, I ween.

Thus all things fair, as they fade, grow dearer,
Dearer and fairer till hope has fled;
We closer clasp, as the hour draws nearer,
That bears them forever away to the dead.

Through the grand old woods, a cathedral hoary,
The organ chant of the winds doth roll,
As bearing aloft to the realms of glory
On its billows of sound her weary soul.

Through the long-drawn aisles the dirge is swelling,
Orate pro Anima—pray for her soul;
Now *Gloria in excelsis*, swelling
In fountains of music its sound waves roll.

The clouds like funeral curtains lower
Darkly and heavily round her grave,
And the trailing vines of the summer bower
Like the plumes of a gloomy catafalque wave.

The fair young spruce, like a beauteous maiden
Heavily draped in weeds of woe—
A sorrowing soul—a nun, grief-laden,
Bears a dead weight at her heart, I know.

The dark-robed cypress, a gloomy friar,
Patters his prayers and count his beads;
The sorrowful cedar, a saintly prior,
Folds around him his mourning weeds.

The lofty pines toss their plumes so sadly,
And chant aloud their dirge of woe;
Now high and wild rise the notes, and madly
They wail—and now they are moaning low.

All nature grieves and weeps, bemoaning
The fair, fond Summer, forever fled;
And bends, in her sorrowfully groaning,
Over the bier of the early dead!

A MOONLIGHT RIDE ON A BOTTOMLESS RIVER.

[Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," thus describes his sail on our grand river, Saguenay.—Ed.]

THIS river of death, or Saguenay, is bottomless. You might, if possible, drain the St. Lawrence river dry, says M. LeMoine, the Canadian authority, and yet this dark still river would be able to float the Great Eastern and all Her Majesty's ships of the line. "A bottomless river," sounds strangely new; indeed were it not so I should not trouble you or myself to mention it. But this river is thus far unfathomed. It is full of counter-currents, swift, perilous in the extreme. As the vast red moon came shouldering up out of the St. Lawrence away above towards the sea and stood there, a glowing period to a great day, we drew back from Tadoussac, where the ancient church sits in the tawny sand and scattering grass, and rounding a granite headland we slowly steamed up the silent river of death. It widened a little as we went forward, but even its

mile of water looked narrow enough as we crept up between the great naked walls of slate and granite that shut out these dark waters from every living thing. On the right hand great naked and monotonous capes of slate and toppling granite. On the left hand granite and slate and granite, and silent, all new and nude, as if just fallen half finished from God's hand. One mile, two miles, twenty miles, and only the weary wall of granite and slate; and only the great massive monotony of nude and uncompleted earth. Now the walls would seem to close in before us and bar all possible advance. Then as we rounded another weary and eternal cape of overhanging granite, with its few frightened and torn trees, the dark way would open before us. And then ten, twenty, thirty miles more of silence, gloom, river of death. No sound. No sign of life is here. Summer or winter, springtime or Autumn, all seasons alike, no bird, no beast, not even the smallest insect, save only a possible housefly that may harbor in the steamboat and so be brought with you, is ever seen here. This is literally the river of death. I know no spot like it on the face of this earth. Our deserts with their owls, horn-toads, prairie dogs, and rattlesnakes are populous with life in comparison. And yet this awful absence of all kinds of life cannot be due to the waters. They are famous for fish of the best kind. The air is certainly delicious. But all this vast river's shore is as empty of life as when "darkness was upon the face of the deep."

And no man has settled here. For nearly one hundred miles not a sign of man is seen. You seem to be a sort of Columbus, as if no man had ever been here before you. At every turn of a great granite cape these lines rhymed incessantly in my ears:

"We were the first that ever burst
Upon that silent sea."

An hour past midnight and we neared the central object of the journey. Cape Trinity, a granite wall of about two thousand feet, which in places literally overhangs the ship. Our captain laid the vessel closely against the monolith, and for a moment rested there. We seemed so small. The great steamer was as a little toy, held out there in God's hand.

No sound anywhere. No sign of life, or light, save the moon that filled the canon with her silver, and lit the amber river of death with a tender and an alluring light. No lighthouse, no light from the habitations of man far away on the mountains; only the stars that hung above us, locked in the stony helmets of these everlasting hills.

BREAK IT GENTLY.

IT is often wise not to tell bad news all at once. Patrick applied the rule to good news, though for a different reason:

A gentleman was recently asked by one of his newly-imported farm hands to write a letter for him. The substance of it was advice to his friend, Tim O'Brien, to come out to America.

"Tell him, your honor," said Patrick, "that we have meat twice a week here."

"You know very well that you get it every day," I interrupted.

"Troth, an' i do; but he would think I was foolin' him. Sure, he'd not believe me."

LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON.*

GRACE and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I hear with great pleasure that you are learning your lessons so well, and praying so diligently. Continue to do so, my son and cease not; when I come home I will bring you a nice present from the fair. I know a beautiful garden where there are a great many children in fine little coats, and they go under the trees and gather beautiful apples and pears, cherries and plums; they sing and run about, and are as happy as they can be. Sometimes they ride on nice little ponies, with golden bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man whose garden it is: "What little children are there?" and he told me, "They are little children who love to pray and learn and are good." When I said, "My dear sir, I have a little boy at home; his name is little Hans Luther; would you let him come into the garden, too, to eat some of these nice apples and pears, and ride on these fine little ponies, and play with these children?" The man said, "If he loves to say his prayers and learn his lessons, and is a good boy, he may come, Lippus and Jost also, and when they are all together they can play upon the fife and drum and lute and all kinds of instruments, and skip about and play with little cross-bows." He then showed me a beautiful mossy place in the middle of the garden for them to skip about in, with a great many golden fifes and drums and silver cross-bows. The children had not yet had their dinner, and I could not wait to see them play, but I said to the man: "My dear sir, I will go away and write all about it to my little son John, and tell him to be fond of saying his prayers, and learn well and be good, so that he may come into this garden; but he has a grand-aunt named Lehne, whom he must bring along with him." The man said, "Very well, go write to him." Now, my dear little son, love your lessons and your prayers and tell Philip and Jodocus to do so, too, that you may all come to the garden. May God bless you. Give Aunt Lehne my love, and kiss her for me. Your dear father, Martinus Luther. In the year 1530.

OUR BOYS.

WE are always being told what we should do for our boys, but it strikes us that boys, to become the sort of men that are wanted in these times, must do a good deal for themselves. We may train them in good principles, but there is one thing they must do for themselves which no one else can do for them, and that is to stand fast. Boys who seemed to be true, and manly, and honourable, have often made sad shipwrecks, just because they had not firmness enough to stand fast in what they knew was right. The Bible says, "Cleave to that which is good." The very expression "cleave" shows that it is sometimes pretty hard work to stick to the right. We must, as it were, hold on with all our might. Now, boys, that is exactly what you will have to do. Many of you have to

*We wished to quote the quaint and beautiful letter in our special Luther number of PLEASANT HOURS, but could not find it. We have since come across it in Koestlin's new Life of Luther.

go out into the world exposed to all sorts of evil and all sorts of temptations. Keep out of their way, if you can; but if your path lies among them, keep your eyes open to your danger, and quietly but determinedly resist them. And that your brain and judgment may be clear, and that you may have the full benefit of the reason God has given you, never let a drop of stimulants pass your lips. Sign the pledge, and stand fast by that, and you will have good safe standing ground for your own feet, and may be able to hold out a helping and upholding hand to some companion just beginning to tread the slippery, downward path. It will be safety and security for yourselves, and besides you know—who knows better than the boys—the strong can always help the weak. It will be easier for somebody else to stand fast just because you do.—*Ex.*

THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the woodtop calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours:
The rain is falling where they lie—but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again
—*Bryant.*

THE SPARE BED.

THE "spare bed" of many country homes is the dread of the visitor who is honoured with its occupancy. A good story is told of an eminent Bishop, who was quartered at the house of the wealthiest resident of a certain village, while the wife was away. The Bishop, with grim humor, sometimes complains of spare rooms that are opened especially for him and for the encouragement of rheumatism. He is withal a slim man. On this occasion, when his host inquired in the morning how he had slept, and hoped he had passed an agreeable night, he answered with some vehemence, "No, I did not; I passed a very disagreeable night indeed!"

The Bishop departed, and when the wife of his host returned, she naturally inquired who had been in the house in her absence.

"Bishop P—," said her husband.
"Bishop P—! Where did you put him to sleep?"

"In the spare bed," of course.
"In the spare bed!" shrieked the horrified matron. "Why, I put all the silver-ware under the mattress before I went away."

Then he understood why the Bishop passed a disagreeable night.

ERROR is worse than ignorance, for ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write, but error is a sheet scribbled on, from which we must first erase. The Africans say, "Error is truth led astray."

HAVE JESUS WITH YOU.

KNOW life is full of temptations,
And sin, and sorrow, and fear,
But if you'll take Jesus with you,
He'll wipe away ev'ry tear;
In His loving arms He'll entold you,
He will all your burdens bear,
And guide, and shield, and uphold you,
And protect you every where

I know you are sometimes lonely—
Oh! remember you have a Friend,
Who will ever prove true and faithful,
And will love you to the end.
If you want to live and die happy,
Give Jesus your heart to-day,
Let Him share all your joys and sorrows,
Let Him lead you all the way.

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

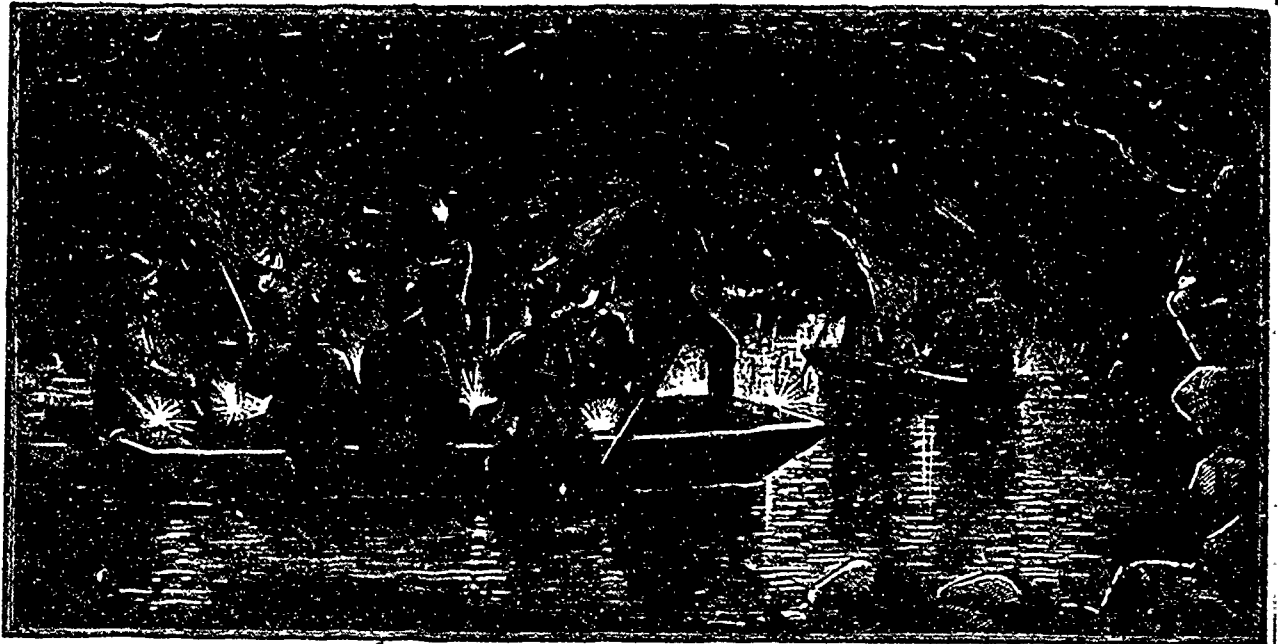
TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

ENGLISH EDITION OF A CANADIAN BOOK.

THE Wesleyan Conference Office, London, England, has brought out a handsome illustrated edition of Withrow's "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs: a Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome." The book has been well received by the English press. The London Watchman thus reviews it: "This is a vivid and realistic picture of the times of the persecution of the early Christians under Diocletian. It will enchain the attention of those who read it. Not only is the story of great interest in itself, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that the details of manners and customs are historically correct. Dr. Withrow is an authority on all matters connected with the subject. His important work on the Catacombs of Rome gives an exhaustive account of all that is known concerning them. We hope that this touching story of one who found her last resting-place in their recesses may lead the reader to consult for himself the larger work, which deals with matters so affecting to our Christian sympathies.

The London Recorder says of it: "It should be on every drawing-room table and in every Sunday-school library." This book is for sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price 75 cents.

"IRRITABILITY," says Cecil, "urges us to take a step as much too soon as sloth does too late."



ECHO RIVER, MAMMOTH CAVE.

DR. DANIEL WILSON ON HIGHER EDUCATION.

WE take the following from Dr. Wilson's admirable address at the recent convocation of University College: From time to time I have had opportunities of recommending students of this college to mercantile appointments, and have received gratifying assurance that the habits of systematic and persevering application which an academic course tends to encourage have proved admirable training for the counting-house and the mart. This very year I have received with pleasure the response from one of our oldest and most experienced bankers to my recommendation of a former student, a mathematical honour man, in which he says:—"I hold to the opinion that young men of academic training are to be preferred, in spite of a contrary one maintained by some. I am confirmed in this by the satisfactory results of previous experience. A student who, I was warned, would prove to have been rendered useless by a college education, has turned out a most efficient clerk." To you especially who are now entering on college life, with all its ample opportunities and privileges before you, let me urge that the use you are now about to make of them will influence your whole future career. The four years of your undergraduate course are the seed-time on which the future harvest of your life largely depends. And there are few sadder heritages of age than the retrospect of time mispent and opportunities lost. Of those who, like myself, have reached an age in which we look back upon life's opportunities as a treasure already expended, there are few, indeed, who do not revert with unavailing regret to wasted hours in which the wondrous possibilities of life's morning were allowed to pass unheeded, "and fade into the light of common day." Let me urge on you, then, to use wisely the opportunities now presented, with a high sense of your responsibilities. These you can scarcely over-estimate. Each one of you is a unit in the grand aggregate of the new generation on which so much of the future of Canada depends. To her, as you enter on your academic career, you take a vow of allegiance,

the breach of which involves no less dishonour than that of the faithless knight whose sword was broken and the spurs hacked from his heels. It pledges you to a wise and diligent use of advantages of priceless worth, which the far-sighted providence of Canada secured for you while the Mississauga savage still haunted our bay and the virgin forest occupied the site of these halls. In your gratitude to her for such an inheritance, your vow may not unfitly be embodied in the greeting given from this place to the youthful Prince in whom so many hopes centre as the future occupant of the throne; for we too would still gladly identify ourselves and all that pertains to our young Dominion with the proudest hopes of the empire in all whose triumphs we have a part. *Imperii spes provincie salutis.*

A GOOD MOTTO.

THE Rev. Alfred Andrews writes as follows: Dear Brother,—I had occasion to stay with a very nice family a few miles from here last night, and in my bedroom saw as neat and attractive a motto over the washstand as I have met with for many a day. It was simply the heading of PLEASANT HOURS ingeniously cut out and laid on a blue background and framed neatly. The effect was strikingly pleasant, and certainly speaks well for the typographical execution of our excellent juvenile papers.

We want the address of the Superintendent of every Methodist Sunday-school in the Dominion. We have all those in the London Conference and most of these in the Toronto Conference. Many of the ministers in the Montreal and Eastern Conferences have also sent these addresses. But many also have not. Those who have not will confer a favour by sending those addresses at once to the Editor of this paper.

We have pressing appeals for second-hand Sunday-school books from many parts of the North-West Territory and other places. Cannot several large schools glean out enough of books that they can spare to supply this need? Send them to Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto.

IT NEVER PAYS.

IT never pays to fret or growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow;
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield and play
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain;
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Has tempted even kings;
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song;
For age and youth must learn this truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success;
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

THE "room at the top" idea is a good one when rightly considered; but many a young man permits it to mislead, and hence to do him an injury. The recent graduates have all been told of it, and have started off with the belief fixed in their minds that their lives will only be successful if they attain to it. But not many of them will, and seeing it so they will be disappointed and soured in many places where they must constantly be reminded of their failures. What they should be taught to feel is that they have nothing to do with the "top," but that they are called into the world to do its work in the best way possible under a sense of responsibility to God. Away at the top there may be success for them. It will be that if it is God's will concerning them, and that they will receive as he settles for them their limits and environments. We hear of professions that are "overcrowded," but the fact remains that there is a place in all of them for those who will manfully strive, not simply to reach the top, but to do the Lord's work in a worthy manner.—United Presbyterian.



GIANT'S COFFIN AND ANT-EATER.

THE TOURIST IN CANADA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Chicago Standard* says:—"To see the Old World you must go to the Maritime Provinces and some other parts of the Dominion of Canada. Only in Canada you see Old France. You will not find it in France to-day. In Canada the old forms of speech, old methods of dress and manners are preserved. The same is true of the Scotch of Cape Breton and other parts of the country. There are fewer people in Scotland, even in the most Northern Highlands, in proportion to the population, who speak only Gaelic than in Cape Breton. On that island whole communities are found who speak little English, many of them none whatever. The same is true of sections of the Province of Quebec near the writer's birthplace. It is natural that when persons leave their native land they should carry their customs with them; every instinct of patriotism, often of religion also, leads them to cling tenaciously to these customs. The countries whence they came feel the atmosphere of the nineteenth century far more than the quiet corners in which the immigrants have located. Halifax is more English to-day than any city in England. "The sturdy Briton has pushed the dashing Frenchman out of all his

possessions on this continent. The Frenchmen, however, has left the halo of brave deeds, and the romance of poetical and historical names on every spot which he has touched. Mr. Warner, in his deeply interesting book, entitled, 'Baddeck and that Sort of Thing,' has remarked that to the French and the Spanish we are indebted for the poetry, the romance of our early history. The Briton was not poetic, but he 'meant business.' We are glad, nevertheless, for the

glamour of the Frenchman's poetry. In the Maritime Provinces, strictly speaking, there are but few Frenchmen left. In the Province of Quebec they abound. In the provinces below they are found only in limited sections. But wherever found they retain the language and customs of their ancestors. Their language is not the miserable *patois* which some suppose. School-girls who can barely translate their exercises may so describe it; but those who have studied the subject deeply know better. One hears in Canada the French as spoken in France two hundred years ago. It is still spoken with remarkable purity. It bears to modern French the relation which the English of Shakespeare bears to the English of to-day. One constantly hears in Canada expressions which have come from association with the Indians; there are Anglicisms: there are local expressions due to trade and the exigencies of life. These we have in English also. It is now admitted that most of our 'Down-Eastisms' were brought from England. They, too, can be traced to the leading writers of an earlier day. Precisely so with the French in Canada. This I affirm: There is better French spoken in Canada to-day as a whole than is spoken in France to-day as a whole. There is a worse French spoken in France to-day than is spoken in Canada to-day. There is far more of a *patois* in France than in Canada. No doubt in a limited section in France a better French is spoken than in Canada, but taking the country as a whole, the statement already made will not be contradicted by any one whose judgment is worthy of consideration. It will pay a student of French to visit Canada."

—
THAT is the bitterest of all—to wear the yoke of our own wrong doing.—G. Elliot.

GIRL-LIFE IN INDIA.

ON the day of her marriage she is put into a palanquin, shut up tight, and carried to her husband's house. Hitherto she has been the spoiled pet of her mother; now, she is to be the slave of her mother-in-law upon whom she is to wait, whose commands she is implicitly to obey, and who teaches her what she is to do to please her husband—what dishes he likes best, and how to cook them. If the mother-in-law is kind, she will let the girl go home occasionally to visit her mother. Of her husband she sees little or nothing. She is no more account to him than a little cat or dog would be. There is seldom or never any love between them; and, no matter how cruelly she may be treated, she can never complain to her husband of his mother.

Her husband sends her daily the portion of food that is to be cooked for her, himself, and the children. When it is prepared, she places it on a large brass platter, and it is sent to her husband's room. He eats what he wishes, and then the platter is sent back, with what is left, for her and the children. They sit together on the ground, and eat the remainder, having neither knives, forks, nor spoons. While she is young, she is never allowed to go anywhere.

The little girls are married as young as three years of age; and, should the boy to whom such a child is married die the next day, she is called a widow, and is from henceforth doomed to perpetual widowhood—she can never marry again. As a widow, she must never dress her hair, never sleep on a bed, nothing but a piece of matting spread on the hard, brick floor—and sometimes in fact, not even that between her and the cold bricks; and no matter how cold the night may be, she must have no other covering than the thin garment she has worn in the day.

She must eat but one meal a day, and that of the coarsest kind; and once in two weeks she must fast twenty-four hours. Then, not a bit of food, not a drop of water, or medicine, must pass her lips—not even if she were dying. She must never sit down nor speak in the presence of her mother-in-law, unless they command her to do so. Her food must be cooked and eaten apart from the other women's. She is a disgraced, a degraded woman. She may never



GOthic GALLERIES AND OLD SALT VATS.

even look on at any of the marriage ceremonies or festivals. It would be an evil omen for her to do so. She may have been a high-cast Brahminic woman; but, on her becoming a widow, any, even the lowest servant, may order her to do what they do not like to do. No woman in the house must even speak one word of love or pity to her; for it is supposed that, if a woman shows the slightest commiseration to a widow she will immediately become one herself.

It is estimated that there are eighty thousand widows in India under six years of age.

A DUTCHMAN, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the latter, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Honty said, "Dey must have werry hot wedder dere in New York. I ret an aggount of a meeting vere all de people had melted away."

THE noble silent men scattered here and there whom no morning newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the earth. A country that has none, or few of these, is in a bad way—a forest that has no roots, all turned into leaves and boughs, which must wither and be the forest.—Carlyle.



GRAND ARCHWAY AND WATER CLOCK, MAIN CAVE.



MAMMOTH DOME AND EGYPTIAN PILLARS.

AUTUMN

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WITH what a glory comes and goes this year!

The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread
out.

And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillard clouds.

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crim-
soned.

And silver beech, and mapled yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits
down

By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry, and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird comes with its plaintive whistle,
And peeks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird
sings.

And merrily, with oft repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

Oh, what glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent
teachings.

LINDY.

"Oh, daddy!" called a clear, girl-
ish voice.

"Yes, Lindy; what's wanted?"

"Ma wants to know how long it'll
be 'fore you're ready."

"Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by
the time she gets her things on. Be
sure you have the butter and eggs all
ready to put into the waggon. We're
making too late a start to town."

Butter and eggs, indeed! As if
Lindy needed a reminder other than
the new dress for which they were to
be exchanged.

"Elmer and I can go to town next
time, can't we, ma?" she asked, enter-
ing the house.

"Yes, Lindy; I hope so," was the
reply. "But don't bother me now;
your pa is coming already, and I
haven't my shawl on yet. Yes, Wil-
bur, I'm here. Just put this butter
in, Lindy; I'll carry the eggs in my
lap. Now, Lindy, don't let Elmer
play with the fire or run away."

And in a moment more the heavy
lumber waggon rattled away from the
door and the children stood gazing
after it for awhile in half-forlorn man-
ner. Then Lindy went in to do her
work, Elmer resumed his play, and
soon everything was moving along as
cheerfully as ever.

After dinner Elmer went to sleep,
and Lindy, feeling rather lonely again,
went out of doors for a change. It
was a warm autumnal day, almost the
perfect counterpart of a dozen or more
which had preceded it. The sun shone
brightly, and the hot winds that swept
through the tall grass made that and
all else it touched so dry that the
prairie seemed like a vast tinder box.
Though her parents had but lately
moved to the place, Lindy was accus-
tomed to the prairies. She had been
on them, and her eyes were familiar
with nothing else; yet, as she stood

to-day with that brown unbroken ex-
panse rolling away before her until it
reached the pale bluish-gray of the
sky, the indescribable feeling of awe
and terrible solitude which such a
scene often inspires in one not familiar
with it gradually stole over her. But
Lindy was far too practical to remain
long under such an influence. The
chickens were "peeping" loudly, and
she remembered that they were still
without their dinner.

As she passed around the corner of
the house with a dish of corn in her
hand, the wind almost lifted her from
the ground. It was certainly blowing
with greater violence than during the
morning.

Great tumble-weeds went flying by,
turning over and over with almost
lightning-like rapidity; then, pausing
for an instant's rest, were caught by
another gust and carried along mile
after mile till some fence or other
obstacle was reached, where they could
pile up in great drifts, and wait till a
brisk wind from an opposite direction
should send them rolling and tumbling
all the way back. But Lindy did not
notice the tumble-weeds. The dish of
corn had fallen from her hands and she
stood looking straight ahead with wide-
open, terrified eyes.

What was the sight that so fright-
ened her?

Only a line of fire below the horizon.
Only a line of fire, with forked flames
darting high into the air and a cloud
of smoke drifting away from them.
A beautiful relief, this bright, chang-
ing spectacle, from the brown monotony
of the prairie.

But the scene was without beauty
for Lindy. Her heart had given one
great bound when she first saw the
red line, and then it seemed to quit
beating. She had seen many prairie
fires; had seen her father and other
men fight them, and she knew at once
the danger her home was in. What
could she, a little girl, do to save it,
and perhaps herself and her little
brother, from the destroyer which the
south wind was bringing right toward
them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood,
white and motionless; then with a
bound she was at the well. Her course
was decided upon. If only time and
strength were given her! Drawing
two pails of water, she laid a large bag
in each, and then, getting some
matches hurried out beyond the stable.
She must fight the fire with fire.
That was her only hope; but a strong
experienced man would have shrunk
from starting a back fire in such a
wind.

She fully realized the danger, but it
was possible escape from otherwise in-
evitable destruction, and she hesitated
not an instant to attempt it. Cau-
tiously starting a blaze, she stood with
a wet bag ready to smother the first
unruly flame.

The great fire to the southward was
rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens
and other birds, driven from their
nests were flying over, uttering dis-
tressing cries. The air was full of
smoke and burnt grass, and the crack-
ling of the flames could plainly be
heard. It was a trying moment. The
increased roar of the advancing fire
warned Lindy that she had but little
time in which to complete the circle
around the house and barn, still, if she
hurried too much, she would lose con-
trol of the fire she had started, and
with it all hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke
suffocating, the rapid swinging of the
heavy bag most exhausting, but she
was unconscious of these things. The
extremity of the danger inspired her
with wonderful strength and endur-
ance. Instead of losing courage, she
increased her almost superhuman ex-
ertions, and in another brief interval
the task was completed. None too
soon, either, for the swiftly advancing
column had nearly reached the waver-
ing, struggling, slowly moving line
Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was wild, fascinating, half-terrible,
half-beautiful scene. The tongues of
flame, leaping above each other with
airy, fantastic grace, seemed, cat-like,
to toy with their victims before devour-
ing them.

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and
then with a great crashing roar the
two fires met, the flames shooting high
into the air as they rushed together.

For one brief, glorious moment they
remained there, lapping their fierce
hot tongues; then suddenly dropping,
they died quickly out; and where an
instant before had been a wall of fire,
was nothing now but a cloud of blue
smoke rising from the blackened
ground, and here and there a sickly
flame finishing any obstinate tufts of
grass. The fire on each side, meeting
no obstacle, swept quickly by, and
Lindy stood gazing, spellbound, after
it as it darted and flashed in terrible
zigzag lines farther and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" called a shrill little
voice from the house. Elmer had just
awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered
turning. But how very queer she
felt! There was a roaring in her ears
louder than the fire had made; every-
thing whirled before her eyes, and the
sun seemed suddenly to have ceased
shining, all was so dark. Reaching
the house by a great effort, she sank,
faint, dizzy, and trembling, upon the
bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake,
began to cry, and, as he never did any-
thing in a half-way manner, the result
was quite wonderful. His frantic
shrieks and furious cries roused his
half fainting sister as effectually as if
he had poured a glass of brandy be-
tween her lips. She soon sat up, and
by and by colour began to return to
the white face, and strength to the ex-
hausted body. Her practical nature
and strong will again asserted them-
selves, and instead of yielding to a
feeling of weakness and prostration,
she tied on her sun-bonnet firmly, and
gave the chickens their long-delayed
dinner.

But when half an hour later her
father found her fast asleep, with the
glow from the sky reflected on her
weary little face, he looked out the
window for a moment, pictured to
himself the terrible scenes of the after-
noon, and then down at his daughter.
"A brave girl!" he murmured, smooth-
ing the yellow hair with his hard,
brown hand—"a brave girl."—*Char-
lotte A. Butts, in St. Nicholas.*

The *Sunday-school Times* is respon-
sible for this: "At the dress-parade of
a colored regiment, during the civil war,
the chaplain who had been accustomed
to conduct prayers at that time was
not in place. Thereupon the colonel
said that if there was a preacher in
the ranks he might step forward.
Promptly one hundred and sixteen
preachers advanced from the line."

THE OLD LOG CHURCH.

Olden walls, in memory's halls,
With roses 'round us clinging,
A picture rare, of antique air,
The old log church is swinging.

Of timbers rough, and gnawed and tough,
It stands in rustic beauty;
A monument to good intent
And loyal Christian duty.

The forest trees kissed by the breeze
Of early autumn weather,
Stand grimly by, and seem to sigh
And bend their boughs together.

Down by the mill and up by the hill,
And through the hazel thicket,
And o'er the mead brown pathway lead
Up to the rustic wicket.

And up by these ways on holy days,
The village folks collected,
And humbly heard the Sacred Word
And worshipped unaffected.

Sweet fancy's art and poet's heart
Can see the old time preacher
And village page now turn the page,
As minister or teacher.

For in the church, with dreaded birch,
On week days he presided,
In awful mien a tutor seen,
"Twixt lore and licks divided.

But where it stood in dappled wood,
A city sprung to life,
And jolly noise of barefoot boys
Is lost in business life.

With years now flown the children grown,
Are launched on life's mad billows,
The pretty maid is matron staid,
The master's 'neath the willows,

INTRODUCED BY A HORSE.

IN colonial times, before the
establishment of stage-coaches,
travellers between Boston and
Philadelphia usually performed the
journey on horseback. Benjamin Frank-
lin was fond of this mode of conveyance,
and while on his way to his native city,
bought a fine black horse, which had
once belonged to a Connecticut
minister.

He happened on his journey to pass
near the house of another clergyman, an
intimate friend of the former owner.
The house stood at the end of a long
lane. As the horse came to the lane,
he instantly wheeled into it. Franklin
sought in vain to turn him back into
the main road.

He then loosed the rein, and the
horse swiftly galloped to the house.
The family came out, the clergyman
leading, and bowing courteously. Frank-
lin raised his hat and said,—

"I am Benjamin Franklin, of Phila-
delphia. I am travelling to Boston,
and my horse seems to have some busi-
ness with you, as he insisted on
coming to your house."

"Oh," replied the clergyman, smiling,
"that horse has often been here before.
Pray alight and come in and lodge with
us to-night."

The invitation was frankly accepted,
and a delightful evening followed. A
friendship was formed for life; and
Franklin never passed that way
without a call, and a cordial welcome.
He often said he was the only man who
was introduced by his horse."

PROFESSOR Blackie once chalked on
his notice-board in college: "The Pro-
fessor is unable to meet his classes to-
morrow." A waggish student removed
the "c," leaving "lasses." When the
Professor returned he noticed the new
rendering. Equal to the occasion, the
Professor quietly rubbed out the "l,"
and joined in the hearty laughter of the
"asses."

THE MONKISH SCRIBE

"Fear Pacificus," in the Scriptorium of the convent, copying an ancient MS. of the Scriptures.

It is growing dark! yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the Lord!
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause a while, and wash my pen;
Pure from blemish and spot must it be
When it writes that word of mystery!

Thus have I laboured on and on,
Near'y through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ Himself perhaps has kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse!
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the book.
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah me! when I think of that vision Divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse!
God forgive me! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
Iest my part too, should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

This is well written, though I say it!
I should not be afraid to display it,
In open day, on the selfsame shelf,
With the writings of St. Thecla herself,
Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospel in letters of gold!
That goodly folio standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm from mine,
If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter,
Saint Ulric hims—lf never made a better,
Finished down to the leaf and the snail,
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail;
And now, as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover,
What treasures of art these pages hold,
All a-blaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of Thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain;
Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for Thee!
(He looks from the window.)
How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!
I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscape and my leaves!
How the swallows twitter under the eaves!
There, now, there is one in her nest;
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and
breast,
And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,
For the margin of my Gospel book.
LONGFELLOW.—Golden Legend.

DOES GOD HEAR LITTLE CHILDREN'S PRAYERS?

BY REV. W. TINDALL.

A LITTLE more than twenty-five years ago the writer of this was quite young, full of vigour and delight in a missionary's life in the back woods. He used often to visit a pinery where lived a pious couple with three children. The eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was then about seven; the next a daughter whose name I have forgotten, about five; with their brother Johnny, a chubby faced baby-boy growing towards three years old. Although there was no Sabbath-school in the neighbourhood, no PLEASANT HOURS or Sabbath-school papers to read, Mr. and Mrs. A—, the parents, loved God and taught their children many beautiful little hymns. They told them how Jesus loved children and died for them; they taught their children to pray and to believe that God delights to hear children's prayers, and to answer us when we believe the promises of His word. Elizabeth and her sister believed in Jesus, and rejoiced to know their sins forgiven; and few

children with all the luxuries of the city were so happy as these dear little ones in the wilderness, to whom God had revealed Himself by His Holy Spirit. Their home was a house of pine logs, quite small, only one room—no parlour or bed rooms—with one window of four small panes of glass, nailed fast into a rude frame in a hole cut through the wall. The door opened outwards, and was fastened by a wooden latch on the outside. A hole was bored through the door, and a leather string ran through this, so that those within the house lifted the latch by pulling the string.

One day in the winter Mr. A. and his wife went away on business and left the children in the house. The baby went outside and a cold wind blew the door shut. It became very stormy, and the baby-boy began to cry to get in, when Elizabeth and her sister found, to their horror, that by some accident the string had been pulled out, and they inside could not open the door. The loud winds blow, the tall pines sighed, the blinding snow fell in thick flakes, while poor little Johnny's cries were pitifully heard above the wild raging storm. Johnny was not tall enough to reach up to the latch, even if he knew enough to raise it. Elizabeth and her sister, fastened up in what was now their prison, cried bitterly to think of poor little Johnny perishing, and of their loving parents upon their return finding his corpse stiff and cold on the door sill!

Then Elizabeth's sister thought of their nightly prayer,

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee,"

and Elizabeth said, "Our father has often told us that God hears the prayers of even little children when they cry to Him," so she and her sister knelt down and said "Lord Jesus, save little Johnny from dying in the cold. Lord Jesus send an angel to open the door before Johnny dies with the cold." While on their knees, the door which they had tried in vain to force, flew open, while no hand was seen, no person appeared, and little Johnny toddled to the fire and was soon warm and snug in his sisters' arms. God answered the prayers of these children. How it was done we know not, but God still hears prayer. Let all your readers, young and old, love God and trust Him.

NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.

ONE night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More crime and sin is committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers, with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantments; the gay company begins to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling places are ablaze with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open: the mills of destruction are grinding health, honour, happiness, hope, out of thousands of lives.

The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundredfold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses make us start back with horror. All night tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be. "Watchman, what of the night?" Policeman, pacing the beat, what of the night? What are the young men of this city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do they come out? Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning papers the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business, some would not return home at night, some would leave the city, some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the All-seeing eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.—*Boston Globe.*

A STRANGE, STRONG LETTER.

THE following letter, taken from the *Covington Commonwealth*, was evidently written by a father to a son of dissipated habits:

"My Dear Son,—What would you think of yourself if you should come to our bedside every night, and, wakening us, tell us that you would not allow us to sleep any more? That is just what you are doing; and that is just why I am up here a little after midnight writing to you. Your mother is nearly worn out with turning from side to side, and with sighing because you won't let her sleep. That mother, who nursed you in your infancy, toiled for you in your childhood, and looked with pride and joy upon you as you were growing up to manhood, as she counted on the comfort and support you would give her in her declining years.

"We read of a most barbarous manner in which one of the Oriental nations punishes some of its criminals. It is by cutting the flesh from the body in small pieces—slowly cutting off the limbs, beginning with the fingers and toes, one joint at a time, till the wretched victim dies. That is just what you are doing, you are killing your mother by inches. You have planted many of the white hairs that are appearing so thickly in her head before the time. Your cruel hand is drawing the lines of sorrow on her dear face, making her look prematurely old. You might as well stick your knife into her body every time you come near her, for your conduct is stabbing her to the heart. You might as well bring her coffin and force her into it, for you are preasing her toward it with very rapid steps.

"Would you tread on her body if prostrated on the floor? And yet

with ungrateful foot you are treading on her heart and crushing out its life and joy—no, I needn't say 'joy,' for that is a word we have long ago ceased to use, because you have taken it away from us. Of course we have to meet our friends with smiles, but they little know of the bitterness within. You have taken all the roses out of your sister's pathway and scattered thorns instead, and from the pain they inflict, scalding tears are often seen coursing down her cheeks. Thus you are blighting her life as well as ours.

"And what can you promise yourself for the future? Look at the miserable, bloated, ragged wretches, whom you meet every day on the streets, and see in them an exact picture of what you are fast coming to, and will be in a few years. Then in the end a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom! For the Bible says, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' Where, then, will you be? If not in the kingdom of God you must be somewhere else.

"Will not these considerations induce you to quit at once, and for all time! And may God help you, for he can and he will, if you earnestly ask him.

"Your affectionate, but sorrow-stricken father."

ABOUT CHAUTAUQUA.

IN a sermon of unusual excellence and power, preached at Chautauqua by Bishop Wiley, of Cincinnati, on the first Sunday in last August, he closed with these words; the stenographer caught them:

I tell you, Brother Vincent, I have never felt happier as to this outlook of Christianity, than I have done here at Chautauqua. I was thinking over this, my theme, to-day, and then I stepped out and looked around; and I thought, here in the nineteenth century, this is the progressive age; this is the most advanced period of the world; here is the head and topmost stone of civilization; here we are, away off toward the end of this great century that is to accomplish such mighty things. Well, where are we this Sunday afternoon? Why, here at Chautauqua. What is Chautauqua? A Christian light, a Christian power, a Christian centre; one of the most hopeful, one of the most powerful, one of the most promising things for the outlook of Christianity; and far in advance of any one institution of all the past. I say I felt happy standing here to-day. Why, Chautauqua is big enough to save the Gospel if there were nothing else left. There is power enough here, here in this line of study, in this co-operation, in this movement, reaching out through the country and being felt in the world; there is something here that shows the Gospel to be imperishable. Why does Chautauqua live? Because Christianity is its life; Christianity is its power and its spirit. And the same power, the same life, the same spirit, is more intense to-day and more workful to-day than in all the history of the past.

A NEW YORK court imposed a fine of \$300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe, and fined a bar-tender \$5 for selling whisky to children. So much are giraffes more valued than the children of men.

THE LITTLE BIRD

A LITTLE bird with feathers brown
Sat singing on a tree—
The song was soft and low,
But sweet as it could be

And all the people passing by,
Looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That ever they had heard

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birdie was so small,
And with a modest dark brown coat,
He made no show at all

"Wov, papa," little Grace said,
"Where can that birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that,
I'd sit where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from that bird,
And try to do what she can,
Not to be seen or heard.

This bird is content to sit
Unnoticed by the way,
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise,
From dawn to close of day.

"So live, my child, all through your life,
That, be it short or long,
Though others may forget your looks,
They'll not forget your song."

HONOUR OLD AGE.

THE Germans have a story about a little girl, named Jeannette, who once went out to see a grand review. She found a capital place from which to see the soldiers pass, when she noticed a poor old woman in the crowd trying very hard to get where she could see.

Jeannette said to herself: "I should like to see the soldiers march; but it isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat and let that old woman stay where she can't see anything. I ought to honour old age, and I will." So she called the old woman and, placing her in the nice seat, fell back among the crowd. There she had to tiptoe and peep and dodge about to catch a glimpse of the splendid scene, which she might have seen fully and easily if she had kept her place.

Some of the people said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her. Jeannette was rewarded in her heart for her kindness to old age. A few minutes later a man, covered with lace, elbowed his way through the crowd and said to her: "Little girl, will you come to her ladyship?" She could not imagine who her ladyship was, but she followed the man to a scaffold within the crowd. A lady met her at the top of the stairs and said: "My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to the old woman. You acted nobly. Now sit down here by me. You can see everything here." Thus Jeannette was rewarded a second time for honouring old age.

VARIETIES.

THERE are some people so eaten up with curiosity that they would turn a rainbow to see what color its back is.

A MAN must stand erect, not to be kept erect by others.—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*

THERE are too many pholks who are allwiss trying to lift a ton, when they sint registered for only 1,250 pounds.

"THERE's some things as old as the hills anyhow," said Uncle Reuben. "What are they?" asked his niece. "They're the valleys between 'em, child," solemnly answered the old man.

MEMORY is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a doz'n miles of water have run through it without sticking.

WHEN Webster was asked how he acquired his clear, simple style of speaking, he said, "I have been leaving off words all my life."

THERE are some persons whom we enjoy more when we are getting acquainted with them than we do afterward.

NOT one of the cackling old hens in this country appears to know or care that a Florida turtle will lay 150 eggs in a day without making the least bit of noise.

A KNOWING heathen: A Portland (Oregon) Chinese peddler refused an English shilling offered as a two-bit piece, saying: "No good. Me heap saba. No chicken on him."

"My soldiers," says Emperor William, "have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned, and I do not intend they ever shall; for, let me tell you, it is the one button left unbuttoned that is the ruin of an army."

USAGES, diversions, styles of dress and undress, have crept into reputable society, which owe their fascination to the stimulus they subtly supply to the lower and more dangerous appetites. Why should you allow your sons and daughters at an evening party what would shock and alarm you if you saw it anywhere else? Does immodesty become modest by simply going into company?—*Bishop Huntington.*

THE girl who giggles: On first acquaintance her infirmity does not strike you, but as the intimacy ripens the sad misfortune becomes painfully apparent, and the feeling of pity which first affected one is superseded by that of annoyance. If one is of a nervous disposition, every tendon on his frame is kept at a high tension, and rendered painfully weak by unconsciously keeping on the *qui vive* for the next giggle.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1063] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 25.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

1 Sam. 17. 38-51. Commit to memory vs. 45, 46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The battle is the Lord's. 1 Sam. 17. 47.

OUTLINE.

1. The Weapons. v. 38-40.
2. The Meeting. v. 41-48.
3. The Victory. v. 49-51.

TIME.—B.C. 1063.

PLACE.—The valley of Elah, in the tribe of Judah.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Helmet*—A metal covering for the head. *Coat of mail*—Lit rally, "coat of scales," probably of leather with metal scales fastened upon it as a protection. *Girded his sword*—Saul's sword. *Assayed*—Undertook, began. *Not proved it*—Was not accustomed to the armour and weapons. *Took his staff*—His shepherd's staff, used to guide the sheep. *Out of the brook*—The little stream which runs through the valley of Elah. *Scrip*—A small bag used for carrying provisions. *Sling*—The weapon with which he was most familiar. *The Philistine*—The giant, nine feet high, named Goliath. *Man that bare the shield*—This was a large shield covering most of the body, and carried by an attendant. *Disdained him*—Held him in contempt. *By his gods*—The idols of the Philistines. *In the name of the Lord*—David's faith was not in his weapons, but in his God. *I was girded*—By the power of God. *The battle is the Lord's*—Under the Lord's control. *David hosted*—He ran near enough to take aim with his sling. *In his forehead*—The only part of his body that was uncovered. *Fell upon his face*—Stunned, but not yet killed.

Took his sword—The Philistine's sword. *Champion*—The one who stood to represent them in the fight. *They fled*—A sudden terror fell upon them.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

- 1 That faith in God gives wisdom?
- 2 That faith in God inspires courage?
- 3 That faith in God gives success?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who dared the Israelites to fight him in war? Goliath, a Philistine giant. 2. Who offered to fight the giant? David. 3. In whose name did David go to fight with Goliath? In the name of the Lord. 4. What spirit did David show? Courage and faith. 5. With what did he slay the giant? With a sling and stone. 6. What was the result of the battle? A great victory for Israel.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The special providence of God

CATECHISM QUESTION.

46. What was the first remarkable effect of the coming of the Spirit of God upon them? The first remarkable effect of the coming of the Spirit of God upon the Apostles and other disciples was, that each of them was enabled to preach the Gospel in strange languages.

B.C. 1063] LESSON IX. [Dec. 2.

DAVID'S ENEMY, SAUL.

1 Sam. 18, 1-16. Commit to memory vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways, and the Lord was with him. 1 Sam. 18. 14.

OUTLINE.

- 1 The Love of the Prince. v. 1-4.
- 2 The Jealousy of the King. v. 5-11.
- 3 The Blessing of the Lord. v. 12-16.

TIME.—B.C. 1063.

PLACE.—Probably Gikah, in the tribe of Benjamin, Saul's home.

EXPLANATIONS.—*He had made*—David, who had been brought before Saul. *The soul of Jonathan*—The son of Saul, and a brave young man. See this great deed in chap. 14. *Took him*—Into his service. *Go no more home*—To live, though he may have gone home to visit his parents. *Jonathan stripped himself*—The highest mark of love was for a prince to take of his own garments or weapons and give to another. *Girdle*—A sash worn around the waist. *Behaved himself wisely*—He was wise because God was with him. *Accepted*—Beloved. *As they came*—After the war was over. *The women came out*—To meet the army on its return. *Tabrets*—Musical instruments somewhat like the tambourine. *David his ten thousands*—In slaying Goliath he had wrought as great a victory, as the slaughter of ten thousand men. Saul was very wrath—He was naturally jealous and made more so by fear of losing his kingdom. *Eyed David*—With jealousy and hatred. *The evil spirit*—Showing itself in fits of frenzy. *From God*—God allowed evil to possess Saul, who had forsaken him. *Prophecied*—The word here means a wild raving under some spirit's power. *David played*—To soothe him. *Javelin*—A spear. *Cast the javelin*—Intending to kill David. *Afraid of David*—Afraid lest God was intending to make David king in his place. *Captain over a thousand*—With the rank of what would be now called a colonel. *When Saul saw*—Saul saw David's growing influence and popularity, and the evidences that he enjoyed the favor of the Lord.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. The favor of God giving success?
2. The favor of God giving trouble?
3. The favor of God winning love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who loved David after his victory? Jonathan, the son of Saul. 2. How did David act under the honours which he received? Very wisely. 3. How did Saul feel towards David? He became jealous of him. 4. To what did Saul's jealousy lead him? To try to kill David. 5. Why was David wise and successful? Because the Lord was with him.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's presence with men.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

47. What was the doctrine they preached? The doctrine preached by the Apostles when the Spirit of God had come upon them was, that Jesus, who was crucified, was the Messiah, that is, the Christ, the Son of God, and the Saviour of men; and that sinners who repent and believe in His name should be saved.

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