

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1883.

No. 14.

HOW PHOEBE GRAY SAVED HER FATHER.

A GREAT many of the islands of the Pacific Ocean owe their existence to the work of a small insect, called the coral insect. Though small in itself, in immense numbers and working together, they possess great power and influence. These coral insects are still working in the Pacific Ocean, each in his tiny cell, and building up stony reefs that become large islands, on which the dew falls, trees grow, and men live.

And little human things—children—have also great power and influence. There is no telling how much may be done by a child.

Let me tell you a story about little Phoebe Gray. She was only five years old. She did not live in a handsome house, nor wear nice clothes, nor have plenty of good food to eat; for I am sorry to tell you that her father was a drunkard.

Now, Phoebe had always been a sweet child, and her tender, loving ways had many times kept her father from taverns and bad company. It seemed to him, sometimes when her arm was about his neck, as if an angel were guarding him. He never spoke crossly to Phoebe, even in his worst fits of drunkenness; and if he got into a rage, as he sometimes did when his poor broken-hearted wife tried to talk with him about his bad habits, his anger died out when the dear child, lifting her tearful eyes and frightened face, would say, "Oh, father! please do not talk so to mother."

Before Phoebe was born, Mr. Gray, when his drunken fits were on him, was very cross at home, and stormed about some times like a madman. But after Phoebe was born, these fits were less frequent, and rarely so violent as in former times.

He loved to hold her in his arms, and would often stay at home in the evening, after she grew to be a few months old, just for the pleasure of carrying her about, or rocking her to sleep in the cradle, instead of his going off to a public-house. It was wonderful to see what power this little tender thing had over a strong man who had become the slave of a maddening vice.

As Phoebe grew, her influence over

her father increased. She had so many winning ways, was so sweet, and gentle, and loving, that her presence always softened him, and made him wish that he were a better man. It was in the gentle sweetness of Phoebe's character, in her forgetfulness of herself and love for her father, that her power lay.

would have abandoned himself wholly to drink. The fiery thirst for liquor had grown so strong that only his love for her put any restraint upon him, and for her sake he often turned back at the very tavern-door, and went home a sober instead of a drunken man.

So it had gone on until Phoebe was

home for want of food and warm clothing.

Still, love did not die in the heart of Phoebe, though she grew thin and pale, and the shadow of a sorrow that was very bitter lay heavily on her young face, that was once so full of light.

Very lonely and sad were all her evenings now. Her father rarely, if ever, came in before nine or ten o'clock, and then he was so stupid with liquor that her only pleasure in seeing him was to know that he was at home instead of in some tavern.

Love is strong and wise. A little girl only five years old is tender and weak; but there may be in her heart such a deep and unselfish love as to make her both wise and strong. It is by love for others that God often works in us and helps us to do good. Phoebe, dear child, did not think of herself when the lonely evenings came and the father she so much loved was away; but she thought of her poor mother, who often sat and cried, and of the harm that might come to her father. Then the wish to do something came into her mind; something to change this dreadful state of things, I mean. *Wishing* soon leads to thinking; and, when *thought* gets busy, it generally finds some way for *doing*.

One night, a storm came up. The wind blew, and the rain fell heavily. A neighbouring clock struck nine; and as the sound died away the wind came with a rushing noise along the street, rattling the shutters and driving the rain upon the windows.

"Oh dear!" said little Phoebe, starting up from the floor, where she had been lying with her head on an old piece of carpet. "I wish father was home."

And then she sat and listened to the dreary wind and rain.

"He'll get so wet, and the wind will blow him about." The poor child knew how weak he was after he had been drinking, and she felt sure he would never be able to stand up against the fierce wind that was blowing.

When this thought came to her mind, fear crept into her heart, and fear began to make pictures of dreadful things. Now she saw, in imagination, her father fall headlong upon the pavement, with no one near to raise him up; now she saw him tumbling into the swollen gutter, and the tide of water rushing



PHOEBE GRAY.

And if her face grew sorrowful sometimes, and her sweet blue eyes filled with tears at the sight of her father as he came staggering home, the change did not make him angry, it half-sobered him with the pain he felt at the grief of his little one.

But for this child Phoebe, Mr. Gray

five years old. But for her sweet influence all would have been lost. Now, long indulgence in drinking had made his fiery thirst so strong that even Phoebe's influence failed to keep him away from the public-house, where he spent nearly all his money, and left his wife and child to suffer at

over him. "Oh dear, mother!" she cried, starting up and going to the window, "he'll get drowned, he will! I must go for him."

"You go for him!" Mrs. Gray might well look astonished.

"Somebody must go for him. He'll be drowned!" said Phoebe, in distress.

"Oh no, dear; there's no danger of that," answered Mrs. Gray, trying to pacify her child. "Don't be afraid. He'll not go into the street while it rains so hard."

"Are you sure of it, mother?" asked Phoebe.

"Yes, very sure."

But Phoebe's heart was not at rest.

"I'll just look out and see if he is coming," she said after a while. And then she went to the door, as she had so often done before, night after night, to watch for her father's return.

"I'll look out just for a little minute," answered Phoebe, lifting the latch. As she did so, a gust of wind and rain swept into her face and almost blinded her.

"Oh, how it rains!" she cried, shutting the door quickly. But she held it close only for a moment or two. The thought of her father out in such a storm made her open it again. And this time she bravely faced the wind and rain, and looked along the pavements as far as the next corner, where a street-lamp throw down its circle of light.

"Oh, there he is!" she cried, and then, shutting the door behind her, ran toward the gas-lamp, against which she thought she saw a man standing. But it was only the shadow of the lamp that she had seen; and her heart sank in painful disappointment. Down upon her bare head and thin clothes the heavy rain fell, and the wind blew against her so hard that she could scarcely keep her feet.

If Phoebe had thought only of herself, she would have run back home. But love for her father made her forget herself. So she stood close to the lamp-post on the corner, and looked up and down the two streets that crossed each other, hoping to catch sight of her father. But no one was to be seen. Far down one of the streets a red light shone from a tavern window.

"Maybe he's there," she said to herself; and as the words fell from her lips, off she ran towards the light as fast as she could go. Sometimes the wind and rain dashed so hard in her face that she had to stop to get her breath; but she kept on, thinking only of her father. Love for him kept her from being afraid for herself. At last she got to the tavern-door, pushed it open, and went in.

A sight to startle the crowd of noisy, half-intoxicated men was that vision of a little child, only five years of age, drenched with the rain that was pouring in streams from her poor garments, coming in so suddenly upon them. There was no weakness nor fear in her face, but a searching, anxious look that ran eagerly through the group of men.

"Oh, father!" leaped from her lips, as one of the company started forward, and, catching her in his arms, hugged her wildly to his bosom and ran with her out into the street.

If Mr. Gray's mind was confused, and his body weak from drink, when Phoebe came in, his mind was clear and his body strong in an instant; and when he bore her forth in his arms, strange to say, he was a sober man.

"My poor baby!" he sobbed, as, a few moments afterward, he laid her in her mother's arms, and kissing her passionately, burst into tears. "My poor baby! It's the last time."

And it was the last time. Phoebe's love had conquered. What persuasion, conscience, suffering, shame, could not do, the love of a little child had thus wrought. Oh! love is very strong.

Phoebe did not think beyond her father. Love for him had made her fearless of the night and the storm. But he whose love is over all things made her the instrument of a wider good. She was the means of his conversion.

Startled and touched by her sudden appearance and disappearance in the arms of her father, the little company of men who had been drinking in the bar-room went out, one after another, and sought their homes. Said one of them, as he came in full an hour earlier than he was in the habit of doing, and met the surprised look of his wife, who sat wearily sewing when she should have been at rest—sewing, because she must earn to make up for what he spent in drink:

"Jane, I saw a sight just now that I hope I shall never see again."

"What was it?" asked the tired woman.

"A little thing, not so old as our Jenny, all drenched with rain—just think what a night it is!—looking for her father in a gin-shop! It made the tears come into my eyes when her poor drunken father caught her up in his arms, and ran out with her held tightly to his bosom. I think it must have sobered him instantly. It sobered me at least. And Jane," he added, with a strong feeling in his tones, "this one thing is settled: our Jenny shall never search for her father in a gin-shop on any night, fair or foul! I'll stop now, while I have a little strength left, and take the pledge to-morrow."

And he kept his word. Another of the men present when Phoebe came for her father was so affected by the scene that he too stepped out of the dangerous path in which his feet were treading, and by God's grace, which he prayed for, walked henceforth in the safer ways of sobriety.

"SPEERING" THE BOYS.

AN English clergyman and a Lowland Scotsman visited one of the best schools in Aberdeen. They were strangers, but the master received them civilly, and enquired, "Would you prefer that I should speer these boys, or that you should speer them yourselves?" The English clergyman, having ascertained that to "speer" meant to question, desired the master to proceed. He did so with great success, and the boys answered satisfactorily numerous interrogations as to the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. The clergyman then said he would be glad in his turn to "speer" the boys, and at once began. "How did Pharaoh die?" There was a dead silence. In this dilemma the Lowland gentleman interposed. "I think, the boys are not accustomed to your English ascent; let me try what I can make of them." And he enquired in his broad Scotch, "Hoo did Phawroah dee?" Again there was a dead silence, upon which the master said, "I think, gentlemen,

you can't speer these boys; I'll show you how I do it." And he proceeded: "Fat cam to Phawroah at his hinder end?" The boys answered promptly, "He was drooned;" and, in addition, a smart little fellow commented, "Only lassie could hae told you that."

THE LOST COLORS.

WHIO said we had lost the Colors?
Who carried the tale away,
And whispered it low in England,
With the deeds of that awful day?
The story was washed, they tell us,
Freed from a touch of shame—
Washed in the blood of those who died,
Told in their sacred name

But they said we had lost the Colors,
And the Colors were safe, you see,
While the story was told in England,
Over the restless sea
They had not the heart to blame us,
When they knew what the day had cost;
But we felt the shame of the silence laid
On the Colors they thought were lost.

And now to its furthest limit
They will listen and hear our cry;
How could the Colors be lost, I say,
While one was left to die?
Safe on the heart of a soldier,
Where else could the Colors be!
I do not say they were found again,
For they never were lost, you see.

Safe on the heart of a soldier,
Knotted close to his side,
Proudly lie on the quiet breast,
Washed in the crimson tide!
For the heart is silent for ever,
Stirred by no fitting breath,
And the Colors he saved are a fitting shroud,
And meet for a soldier's death.

What more would they know in England?
The Colors were lost, they said;
And all the time they were safe, of course,
Though the soldier himself was dead.
The hand was stiff, and the heart was cold
And feeble the stalwart limb;
But he was one of the Twenty-fourth,
So the Colors were safe with him.

"UPSETTING MOSES."

ISAY, Deacon, Darwin's theory of evolution is a little hard on Genesis. Of course we don't know yet how it will turn out; but it looks a little as though they were going to upset Moses."

The deacon made no answer. He surely must have heard Jim's remark. Presently he was observed to be counting his fingers slowly, and with pauses for thought between each enumeration. After awhile Jim ventured to ask: "Counting your saw-logs, deacon, aren't you?"

"No," said the deacon; "I'll tell you. Your remark set me to thinking. I was just counting up how many times in the course of human history somebody has upset Moses. First of all two old jugglers, named Jannes and Jambres, undertook this, but they failed. Then a certain king named Pharaoh went at the work of upsetting. He must have found it more of a work than he anticipated, for he has not reached home yet. Then three leaders of liberal thought, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, went at the job. They failed in the upsetting part; but they secured a bit of ranche for themselves which they and their children hold quiet possession of until this day. Later on a king named Nebuchadnezzar entered upon the upsetting business. He did not succeed either. He spent seven years chained to a stump; and when he had changed his mind, was a sadder and wiser man. His successor met with a still greater disaster in a similar attempt. Since that time there have been no end to persons who have

tried to upset Moses. Some ancient heathen, Celsus, and Porphyry, and Julian the Apostate; and latterly these German critics and these scientists, so-called, are at the same thing. Years ago when I was in Boston, I heard of a meeting of freethinkers at a place called Chapman Hall. I could not resist the temptation to go just once and hear what they said. I found about twenty persons there. Three or four of them were women; all the rest were men. And what do you think they were doing? They were engaged in the old enterprise of upsetting Moses. And yet Moses hath to-day in the Synagogues of Boston more persons that preach him than he ever had before.

"It is astonishing how much upsetting it takes to upset Moses. It is like upsetting a granite cube. Turn it on which face you will, there it stands as solid as ever. The cube is used to being upset, and does not mind it. It always amuses me when I hear a fresh cry from some man who nobody has ever before heard of, has found out a sure way of doing what all others have failed in. And now here comes Jim Manley, and Moses has to be upset again. Ah, well"—and the deacon sighed.

There was a roar of laughter which made the rafters of the saw-mill ring, and all joined in it except Jim.—*Christian Observer.*

THE SCIENCE OF A SOAP-BUBBLE.

HOW many of our boys and girls know what is meant by the science of anything? The word "science" means true knowledge; and to know truly, perfectly, about an object, we must know of what it is made, or what causes it, and what properties it has, such as form, colour, and weight.

How shall we make our soap-bubble? Of soap and water, you will all say. Only soap and water? One such bubble will be gone before you can send another to catch it. In my childhood days I thought it real fun to see them burst, but more fun to make them last a long time.

Now the secret lies in getting just the right mixture. Put into a common white bottle one and one-half ounces of castile soap, one pint of water, and three-quarters of a pint of pure glycerine. This is Plateau's solution; and from it he makes bubbles that are very, very beautiful, though being blind he can see them only with the eyes of his mind.

A bubble consists of a portion of air enclosed by a film—something very thin—which is made of soap and water. So we have the three forms of matter—the solid, liquid and gaseous.

When blown from the mouth the air inside of the bubble is warmer and lighter than the outside air, and our bubble will rise. When filled from bellows the air is colder and heavier, causing the bubble to fall. This rising and falling is due to pressure of the air, which, some of the boys will tell us, is equal to fifteen pounds to every square inch.

Different airs or gases have different weights. This may be prettily shown by putting into a vessel of any kind a few pieces of chalk. Pour over them a little vinegar. A bubbling will begin, and a gas will be set free which we call carbonic acid gas. Its presence may be shown by putting in a lighted match,

which this gas will at once put out. Fill a bubble with air; let it fall upon the acid gas. It will remain supported—seemingly upon nothing, for the air is invisible—as long as any of the gas is left. If you could fill a bubble with hydrogen, it would bound upward at a great rate; for that gas is the lightest known.

Let us now look at the colours in our bubble. How beautiful they are, dancing and flashing so fast, changing so rapidly we cannot begin to count them! But we know that white light—that is, sunlight—is composed of seven colours. They can all be seen in the rainbow.

Let a beam of light fall upon the bubble. Part of the light passes right through, or is absorbed, and part is at once thrown back or reflected. The portion of the film that absorbs all the colours, and reflects or throws back only the blue will appear blue, and so on for all the others. And as the thickness of the film changes, the absorption and reflection of the light changes, so it is that our bubble sparkles with all the beautiful and delicate tints of the rainbow.

Adding more glycerine will make the colouring even more brilliant. Indeed, our bubbles can be made perfectly gorgeous.—*Christian at Work.*

THE CRUCIAL TEST.

DEEPLY learned, fresh from school,
Comes my all-accomplished daughter!
Newly freed from bookish rule,
Say what wisdom have they taught her?
Ologies I care not for,
Mystic science, classic lore,
So she be but skilled enough in
Homely arts to toast my muffin.

Knows she, as her mother knew,
Recip-s and quaint directions!
How to bake, to boil, to brew
Dainty syrups, sweet confections,
Or, as others of her sex,
Born and nurtured but to vex.
Scarcely knows she of such stuff in
Nature as untoasted muffin!

Have they trained her to pursue
Pastimes merely ornamental?
And, with prudicoly reticence,
To expend a Rothschild's rental?
Can she nothing do but dance,
Paint on china, dream romance?
Well, perhaps I grow too rough in
Expectation of my muffin.

Come, then, pretty maid, at once
Prove my jealous fears unfounded;
Make me own myself the dunce,
All my gibes on envy ground.
Yet one warning word believe,
Mind of men can naught conceive
So unconquerably tough, in
Human ken, as half-cooked muffin.

LUTHER'S COURAGE.

AS Luther drew near the door which was about to admit him into the presence of his judges (the Diet of Worms), he met a valiant knight, the celebrated George of Freudsberg, who, four years later, at the head of his German lansquenets, bent the knee with his soldiers on the field of Pavia, and then charging to the left of the French army, drove it into the Ticino, and in a great measure decided the captivity of the king of France. The old general, seeing Luther pass, tapped him on the shoulder, and shaking his head, blanched in many battles, said kindly: "Poor monk, poor monk! thou art now going to make a bolder stand than I or any other captains have ever made in the boldst of our battles. But if thy cause is just, and thou art sure of it, go for-

ward in God's name, and fear nothing. God will not forsake thee." A noble tribute of respect paid by the courage of the sword to the courage of the mind.—*Merle D'Aubigne.*

THE FRESH-AIR FUND.



THE sketch and poem explain the story of Little Dot, given in a late number. Close by the river, at the foot of a dismal street, stands a big shed, in which eighteen families eat and sleep. It is a quarter of New York where decent people are seldom seen. On every side there are shanties and rookeries, and the air is heavy with sickening smells from slaughter-houses. Dirt is everywhere: a foul ooze of garbage and standing water in the gutter; solid layers of dust, dark entries which are never scratched by a broom; heaps of unclean straw serving for pillow and bed in the closets which are known as bedrooms; and thick coatings of grime, ancient and modern, on the hands and faces of the children swarming about the door-ways, as well as in the shreds, tatters, and patches with which they are scantily clothed. The midsummer sun heats up the piles of refuse until they steam with foul vapors, which are caught up by the windows; and when the doors leading into the halls are opened for a draught of fresh air, there is a stifling sense of closeness and dampness, which makes the babies sneeze and the mothers cough. The long wooden building, with its three floors and rickety staircases, is so unsteady and tottering that one who watches it in the noontime heat of a July day fairly holds his breath, expecting to hear a sudden crash and to see its ragged roof and dingy walls fall to pieces, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

That ugly shed is known as "The Barracks." Rubbish heap though it be, it contains within its patched and slimy shell eighteen homes, with as many as sixty children. On each of its three floors there are six families, and no household has more than two rooms, one of them being barely larger than a closet, and as dark as night even in the day-time. In those two rooms the cooking and washing for the family are done, and at night the father, mother, and sometimes as many as six or eight children, have to sleep close together, like sardines in a box. "The Barracks" is but one of the hundreds of tenement houses where the children of the poor live all the year round.

The children in these tenement houses always look older than they really are.

The childhood which accords with their years, if not with their faces, can not be permanently restored to them, for poverty is their birthright, and every season brings with it privations and misery. But if they can be helped to be children for two weeks in the year, the memories of their holiday and the renewed health which it gives to them will make them younger as well as healthier and happier. If, when the scorching midsummer sun falls with a white glare upon the thin roofs and flimsy walls of their tenement homes, the children can be taken out of the narrow closets where they sleep, and the steaming gutters where they swarm like big black flies, and set

down in the centre of the children's play-ground, which is the country, a new glow will be kindled in their cheeks, and they will be the children they were meant to be—not little old men and little old women.

Now, this is the work of what is called "The Tribune Fresh-Air Fund." People who are rich or have moderate means furnish the money for the children's travelling expenses, sending it to "The Tribune" newspaper. Last summer there were more than fifteen hundred generous persons, many of them children themselves, who gave money for this purpose, the contributions amounting to \$21,556.91. With this sum, 5,599 of the poor children of New York were taken into the country, given a holiday of two weeks, and carried back to their tenement homes. While their travelling expenses were paid by the contributors to the Fund, the children were the invited guests of farmers and other hospitable people living in the country. During the spring, seventy-five public meetings were held in as many villages in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Vermont, and other States, and arrangements were made with committees and clergymen in as many other localities; and when the kind-hearted entertainers in the country were ready to receive them, the children were sent out from the city in large companies, and distributed among the villages.

The manager of the Fresh-Air Fund is Willard Parsons, a bachelor clergyman, who has adopted the poor children of New York for his own. Hale and hearty, with a ruddy face and an eye twinkling with good humour, he has a heart brimful of kindness for neglected children, and the energy of twenty men. He it was who devised this simple and effective plan of entertaining in the country the poorest of poor children living in New York and Brooklyn. The experiment was tried six years ago, when he had a country parish in Pennsylvania, and now he is making this the business of his life. The first year, sixty children were taken into the country. Last year, 6,000 children had an outing in green fields and pastures new. It is a charity as popular as it is beautiful, for every heart is touched by the sorrows of neglected childhood.—*St. Nicholas.*

A BEAUTIFUL CHARITY.

A SUMMER morning, cool and fair;
A whiter soft in the sunny air,
And a sound of rippling laughter.
A distant patter of dancing feet;
A chorus of eager voices sweet,
And a happy silence after.

A motley, merry crowd of youth,
With garments ragged and worn, forsooth,
But never a step that lingers.
Lads and lasses in laughing bands,
Babies that hold to guiding hands,
With clinging, anxious fingers.

Faces merry, or grave, or sad,
Lit up with expectation glad—
Where are the children going!
Away from dust, and noise, and heat,
The bustling city's narrow street,
With crowded life o'erflowing.

To sunny fields of daisied grass,
Where cool the fitful breezes pass
Above the blossoms leaning.
Where, far from walls and boundaries,
With birds and butterflies and bees,
They learn the summer's meaning.

Under the wonderful blue sky,
The mighty arms of tree tops high,
In green woods arching over;

Where spicy perfumes lightly stray,
In breezy meadows of new mown hay,
And fields of purple clover.

On sandy shores beside the sea,
Where roll the tides incessantly,
And dancing ripples glisten—
Where whispering shells repeat the tale
The ocean thunders in the gale,
To rosy ears that listen

Sorrowful, wistful, patient eyes
Grow bright with rapturous surprise,
Or soft with happy wonder,
And she looks as white as the winter snows
Blossom in tints of brown and rose,
The summer sunshine under.

Wise Mother Earth to sad young hearts
Her choicest gifts of all imparts,
Their careful thoughts beguiling;
She breathes her secrets in their ears—
Their eyes forget the smart of tears,
And catch the trick of smiling.

They learn sweet lessons, day by day,
While speed the winged hours away,
In gray and golden weather;
They find, in flower or bird or tree,
Faint gleams of the beautiful mystery
That clasps the world together.

Perchance some serious, churlish eyes,
Uplifted to the starlit skies,
Read there a strange, new story;
And dimly see the Love that holds
The round world safe, and o'er it folds
The mantle of His glory.

A distant patter of dancing feet,
A chorus of happy voices sweet,
Amid the summer splendor.
Glad voices, rise through all the land!
Reach out, each little sunburned hand,
In greeting warm and tender.

To those whose thoughtful hearts and true
Have lightened lovingly, for you,
Your poverty's affliction;
And on each helpful spirit be
For this—the lovely charity—
The children's benediction!

—*St. Nicholas.*

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS.

DIFFERENT species of birds have their distinctive ways of building. For instance, the common wren builds a nest like a ball, with a side entrance, while that of the golden-crowned wren is flat, open on top, made of moss, covered with leaves, and lined with feathers, hair, and wool.

The saucy little house-sparrow builds its nest under the eave of a house, and the hedge-sparrow chooses the fork of a spreading bush.

Among the weaver-birds—those which form the materials into a coarse, fibrous tissue—are the tailor bird, whose nest is placed in a large leaf, the sides of which are sewed together, and the oriole. The Baltimore oriole makes a pouch, and suspends it from the upper branch of a shrub or tree; but the nest of the crested, New World oriole, is of dry grasses, woven into long sacks, increasing in size toward the bottom, with an elongated side-slit. These nests are sometimes two yards long, and hang from trees. Although the opening is small, the bird has no difficulty in entering while on the wing.

The sociable, or republican bird, resembles a sparrow. Large numbers unite and form immense colonies. Their dwellings resemble an open umbrella, having the trunk of a tree for the handle. The cells are arranged round the edge, sometimes to the number of three hundred. These nests are so heavy that a cart, with many men, has been employed in transporting one of their colonies.

Listening to these little songsters, and observing their wonderful ways, how can we ever raise the hand of cruelty against them!

ANGRY WORDS.

ANGRY words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep malicious power
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft ate rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Sadest memories of to-day
Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip,
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Brightest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Bitterest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

C. W. Coates, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal. S. F. Huettli, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1883.

BAD BOOKS.

YOUTH'S associates determine his character. Our most intimate companions are the authors of the books we read; they are with us when others are denied our presence; they enter our homes, and, unquestioned, cross the threshold of our most private chambers.

This is true, not of those books only that have a bad reputation, but of hundreds of books that pass as respectable. Boys and girls, men and women, of the better families, all over the country, are reading daily descriptions that would not dare be uttered aloud in their presence—not now; but by and by, when the evil communication has wrought its perfect work in the corruption of manners, they will be heard and repeated without a blush.

There are fathers—men of the world, who would shoot dead the villain who dared speak in the presence of their daughters words one-tenth as black as these same daughters often read. Yet

a thought read is a thought thought, and as a man thinketh so he is.

O foolish parents and educators: why are you so careful of what enters the ear and so heedless of what enters the eye?

The secret of the failure of many a faithful ministry, of the waywardness and final destruction of thousands of the most promising of boys and girls—the mentally active—is concealed between the covers of the books they read.

See to what monstrous proportions this evil has grown!

In New York City alone over 200,000 books of fiction, mostly trashy and hurtful, are printed every week. Besides, over a million copies of the sensational story papers are issued from the New York presses each week—that is, about one such paper to every ten families!

Now, think of the class of men and women who are, usually, the authors of these flashy stories, and who are securing actually a more universal and a closer hearing than our preachers of all denominations. You had rather see a daughter of yours, just budding

into womanhood, clasp the hand of a smallpox patient, than, in social equality, the hand of such an one. Yet, believe it, ye doting fathers, these beings from whom you so recoil are boon companions of four-fifths of the mentally awakened boys and girls of America.

These facts make plain why we must have the co-operation of the clergy and others if good literature is to be published permanently at low rates. Bad literature will run itself. It is water going down-hill. Some other force than gravity must pull water up-hill. The force that will make cheap good literature permanently possible, must be generated in the hearts of the true educators and philanthropists, developed Christians.

GOOD BOOKS.

Books, beyond anything else, are educators of the people.

In the warfare against bad literature our motto has been "Conquer by replacing." Mere denunciation is of little avail. The mind must be filled. To prove to the people that the books that they are reading are worthless, and often vicious, will not be of any per-

manent advantage unless you place in their hands interesting books of positive value. Give them something else to think about, and they will be easily weaned from worthless trash. The question is—Shall the manhood and womanhood of our country sink to the standard of the Dime Novel, or rise to that of the choicest literature of the English language? Why should any waste their spare hours over third-rate books, when they might spend them with the greatest and best thinkers of the world?

The above we copy from Funk & Wagnalls' Prospectus of their cheap series. It will apply also to our effort to furnish cheap reading for the young people in our schools.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt from Jno. Coates, Esq., librarian of the Prescott Methodist Sunday-school, of a case of books as donations to needy schools. Mr. Coates remarks that he finds the libraries sold in sets better bound than those sold singly, though not so attractive in appearance. They are also, we think, a good deal cheaper.

FROM THE NEW S. S. HYMNAL.

My Redeemer.

JAMES McGRATHAN.

Musical notation for the first line of the hymn: I will sing of my Redeemer, And his wondrous love to me;

Musical notation for the second line of the hymn: On the cruel cross he suffered, From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the first part of the chorus: Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With his

Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With his

Musical notation for the second part of the chorus: blood he purchased me, he purchased me, On the cross He bought my blood he purchased me, With his blood he purchased me; On the cross he bought my pardon, on the

Musical notation for the final part of the chorus: par-don, Paid the debt, to make me free, To make me free, to make me free. cross he bought my par-don, Paid the debt to make me free.

- 2 I will tell the wondrous story, How my lost estate to save, In his boundless love and mercy, He the ransom freely gave.—Cho.
3 I will praise my dear Redeemer, His triumphant power I'll tell,

- How the victory he giveth Over sin, and death and hell.—Cho.
4 I will sing of my Redeemer, And his heavenly love to me He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with him to be.—Cho.



OPIUM SALOON IN CHINA.

AN OPIUM SALOON IN CHINA.

THE vice of opium smoking has become an immense obstacle to the welfare of China, and a great hindrance to the progress of the Gospel. Opium is now used in some of the mandarins' offices, and the dwellings of the rich; the middle and lower classes resort to the saloons, or rather "dens," as they are very appropriately called. It is now in some parts the fashionable way of "treating," and showing hospitality, though it is the producer of an immensely greater amount of misery, crime, sickness, and death than the native liquors are. When there were comparatively few victims of the vice, the Chinese Government, with the approval of the nation, set itself to suppress the evil, but England went to war with China because the latter tried to keep out the opium, and the results have been most fearful. Each year myriads of Chinese die the fearful opium smokers' death, and millions are living the wretched opium smokers' life, and the greatest possible obstacle is raised to Christian missions.

The Rev. John Liggins, who has been for several years a missionary in China, has published a work on the opium habit, in which he describes its frightful inroads, even upon American Society. In many American cities are wretched dens in which the devotees of this vice hold their hideous orgies. He calls on every lover of his country and his race to stamp out this vice in America, and to seek its abolition in China. We commend his vigorous pamphlet—it can be procured in Funk and Wagnalls' Standard Series for 10 cents—to every thoughtful reader. From the 2nd edition we make the following extracts:

OPIUM WORSE THAN ALCOHOL.

Some maintain that opium smoking is no worse than gin and whiskey drinking. If this be so, how is it that Burmah, Arracan and China, which permit the use of ardent spirits, forbade, under the heaviest penalties, opium smoking, and would have been free from the vice to-day but for Eng-

land's coercive opium policy? Or how is it that Japan rigorously excludes opium now from articles of import and of home production?

These Orientals know, what all competent authorities assert, that the opium vice is sinister beyond all drinking or other tyrant habits, in its fascination at the beginning, and in its intense necessity when it is once adopted.

"It differs from drinking habits," says Dr. Graves, of Canton, "in the insidiousness of its approach, and the difficulty of escaping its clutches."

TESTIMONY OF MESSRS. COOPER, CARNE AND MATHESON.

Mr. T. T. Cooper, the traveller, says, "I think that the effects of opium-smoking in China are worse than the effects of drink in England."

M. Carne, writes in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*: "I do not believe that there ever has been a more terrible scourge in the world than opium. The alcohol employed by Europeans to destroy savages, the plague that ravages a country, cannot be compared to opium."

Donald Matheson, Esq., partner in an extensive mercantile firm in China, says: "Opium is twice as seducing as alcohol. Of those who take it, scarce one in one hundred escapes. The only comparison which can be made is between opium smoking and drunkenness."

THE OPIUM VICTIM BOUND HAND AND FOOT.

The pro-opiumists seem to forget that every time the opium smoker indulges, from his first smoke to his last, it is for the express purpose of producing an immediate stupor, or partial insensibility akin to drunkenness. At first it is a sort of beatific trance, and hence its fascination; but after the vice has got a firm hold of its victim, "it lays aside its angel aspect, and enslaves, tortures, and destroys like a fiend."

But though the wretched man now knows that every time he indulges, his dreams will be horrid, and his imaginings wild and fearful, he yet cannot

refrain from lessening the period between each indulgence without much physical torment, while the craving for dose must be increased to produce the daily effect.

Dr. Kane says the pleasurable sensation "may last a year, in rare cases two years, but more often only a few months. Then the good spirit of the pipe disappears, giving place to a demon, who binds his victim hand and foot."

THE RIGHTS OF AN INDEPENDENT STATE DENIED TO CHINA.

The Archbishop of York, writing in April, 1882, says. "I sincerely hope that the clergy of the Northern Province, and especially those of my own diocese, may be induced to petition Parliament on the subject of the opium trade. China only asks for that power of self-government, in the matter of the opium traffic, which we exercise for ourselves in all matters. It is difficult to see any grounds for refusing such a right. That a Christian nation should be forcing the sale of a noxious drug upon a heathen nation that complains of and would reject it, is a very sorry spectacle."

The vote in the House of Commons, April 3rd, 1883, on a resolution granting China the rights of an independent State in regulating the opium traffic, was 68 for, and 128 against it. Very shameful, especially after all the increased agitation of the last two or three years.

We beg to call attention to the fine piece of music from the NEW DOMINION HYMNAL—302 Hymns for Sunday-school and Social Worship. Two editions of the *Music* and three editions of the *Words Only* have been called for, in all 29,000 copies in a little over three months. No better evidence of popularity is needed. Sample copies mailed post-free on receipt of price. Price—Music edition, bound in board covers, per copy, 60 cents, per dozen, \$6. Words only—bound in paper, 7 cents per copy, 75 cents per dozen, \$6 per hundred. Bound in limp cloth, 10 cents per copy, \$1 per dozen, \$8 per hundred. Bound in cloth boards,

15 cents per copy; \$1.50 per dozen; \$12 per hundred. Parties ordering, will please be careful to state whether they want the *Words only* or *Music edition* of this book, also specify the kind of binding.

METHODIST UNION.

THE overwhelming majority in favour of the present union basis in the Toronto Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada more than offsets the small majority against it in the London Conference, and will cause the friends of the movement to forget the small majority in its favour in the Conference of Montreal. At present the matter stands in this way by votes of Conferences:—

	FOR.	AGAINST.
Montreal	69	55
London	33	101
Toronto	137	37
Total	294	193
Majority for Basis	101	

In view of the fact that these Conferences are made up entirely of the clergy these figures are very significant of the strength of the union movement. . . . Probably the very large majority in the Toronto Conference will help to bring about this result, and so will the frank acceptance of the basis by many in that and other Conferences who voted against it. If it is to be union on that basis, then they will assist in making the most of it. This was the view expressed by Rev. Mr. Stafford at Peterboro'. He had been a member of the Montreal Conference, and was in a position to speak for some of the members of that body.

It is worth while in connection with these votes to reproduce the votes of the Quarterly Boards, in which the laity have a voice. The majority in them was so overwhelming as to indicate beyond controversy the strong desire of the laity for union, and a willingness to see it carried out on the present basis. The vote was as follows:—

	For	Against	Ties
Total—Boards	645	86	10
Total—Individual vote	7,035	1,425	

It is hard to see how, in view of these figures, anything except legal obstacles growing out of the relation of the Churches to their property can even temporarily delay a union so strongly supported by both clergy and laity.—*Toronto Globe*.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks, the receipt of \$5 from Mr. Robertson, of Southampton, Ont., to procure for the sick children, of the Children's Hospital, either "a drive out this fine weather, or a treat of strawberries and cream," which ever is thought best. We imagine the little folk will go for the strawberries and cream. All honour to our generous friend who thus kindly remembers the sick children.

THERE is a report that the English Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, intends to offer Mr. Waddy the office of Judge in one of our Appeal Courts, to which belongs a salary of \$25,000 a year. If Mr. Waddy accepts the office, he will be the second son of a Methodist preacher raised so high in the legal profession, the first being Sir William Atherton, and both sons of Presidents of the Conference.

ON A NAUGHTY BOY, SLEEPING.

JUST now I missed from hall and stair
A joyful treble that had grown
As dear to me as that grave tone
That tells the world my older care

And little foot-steps on the floor
Were stayed—I laid aside my pen,
Forgot my theme, and listened—then
Stole softly to the library door.

No sight! no sound!—a moment's freak,
Of fancy thrilled my pulses through;
"If—no!" and yet that fancy drew
A father's blood from heart and cheek.

And then—I found him. There he lay,
Surprised by sleep, caught in the act,
The rosy vandal who had sacked
His little town, and thought it play;

The shattered vase; the broken jar,
A match still mould'ring on the floor,
The inkstand's purple pool of gore:
The chessmen scattered near and far.

Strewn leaves of albums lightly pressed
This wicked "Baby of the Woods";
In fact, of half the household goods
This son and heir was seized—possessed.

Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught
The hand that reached, the feet that strayed,
And fallen in that ambushade
The victor was himself o'erwrought.

What though torn leaves and tattered book
Still testified his deep disgrace!
I stooped and kissed the inky face,
With its demure and calm outlook.

Then back I stole, and half beguiled
My guilt, in trust that when my sleep
Should come, there might be One who'd
keep
An equal mercy for his child.

Learning to Draw; or, the Story of a Young Designer. By VIOLLET LE DUC. Translated from the French by VIRGINIA CHAMPLIN. Pp. 324. Illustrated by the author. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$2.

The French have a peculiarly lucid and interesting a way of teaching art and science. M. Le Duc, was at once a great artist and a great teacher. To learn to draw one must learn to see, to note the relations of things. The theory of drawing and designing is taught in the story of practical life, in a manner more clear than we have ever seen elsewhere accomplished. A vast amount of information is conveyed, and the true principles of art education—the development of the powers of comparison and reasoning—are strikingly set forth. From the study of this book the laws of geometry, perspective, trigonometry, comparative anatomy, geology, and the like, are almost unconsciously taught.

We know of no method in which the faculties of observation and reflection will be so well developed as by the study of drawing from nature, under such guidance as that of this book.

"WHAT'S the crowd about?" queried a stranger, as he noticed a stream of visitors going into a fashionable residence. "It's a silver weddin'," obligingly replied his informant. "What's a silver weddin'?" "Why, a chap's been married twenty five times, and he's a celebratin' of it."

YET ANOTHER SMITH.—Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, brother of the Duchess of Connaught, has been apprenticed to the trade of a locksmith. As the young gentleman hopes some day to be a king, it is only right that he should know all about monarchs.—*Funny Folks.*

A GOVERNOR TAKEN FROM A CRATE.



BENEVOLENT old man of Brooklyn was making the tour of the city, in pursuit of truants and little wanderers, one Sunday morning a score of years ago, when he found a little boy asleep in a crate on one of the wharves.

He shook the crate, and a pair of bright, black eyes opened and flushed upon him with a look of surprise and timid bashfulness.

"Why do you sleep here," inquired the old man.

"Because I have no home," said the child.

"Where is your father?"

"I don't know, sir. I hain't seen him for a long time, never since he told mother he wouldn't come home again."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is dead."

"So you have no home—no father, no mother—and live from hand to mouth in the street and sleep in a crate."

"Yes, sir. I sell soap and matches, and sleep here."

"Would you like to have a home, and go to school and grow up to be a good and brave and useful man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come along with me, I will take you to my own house, and feed you, and clothe you, and send you to school if you prove to be as I think you are, a good and faithful boy."

As the old man said this, he dashed a tear from his eye, with his coat sleeve, for the boy was the very image of his own sweet child who had died a few years before. Lifting the lad tenderly out of the crate, he led him to his own pleasant home, where he washed and combed and then dressed him in a suit of clothes formerly worn by the son of the philanthropist.

To shorten the story, which has in it material enough for a volume—the good old man gave the lad all the advantages afforded by the common schools of the "city of churches" and then gave him a clerkship in his store, for he was a well-to-do merchant.

After several years of faithful service, the young man expressed a wish to engage in business on his own account, or in some other way to extend his usefulness.

"I will start you in business," said the old man, "on certain conditions."

"Please state them," remarked the young man with a smile; for he supposed his benefactor was about to perpetrate a joke at his expense.

"I will start you in business, if you will make three promises," continued the old man.

"Pray what promises do you wish me to make?"

"One is, that you will never swear."

"Agreed."

"Another is, that you will never drink rum."

"Agreed."

"The other is, that you will have nothing to do with politics."

"Agreed."

True to his promise as the steel to his star, the old man furnished his clerk with capital and started him in business in one of the western States. The young merchant was very attentive to business, and his habits of industry and sobriety were crowned with the

good fortune which generally accompanies virtue, courage, enterprise and intelligence. A few years ago, he paid a visit to his venerable friend in Brooklyn—found him the same kind-hearted and genial gentleman that he was when he first led him from the crate on the wharf—to the pleasant cottage on the avenue.

"I am delighted to see you," remarked the old man. "May I ask you if you have kept the pledges you gave me, when you suggested to me the idea of starting business on your own account? Are you a temperance man?"

"I have not tasted a drop of any kind of intoxicating liquors since I promised you I would not, and you know I had no sacrifice to make in keeping that promise, for I never was accustomed to the use of such liquors; and I do not furnish them to my guests, or to persons in my employment."

"Good, boy—give me your hand and let me shake it again. How about that promise not to use profane speech?"

"I never indulge the silly and vulgar habit of swearing. I think it shows a lack of originality. A man wishes to say something to be emphatic—and owing to a lack of ideas and a proper use of language, he fills up the chinks of conversation with oaths. He curses his eyes—his limbs—his soul—his horse—his luck—and thinks he is fluent when he is only profane. No, sir, I do not claim to be a paragon of perfection, but I should be ashamed of my speech, if I spiced it with profanity."

"Good—good! I expected such a report from you. How about politics?"

The young man of business had until this moment maintained perfect self-command; but when the last question was put to him his cheeks grew red as crimson.

"Well, sir, I suppose some folks think I am a politician," remarked the young merchant.

"Sorry—very sorry," observed the old man.

"I couldn't help what happened, sir."

"You promised me that you would have nothing to do with politics!"

"I know I did."

"Well, it is strange that you could not keep that promise as easily as you kept the other two."

"Well, sir, have patience with me, and I will tell you how it happened."

"Well, go on."

"As you are aware, I was fortunate in trade—honoured my paper when it became due—paid, with interest, the money you had the kindness to advance. I was a leading business man in the town, had opinions in relation to men and measures, and did not hesitate, on all proper occasions, to express and defend them, and sustain them with my vote on election day."

"There can be no objection to that," remarked the old man, "politics as a trade is what I dislike."

"As I said before, I got along well, and as good luck would have it, I persuaded some of my friends to think and vote as I did; and without consulting me, one day at a state convention, they nominated me for Governor, and I was elected. Indeed, I am now on my way to Washington to transact important business for the State."

The writer desires to say to the friends of *The Little Corporal*, that this story is a true one.—*Geo. W. Bungay, in Little Corporal.*

WE SEEK A CITY.

WE seek a city, where each quiet dwelling
Stands fast upon the everlasting hills—
Where in the song of praises loudly swelling,
Comes not a discord of our earthly ills.

We know that in that city life abideth;
Nor tears, nor death, can ever enter there;
And One with nail-pierced hands our way
still guideth,
Until we come unto the city fair.

We seek a city—pilgrim feet grow weary,
But we press on; beyond still lies our home,
Though days be dark, and ways are often dreary,
We seek, we seek a city yet to come!
—*Lucy Randolph Fleming.*

DID BOB THINK?

BY ERNEST WOODSTONE,

BOB was an old horse on my grandfather's farm. He was a very clever horse; but it is not so much for his cleverness as for one thoughtful thing which he did, that his name has been handed down to us who live so long after him, and who never saw him.

He was very fond of children; the boys who lived near used to have many a pleasant game with Bob on sunny afternoons when he was grazing in the fields or by the roadside. Sometimes they chased Bob, and sometimes he chased them; and it was a funny sight to see the old horse running after a troop of boys, uttering a peculiar whinny, which said as plain as words could say it, "Isn't this real fun, boys?"

One day Bob was coming slowly through the one long street of the village, dragging a loaded cart behind him. There, right in the middle of the street, a little child was sprawling in the dust. No one noticed it until Bob and the cart were close upon it. Was the child to be trodden beneath the horse's feet, or crushed beneath the broad wheel of the cart? No, just as the mother rushed out of a doorway with a shriek, Bob stooped down, seized the child's clothing with his teeth, and laid the little one on the foot-path out of harm's way. It was done tenderly, quietly, and it was over in a moment. Then the wise horse went on as if he had done nothing surprising.

Do you wonder that we keep Bob's memory green? And isn't his thoughtfulness a lesson for the little boys and girls whose common excuse for carelessness which injures others is, "I didn't think"? Bob thought; and his thinking saved a child's life.

A LITTLE more than three centuries ago it was death to almost any sovereign of Europe to disobey the Pope. Within a much shorter period he was supreme in Italy. Within our own time his temporal power has been reduced to a nullity. He has recently had a new title given to him. Only those who understand history can comprehend the stupendous significance of this incident and estimate the marvellous progress of three centuries. Certain taxes had been demanded of him by the Italian authorities. The notice bore the usual legal descriptive form: "To Citizen Joachim Pecci; by trade or profession, Pope; conducting business at the Vatican Palace, Rome." The taxes were duly paid, and the receipt made out to "Citizen Joachim Pecci."

NEWMAN HALL'S church in London has 1,071 members. Its thirteen Sunday-schools have 5,500 children and 400 teachers.

BROUGHT TO JESUS.

"They brought young children to Him, that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased."—*Mark x. 13, 14*

As worn and wan and needing rest,
The Master walked along,
The Hebrew dames about Him pressed,
A supplicating throng.

The little ones with them they brought,
For His kind hands to touch;
Nor, in their partial fondness, thought
Their loud request too much.

"Bring not your babes the crowd to swell,
Can He an hour afford
To such as they? Ye do not well,
To through our weary Lord."

The Lord, with much displeasure stirred,
Who ne'er was wroth ere now,
The over-zealous servants heard,
And, with a darkening brow.

Made answer stern, "Make clear the way,
And bring them unto Me;
For, know, that all must be as they
Who would the Kingdom see!"

Confiding, loving, innocent,
With eager, tottering pace,
To Him those little children went,
And gazed upon His face.

Like zephyrs in a sultry calm,
Like palm-tree's pleasant shade,
Their guileless talk, their breath of balm,
Upon His spirit played.

And looks He from His holy place,
Without displeasure now,
When men the sign and seal of grace
To children disallow!

REMEMBER POOR JACK.

A SAILOR, half sober, sauntered one evening into the bright bar of our "Sailor's Rest." Throwing down half a crown on the counter, he called out to one of the servers to give him a glass of half-and-half; "and mind you make it stiff," he added. Instead of looking grimly at him and reproving him she at once said with a woman's tact, "We haven't your sort of half-and-half, but please to try some of ours."

"Yours!" was the response. "What is that, then?"

"Well," she said, "will you have something hot or cold?" He smiled. "You seem to have something more than cold water. I'd like a jorum of something hot."

"Well, would you like a cup of coffee?"

"Yes, that I would," he answered; "its a long time since I had much in the coffee line." Looking at him and thinking that she would bait her hook still more, she said, "Are you a Devonshire man?"

"To be sure I am, a west countryman to the backbone," was the prompt answer.

"Then," she said, "you will like a little Devonshire cream in your coffee?" This fairly carried the day. Jack's eyes fairly danced in his head as he said, "I've been round the Horn and I don't know where besides, but it is a long day since I and Devonshire cream have met. Thank ye, missus kindly," and he sat down to enjoy the first cup of coffee he had tasted for many a day. When he had finished it she brought him back the half-crown which he had thrown down, saying, "Can't you give me a penny instead of this?"

"A penny!" he exclaimed. You don't mean to say you are only going to charge a penny for all this and the Devonshire cream into the bargain. Well, if Miss Weston gives away

things like that, she will have to shut up the place." It was explained to him that on every cup of coffee a profit of at least a half-ponny was made, and he went away to tell his shipmates to come and try the "new-fangle" public house he had found. Thank God, this visit, and this cup of coffee given by a kind Christian woman, was the beginning of a new life in him; he became a temperance man, and afterwards gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, besides persuading many of his shipmates to give up drink.

"All along," he said, "under God, of that kind word and cup of coffee."

DISTINGUISHED SCHOOLBOYS.

A REVIEWER of a recent book on life at Eton says:

"In Lord Lorne, it would seem, the consciousness of rank was only betrayed by a rather anxious desire to be obliging and to speak civilly to everybody. He was not of very mirthful mood, but had a fund of playful humor. Once, having leave to go to London, he went to the Windsor station to catch a train, but found he ought to have gone to Slough. It happened to be during Ascot week, and all the vehicles of Windsor being under requisition it was with some difficulty that Lorne discovered an old fly with a sorry-looking horse. "What's your fare to Slough?" he asked, as he was about to step in. "Ten shillings, sir; I can't take a penny less to-day," was the driver's answer. "I didn't ask you for the price of your horse," retorted Lorne, turning away.

"The dignity of a well dressed boy does not appear impressively when he is carrying down a populous highway a large covered dish, out of which gravy is dribbling on to the pavement; but dignity was a feather which you could only put in your cap when you were in fifth form. I have seen the present Marquis of Waterford cheerfully carrying a dish of eggs and bacon from Webber's for a solicitor's son, and the Earl of Rosebery (then Lord Dalmeny) running swiftly down the High street with the breeks of a parson's boy under his arm. One morning, as I was going 'up-town,' a lower boy asked me to lend him 4d., as he had just come out without his purse and had to buy some bloaters for his fag master; it was the heir of the Duke of Marlborough, the present Marquis of Blandford.

"Being indiscriminate in his punishments, as despots generally are, Dr. Keate once wanted to flog Gladstone because the latter's hat was knocked out of his hand by a boy nudging his elbow. 'Playing at cricket with your hat, eh?' he screamed from his desk. It was with some trouble the accused demonstrated that there had been no offence, but only an accident. Keate's distrust of school-boy honor, however, was inveterate. 'Well, I must flog somebody for this,' he quailed. 'Find me the boy who gave you the nudge.'

Mr. Gladstone is thus described by Mr. Mansfield, now Police Magistrate at Marlborough Police Court, and once one of Gladstone's fags:

"I recall him as a good-looking, rather delicate youth, with a pale face and brown curling hair—always tidy and well-dressed—not given much to athletic exercises, but occasionally scuffling, playing cricket and hockey. Neither Gladstone nor his friend Hallam, nor Gaskell, nor Doy's, shone so much in the scholarship of that day

as the Selwyns—the so-called scholarship consisting solely in making Latin verses. In fact, no school with a great name could have sunk lower in point of giving education than Eton in the time of Dr. Keate."

SMOKING BOYS.

HERE is another evil that especially attaches to juvenile smoking. It often introduces to bad company boys whose education, but for this practice, would have preserved them from contamination. Many boys learn to smoke and chew tobacco, long before they venture to frequent the public house. They are compelled to keep their smoking secret, because they know that their parents strongly object to it. The very fact of their thus acting contrary to parental authority keeps up a state of habitual disregard of that authority, and a fear of detection, which renders home less attractive, and forms a barrier to frank and loving intercourse between the boy and his parents and sisters. A distaste for elevating pursuits is engendered, and thus he is drawn more and more towards depraving society. A furtive pipe by the roadside, or under a hedge or haystack, very naturally leads to a furtive visit to the public-house, and there the ruin is accomplished. At length the secret is revealed to the sorrowing parents—the turning point in the boy's destiny has arrived. He may be induced to listen to loving remonstrances, and abandon evil habits before their mastery is supreme; but the probability is, that he will now resent parental control altogether, and abandon himself without reserve to evil courses. On the contrary, if the youth had manfully resisted the fascination of the pipe, his company would no longer have been sought by evil companions. His capacity for elevating pursuits would have remained unimpaired, and by ordinarily judicious training he might have become an ornament to his family and a blessing to the world.

Smoking not only leads boys into habits of deception; it often prepares the way for a career of crime. Boys who smoke often help themselves without permission to their smoking father's tobacco, or to that of men with whom they are employed. They very often pilfer from their employer the means to buy it. The testimony of governors of reformatories and prisons abundantly confirms this statement. The governor of a reformatory at Blackley, near Manchester, stated that out of fifteen boys who were admitted after the opening of the institution twelve had been smokers, and eight chewers. Ten confessed to having either stolen tobacco, or money wherewith to buy it. Mr. Joseph Tucker, a retired London warehouseman, whose firm made an annual return of more than £500,000, declared, "We never had an act of fraud in our establishment which was not traced to a smoker." It was aptly remarked by an American statesman, "He would not say that all smokers are blackguards, but he never knew a blackguard who was not a smoker."

The connection between tobacco and strong drink is not more intimate than its connection with other and still more depraving forms of licentiousness. Tobacco lessens a physical health and destroys man's power it is true, and in some cases occasions complete impotence; but at an earlier stage of the

indulgence it increases the morbid desire for sensual pleasure. It produces an irritable state of the nerves, and an incapacity for higher enjoyments, that naturally drive their victim for relief to depraving indulgence. Hence the intimate connection known to subsist between smoking, drinking and unchastity. The tobacco shop, the drink shop, and the house of ill-fame form a triple unholy alliance.—*From "My Young England Smoke."*

THE LITTLE BLACK CLOUD.

PASSING along a thoroughfare of one of our large cities absorbed in thought, a little coloured waif suddenly caught my dress in both her hands, and, looking up eagerly into my astonished face, exclaimed: "Say, missus, our teacher down to de mission school told us dis arternoon dat ladies was goin all ober de world, tellin de people 'bout Jesus; and she said dat by de time us chillens grows big, colo'd ladies 'll be goin to Afriky, where my daddy and mammy comed from, to tell de colo'd folks de story ob de cross, and dat Jesus died for dem too. Den, missus, I'se goin to be a— a—" clasping her hands together, and rolling up her eyes, she struck a tragio attitude of helpless despair—"clar now, if I ha'n't dono forgot what I'se goin to be!"

"Is it a missionary?" I asked.
"Oh yes, missus, dat's it; a missenary, a missenary. Laws now, I must run home quick and tell mammy afore I forgits agin. Won't she shout glory do, when she hears 'bout dis, and bress de Lord dat ever I was born—you better b'leve she will! Good-bye; specks if you lives long 'nuff you'll hear about it! As like as not, now, I'll cross de ocean in de good ole ship Zion daddy's allers singing 'bout, if it aint clar done wore out by dat time. Won't I send lots o' dem dar poor ign'ant colo'd heeven to glory—right up Jacob's ladder to de golden gate dey'll go!" And away she skipped in the gladness of this new hope, begotten in her young heart by the words of her teacher.

Looking after her retreating form, I thought of the good prophet Elijah praying on the mountain, and anxiously watching for the cloud that should tell him his prayer was heard; and here I had long been praying for the "Dark Continent," but had forgotten to watch for the indication that my prayer had come up before God, when lo! right before me stood the little black cloud, as surely a forerunner of abundance of rain—*Children's Work for Children.*

It is customary, in some localities, to teach children to think of a text as they drop their pieces of money into the contribution-box. A certain little girl at Sunday school recently saw the box approaching, and began to search in her memory for a text. She hesitated for a few moments, dropped the dime into the box, and exclaimed triumphantly. "A fool and his money are soon parted."

PROFESSOR CHILD, of Harvard, in illustrating the follies of modern scientific warfare, says: "As much to build and equip an ironclad as it would to liberally endow a university. Both bombard the world—the one to destroy, the other to benefit."

A SONG OF SUMMER.

Oh, the brightness and the glory
Of the happy summer time
Spat hies of the light and beauty
Of a better, holier clime—
Chime of everlasting beauty
Ay, ineffably sublime!

Oh, the sweetness of the summer,
With the scent of new mown hay,
And the honeyed breath of flowers
Strewn along our life's pathway—
Flowers which tell in words unspoken,
"Hip life's sweetness while you may."

Oh, the grandeur of the summer,
Bright with many a fairy scene—
Fairy dell and fairy bower,
Trees and fields of living green;
Blessed rays of golden sunlight
Weather around the seasons' queen.

Oh, the music of the summer,
Borne upon the balmy air,
Busy hum of insects mingling
With the birds' songs ev'rywhere;
And the breezes, joining, whisper,
"Earth is beautiful—warth is fair!"

Oh, the lesson of the summer,
That our God would have us know,
Of a land where dawns no autumn,
Never falls the winter's snow;
But where all is endless summer,
And where flowers eternal grow!
—C. P. Mitchell.

SMILES.

AN Episcopal minister said recently that he had two-and-a-half persons present at morning prayers, the "half" being a man who came in at the middle of the service.

A LITTLE fellow asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait till he was older. "Well," was his suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

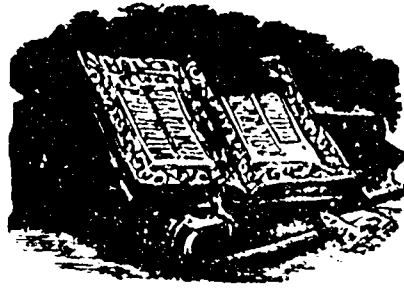
A WAG, who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer, said, "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, "Give this gentleman three pigs' feet."

A COUNTRY curate complained to old Dr. South that he received only five pounds for preaching a certain sermon at Oxford. "Five pounds!" said the doctor. "I would not have preached that sermon for fifty!"

A CERTAIN little Pharisee, who was praying for his big brother, had a good deal of human nature in him, even if he was only six years old. He prayed, "O Lord, bless brother Bill, and make him as good a boy as I am."

AN old lady recently received a new bonnet. Shortly after she was missed, and her absence became so protracted that the family grew anxious, and instituted a search. Finally she was discovered in her room, sitting quietly with the new bonnet on. Her daughter exclaimed, "Why, mother, what are you doing here?" "Go along down," the old lady replied, "I am getting used to this thing, so that I shall not be thinking about it all church-time to-morrow."

WHY SHE CRIED.—Toto is crying very hard. "What is the matter?" asked one of her father's friends. "I have lost two cents that mamma gave me." "That is not a difficult loss to repair," replied the friend, "here are two cents." An instant afterward Toto was crying harder than ever. "What are you still crying for?" asked the gentleman. "I am crying," said the artful baby, "because if I had not lost two cents I should now have four."—Paris Paper.



Search the Scriptures.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B. C. 1451.] LESSON IV. [July 22.

ISRAEL DEFEATED AT AI.

Josh. 7. 10-26. Commit to memory vs. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be sure your sin will find you out. Num. 32. 23.

OUTLINE.

1. The Failure at Ai. v. 10-15.
2. The Sin of Achan. v. 16-23.
3. The Valley of Achor. v. 24-26.

TIME.—B. C. 1451.

PLACE.—The camp of Israel at Gilgal, and the valley of Achor near it.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Get thee up*—Joshua had fallen upon his face at the news of the defeat at Ai, when God thus spoke to him. *Israel hath sinned*—Though only one man had done the deed, yet the whole nation was made to suffer by it. *Transgressed my covenant*—The pledge on the part of the people to obey God. *The accursed thing*—Here meaning rather "the devoted thing," that which was given to God. *Dissembled*—Deceived in trying to hide the crime. *Their own stuff*—Their property, especially furniture, is meant. *Therefore*—Because of the sin of one man all Israel was at fault. *They were accursed*—Under the wrath of God. *Sanctify*—Set apart anew for God. *According to your tribes*—One tribe at a time, or the heads of all the tribes together. *The tribe* was composed of households, the households of families. *Folly in Israel*—All crime is folly. *Tribe of Judah*—*Asken*—Either by lot, or perhaps by the high-priest speaking with power from God. *Family of Judah*—All the heads of the families in Judah next came. *Family of the Zarahites*—That of which Zerah had been the founder. *My son*—Joshua spoke as an old man, and as the father of his people. *Glory to the Lord*—"Give glory to him whom you have wronged by your action." *Confession unto him*—Confess to God in presence of the people. *I have sinned*—A confession made only when the crime was discovered, too late to save from punishment. *Babylonish garment*—A robe from Babylon, the richest city of earth. *Shekels*—In weight, not in coin. Probably there was then no coined money. *Wedge of gold*—A piece of gold shaped like a tongue or wedge. *Coveted... took... hid*—Three degrees in crime. *Before the Lord*—In front of the tabernacle. *Took Achan*—The first crime against God as the ruler of Israel and possessor of Canaan must be punished with severity as a warning to keep others from it. *The silver, etc.*—The stolen things might not be kept, for they belonged to God. *Sons and his daughters*—Probably they had taken part in the crime; or perhaps such severity was needed in those times to show that others besides the sinner suffered from the sin. *Asses and his sheep*—The property of the guilty man might not be used nor inherited. *Achor*—The word means "trouble," the name was given at that time. *Stoned... burnt*—Killed them with stones, and then burned the bodies. *Heap of stones*—To mark the crime and its penalty. In rude ages, and with an ignorant, brutish people, such acts of severity may be necessary in order to impress the danger of sin upon their minds. We must remember, too, that the religious interests of the whole world were linked with the purity of the religion of Israel. If this people had not been kept faithful the light of the Gospel would not have shone. This fact accounts for such severities as the slaughter of the Canaanites and the punishment of Achan's family.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where do we learn in this lesson—
1. That sin begins in the heart?
 2. That sin harms others besides the sinner?
 3. That sin is followed by punishment?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why were the Israelites defeated at Ai? Because of Achan's sin. 2. What sin did Achan commit? He took what belonged to God. 3. With what did his sin begin? With covetousness. 4. How was his sin discovered? By revelation from God. 5. How was it punished? He and all his were slain.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The general judgment.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

30. Did none of the disciples defend their Lord and Master?

None of Christ's disciples defended their Lord and Master except Peter, who at first defended him with the sword; but afterwards his courage failed him so far as to deny that he knew him.

B. C. 1451.] LESSON V. [July 29.

READING OF THE LAW.

Josh. 8. 30-35. Commit to memory vs. 33-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing. Deut. 30. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. The Altar. v. 30, 31.
2. The Law. v. 32.
3. The Reading. v. 33-35.

TIME.—B. C. 1451.

PLACE.—The mountains Ebal and Gerizim, in the centre of Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Built an altar*—In ancient times all worship was accompanied with sacrifice, and for this an altar was needed. The sacrifice was the giving up of something valuable to God, and meant the consecration of the worshipper to God's service on one side, and on the other was a picture of Christ's death for our salvation. *As Moses... commanded*—In Deut. 27. 4, 5. *Of whole stones*—The altar was left rough that the sacrifice and not the altar might receive attention; and to guard against idolatry from having carved images on the altar. *Lifted up any iron*—To hew the stones into shape. *Burnt offerings*—This was a sacrifice in which the blood of a domestic animal was poured out and the body was burned on the altar. It meant entire consecration to God. *Peace-offerings*—This was an offering of which a part was eaten by the worshipper, a part given to the priest, and the rest burned upon the altar. It meant a meeting with God at peace and in fellowship with him. *Wrote there*—Upon the plaster with which the stones were covered. *The law of Moses*—Not the whole law, but a summary of it. *Elders*—The heads of the tribe-families. *Judges*—The higher rulers. *On this side the ark*—In the valley of Shechem, between the two mountains. The ark was in the centre, and six tribes stood on each side of it, extending from the valley up the sides of the mountain. *The stranger*—People of other races who had followed the Israelites. Some of them were probably slaves captured in war. *That they should bless*—Half of the tribes had been appointed to utter the blessings, and the other half the curses of the law. *The little ones*—Even the children were present. *Conversant*—Those who were with them.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That God's law should be read in public?
2. That the children should be brought to hear God's word?
3. That every one must choose between life and death?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Joshua lead all the Israelites? To the valley of Shechem. 2. What did he do upon Mount Ebal? He built an altar. 3. What did he write upon the sides of the altar? The law of God. 4. What did he then do? He read the law. 5. Who heard the reading of the law? All the people.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The free agency of man.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

31. Did Peter continue in his sin, or did he repent?

Peter did not continue in his sin of denying his Lord and Master; for Jesus cast his eye upon him, and he repented and wept bitterly.

A WESTERN editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his morning paper was intolerably damp, says "that is because there is so much dew on it."

THE

'Pansy' Books

By Mrs. G. R. ALDEN.

"No writer has achieved a more enviable reputation than Pansy. Her style is unique; and the strong, healthy, natural spirit breathed through all her writings ennobles the mind, making the manly more strong and the womanly more true."

\$1.25 EACH.

Mrs. Solomon Smith.	King's Daughter.
Man of the House.	Three People.
Hall in the Grove.	Esther Reid.
Pocket Measure.	Julia Reid.
New Graft.	Four Girls at Chautauqua.
Divers Women.	Chautauqua Girls at Home.
Tip Lewis.	Ruth Erskine's Crosses.
Sidney Martin's X'mas.	Links in Rebecca's Life.
The Randolphs.	From Different Standpoints.
Those Boys.	
Echoing & Re-echoing.	
Modern Prophets.	
Household Puzzles.	
Wise and Otherwise.	

\$1.00 EACH.

Mrs. Dean's Way.	Cunning Workmen.
Dr. Dean's Way.	Grandpa's Darlings.
Miss Priscilla Hunter and My Daughter Susan.	What She Said, and People Who Haven't Time.

90 CENTS EACH.

Next Things.	Mrs. Harry Harper's Pansy's Scrap Book.	Awakening.
--------------	---	------------

60 CENTS EACH.

Getting Ahead.	Pauses.
Two Boys.	That Boy Bob.
Six Little Girls.	

All the above are strongly bound in Extra English Cloth, and stamped in Ink and Gold.

Works by Silas K. Hocking.

All fully illustrated and beautifully bound in cloth.

IVY, A Tale of Cottage Life. 12mo. Price, 75 cts. "Mr. Hocking's latest work is deserving of the widest possible circulation, and it may not be out of place to mention that in the attractive form in which it is issued, is eminently suitable for a School Prize or a Christmas Present."—Birmingham Gazette.

HIS FATHER; or, A Mother's Legacy. 12mo. Price, 75 cts. "A pathetic and interesting tale."—Record. "The publication cannot fail to do good."—Plymouth Mercury.

HER BENNY. 12mo. Price, 75 cts. "Will touch the hearts of all who may read it."—Nonconformist. "The book is a capital one for boys, and its perusal will do any one good."—The Methodist.

SEA-WAIF. 12mo, cloth, 75 cts. A most interesting and touching tale. Its teaching has the right moral ring.

ALEC GREEN. 12mo, cloth, 75 cts. "Will charm and also benefit youthful readers."—Edinburgh Courier. "A good readable book. The author has conveyed the lessons he wishes to teach in an interesting manner."—Hampshire Advertiser.

CHIPS; A Story of Manchester Life. Sq. 16mo, 35 cts. "An interesting moral story suitable for boys and girls."—Halifax Courier. "Well adapted for circulation among Sunday-school children."—Manchester Courier.

POOR MIKE; A Story of a Waif. Sq. 16mo, 35 cts.

These books are well-suited for S. S. Libraries, Prize Books or Rewards.

Address—
WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King St. East,
or—TORONTO,
C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N. S.