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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1889.

[No. 12

Under Green Apple-Boughs.

ALL the leaves of the field clap their hands,
All a-tremble with glee.
In the orchard-lanes, garlanded, stands
Every brier and tree.
Oh, the winter was cruel and cold,
And the skies had grown wrinkled and old,
And never a little bird told
Of the joy that should be.

Oh, the sky stoops so tender and low,
Like a mother that bends ;
And the soft winds they come and they go,
As if somebody sends
On their wings a sweet message to me,
On their soft wings from heaven

to me :
"I love thee, I love thee, love
thee !
And the love never ends."

We will lift him a heart full of
praise,
Oh, how happy are we !
For the bitter and beautiful days,
For the blossom-crowned tree.
What if winters were cruel and
cold,
Should we doubt his dear love
manifold,
Though never a little bird told
Of the joy that should be ?

OVER IN A MINUTE.

KITTY had constructed a new
swing for her doll's entertain-
ment, but it proved unsatis-
factory ; for that wooden lady
slipped from her perch, and
landed with considerable vio-
lence upon the table, overturn-
ing an inkstand upon a picture
Walter was copying. In an
instant Walter sprung to his
feet, snatched up the doll, and
threw it into the fire, and
marched out of the room, leav-
ing Kitty in tears, and the
table in confusion.

In half an hour he returned,
gay and sunny as ever, bring-
ing a handsome doll to replace
Kitty's loss. She was easily comforted, and was
more sure than ever that Walter was the best
brother in the world.

"If a fellow is quick-tempered, why, he is ; I
suppose that's all there is of it," said Walter, more
carelessly than penitently. "I do get angry in a
jiff, but it's all over in a minute or two."

"Are you sure of that?" asked his grandfather.
"Oh, yes! I'm not one of the sort to go sulking
about over anything. I flash up quick enough, but
I never bear malice."

"But the consequences—can you be sure that
they 'are all over in a minute or two?' I never
hear anyone speak carelessly of that fault with-

out recalling one scene in my own boyhood. I was
quick-tempered too, Walter, and, as you say, soon
over it—flying into a rage one minute, and ready
to laugh at my own tempest of passion the next.
I held a high place in my classes, and one day had
spoken boastfully of my position, and how long
I had kept it ; but that very afternoon I failed,
and gave an answer so absurd that it was received
with a burst of laughter. Mortified with my
blunder, I passed an uncomfortable afternoon ;
and when school closed I walked out moodily,
inclined to speak to no one, and pretending to be
busy whittling.

dreams ; and to this day, Walter, ungoverned
temper can never seem a light thing to me. Anger
that is 'over in a minute,' may be like a spark
of fire on gunpowder, and give you cause for shame
and sorrow all your days."

HOW FERNS GROW.

I WANT to gather a group of little wide-awake
children around me this afternoon, to tell you
something about ferns, that you may learn to love
them as well as I do.

Perhaps, because they have no flowers, you have
never cared particularly for them ; but I hope you
will come to think that their
pretty, graceful forms, fully
makes up for their lack of
blossoms.

We may take a good micro-
scope, and examine very
closely, but we shall not find
even the tiniest flower ; and
yet, do you know, the new
plants come from seed? And
it is this curious kind of seed
I want to tell you about.

The leaves of ferns are not
called leaves, but "fronds ;"
and these hold the little seed.
germs in cups, on the under
side, in the form of a very
small grain, which wise people,
who know a good deal about
flowers, call *sori*.

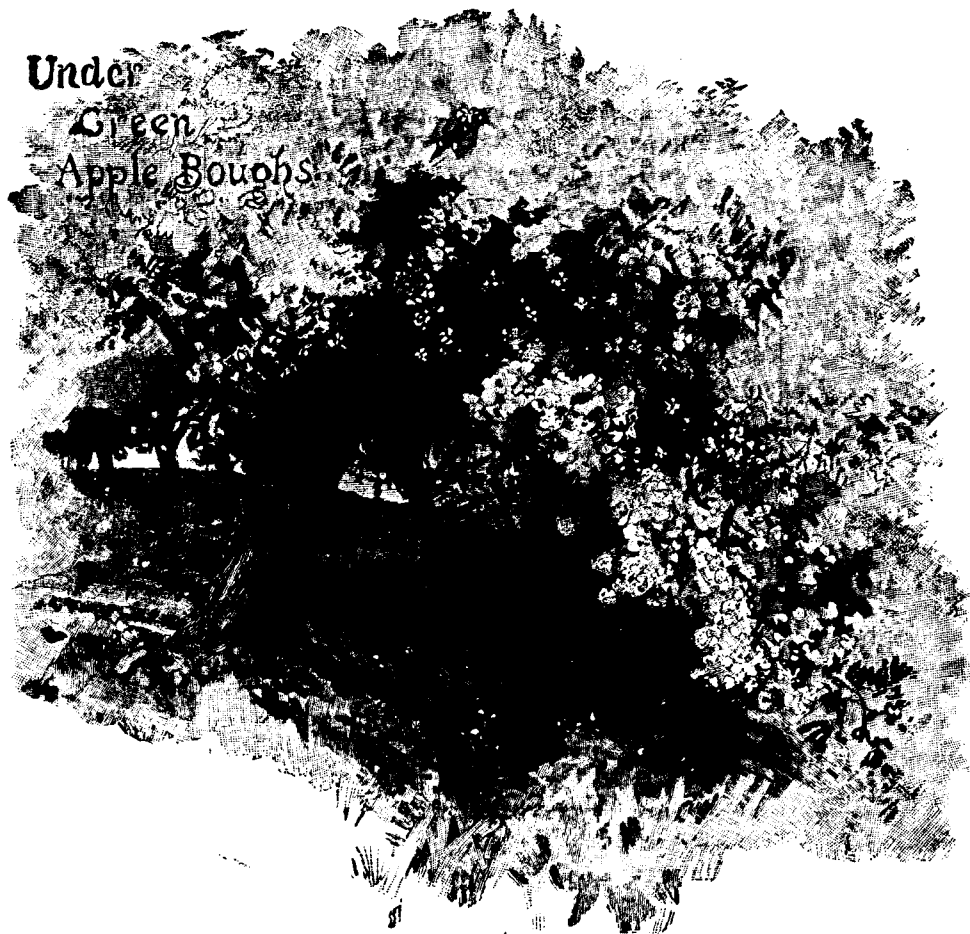
This queer little thing seems
to the naked eye to be nothing
but a very fine powder ; but
with the aid of a microscope
we shall see in the centre a
tiny organ called *sporangium*, and
this surrounded by a ring
called *annulus*, and a number
of cells called *spores*. The
whole germ taken together we
often call *spores* ; but exam-
ined very closely we find all
the parts of which I am tell-
ing you.

They are not truly seeds, you see, though they
answer the same purpose, and are always ready
to settle down in a home of their own whenever
they can find a place to suit them.

Shall I tell you how the new plant begins?
Little cells are thrust out from that curious organ
in the centre of the germ, which burst their cover-
ing, and grow into a leafy-looking expansion, which
forms itself into a bud, and then a plant.

It is curious to watch the tiny fronds unrolling
themselves in the spring, and see the odd-looking
balls opening out into a beautiful plant. If we
choose we may transplant it to our gardens, where
we may watch its pretty growth without the
trouble of a walk to the woods.

Under Green Apple Boughs



UNDER THE GREEN APPLE-BOUGHS.

"Here comes the infallible! Here's the fellow
that never misses!" and then he mockingly repeated
my answer.

"With all the force of a sudden fury I threw
my open knife at him. It just missed his head ;
and in an instant it was quivering in the tree be-
side him. The sight of it, and of his white,
startled face, recalled me to my senses, and I sunk
down upon the ground, covering my face with my
hands. The boys gathered around me kindly.
I knew that only God's mercy had saved me
from seeing my schoolmate dead at my feet, and
my whole life darkened with the stain of murder.
For weeks afterward I lived it over in horrible

They are not truly seeds, you see, though they
answer the same purpose, and are always ready
to settle down in a home of their own whenever
they can find a place to suit them.

Shall I tell you how the new plant begins?
Little cells are thrust out from that curious organ
in the centre of the germ, which burst their cover-
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themselves in the spring, and see the odd-looking
balls opening out into a beautiful plant. If we
choose we may transplant it to our gardens, where
we may watch its pretty growth without the
trouble of a walk to the woods.

The Silent Sabbath.

BY REV. S. C. KRELLER.

A SPELL of silence fell on all the town,
As gently hour by hour the snow came down
And filled the village street;
One only sign of human life was given—
The curling columns rose from earth to heaven,
The falling cloud to meet.

On all that long and silent day of God,
The streets by man or beast remained untrod,
And grew so clean and wide,
As sifting snows obscured the narrow grade,
And roadway lines were deeply overlaid
And lost on either side.

The sleeping winds breathed not a moan or sigh
O'er hill or vale or through the frosted sky,
To mar the scene so rare;
The smoky shaft shot up with lines un bent,
The downy flock scarce curved in its descent,
So pulseless was the air.

And strangely mute the hillside forest stood,
While widely over field and stream and wood,
Noiseless and calm and white,
The snow-cloud fell and crowned the forest's head,
And deftly round its form a mantle spread
With crystal beauty bright.

The streamlet's babbling tongue was also hushed,
And its voice was muffled as on it rushed
'Neath its burden of snow;
The bending willows bowed low at its side,
Wondering if the frozen stream had died,
And listened for its flow.

The holy hours foretold no Sabbath bell,
On it the charm of silence also fell,
While passed the time of prayer.
Still idly in its snowy tower it hung,
And from morn to eve its silvery tongue
Was silent as despair.

The village church no people came to fill,
Its altar and its aisles were lone and still,
For no one came to pray;
No joyful songs their praiseful echoes woke,
No preacher's voice the reigning silence broke
Throughout the sacred day.

When the long Sabbath of the grave shall lay
Its spell on all the living of to-day,
And silently the rest,
'Neath summer sunshine and the winter snows,
In Christ, the Sabbath's Lord, may they repose,
In hopeful silence blest!

"ALWAYS STAND BY YOUR COLOURS!"

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

"WHAT is going on inside?" asked Squire David Hurlburt, who stood in the vestibule of the old church, and listened to some one earnestly addressing an enthusiastic audience of boys. "Oh, it is that temperance fanatic! And there is my grandson, Mark. What does he know about intemperance? He is not much higher than a beer-bottle."

Mark Hurlburt was not so very tall, it is true, and, indeed, a great stature could not be expected for a boy of ten; but you seldom find more resoluteness packed away to the cubic foot than could be found in Mark Hurlburt. He was determined he would be resolute now in the doing of any temperance duty. It would have interested him if he could have heard this opinion of his grandfather out there in the church vestibule.

"Now I will see what this man has to say," thought the squire.

It was a strange minister, but the man knew how to capture and hold young hearts, and he now said: "It may be asked of you, what good you expect to do in the temperance society we have formed?"

"The very question!" declared the listening grandpa in the entry: "the very question I would like to have answered! There is my Mark—what can he do?"

As if answering this very question, the speaker here pulled out of his breast-pocket a small flag. He waved it, and shouted: "You can always show your colours, boys! You can do that much—letting everybody know you are temperance boys—that you touch not, taste not, handle not. And then, always stand by your colours, boys! You can do that much, can't you?"

"Yes! Yes!" enthusiastically replied the boys, pulling out their handkerchiefs and waving them in response to the speaker's little flag.

"Feenaticism! Feenaticism!" declared a disgusted grandpa out in the entry. "I won't stay here and listen to any more such talk." Off he went, growling.

The next day Mark Hurlburt was over at his grandfather's, and he was helping the hired-man, Sampson Drew, who was busily ploughing.

"There!" said Sampson, "I wish, Mark, you would just give me a lift. If you'll ride Alexander for me, I'll come right arter, and stiddy the plough."

"I'm just the boy for you!" said Mark, always ready to do a favour. Furrow after furrow did the plough turn over, Zach, the dog, enthusiastically accompanying the party, and barking boisterously at any snake wriggling out of its damp hole into the warm, sunny air. It was an old corn-field that Sampson was marking with the long, brown furrows, and, though it was rather late in the season, Squire Hurlburt had told Sampson there was yet time to turn the ground over and get a crop in.

"Yes," declared Sampson, repeating this opinion to Mark, as they halted in one corner of the field, "it is a grain late for ploughin', Mark; but better late than never."

"Sampson," said Mark, "why don't you have a farm of your own? You know all about farming. Grandpa says you are a capital hand at doing anything about a farm. Why don't you run a farm for yourself?"

This was rather a plain question; but Mark and Sampson were very good friends, and talked very frankly to one another.

Sampson grinned; then he blushed to hear of the squire's compliment.

"He say that?" asked Sampson.

"Of course he did," replied Mark.

"Well, now, Mark, I'll tell you. You and I are good friends, and I can speak my mind to you. I will tell you why Sampson Drew don't own a farm."

Here Sampson looked steadily at Mark, and then continued: "Yes, I will tell you the long and the short of it, Mark. You know I have a family. Yes, Mark, I've got a boy as big as you, and I buried a boy—"

Here there were tears that glistened in Sampson Drew's dark eyes.

"Buried a boy even bigger than you. Just think of that, Mark!—a man that knows how to run a farm, that has a family of children old as that, and yet to day I am workin' for other folks! Now, I'll tell you why Sampson Drew hasn't a home of his own."

His earnestness, his tearfulness, moved Mark strongly.

"The reason why Sampson Drew hasn't a home of his own is because he likes a glass too well—because when Squire Hurlburt says, 'Sampson, take a glass of my old cider' Sampson Drew is jest fool enough to do it."

Mark looked pityingly on the man, and wondered what could be done.

"Say, Sampson," asked Mark, finally, "why, why don't you sign the pledge? We—we—will help you keep it."

"Who's 'we'?"

"We boys—all that belong to my society. G. a new one, you know."

"Ain't that funny—that boys should seem care so much about these things?"

"'Funny!' Don't see the fun."

"I mean 'strange.' That takes hold of me that fetches me in a deep place."

"See here, Sampson! Will you sign the pledge, I'll put my name down too, just—just to help you out."

"I never did that. I've heard of it's being done. It might help you a lot."

"That's what they say. I—I've—a great name to. Where will we go?"

"Oh, come up to grandpa's."

It had not occurred to Sampson or Mark that there was anything singular in going to Squire Hurlburt's for pen and ink and paper, that Sampson might sign the temperance pledge. When, though, the squire's door was reached, Sampson said, in a low voice, "Don't know what the squire will say."

"Oh, he won't care. That's all right. Come on."

Mark pushed boldly forward; but when they reached the room that the squire called his "office" what did Mark see on a table at the squire's elbow? A pitcher of the strong old cider that the squire loved! Mark hesitated. Was he going to desert the colours he had promised to follow? Had he shown them before Sampson, would he bravely stand by them?

"Grandpa—would—would—you let me have pen and ink and a piece of paper?" asked Mark.

"Oh, yes!" said the squire. "Sartin! Sartin! You and Sampson want to make a contract?"

"He—he is—he is going to sign the temperance pledge. Don't you think he will do well at it?"

"I—I hope so," replied the squire, rather coldly—glancing at his cider-pitcher. "However, he has his paper; you'll find pen and ink on the table."

Mark continued to fly his colours, and said: "I'll write what we use in our society. We'll sign in, 'By the grace of God,' you know."

With a trembling hand, Sampson added his name to the total-abstinence pledge. Mark added his. Then they both left the room quietly.

The squire rose and went to the table. "What he said, 'they forgot to take their pledge!'"

Then he went to his chair. Somehow, he did not afterward touch the old pitcher that day, and before night, he went to the pledge, and lingered while before it.

"I'll send that to Sampson Drew," he said.

Sampson received it the next day.

"The Squire's handwriting!" exclaimed Sampson, opening the envelope directed to him. "By my discharge, I s'pect. No: another name here."

He slowly read, as a third signature, "David Hurlburt."

MAKING MINCE-PIES.

"THEY all put brandy in them!" said one.

"They all don't! My mother has never put a drop of brandy into her mince-pies since the day Bob said he could taste the brandy, and it tasted good. Mother said then it was wrong, and she would never be guilty of it again; and if my mother says a thing is wrong, you may be sure it is wrong—for what my mother knows she knows."

"How about mince-pies! Are you sure she knows how to make a mince-pie good?" another laugh went up from a group of girls gathered around the register of the recitation-room, eating their lunch. But some of them winced a little when back were tossed the words:

"If she don't, she knows how to make a mince-pie good, and isn't a boy worth more than a mince-pie?"

The Drunkard's Wife.

BY IRA A. STONER.

A WOMAN sits beside the crib
In which her baby lies,
Her face is sad, her thoughts afar
Seem straying with her eyes.
Those wandering eyes are large and bright,
Her face exceeding fair;
But in them one can plainly read
A spirit of despair.
'Tis sad to know, that happy smiles
From these bright eyes have fled,
And the heart, that once with gladness swelled,
Now aches with pain instead.
I'll tell you why this woman weeps
And lives a wretched life;
No fault belongs to her, but ah!
She is a drunkard's wife.

The house is small, the ceiling low,
The rooms are mean and few:
The broken windows and the roof
Let howling winter through.
In this poor house the voice of song
Is scarcely ever heard;
No sympathizing persons calls
To speak a friendly word.
The husband comes at eventide,
Though often not till late,
But no one welcomes his return,
Nor meets him at the gate.
He brings no gladness to his home,
But wretchedness instead;
He brings its inmates grief and shame,
In place of daily bread.

A friendless woman, there she sits;
Her eyes are dim with tears;
As in her memory there comes
A thought of others years.
She thinks about her happy youth,
When life was bright and gay;
Of her father's home, and of the girls
With whom she used to play.
Those girls have grown to womanhood,
Are wives and mothers too;
But they have cheerful, happy homes,
And husbands kind and true.
Their lives are free from all the ills
And woes that blight her life;
It ne'er has been their wretched lot
To be a drunkard's wife.

She thinks about the happy day
When she became a bride:
The day she took the marriage vows,
Her husband by her side.
He'd promised to be true to her,
And she believed his word,
Though she knew that he was fond of rum,
And that he oft had erred.
But when he promised to reform,
Then plead and promised still,
She gave to him her hand and hear
Against her parents' will.
Her husband's old acquaintances
Seemed bound to blight his life;
He soon became a drunken sot,
And she a drunkard's wife.

A woman sits beside her child,
With heavy heart and sad,
She has no food, no coal, no hope,
Is ill and poorly clad.
The husband cares for naught but rum;
To love her he has ceased;
Intemperance has changed him now
Into a brutish beast.
Behold the woman on her knees,
Her hands are clasped in prayer.
There are frozen teardrops on her cheeks;
Neglect has brought them there;
Before her is the sleeping child;
Her simple prayer is said,
She never more will weep again.
The drunkard's wife is dead.

A TEACHER asked a little boy, "What is hope?"
"It is never feeling disappointed," answered the
child. And this is as good an answer as some wise
men have been able to give.

JIM BARLOW'S FRIGHT.

BY DAVID KER.

"You may talk as you like, I ain't afraid of
nothin'. Let me see the man as can frighten me,
that's all!"

In truth, it might well seem no easy matter to
frighten Jim Barlow, who was a great hulking
fellow, more than six feet high, strong enough to
knock down a horse, and the terror of the whole
village when he was out of temper, which happened
almost every day.

On this particular evening Jim Barlow had been
having his supper at the little village inn, and
boasting, as usual, that nothing could frighten him.
As a rule no one dared to contradict him when he
did this; so he was rather taken aback when old
Job Cox said to him, very slowly and solemnly,
with a knowing nod of his gray head at every
word:

"Tell 'ee what, my lad, it ain't the bull as
bellows the loudest what's the best fighter. It's
one thing to thrash a weaker man thyself in broad
daylight, and it's another thing to be tackled in the
dark by half-a-dozen thieves with pistols—or may-
hap by some at worse. If thee were to meet a
ghost, now" (in those days many ignorant English
villagers believed in ghosts), "what would thee
do?"

Fighting Jim gave a scowl like a gathering
thunder-cloud, and clinched a fist as hard and
heavy as a sledge-hammer. Had not Job been so
gray and wrinkled he would probably have been
rewarded for his sermon by being knocked down on
the spot. As it was Barlow had to content himself
with flourishing his huge fists defiantly, and stoutly
declaring that "if all the ghosts in the churchyard
were to get up at once he wouldn't care a straw!"

But this boast came back to his memory rather
unpleasantly an hour later, on his lonely walk
homeward through the darkness, along a deep,
narrow, gloomy lane, overshadowed by tall hedge-
rows, the twisted boughs of which looked like the
clawed hands of monsters clutching at him as he
passed.

All the ghost stories that he had ever heard in
his life came crowding upon him at once as he
neared the dismal hollow, where a pile of stones,
lying in the black shadow of several huge over-
hanging trees, marked the exact spot on which a
man had been found lifeless two or three years
before. The boaster's heart died within him, and
the tune which he tried to whistle in order to keep
up his failing courage melted into a tremulous
quaver, and then ceased altogether. Most heartily
did Bully Barlow then wish, when it was too late,
that he had either never started home alone or had
spoken more respectfully of the ghosts before
doing so.

Hark! what was that? Could it be merely the
echo of his own heavy tread, or was it a dogging
footstep following close behind him? There! he
heard it again, and this time too plainly for any
mistake. It was no echo; it was something—Jim
shuddered to think what—keeping step for step at
his heels.

Had Job Cox and his other acquaintances seen
him at that moment they might well have thought
little of his boasted courage. Never was any man
more utterly and helplessly terrified. His brawny
limbs trembled as if in a fever, his breath came
thick and short, and the cold dews of agony stood
upon his forehead.

Once only, as he hurried forward, half striding
and half running, did he venture to cast a terror-
stricken glance back over his shoulder at his ghostly
pursuer, whose haunting tread he could still hear
behind him as plainly as ever. But he only caught

a glimpse of a dim, shapeless, horrible creature,
whose deformed head seemed to be armed with two
long straight horns. Just at that moment the
moon broke through the clouds and showed him
what seemed to be a tall, gaunt, white figure stand-
ing right in his path and stretching out two
skeleton arms to seize him. With a loud cry of
horror he fell down senseless.

At dawn the next morning—and this is a true
story—a labourer found Bully Jim lying face
downwards on the wet grass, at the foot of the
finger-post, which his fears had magnified into a
skeleton, while beside him grazed the pursuing
ghost in the shape of a stray donkey.

From that night Jim was never heard to boast of
courage.

Cowardly boys, as well as men, are often like the
bad men of whom we read in the Psalms, who were
"in great fear, where no fear was."

TOM'S PRAYER.

It was cold in Tom's room. He undressed
rapidly, thinking the while of to-morrow's baseball.
He had stood in the cold finishing a little story by
his bedroom lamp. Now he was thoroughly
chilled. Should he get in bed to say his prayer?
N-no; that wouldn't be manly and decent after
spending so much time to read; so he dropped on
his knees, and this was his prayer:—

"O Lord, take care of us to-night, and fill us
with thy light, and cause us to walk in thy way,
and fill us with joy and peace, for Christ's sake.
Amen."

While he said these words rapidly, quick thoughts
of the just-completed story chased themselves
through his mind; still he had said the words—
mainly extracts from his father's daily morning
prayer—and with one bound Tom was in bed.
But he had a conscience, and his conscience was
not sleepy.

"If any fellow came to you with a request like
that, what would you say?" asked conscience.
"You would tell him to wait till he wanted some-
thing before he took up your time. A fellow with
a tongue and temper like yours ought to want
something."

"I do," said Tom, "I'll try again."

This time he knelt reverently by the bedside and
prayed:—

"O Lord, I thank thee for having so much
patience with me. Please help me to govern my
temper and make me honest in trying to do right,
and please help me to serve thee like a man."

Which prayer do you think was heard?—*Sel.*

BRYANT'S TENDER CONSCIENCE.

THE following very pretty anecdote is told of the
late William Cullen Bryant, the poet, by a former
associate in his newspaper office, which illustrates
the good man's simplicity of heart. Says the
narrator:—

"One morning, many years ago, after reaching
his office, and trying in vain to begin work, he
turned to me, and remarked:—

"I cannot get along at all this morning."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I have done wrong. When
on my way here, a little boy, flying a kite, passed
me. The string of the kite having rubbed against
my face, I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his
kite, but I did not stop to pay him for it. I did
wrong. I ought to have paid him."

This tenderness of conscience went far toward
making the poet the kindly, noble, honourable, and
honoured man that he was, whose death was felt
as a loss throughout the land.—*Selected.*

The Return.

I RODE o'er the crests of white foaming waves,
That bore me so joyously on,
And left far behind the shadow and caves
That checkered the past; and strong with new hope,
I looked where the setting sun shone,
And smiled in the sky, and laughed in the sea,
Loved Canada! welcome from thee.

O Canada, home, my country beloved,
How pleasant again in thy breast!
From wandering afar my heart deeply moved,
Yet filled with a joy that throbbingly beats,
Returns, like a bird, to its nest;
And river and rock, and forest and field,
I claim for my own—as thy child.

May sturdy and strong, our sapling become
A giant, o'ershadowed by none;
May sons aye be true to honour and home.
Should danger assail we'll meet it unmoved,
For brothers we be, every one!
True freedom is ours, true justice our laws,
God blessing our country and cause.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1889.

SPEAKING TO GOD FOR US.

A CLASS was asked one day, "What is intercession?" A little boy answered, "It is speaking a word to God for us, sir."

That is what Christ does for us now he has gone up to heaven. Our prayers are poor, and mixed with much of sin; but if they come really from the heart, he will offer them up to his Father without a flaw. For Christ's sake, God will freely give us all things.

There was a noble Athenian, who had done the state great service, in which he had lost a hand. His brother, for some offence, was tried and condemned, and was about to be led away to execution. Just after the sentence had been pronounced the other came into court, and, without speaking a word, held up his maimed hand in sight of all, and let that plead his brother's cause. No words could have been more powerful, and the guilty one was pardoned.

So, I think, if Christ did not speak a word for us, but only held up to his Father's view that pierced hand, it would plead for us as we could never plead for ourselves. It is for Christ's sake only that we are forgiven, and made dear children of that blessed household above.—*Youth's World*.

TAKE THE CHILDREN TO CHURCH.

"BUT do they not have the Sunday-schools?" Yes; and a well-equipped and Christ-presenting Sunday-school is the right arm of a church. But a right arm is not the main body, and an arm severed from the body is a bloodless and impotent thing. All honour to the zealous, devoted Sunday-school teacher. He or she is often an actual pastor or shepherd to guide to Jesus those having no spiritual guidance at home. But the Sunday school never was ordained to be—and never can be—a substitute for the regular services of the sanctuary.

Bring your children with you to church, dear friends. It is their nestling-place as well as yours. Are you quite certain as to what your young swallows and sparrows may be about while you are sitting in your pews?

How do they spend the Lord's day at home? If you commit the sin of beginning the day with your Sunday newspaper, you may be quite sure that the boys and girls will be deep in the police reports, and fashion, and gossip, and wretched scandals of those Sabbath-breakers, while you are listening to the sermon.

Then keep the secular desecrators of holy time out of your doors, and take all of your "bairns" with you to the place where their young hearts may be led heavenward. Expect their early conversion to Christ.—*Rev. Dr. Cuyler*.

PROTECTION OF TOADS IN ONTARIO.

It is gratifying to know that a bill was introduced into the Ontario Legislature by Mr. John Lewis, M.P.P., at the session of 1888, providing, among other things, for the protection of toads. It failed, however, to become law. It stated that: "It shall not be lawful to destroy in any way any native toad (*Bufo lentiginosus*) or to wantonly or unnecessarily injure or destroy the spawn, or larvae thereof in streams or ponds of water."

It is related of the great Duke of Wellington, that many years ago, he found a little boy crying because he had to go away from home to school in another town, and there would be no one to feed the toad which he was in the habit of feeding every morning, and the noble-hearted Duke, sympathizing with his young friend, promised that he would see that the toad was fed every morning. This he did, and letter after letter came to this little boy from the Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington, telling him that the toad was alive and well.

All children should know that toads are not only entirely harmless, but are among our best friends. They live on, and destroy thousands of ants, spiders, and the many bugs that injure our gardens.

VALUE OF TOADS IN GARDENS.

Toads suffer greatly, chiefly at the hands of boys and of others, who do not know, or who do not think, of the value of toads in gardens, etc.

So useful are toads in gardens that they are sold in France by the dozen for the purpose of stocking gardens to free them from many injurious insects. The toad lives almost entirely on insects, and never does harm to plants.

The toad trade for garden purposes is a most singular branch of traffic. On some of the market gardens near London as many as five crops are raised in one year. Under such a system of culture slugs and other insects are very formidable foes, and to destroy them toads have been found so useful as to be purchased at high prices. As much as a dollar and a half a dozen is given for full-grown lively toads, which are generally imported from France, where they have also been in use for a long time in an insectivorous way. Who can say



TOADS IN ONTARIO.

but that Shakespeare, who knew everything, guessed everything, and foresaw everything, thought of this latent value when he said that the toad, though

"Ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

There is no man, or child, or woman, rich or poor, that may not be made happier by the love of the lower creatures. If, then, you would add to the happiness of children through life, teach them to say kind words and do kind acts to these lower creatures.

THE HONEST OLD TOAD.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old toad,

A funny old fellow is he;

Living under the stone by the side of the road,

'Neath the shade of the old willow-tree.

He is dressed all in brown from his toe to his crown,

Save his vest that is silvery white.

He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,

And walks in the cool, dewy night.

"Raup, yaup," says the frog,

From his home in the bog,

But the toad he says never a word;

He tries to be good, like the children who should

Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to bed,

And sleeps just as sound as a top.

But when May blossoms follow soft April showers,

He comes out with a skip, jump, and hop;

He changes his dress only once, I confess,—

Every spring; and his old worn-out coat,

With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball,

And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.

"K-ruk, k-ruk," says the frog,

From his home in the bog;

But the toad he says never a word;

He tries to be good, like the children who should

Be seen, but never be heard.

—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society*

SEEING THE LAND.

ON board the ship the long voyage will soon be over. Far off where the sky and the sea seem to come together, lies a long, low bank of clouds, we would think, but the captain says, "That is land."

Willie who has come to be quite a brave sailor, wants to "see, too," so the kind old captain lifts him high up, and points the way, and Willie sees. The captain says, "In the morning we shall be there." The people on board the ship are all very glad, and thank the captain, and sing, "Home, Sweet Home" together. Let us hope they remember to thank the Lord, too, that he has kept them, and brought them safely across the wide, deep sea.

Ah! by-and-by, when the voyage of our life with its dangers, is over, shall we sing, "Sweet Home" together, and come to the happy land, and the Father's house in heaven? Remember, Jesus lifts us up, and points the way, and makes us see. He alone can keep us, and guide us safely there. He is our Captain. Let us love him, and obey him, and thank him.



KILLING BUTTERFLIES. 1857

KILLING BUTTERFLIES.

STOPPING at the sea-shore a few days since, we saw a number of interesting little children gathering butterflies, grasshoppers, and other varieties of insects, and fastening them with pins to the side of the hotel, where the poor creatures were writhing and struggling to escape. It was not the fault of the children. They were very young and knew no better. They did not once dream of the agony endured by these insects, and on being told of it, all assented to their being at once killed, and cheerfully stopped further pursuit of them.

Do not destroy that beautiful butterfly, "arrayed
In crimson, azure, emerald, and gold;
With more magnificence upon its wing—
His little wing—than ever graced the robe
Gorgeous of royalty." These beautiful things
"Wander 'mid the flowers that gem the meads—
Unconscious of their beauty."
—Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.

FOUR STEPS TO JESUS.

FLORENCE felt that she must be a Christian. Her heart was heavy with the knowledge that it was sinful. For many days she had been carrying this burden alone. She did not think she could speak to anybody about it. She had been away in her bedroom alone, and prayed many times, and still all was hard and heavy in her little heart. "Oh! if I knew how to believe," she would say to herself. "And Mr. Marlette says it is easy.

If I could only ask him!" Mr. Marlette was her dear, silver-haired pastor. At length a thought struck her. "If I cannot talk with him, I can write him a little note."

When Mr. Marlette found an envelope directed to him, which some one had quietly laid on the large Bible in his study, he was surprised to find a note from his little friend Florence. When he read it he was very glad, too. "The dear, dear child! What can I say to her?" he thought. Then he closed the door, and asked, as if he were a little child going to a father, to be guided in answering that note. And I think he was. He began it with Florence's own question, and this is what he wrote:—

"How shall I come to Jesus?" "The desire to come now is the first step.

"Feeling my sinfulness and danger, and need of his help, is the second step.

"Feeling that he is both able and willing to help and save me is the third.

"And then asking him to do for me what I cannot possibly do for myself, is the fourth.

"Four steps to Jesus. That's all. Perhaps I should say there is but one, and that very short. Out of the heart gushes the prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and on the wings of the prayer the soul flies to the Saviour, in a moment, saying:—

"Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do."

"This seems to be short, simple, and the only way to the Saviour. May my dear Florence find it so."

Florence read the note carefully.

"I think it is the third step I need," she said. "I have the first step, and second and fourth, and will believe he is able, yes, and willing to save me." So taking the third step, and then trying the fourth, it was not very long before Florence felt in her heart she had found the answer to her own earnest question, "How shall I come to Jesus?" And she said, with a glowing face, to her pastor: "It is an easy way."—*Children's Friend.*

The Sin of Omission.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache,
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.
The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel,
You are hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.
These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels,
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.
For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.

BOTTLED DEVIL.

STRANGE how much devilishness a single whiskey jug will hold. The following is an illustration. In a recent temperance meeting in Philadelphia, Judge Pierce, one of the speakers, told the following story, the facts of which were brought out in a trial in one of the courts of that city:

"Let me tell you," said he, "what resulted from a single gallon of whiskey, which, to most eyes, seemed innocent and harmless enough. There came out of it two murderers, two widows, eight orphans, and two cells in the State prison filled with wretched convicts for a term of years. The whiskey, moreover, was used in connection with the administration of one of the ordinances of religion. It was drunk at the christening of a child, and the men who drank it fought, and two lost their lives, and the further results were what I have said. Did not Shakespeare say well: 'O thou invisible spirit of wine, if we have no other name by which we may call thee, let us call thee devil!'"

DR. BARNARDO writes: "Our first emigration party for the current year, consisting of 226 trained boys and lads, sailed from Liverpool in the *Peruvian* for Montreal, on their way to Canada, as their future home. One hundred and thirty of these, that is more than half the whole number, were actually taken from the streets for admission into the Homes. I have the largest family on earth now under my care, consisting of 3,100 babies—boys, girls and older lads."

My Little Lad and I.

BY CLAUDE W. BRYAN.

I take a little lad in mine,
And walk the village street,
While the joyful birds we go,
In merrily sweet,
And pleasant salutations
From every one we meet—
Dear little lad and I!

I take this little hand in mine
To clasp the long-bounding ball,
To pluck wild flowers of the dale,
A laughing, a shouting tale,
By which, when a merry artist
We pause to drink our fill,
Dear little lad and I!

I take two little hands in mine,
My boy upon my knee;
I listen to a pleasant voice,
Made rich with notes of glee,
I feel a breath on my cheek,
A breath of life to me—
Dear little lad and I!

I take these little hands in mine,
I hear a prettier song,
Repeat of olden-time lights and songs,
So sweetly sung and sung,
In harmony with spirit harp,
For heavenly music—
Dear little lad and I!

With those two little hands in mine,
I think of other days—
One generation full of years
Between our parting ways,
And yet our souls are plain across
The chasm in close embrace—
Dear little lad and I!

Those little hands so very fair,
God keep them ever true,
The more I love them, the more I care,
May they ever with me be,
That little lad, so precious now,
May it be ever bright—
Dear little lad, pray I!

PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XI.

A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN.

TOM'S mind was all confusion and bewilderment as the train carried him away from all the familiar haunts of Manchester to the strange town of Liverpool. His first fear was lest any of his fellow-passengers should guess his crime, and give him up at one of the stations where the train stopped. As soon as this fear was lulled, then sprung up the dread of a railway accident—such as he had heard of—in which he might be crushed to death, and so be hurried to the judgment-seat of his angry God. He had never been such a journey before, and a man who sat beside him was talking of all the terrible accidents he could remember, until Tom was thrilling through and through with terror. Once the long, shrill whistling of the engine caused him to start from his seat, and endeavour to cast himself through the door of the carriage, but his fellow-travellers held him back, with many expressions of anger and scorn at his terrified rashness.

At last they reached Liverpool, and Tom found himself alone and friendless, loitering upon the pavement outside the station, with houses and streets all around him; but how different from the streets of Manchester! He did not know where to turn; but after awhile he dragged himself away, and stealing guiltily along the broad and

handsome streets, he at last entered into a labyrinth of strange alloys, where every face was the face of a stranger. How long it seemed already since he had stolen the sovereign from the servant! And yet only this morning he had started off to his work with a glad and lightsome heart, looking forward to seeing little Phil.

It never entered into Tom's head that he should be at any loss in finding means to earn his own living. He was better off than when Mr. Hope had given him his first start in life, for he had a decent suit of clothes, and a good pair of boots, besides the money in his pocket, of which he had spent only two shillings and sevenpence in buying his railway ticket. All the rest was his, to set up in business again; and he had nothing to do but repeat his life as he had passed it during the last eighteen months—for Tom was resolved not to steal again, but to work hard and save as before.

He went early in the morning to the market, and made his purchases as carefully as in the Shade Hill market, at home; but had not taken into account that he did not know in what direction to bend his steps, and he lost several days in wandering about the suburbs of the town in search of a neighbourhood where he could sell his stock. Moreover, sharp as he was, Tom found the Liverpool rogues sharper than himself, and he was cheated of his money—cheated every way—until at the end of a fortnight he found himself without a penny in his pocket.

Then there began a harder struggle for bare life than even Tom, in the worst days of his misery, had ever experienced. One by one he had exchanged his good clothes for the merest rags; and, by and by, he was brought down to spending his nights anywhere that he could the least shelter from the severity of the weather, or wherever the police would suffer him to lie still in peace.

He had known want, and cold, and starvation in former times, but never such wretchedness as now; for when everything else failed, little Phil could always get a few crusts, or a penny or two, by begging. He could not even find a chance of stealing any food, though he hung about the bakers' shops for hours together, for it seemed as though suspicious eyes were upon him everywhere; and the policemen dogged his steps, and bade him move on whenever he loitered upon his miserable wanderings. Now and then people a little less poverty-stricken than himself, gave him some work to do, and paid him in coarse food—so that life was just kept within his starved and shrivelled body.

Homeless, in rags, famished, too big for begging, and too keenly watched for thieving, poor Tom was reaping the harvest of his sin and folly; while Nat and Alice Pendlebury, and little Phil, and Banner the policeman, were praying every day to the Father in heaven to keep him safe, and to bring him home again.

Thus day after day Tom sunk lower and lower into the great gulf of wretchedness, until he looked back with longing and regret to the time when he had been sheltered in a jail, and waiting to be before the judge. One day he rallied all his failing courage, and threw a stone at a shop-window, hoping that he would be taken to prison for it; but for once there was no policeman at hand, and the shopkeeper caught him, flogged him severely, and then bade him begone.

Tom slunk away with bruised shoulders and a crushed spirit. Altogether broken, and trodden down, and cast away, with a feeble body and a wretched soul, the days dragged slowly past for him, and the long wintry nights, with their thick fogs from the sea, wrapped about him their chilly

darkness. He had neither hope nor strength. One night, as he crouched under some bales on the landing-stage, gazing out with his sunken eyes upon the black waves, glimmering here and there beneath the solitary lamps in the poops of the vessels, there came across his brain a strange memory. It was almost as if some still and quiet voice were whispering to him, and it said these words: "He that overcometh shall inherit things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

CHAPTER XII.

BACK TO PILGRIM STREET.

It was a great grief to the Pendleburys that Tom should have turned out so badly after all; but they had other troubles of their own, which they swallowed up their sorrow for him. The doctor said that Nat's foot would never be strong enough for him to take to his old laborious work again, and he did not know what business he could do, to earn a living for himself and his child. Kitty was earning six shillings a week at the mill, but what was that among so many? Banner had talked the matter over many a time, but he could not strike any light which might shine into the obscure future. In the meantime they managed to live.

Alice was a good worker, and Banner obtained two or three days' work every week for her, for people whom he knew. There were also unexpected gifts sent in: a few pounds of flour or oatmeal, loaves of bread, from nobody knew where, except Banner, who felt himself growing very soft-hearted, and took every precaution against the Pendleburys finding out who was their unknown benefactor. He had always set his face against almsgiving, there was not a policeman in the borough who would be strict against beggars.

But, before the depth of winter came, the turn, which Nat had been hoping for, arrived. Phil told Mrs. Worthington the whole story of their distress, and she procured for Nat the post-night-watchman in her husband's mill, where he worked. The duties were not heavy, and even with his lame foot would be quite equal to them, especially with the aid of a good dog. Banner had never been of a drowsy turn, he said to Mrs. Worthington—six hours' sleep was more than enough to set him up for the rest of the two days—four—and it did not matter a straw at what time he had his short slumber. Anybody could see that Nat was too brisk, and lively, and wiry to be caught napping; and, as to his honesty and worthiness, there was many a citizen in Manchester who would readily give him a first-class character.

The Pendleburys felt that their fortune had been made, as indeed it was—for Nat was to receive a pound a week; and Alice no longer looked forward to the bitter frosts and deep snows of winter with anxiety. But for the absence of Tom, and the fretting of little Phil, they would have been perfectly happy in Pilgrim Street.

There was still another friend of Tom's to whom his downfall and disappearance were a great grief. Banner had been obliged to endure the mortification of owning himself at fault, as to Tom's formation, both to Mr. Watson and Mrs. Worthington; but that was little compared to the reluctance he felt in telling Mr. Hope about it, when he had at the beginning of the year to spend a few days with his sister.

It was more than three months now since Tom had fled, and not a word had been heard from him, though Banner had made many private inquiries.

the police force in other towns about him. Tom was disappointed as well as troubled. He fancied that he saw in the boy such signs of desire to be good, and to learn what was good, and he gave a fair promise that he would grow up a Christian man, loving God as his Father, resting in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Father and Friend. Whenever he had spoken about this happy belief, Tom's eyes had shone soft with tears, and his lips had trembled with joy, and though he had said nothing, there had been a look of wonder and gladness upon his face as if a new and happy thought of God had taken an entrance into his heart. He accompanied the Banner to Pilgrim Street, to consult with the three men; for these three men, in their own hearts, were true friends to the lost lad, and they considered it worth their while to arrange some way of seeking him out, and saving him from condemnation, if it were possible.

(To be continued.)

The Woman's Army.

BY FRANCIS W. TITUS.

Not with the booming cannon,
Not with the rolling drum,
Not with gay banners flying,
Or glist'ning spears we come;
Not with wild shouts of triumph,
Not with the trumpets' blare;
You shall hear no shrieks of terror,
No wailings of despair.

For ours is the pure white banner,
The flag of love and peace,
And, oh, we'll sing Hosanna
When the rule of might shall cease!

No fields of the dead and dying
Shall mark our onward track,
No ill-starred hamlets blazing,
No ruins grim and black;
No harvests torn and trampled,
No scenes of death and woe;
We shall bring no desolation,
We shall cause no tears to flow.

Our mission's one of mercy,
We bring but peace and joy,
We come to raise the fallen—
To save and not destroy.
Then give us a kindly greeting
And a Godspeed on our way,
For, with Heaven's help and blessing,
We are sure to win the day.

For ours is the pure white banner,
The flag of love and peace;
And, oh, we'll sing Hosanna,
For the rule of might shall cease!

DOING GOD'S ERRAND.

HESTER was a little girl who was trying to love the Lord Jesus. And she showed her love for Him by seeking to please Him in all she did. She used to do errands for her mother, and to have her mother say she was a faithful servant when she did well.

One day she had been talking to her mother about the Lord. As they got through, she looked up at her mother with a bright thought beaming in her eyes, and she said:

"Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands for His time! O, it is so nice to think that I am a little errand girl!"

"Yes, dear," said her mother. "God has given us errands to do for Him, and plenty of time to do them, and a book full of directions to show us how to do them. Every day we can tell what we are trying to do, and ask Him to help us. And when He calls us home to Himself we shall have joy in telling Him what we have been trying to do for Him."

"I like that," said Hester. "It is very pleasant to be allowed to do errands for God."

"One of my errands," said her mother, "is to take care of you."

"And one of mine, dear mother, is to honour and obey you. I think God gives us very pleasant errands to do."

You know that nothing makes us more happy than to do anything for a person that we really love. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." This is what the apostle John meant when he said that "his commandments are not grievous." His people serve him from love, and that makes everything they do for him light and pleasant to them.

THE WONDERFUL POUCH

A FAIRY TALE WITH A LESSON.

A YOUNG peasant once sat by the side of a wood. He was hungry, and prayed the gods to give him just a morsel of food.

Suddenly a dwarf came forth out of the wood, and told him his prayer was answered. And, taking a pouch from his own side, and giving it to the peasant, he said: "You will always find in this pouch something to satisfy hunger and thirst; but you must never consume it all, and you must always share your food and drink with those who ask you."

The dwarf now vanished; and the peasant found, to his delight, new bread, cheese, besides delicate viands and delicious beverages. He ate heartily, and noticed that the pouch immediately filled up again.

He now felt sure of food, and from this time lived an idle, shiftless life. One day, as he was gorging himself, a feeble old man tottered up to him and prayed for a morsel, as he had done in the past. Whereupon he refused in a brutal, churlish tone, when immediately the bread and cheese broke and scattered at his feet, then pouch and all vanished.

Have you received help? Pass it on. Let no one worse off than you say: "It was given to him, but he will not share it." Our Saviour has given us a most positive command about this: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I WONDER how many girls tell their mothers everything! Not those "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and *carte de visites* with young men, who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh, young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what other girls may do, don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish and wretched young girl can tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of a woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Do not let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. And above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It would do her to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which it is most important she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughter than she herself. Have no secrets that

you would not be willing to trust to your mother. She is your friend, and is ever devoted to your honour and interest. Tell her all.

Words.

A LITTLE, tender word,
Wrapped in a little rhyme,
Sent out upon the passing air,
As seeds are scattered everywhere
In the sweet summer-time.

A little, idle word,
Breathed in an idle hour;
Between two laughs that word was said,
Forgotten as soon as uttered,
And yet that word had power.

Away they sped, the words;
One like a winged seed,
Lit on a soul which gave it room,
And straight it began to bud and bloom
In lovely word and deed.

The other careless word,
Borne on an evil air,
Found a rich soil, and ripened fast;
Its rank and poisonous growths, and cast
Fresh seeds to work elsewhere.

The speakers of the words
Passed by and marked, one day,
The fragrant blossoms, dewy wet,
The baneful flowers thickly set,
In clustering array.

And neither knew his word;
One smiled, and one did sigh.
"How strange and sad," one said, "it is
People should do such things as this:
I'm glad it was not I."

And, "What a wondrous word,
To reach so far, so high!"
The other said, "What joy 'twould be
To send out words so helpfully;
I wish that it were I."

A GOOD CHARACTER IS BEST.

"It is a jolly knife," said Ted, admiringly. "There are three blades, besides the cork screw," said Tom. "It could not have cost less than half a dollar."

"What made him give it to you?" asked Ted, curiously and suspiciously. "I wish he had taken it into his head to give it to me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom, laughing. "I gave him my red alley for it, and an old medal. I told him the medal was silver, and the alley was real marble; and he thinks he got a bargain. He's awful green."

"Oh!" said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price, if you gave me a hundred dollars as well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's such a dunce as to believe everything you tell him?"

"He's welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel; "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."

STUDY THE LESSONS.

WE acquire little that is valuable without effort. In school an education is gained only by hard work. It is said there is no royal road to knowledge. This, indeed, is a mistake, for the road to true knowledge is a very king's highway. But as knowledge of science can be gained only by diligent perseverance, so knowledge of the Lord's word can be gained only by earnest study. Every lesson should be diligently studied. The facts and teachings should all be got carefully into the mind. The "Daily Bible Readings" should all be read up. By this method all our Scripture studies will become most delightful, as well as most profitable.

"Good-Bye—God Bless You."

EUGENE FIELD.

I LIKE the Anglo-Saxon speech,
With its direct revealings—
It takes a hold and seems to reach
"Way down into your feelings;
That some folk deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so—
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gaelic they have paid for—
With "an revoir," "adieu, ma chere,"—
For that's what French was made for,
But when a coney takes your hand
At parting to address you
He drops a foreign lingo and
He says:—"Good-bye God bless you!"

This seems to be a sacred phrase
With reverence impassioned—
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quantly but nobly fashioned;
It well becomes an honest face—
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place
And soothes the weak and fearful.
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its greatest function;
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you—
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-bye—God bless you!"

I love the words—perhaps because,
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me;
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And, though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said good bye
And asked our God to bless me.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A.D. 30] LESSON XI. [June 16

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Mark 15. 21-39. Memory verses, 25-28

GOLDEN TEXT.

He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Phil. 2. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Crucified, v. 21-23.
2. The Revilers, v. 23-32.
3. The Darkness, v. 33.
4. The End, v. 34-39.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACES.—Jerusalem. Golgotha

EXPLANATIONS.—*Bear his cross*—The criminal was compelled to bear his own. But Jesus was too exhausted. *Wore such myrrh*—This was to deaden pain by producing stupor. *Parted his garments*—Divided the outer robe by ripping the seams. *Cast myots*—The inner garment they could not thus divide, so they cast with dice, which every Roman soldier carried. *His accusation*—Over the crucified criminal was nailed a board which contained a record of his crime. This he also wore suspended from his neck, as he went to crucifixion. *Wagging their heads*—Shaking their heads in malignant joy. *The sixth hour*—That is, at twelve o'clock of our day. *The ninth hour*—Three o'clock in the afternoon. *Vinegar*—The sour wine, the regular drink of the Roman soldier. *Veil of the temple*—The great veil which hung before the holy of holies.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What is there in this lesson which shows—

1. The truthfulness of God?
2. The justice of God?
3. The love of God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was Jesus crucified? At Golgotha, also called Calvary. 2. How was he crucified? Between two malefactors. 3. What Scripture was thereby fulfilled? He was numbered with transgressors. 4. How was he treated by all in this hour of misery? He was mocked and reviled. 5. What great lesson does his crucifixion teach us? To bear God's will patiently. 6. What does our GOLDEN TEXT say of this sacrifice? "He humbled himself," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The atonement.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

27. What is an eternal Spirit? One who is without beginning and without end.
From everlasting to everlasting thou art God.—Psalm 90. 2.

A.D. 30] LESSON XII. [June 23
JESUS RISEN.

Mark 16. 1-13. Memory verses 6, 7
GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. 15. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. The Empty Sepulchre, v. 1-8.
2. The Risen Saviour, v. 9-13.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Near Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Sabbath*—Not coincident in time with our Sabbath, but the seventh day of the week. *The sepulchre*—This was an excavation cut in the rock, as was the custom. *Roll away the stone*—The sepulchre was closed with a great stone rolled over the opening, fitting closely and sealed. *A young man*—So the angel appeared to the women.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What proof does this lesson give us—
1. That the Scriptures are true?
2. That Jesus is divine?
3. That we shall all rise from the dead?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. On what day did Christ rise? On the first day of the week. 2. By what was it proved to the women and two disciples? By the empty sepulchre. 3. Who was the messenger to first announce it to the world? An angel of God. 4. What was the effect of the announcement on the disciples? They did not believe. 5. What is the present belief of the Church? "Now is Christ risen," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrection.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

28. What do you mean by saying that God is infinite?
I mean that his nature and attributes are high above all understanding, and without any limit.

Canst thou by searching find out God?—Job xl. 7.

His understanding is infinite.—Psalm cxlvii. 5.

Behold, the heaven, and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee.—1 Kings viii. 27.

BOYS AND TOBACCO.

In Germany the use of tobacco by boys under eighteen is prohibited by laws which are enforced.

In the Ecole Polytechnique of France, it is found that non smokers took the highest rank in every grade, and that smokers continually lost grade. Hence the use of tobacco was prohibited in public schools. It is also prohibited in the American Government Schools of Annapolis and West Point. Hundreds of boys apply for admission to the Naval Academy, and one-fifth of all who are examined are rejected on account of heart disease, which, the surgeons say, is caused by smoking cigarettes.

Dr. A. L. Gibson, of the United States Navy, gives the following as

the effects of smoking upon the students:—

1. It leads to impaired nutrition of the nerve centres.
2. It is a fertile cause of neuralgia, vertigo, and indigestion.
3. It irritates the mouth and throat, and so destroys the purity of the voice.
4. By excitation of the optic nerve, provokes amaurosis, and other defects of vision.
5. It causes a tremulous hand and an intermittent pulse.
6. One of its conspicuous effects is to develop irritability of the heart.
7. It retards the cell-change on which the development of the adolescent depends.
8. It is filthy. It befouls the mouth, clothes, air, and street. What decent young man would like to marry a woman addicted to smoking?
9. It is expensive. Many a church member pays more for tobacco than for his religion. Sixpence per day, and the interest in twenty-five years, would amount to a large sum.
10. It is injurious. Evil to body and mind. Nature at first repudiates it. It causes debility, depression, paralysis, cancers, and insanity. It injures the five senses.
11. It is slavish. How despotic the habit! It is a match for alcohol and opium. "Sir," said one to a friend, "do you use tobacco?" "No," was the reply; "tobacco uses me."

DOWN, BUT NOT DEAD.

As far as this county is concerned, the Scott Act is dead. Drinkdom is jubilant. Barabbas is once more free. Virtue is once again handed over to be crucified between the two thieves of selfishness and indifference. Truth goes to the wall, and right is trampled in the dust. The sun of Canadian prosperity has gone back several degrees, the men of this generation have sown to the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. They have missed the tide; they have failed to go in and possess the land of promise and of rest. They have by their votes declared that Bacchus is god, and him only will they serve. Be it so. Better that men be seen in their true light, and things seen in their right colours. Better know where we are and know what to expect. He who has God on his side is always in the majority. Let temperance people take heart, and Christian people not lose hope. Out of seeming evil will arise real good. They have aimed too low; they rested satisfied with little. Let the few who are left meet and talk things over. Let them mature their plans and look well to their weapons. Their hour will come, and may not be distant. Like their Master, they are betrayed; they are sold, but the darkest hour of every night is just before the dawn. Defeat is not always disaster, and this may after all prove a blessing in disguise. The flag of sobriety and morality is still flying.

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