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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1888.

[No. 11.]

COLOSSAL STONE STATUE.

THIS is the largest statue in the world. It is over a hundred feet high and is hewn out of the solid rock. Some idea of its colossal size may be gathered by comparing it with the figures on foot and on horseback in the foreground. It is not known whom it represents—probably some hero or probably some deity of the unknown people by whom it was made.

THREE QUEER BIRDS.

THE trumpeter-bird is the rag-picker of the woods and swamps of Guiana, where he is always at work at his trade, with his stomach for a pack and his bill for a hook. He performs a most useful but most extraordinary service, devouring a perfect multitude of snakes, frogs, scorpions, spiders, lizards and the like creatures. But this terrible bird can be made perfectly tame.

On the Guiana plantations he may be seen fraternising with the chickens, ducks and turkeys, accompanying them in their walks, defending them from their enemies, separating quarrelers with strokes of his bill, sustaining the young and feeble, and waking the echoes with his trumpet while he brings home his flocks at night.

The trumpeter is as handsome as he is useful. Noble and haughty in his aspect, he raises himself up on his long, yellow-gartered legs and seems to say, "I am the trumpeter, the scourge of reptiles and the protector of the flocks."



COLOSSAL STONE STATUE. AT BAMIAN, CENTRAL ASIA.

In Southern Africa there is another great exterminator of reptile—the snake-eater or secretary-bird—a magnificent creature, who attacks the largest serpents, making a shield of his

wings and a sword of his beak. The name of "secretary-bird" is derived from the plumes projecting backward from his head, which look like quills carried behind one's ear

In South America, in the very neighbourhood of the trumpeter's home, there lives the "kamichi" or "kamiki," who wears a sharp horn projecting from his forehead and a murderous spur upon each of his wings. With these three weapons the serpents that he attacks are powerless against him, and are easily put to death.

The secretary bird, the kamichi and the trumpeter form a valiant and useful trio. The trumpeter has two merits above the others—the ease with which he can be domesticated and his musical talent.

The natives have a saying that he has swallowed a cornet. Whether promenading or war-making, he fills the air with his trumpet-calls, and at the sound of his voice of brass the reptiles take to flight.

Presently the bird arrives, flapping his wings and wielding them like a sword. Having killed the serpent, the trumpeter sounds his blast of victory as he had sounded his charge. — *Youth's Companion.*

BETTER DAYS TO COME.

A young girl of fifteen, a bright, laughter-loving girl, was suddenly cast upon a bed of suffering. Completely paralyzed on one side, and nearly blind, she heard the family

doctor say to her friends who surrounded her, "She has seen her best days, poor child!" "Oh 'oo, doctor," to she said, "my best days are yet come, when I shall see the King in his beauty."

"Playing Drunk."

JONES was a kind, good-natured man as one might wish to see;
He had a buxom, tidy wife and bright-eyed children three;
But Jones was weak in one respect—he had a love for rum,
And often from the drinking shop would staggering homeward come.

His good wife grieved to see him thus, but bore all patiently,
And prayed and hoped that in some way he would reformed be;
She never wavered in her faith, but toiled with hand or brain,
And in the end with joy she found her prayers were not in vain.

Thus it occurred—on Sunday morn, while Jones lay on the floor
Sleeping away the outcome of his spree the night before,
His wife had gone to church to pray that his reform might come,
Leaving, with much regret, her ill-clad little ones at home.

When passed away the lethargy caused by the flowing bowl,
Jones gazed around and saw a sight which shocked his very soul:
His eldest child, a boy of six, with frowzy, unkempt hair,
Was staggering around the room with idiotic stare.
The while his other little ones laughed loudly in their glee,
His grimaces and flounderings and antics queer to see.

"I'm only playing drunk," he said—"to imitate papa,
But if I had some liquor I could do it better far.
But children ain't allowed to drink, so I know what I will do,
I'll wait till I grow up, and then I'll be a drunkard too."

"I reckon not"—Jones muttered—"with Heaven's help I'll try
To do my duty after this in strict sobriety.
My eye shall ne'er again behold a scene so sad as this—
Come here, my precious little ones, and give papa a kiss!"

When Mrs. Jones came home from church he met her at the door,
And tenderly embracing her, said, "Wife, I'll drink no more!"
She saw the truth shine in his eyes and wept for very joy,
But never knew the change was wrought by her unthinking boy.

BESSIE'S MESSAGE.

BESSIE'S bright face wore an unusually serious, thoughtful expression, as she sat by the open window one bright spring morning with her Bible in her hand, while her eyes rested on the blue sky.

The words of a hymn she had sung yesterday in Sunday-school came into her mind, and, though she had sung them many and many a time before, yet until now she had never realized that it was a songful prayer she had uttered:

"Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages for thee"

Yes, her lips belonged to Jesus, for had she not given her whole heart and life to him?

Only a few weeks ago she had publicly professed her allegiance to her new Master and become one of his fol-

lowers, and her heart was so full of love that she longed to find some service in which to engage for him.

There was something she had never thought of doing, and yet it was so simple a duty that she wondered how she had neglected it so long. She had never spoken a word for Jesus since she had become a Christian; she had not asked any of her friends to come and share with her the happiness she found in his love.

"I will do it now, though," she said to herself. "This very day I will take a message to some one; and, when she knelt down for her morning prayer, she prayed very earnestly that God would give her wisdom and strength to speak a word for him in such a way that it might do some good.

That afternoon an opportunity came to her to deliver a message. She had enjoyed a delightful canter along the shady riverside road on her pony Shag, when she overtook her cousin Bert walking in the same direction in which she was going. Bert was her favourite cousin, and she was glad to see him, for this was the last day of his vacation, and he was going back to school on the morrow.

Shag was quite tired enough after his long canter to be very willing to sober down to a slow pace, and Bert had no difficulty in keeping up as he walked beside his pretty little cousin, for whom he had a great affection.

For some time they talked pleasantly together about the events that had occurred during Bert's vacation, and the plans he had made for the long summer holidays; then for a few moments they were both silent. Suddenly the thought flashed into Bessie's mind: "Here, now, is a good chance to speak your message. You have never told Bert anything about the happiness of your Christian life. Speak to him now."

But do you wonder that Bessie's face flushed crimson at the mere thought? How could she speak to mischievous, fun-loving Bert about anything so sacred as her love for Jesus? Oh, she could not—surely she could not—and she tried to banish the troublesome thought.

But then another thought came. She had not asked God to let her choose to whom she should carry a message for him, and perhaps he wanted to send one to Bert by the lips she had consecrated to his use. This thought unsealed her lips, and, with a swift little petition for help, she spoke quickly, lest her resolution should fail:

"Bert, I wish you were a Christian. I have been so happy since I learned to love Jesus, and I want you to know and love him too."

Bert knew what an effort the words cost his little cousin, for her voice trembled as she spoke. He was silent, however, for a few moments, partly from surprise and partly from another emotion.

As Bessie turned to look at him, fearing that he was vexed, he answered,

"Thank you for thinking about me, Bess. I didn't know before that anybody but ministers cared enough what became of people to say a word to them. I'll think about it."

So it had not been so hard after all, to speak for Jesus, and Bert had been neither amused nor offended, but had promised to think about it, and Bessie's heart was light at the remembrance of his earnest tones. She often wondered about her cousin, and she remembered him every day in her prayers, but not till the long summer vacation came did she know what work her message for the Master had accomplished. Bert himself told her the night he came home:

"Bessie dear, I want to thank you for what you said to me that day. It set me to thinking, and I thought there must be something real in your love for Jesus when you were so anxious for me to share it. I love him too now, and I mean to speak for him whenever I find an opportunity, that I may do for some one else what you have done for me."

Was not Bessie repaid for her effort?
—Minnie E. Kenney.

A BAD TEMPER CURED.

"I SHOULD like to tell you my case," said a tall, fine-looking, gentlemanly man, with a bright, beaming countenance. I had been speaking at a meeting in a large provincial town, on the mighty power of divine grace as all sufficient to save and deliver from the habit of besetting sins. At the close of the meeting this gentleman accosted me, as above, and added: "I keep a school, and for years my temper was sadly tried by my boys. Believing, as I trust I am, a converted man and a professing follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I felt that by giving way to my temper I was dishonouring my Lord and Master. This was a sad grief to me. It was a bad example for my boys, and I knew it must mar my influence with them.

"I struggled against it. I made it a subject of earnest prayer. Night after night I confessed my sin and sought strength to overcome it, but all in vain. I then wrote down and kept on my desk a memorandum of my transgressions, hoping that the constant sight of the reminder of my sins might serve as a check and cure, but still in vain. The outburst of temper broke over all barriers. Again and again I confessed and wept over my sad and sinful habit. I was injuring my own soul, and dishonouring my Lord in the presence of the whole school. This state of things went on for weeks and months. I knew not what to do. All my efforts were fruitless; all my good resolutions were broken. I was at length so driven to utter self-despair as regarded this matter, that one night I fell upon my knees and cried unto the Lord, and said, 'It is no use, Lord, I give it up; undertake it for me.'

"It is now five years ago this happened. The Lord did undertake for me; he did for me what I could not do for myself. Since that time I have never once been out of temper with my boys, nor have I once felt the inclination to be so. I thought you would like to have your words confirmed by this account of my experience." Such was, in substance, the language of the speaker.

OUR MINISTERS USE IT.

A YOUNG lady of ——— has had a number of lads in her Sabbath-school class in whose welfare she is greatly interested. One Sabbath she thought it necessary to speak to them of the evils which result from the use of tobacco. While she was advising them never to indulge in the filthy, disgusting habit, the pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. ———, whom the youth had been taught to look up to as an example of purity and Christian manliness, walked down the aisle, and to her chagrin stopped before the heater and disgorged into the coal-scuttle a great quid of tobacco, followed by a profuse expectoration of tobacco juice!

The act had been done so near the class that the members could not help but see it. The boys looked quizzically at each other. The blushing teacher looked at the boys, when one of them, pointing towards the scuttle, exultantly exclaimed, "Why, teacher, where's the harm? Our minister uses it!"

Many faithful and anxious mothers teach their boys that tobacco often creates a craving for strong drink, that it enfeebles the body and weakens the mind, that it takes needed comforts from the homes of the poorer class, that it is a curse to the young, and a plague to the aged, who so become its slaves that they are unwilling to give it up, although their hands tremble, their heads whirl, and every throeb of their "tobacco heart" is an annoyance.

The boy has learned from his mother all about these fearful effects, from which she would save him, but how often is her teaching in vain! For—"Our minister uses it!"—and the boy thinks "Mother has made a mistake! where is the harm?"

Ministers exert a mighty influence over the habits of the youth. If then the mouth of the watchman on Zion's walls be unclean, what will be the effect upon the youth who are so unfortunate as to sit under the preaching of such a watchman?

Said another, "I dread to take my boys to church with me, and therefore send them to a different place of worship. Our minister is an able man, but such an inveterate tobacco chewer that I would not like my sons to follow his example.

Tobacco and alcohol are twin curses. Neither of them should be tolerated—
Christian Instructor.

He who seeks only for applause from without has all his happiness in another's keeping.

Baby's Command.

Just three years old was our baby;
A little town maid was she,
A grass plot to her mean country,
A fountain the boundless sea.

For all of her tiny life-time
Had passed midst the houses high,
Whose tops, to her childish fancy,
Were part of the arching sky.

So one sultry day when his sunship
Was baking the city brown,
We carried her off to the seaside,
Away from the breathless town;

Stripped her of socks and slippers,
Regardless of freckles and tan,
And told her to go and frolic
As only a baby can.

But she stood with her wee hands folded,
A speck on the sandy shore,
And gazed at the waves advancing
With thundering crash and roar.

We knew that some thought was stirring
The depth of her little brain,
As she listened to God's great organ
Pealing its grand refrain.

At last in her clear child's troble
As sweet as a robin's trill,
With one little finger lifted,
She cried to the sea, "Be still!"

Ah, dear little fair-haired baby,
Like you in this mortal strife,
There's many a one made weary
And stunned with the waves of life.

But the billows of both, my darling,
Are moved at the Master's will,
And only his voice can hush them,
By whispering, "Peace, be still!"

LIFE-CARS.

In a little gray-house with a red roof which stands on a desolate stretch of beach in Ocean county, New Jersey, there hangs an oval iron case which has a singular history. The house is a station of the Life-saving Service, and the case is the first life car ever used in the world. Its story is as follows:

After the organization of the Life-saving Service as a branch of the Government, in 1871, the inspectors visited every part of the coast to examine into the condition of the station-houses and their equipments.

One of these officers was on the New Jersey coast during a heavy storm, when a ship was driven on the bar. He saw the desperate efforts of the surfmen to reach her in their lifeboat. They at last succeeded, and took off as many of the passengers as the boat would hold, but in returning it was swamped by the furious breakers, and rescued and rescuers were washed into the sea.

For weeks and months afterwards the inspector went about like a man distraught, intent of devising a model for a boat which should be at once light enough to handle in such seas, and heavy enough not to be overturned by them. The problem was so difficult that he was in despair. But one day he startled his companions by exclaiming, "Swing it on a cable and put a lid to it!"

The idea was at once carried out. The life-car was made—and an oval

air-tight case closed by a lid which screws down, and hung by iron rings on a cable extended from the shore to the ship. On the first day it was used two hundred persons escaped in it from the *Ayrshire*, a vessel wrecked off the New Jersey coast.

These cars, of an improved shape, are now to be found in every life-saving station. But this old battered veteran is regarded with a touching pride and affection by the brave surfmen.

"She has done good work in the world," they say—an epitaph which we would all be glad to share with the life-car.—*Selected.*

BLUE SHOE-STRINGS.

ONE summer afternoon, a little girl from a no'er-do-well family over the river strayed into the drowsy church. She sat down in front of Miss Frank Williams, whose energetic soul was so distressed by her unkempt appearance that she quite lost the thread of Parson Wood's discourse.

The village church was an unexplored region to the little wail, and her eyes wandered anxiously up and down until they rested on Rose Alden's new bonnet, and glanced from Fanny Brown's pink ribbons and the glint of Mrs. Dennison's green silk dress back to her own miserable garments. "I 'spise my old dress," the lips murmured, "I 'spise the old blue bow on the top of my bonnet, I 'spise my old blue shoe-strings." Miss Frank's head shook disapprovingly. Sunday afternoon in the midst of church was no time for consideration of blue-shoe strings. She closed her sandalwood fan, and folded her hands properly over her black silk dress. "It is growing shiny, and it has been turned once," thought Miss Frank; "and there is Mrs. Dr. Blake with a third new one since I had mine, and a point lace collar too. I always did want a point lace collar, and mine is only thread." The child moved uneasily in her seat. "I 'spise my old shoe strings," she muttered under her breath; and Miss Frank's cogitations stopped short.

Parson Wood's benediction brought the people to their feet. As the Amen sounded, the little one started down the aisle; but Miss Frank's hand stopped her. "Child," said she "I have a new pink calico that will make you a good dress. Come to-morrow at three, the house with the four great elms; and," glancing at the blue bow on the top of the bonnet, "I think I can find you a shaker—it would be more respectable—and perhaps a white apron.

The black silk looked better as Miss Frank picked her way home on the shady side of the road. "We blame our neighbours for what we do ourselves, we want what belongs to somebody else, and we 'spise what we have; but the more we help the one next below us, the more contented we are. It set 'em let in life.

The front gate closed behind her with a click; and "Francis, what was the text?" inquired Father Williams from his arm chair in the cool hall doorway. "I 'spise my blue shoe str—" answered his daughter, and stopped in confusion.

"After all," laughed Miss Frank to herself, as she tied on her white apron, preparatory to setting out the bread and butter and preserved damsons for tea, "after all, that was the text of my sermon."—*Our home.*

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

NED and Charlie were room-mates; but they occupied different beds—that of the former being placed in the centre of the room. One night the couple had been out, and on returning, both had drunk too freely. However, they walked pretty quietly up to the room, and sought long and patiently for matches and lamp. After knocking the pitcher off the washstand, and smashing the looking-glass, they gave up the search, and went to bed; but, owing to the darkness and the confusion of their senses, they made a slight mistake. Ned's bed had the honour of receiving the two friends—Charlie getting in on one side, and his companion on the other.

"I say, Ned," cried Charley, touching somebody's calf, "there's a fellow in my bed!"

"There's somebody in my bed, too!" exclaimed Ned.

"Is there, though?" said Charlie, "let's kick them out."

"Agreed," said Ned, and accordingly, the two friends began to kick. In about a minute and a half Ned was sprawling on the floor, and Charlie was left in possession of the bed.

For a moment after the fall all was silent.

"I say, Ned," cried Charlie, "I've kicked my fellow out."

"You are luckier than I am," replied Ned, "for mine has kicked me clean on to the floor."

FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

"I REALLY and honestly meant to do every little thing for Jesus to-day, and then things get all tangled and mixy, and to-day has been like all the rest." This is what a dear girl once said to me as the tears filled her brown eyes. For fear that others of our boy and girl Christians have had such days, I want to ask you as I asked her, "How long did you go in the strength of that good resolution?" Did you not let things get "tangled" while you were feeling very sure that that you would not do wrong, since you had done so well in the morning? See if there is not a hint for such days as these in the following story:

A general after gaining a great victory, was encamping with his army for the night. He ordered sentinels to be stationed all around the camp as usual. One of the sentinels, as he

went to his station, grumbled to himself and said, "Why could not the general let us have a quiet night's rest for once, after beating the enemy? I'm sure there's nothing to be afraid of." The man went to his station and stood for sometime looking about him. It was a bright summer night; with a harvest moon, but he could see nothing anywhere; so he said, "I am terribly tired; I shall sleep for just five minutes, out of the moonlight, under the shadow of this tree. So he lay down.

Presently he started up, dreaming that someone had pushed a lantern before his eyes, and he found that the moon was shining brightly down on him through a hole in the branches of the tree above him. The next minute an arrow whizzed past his ear and the whole field before him seemed alive with soldiers in dark-green coats, who sprang up from the ground where they had been silently creeping onward and rushed toward him. Fortunately, the arrow had missed him; so he shouted aloud to give the alarm, and ran back to some other sentinels. The army was thus saved; and the soldier said, "I shall never forget as long as I live that when one is at war one must watch."

Our whole life is a war with evil. Just after we have conquered it, it sometimes attacks us when we least expect it. For example: when we have resisted the temptation to be cross and pettish and disobedient, sometimes when we are thinking, "How good we have been!" comes another sudden temptation, and we are not on our guard and do not resist it. Jesus says to us, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

A LARGE FORTUNE.

A YOUNG man who had no money wished to marry the daughter of a rich man. He asked a lawyer to introduce him, who accordingly did so. The father, however, soon after consulted the lawyer as to his friend's position and wealth.

The next time the lawyer met the young man he said, "Have you any fortune?"

"No," said he.

"Well," said the lawyer, "would you allow any one to cut off your nose if he would give you twenty-five thousand dollars for it?"

"What a question! Not for all the world!" said he.

"Very well," said the lawyer. "I have a reason for asking."

The next time he saw the lady's father he said, "I have inquired about the young man's circumstances. He had indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel for which I know he would not take twenty-five thousand dollars."

This was enough—the young folks were married; but the father often shook his head as he thought about the jewel.

The River We All Must Cross.

There is a river we all must cross,
Thousand is will pass it to-morrow.
Some will go down to its waters with joy,
Others with anguish and sorrow

Some will be welcomed by angels' bands,
Coming from over the river
Others be borne by the current adown,
Where there is none to deliver.

Some will stand firmly in Eden's bowers,
Wearing the white robes of pardon;
Others be cast on a desolate shore,
Far from the gates of the garden.

These shall join in the chorus of praise,
Ever from Eden ascending;
Those shall unite in the wailings of woe,
Woe that hath never an ending.

Soon to this river we all must come,
Yes, God may call us to-morrow;
Shall we go down to its waters with joy—
Or shall we go down with sorrow?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1888.

TWELVE CENTS A WEEK.

FOR the benefit of many schools which have opened in the spring we repeat the following suggestions: The demands upon the S. S. Aid Fund have been so many that its resources are quite exhausted. Schools receiving help, therefore, will see the importance of doing all they can to help themselves.

It is well known that many poor schools are liberally helped by the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund. These schools are all urged to pay something, as much as they can, toward the grant given them. The S. S. Board expects at least half the amount of the grant. Some schools will pay \$3 or \$5, and receive a grant of \$6 or \$10 worth of papers and books. Now this is a small grant to a school for a whole year. Yet there are so many claimants that the S. S. Board has to insist on this rule, except where the schools are just starting, or are extremely poor. In these cases a free grant is often given outright. By this means about 400

new schools have been established during the last two years.

But if schools will only give systematically, from week to week, they can raise a much larger sum than if they try to give a lump sum at the end of the year. Thus a very poor school in Nova Scotia, which could only raise \$3 last year, has this year promised 12 cents a week—and it is a very poor school that cannot collect this. This sum per week amounts to \$6.24 per year, for which the school receives a grant of \$14.40 worth of papers, etc. Even 50 cents a week would not be much for a school of 50 scholars, yet this would amount to \$26 a year—enough to pay for all the papers it would require, and to get a small library every two or three years.

"LENDING A HAND."

THIS is a pleasant little watchword which is becoming more and more common. It may be that we shall have more to say about it some time, but just now let us think a little about the way in which we may do some of this blessed "hand-leading."

Our first item comes from a letter of one of our missionaries, and contains a hint which some of our city boys and girls may like to act upon:

"Two little girls in our mission-school in Monterey, Mexico, came to their teacher recently and asked permission to use their little store of pennies to bring an old blind woman belonging to the church to the afternoon service. Very tenderly they helped her on and off the street-cars and sat beside her in church." It was a kind act inspired by the Spirit of Christ, and was the direct result of the teaching given in the mission-school.

Have you ever thought how much we might help others by simply *not* saying and *not* doing? Here are a few questions taken from an exchange which have a deep meaning for school-girls who have a taste for gossip:

"I don't want to say anything against her, but—"

Don't you want to say anything against her? Then why do you say it? Are you so in the habit of denying yourself that this half hour's chat at the expense of a girl you profess to care for—this clear matter of duty—should be so cheerfully performed?

You did not want to go to Sunday-school last Sunday: did you go? Do you always find unpleasant duties as absorbing as this one seems to be? When you meet this girl who has been the painful theme of the last half-hour, will you not be likely to have a little fling at your companion just now?

One question more: Did you ever for a week, for a day, try to live by the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians?

To tell a lie, and then defend it with other lies, is like digging a cellar and making it large enough to hold all the dirt that was displaced.



PAWNEE CHIEF.

PAWNEE CHIEF.

THIS picture shows the uncouth and barbaric pomp with which, when in full dress, the Pawnee Indians array themselves, though most of the time they look squalid enough, like those in the picture on the opposite page. He must be rather uncomfortable with all the quaint headgear he wears.

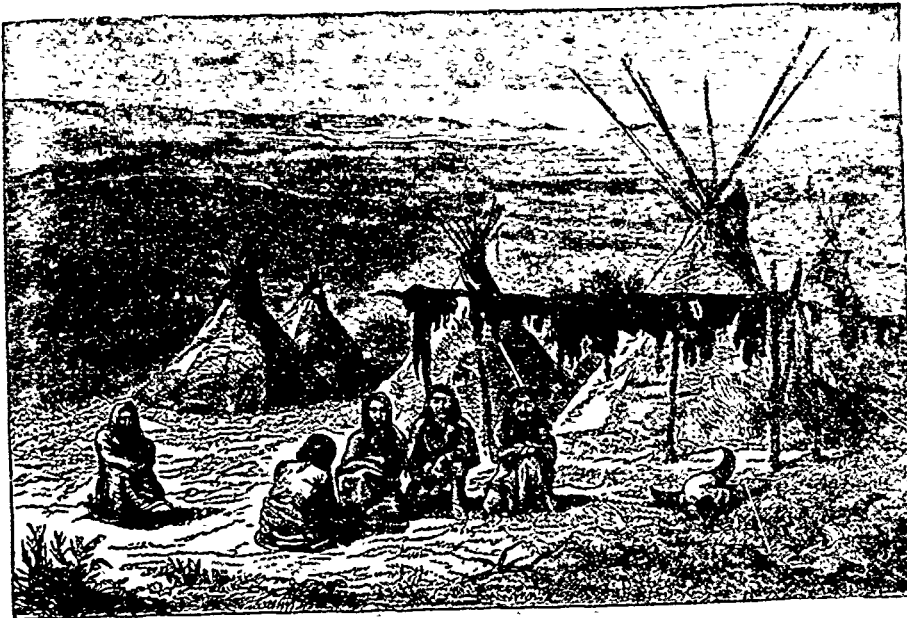
A REAL BOY.

A REAL, true, hearty, happy boy is about the best thing we know of, unless it is a real girl, and there is not much to choose between them. A real boy may be a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, even if he cannot lead the prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy in a boy's way and place. He is apt to be noisy and full of fun, and there is nothing wrong about that. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb and shout like a real boy. But in all he ought to know the Spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. No real boy chews, or uses tobacco in any form, and he has a horror of intoxicating drink. The only way he treats tobacco is like the boy who was jeered and laughed at by

some older ones because he could not chew. His reply was, "I can do more than that; I can eschew it," and so he did all his life. A real boy is also peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He takes the part of small boys against large boys. He discourages fighting. He refuses to be a party in mischief and deceit.

Above all things, he never is afraid to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do anything because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God, or is a Christian. A real boy never takes part in the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for all things of God he feels the deepest reverence. And a real boy is not ashamed to say "father" or "mother" will not like it if I do so. It is only your sham, milk-and-water boys that are afraid to do right. Every one respects the real boy; every one despises the sham, too big for his parents, smoking, tobacco-loving coward, who is afraid to do right for fear of a little ridicule.—*The Outlook*.

THE cause of the great lack of the missionary spirit of our churches is that there is not enough of Christ in them.



INDIANS DRYING MEAT.

A Lesson from the Vine.
 Have you seen the little tendrils
 Of the closely clinging vine,
 How they seek for something stronger
 Than themselves, wherewith to twine?
 Reaching out and always upward,
 Getting farther from the ground,
 They climb their leafy ladders
 To the very topmost round.
 So let your best endeavour
 To noble heights aspire—
 Let faith be like the tendrils
 Wherewith you rise the higher;
 Leave sin's alluring pleasure
 Where't the vine has left the sod.
 Beneath you is the darkness,
 Above, the light of God.

INDIANS DRYING MEAT.

This is a picture of an Indian camp in the far West. In the days when buffalo were plenty, the Indians used to go on their great fall hunts, and kill them by hundreds. They would then cut the meat into strips and dry it in the sun, when it would save a very long time. This they often pounded into pemmican and put in skin bags, pouring melted fat over it. It made a very nutritious food. We see in the foreground a couple of buffaloes' skulls. On the prairies these are found by thousands. They are gathered into heaps and shipped to Philadelphia to make animal charcoal for purifying sugar.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner. The lambs were separated from the dams and enclosed in a sheepcot with only one narrow way to get out, the dams were at the entrance. On opening the gate the lambs hastened to join the dams, and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in paint, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying, "Let

this be holy." Hence, saith the Lord by the prophet, "I will cause you to pass under the rod."—(Leek. 20: 37).

THE ROYAL OAK.

In a large wood in Staffordshire, says an English writer, stands the ruin of a fine old tree, with a history worth telling.

During the great Civil War in England the battle of Worcester was fought between the armies of Charles II. and Cromwell, and the king, being defeated, had to fly. The first place where he thought it safe to seek shelter was a farm called Boscobel. The inhabitants made him welcome, and gave him a little room used as a chapel, of which the floor was covered with matting. Now, under this matting was hidden a trap-door from which the staircase could be reached. By and by the alarm of the enemy was given, and Charles escaped by this secret passage. He could not go far, however, for his enemies were all around, so he hastily climbed a large oak tree, then thickly covered with ivy. He had to remain there some time, and his kind friend managed to give him food by means of a nut-hook.

While he was in the tree some of his pursuers came by searching for him. Just as they reached the tree where he was hiding an owl flew out of the neighbouring tree, limping and fluttering along the ground as if her wings were broken. The soldiers' attention was caught, and they followed the owl, leaving Charles safe in the tree. After a time they rode away altogether, satisfied he was not there, and the king was able by degrees to make his way to France. When, many years after, he was restored to the throne he planted some acorns from this tree in St. James' Park.

MAGGIE'S FAITH IN HER DEATH.

SOME years ago, in visiting one of our little Sunday scholars who was very ill, I felt greatly helped in my Christian life by the simple faith of little Maggie.

One day, as her mother sat beside her, looking at her dear child, who she saw soon going home to be with Christ, Maggie noticed the tear in her mother's eye. She then said, "Mother, when I am away you will often look at my clothes and say, 'These are the clothes that Maggie used to wear,' and you will perhaps cry; but you must not be sorry, but rather say, 'These are the clothes Maggie used to wear, but she is now dressed in the robe of Christ's righteousness.'"

"FRUITS MEET FOR REPENTANCE."

WHEN John the Baptist began to preach in the wilderness of Judaea, he urged the people to "repent of their sins, telling them that Christ was coming soon. A great many people came out to hear him and many were baptized by him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins. Among the people who came to him were some whom he seemed to think were not sincere in their repentance, for he said to them, "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance." It was not enough that they appeared outwardly to repent, but they must actually sorrow for their sins to a degree that would lead them to put the sin far from them and partake of it no more. If they had wronged a brother man they must make the wrong right so far as lay in their power, and humbly ask his forgiveness; and wherein they had broken God's law they must resolve to do so no more. Thus we see that "fruits

meet for repentance" meant reparation for past offences and ceasing from sinning.

And thus it means for every a o' to-day The boy or girl who would be saved of God must first truly repent, must show the fruits of repentance. He will not only turn away from sin, but the desire of his soul w' be to be delivered from it. Then all the cry of his heart will be:

"The thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew.

"My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And, sanctified by love divine,
 Forever cease from sin."

The King's Messenger;

OR,
 Lawrence Temple's Probation.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE)

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

WITH the earliest dawn Lawrence was abroad to breathe the fresh air, and to learn where he could find the "crew" of lumbermen he was about to join. Just as the sun rose, he reached the cliff known as Government Hill, now crowned by the stately and many-turreted Parliament Buildings of the Dominion of Canada. As the sun rose grandly over the far-rolling Laurentian Hills it turned the river into gleaming gold. Beneath the cliff, shagged with ancient woods from top to base, sparkled and dimpled the eddies of the rapid stream. Acres of timber rafts were moored in the cove, and in the still morning air the thin blue smoke of the camp fires rose where the raftsmen were preparing their morning meal.

While he gazed in admiration on the scene, he became aware of a grizzled, sun-browned man, with a kindly gray eye, and dressed in a sort of half-sailor garb, standing beside him.

"Kinder nice, that 'ere, ain't it now?" said the stranger.

"It is, indeed, very beautiful," replied Lawrence.

"I've lived on this river, man an' boy, well-nigh onto fifty years, an' I hain't got tired on it yet. It don't never wear out, yo see. It's new every mornin', an' renewed every evenin', like all the rest of the Good Ben's blessin's."

Encouraged by the kindly look and pious tone of the old man, Lawrence asked him if he knew where Hargrave's crew of lumbermen were camped (this was the name of his employer).

"Hargrave's crew! I should think I'd oughter. I supplies 'em most o' their campin' outfit. Ye see that smoke," he said, pointing to the spray

riang from the Chaudiere Falls, "well, that's the Big Kettle. Jist around the pint beyond that ye'll find Hargrave's camp. They break up and go up the stream to-day. You jist ask for Mike Callaghan at the bridge there an' he'll toll you exactly the way."

Lawrence took out his note-book to write down the name, when a piece of paper fluttered to the ground. The old man stooped to pick it up and was handing it to Lawrence when he exclaimed,

"What's this? A class-ticket, as I'm alive! Where did ye got this, boy? Are ye a Methodist?" abruptly asked the old man.

"Yes, I am a Methodist," said Lawrence, "and I got this from James Turner, our minister at Thornville."

"Turner! I know'd him," exclaimed our ancient mariner; "was on this circuit once. I must know your name, lad."

Willing to humour his strange companion, Lawrence mentioned his name, the utterance of which produced a remarkable effect. With a quick motion the old man grasped him firmly by the shoulder and peered earnestly into his face, and then exclaimed, "Well-a-day! an' to think I didn't know ye."

"I see nothing very remarkable in that," replied Lawrence, "since you never saw me before."

"Don't be so sure o' that, my boy; I know'd ye afore ye know'd yerself, and well I know'd yer father, too. I see his looks in your very face. How is he, anyway?" rattled on the old sailor.

"He is dead—ese twelve months," said Lawrence, with a gush of sympathy towards the man who had known his father.

"Dead, is it?" exclaimed the stranger in a tone of mingled astonishment and grief. "An' old Jimmie Daily left, who could be so much better spared. Well, a good man is gone to his reward—rest his soul!"—Mr. Daily, although now a Methodist, in moments of excitement occasionally used expressions with which he was familiar while yet a Roman Catholic.

"How long since you knew my father?" asked Lawrence, now deeply interested.

"Knew him, is it? It's well-nigh twenty years agone," he answered. "Many's the time I ferried him across the river down at Metcalf's appointment—the ould log church; do ye mind! An' the ways he used to talk to me! I was a sinful man in those days, God forgive me; but I never forgot thim words; an' he made me promise to go to the praichin', an' I kep' my word, but I soon wished I hadn't, for he made me feel my sins that bad that I couldn't sleep, an' I tuk to the drink harder nor ever, an' I got the horrors, an' he watched with me like a brother, an' tuk me to his own house to keep me from the tavern, an' prayed

an' wrasled with me till I got my soul converted. Hallelujah!

"O happy day, that fixed my choice."

So ye're a son of John Timple, God bless ye; an' yer mother, is she livin'! If ever there was a saint it was that woman. An' where are ye stoppin'?"

"At the Sheaf and Crown," replied Lawrence, and he briefly told of his father's illness and his mother's welfare.

"At the Sheaf and Crown, is it?" the garrulous old man went on. "Well, ye'll stop there no longer. It's no place for the likes o' ye. A proud man will be Jimmie Daily to entertain the son of his best friend, John Timple. Come home to breakfast with me."

Nothing loath to leave the tavern, Lawrence cheerfully accepted the warm-hearted hospitality of his Irish friend. The old man was a widower, but his two daughters, bright-eyed but bashful girls, had a clean and appetizing breakfast ready, to which Lawrence did ample justice.

"An' what way are ye goin' now, if I may make so bould?" asked Mr. Daily towards the close of the meal.

"To the River Mattawa, with Hargrave's crew," quietly answered Lawrence.

"To the Mattawa!" exclaimed the kind host in amazement, dropping his knife and fork and staring at his guest with open-mouthed astonishment. "Och, its jokin' an ould man ye are. But it'll be gunnin' or fishin' ye're after!"

His astonishment deepened as Lawrence avowed his purpose to go as a lumberman, at the same time hinting that it was only a temporary expedient for a special purpose. At length he went on—

"That's not the kind o' work for John Timple's son, that I nursed when he was a baby. An' ye don't look over strong, naythur. But ye've got yer father's spirit. Nothin' ever did beat that man. No matter what roads or weather, I never know'd him to miss an appointment, an' the roads wuz powerful bad sometimes. But I won't say ye nay. I'm sure Providence will direct ye. But come here, my boy," he said rising from the table and leading the way into the little store which was his chief source of livelihood.

It was an odd miscellaneous assortment of articles that almost filled the little apartment. Three sides of the room were appropriated respectively to groceries, dry-goods, and hardware. But this distinction was not rigidly maintained, and sundry articles would not come under any of these heads, as, for instance, Bibles, hymn-books, school-books and stationery, a case of patent-medicines, and oils, paints and brushes. The windows occupying the fourth side were filled with specimens of the different kinds of goods on the shelves. From the ceiling hung steel traps, log-chains, snow-boes, moccasins,

and iron-studded boots for raftsmen. Cant-hooks, axes, whips, harness, rowlocks, trolling-lines, fish-hooks, rope, cordage, codfish, molasses, sugar, tea, coffee, mess-pork and mess-beef, pea-jackets, sou'-westers, oil-cloth pilot-coats, thick guernseys, blankets, mits, fur caps, mufflers—almost everything one could think of, or that lumbermen could want, from a grindstone to a needle, from a herring to a barrel of flour, from linen thread to hawsers, from handkerchiefs to sail-cloth, was represented in this "general store."

Selecting two stout guernsey shirts, a pair of moccasins and a pair of boots, a blanket and a pair of buckskin mits, Mr. Daily quietly made them up in a parcel, saying, "Ye'll find the need of thim before the winter is over."

In vain Lawrence remonstrated and protested that he could not afford to buy, and did not want to accept as a gift these valuable articles.

"Is it sell the likes o' thim to yer father's son ye'd have me?" exclaimed the generous-hearted creature in affected indignation. "Not if I knows it. It's more than this I owe the memory of John Timple, or to any that bear his name."

He then conducted his young protegee in whom he seemed to take paternal pride, to the camp which was the rendezvous of Hargrave's brigade. The "crew," as it was called, was busy with the final bustle of embarking on their six or eight months' plunge into the wilderness. There was no time for many words. Commending Lawrence to the foreman or "boss" of the brigade, as the "son of a dear ould friend," the old man gave his hand a wring like the grip of a vice, with the valediction—

"God bless ye, my boy, and all the saints protect ye."

ON THE RIVER.

It was a picturesque scene that met the eyes of Lawrence when he had time to look around him. The broad river was flashing and eddying in the bright sunlight, rushing on to the Chaudiere Falls, like a strong will bent on a desperate resolve. This brilliant picture was framed by a dark background of pines—a fringe of shivering aspens near the water in some places trailing their branches in the current like naiads bathing their tresses in the waves. Moored in a little cove were a number of stout batteaux, and several birch bark canoes were drawn up on the shore. Nearly a hundred men, with much shouting and gesticulating, were loading the batteaux with barrels of mess-pork and mess-beef, flour, sugar, and molasses; boxes of tea and tobacco; bales of blankets, and all the almost countless necessities of a lumber camp. The lumbermen were sun-tanned, stalwart fellows, many of whom were French-Canadian and the others of different nationalities, including three or four Indians. Almost all wore red flannel shirts, and

many had a scarlet sash around the waist and a red woven cap or fez upon their heads.

A camp-fire was blazing brightly on the beach at which a grumpy-looking cook, with a short and dirty tobacco-pipe in his mouth, was preparing dinner in sundry smoke-blackened vessels. When the stew of meat and vegetables was ready, he blew a tin horn, and the captains of the several messes received their shares in large tin vessels. These distributed in tin dishes to the men of their messes their portion of meat in due season. Strong green tea, without milk, was the only beverage furnished.

In an incredibly short time dinner was dispatched, and almost every man produced a tobacco-pipe and was soon smoking away like a small furnace. The last loads were hurried on board the batteaux. The oars were manned and with a cheer the several crews rowed their boats up the stream, hugging the shore as closely as possible in order to avoid the strength of the current. The canoes were launched and went dancing over the waves, the "boss" and the Indians going ahead to select and prepare the camping ground.

Lawrence took his place at the oar in one of the batteaux and rowed lustily with the rest of the crew. He greatly enjoyed his novel experience. He had a keen eye for the picturesque, and now he found much to employ it. The flood of golden light on the broad bosom of the river, the vivid green of the foliage on the shore, the bronzed faces, often full of character, and the stalwart forms of his red-shirted companions, the brown batteaux and the snowy sails which were spread to catch the light breeze up a picture that, transferred to canvas, would have won an artist fame and fortune.

He cordially cultivated the acquaintance of his fellow-oarsman—a good-natured Frenchman, clad in a strange blending of civilized and savage attire. He wore buckskin leggings, fringed after the Indian style bead-worked moccasins, a red sash, red shirt, and red night-cap or fez. Around his forehead was a band of wampum, or Indian bead-work, set off by a heron's plume, dyed red. In his belt, in a leathern scabbard, was a sharp and glittering scalping-knife, which, however, he used for no more deadly purpose than cutting his meat and tobacco. On one finger he wore a solid gold ring, and in his ears small earrings of the same material. A silver cross and a scapular of the Virgin might be seen on his bronzed breast through the open bosom of his shirt.

Jean Baptiste la Tour, such was his name, was a characteristic example of the *voyageurs* and *courreurs de bois* who, ever since the settlement of Canada by the French, had found the fascinations of the wild forest life too strong to permit them to remain in the precincts of civilization or engage

in any steady agricultural labour. Lawrence found him very chatty, and as he could speak a little English and Lawrence a little book French, they got on very well together.

Baptiste had wandered all over the great North and North-West, as far as Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay and up the Saskatchewan to near the foot of the Rocky Mountains. He had been employed by the Hudson's Bay Company in the varied avocations of trapper, *voyageur*, and guide; but on one of his trips from Fort William, on Lake Superior, down the Ottawa to Montreal, with a convoy of furs, he had fallen a victim to the fascinations of a bright-eyed Indian girl at Caughnawaga. He had now a bark wigwam and squaw and two papooses at that village, and confined his wanderings within a limit of some four hundred miles, instead of two thousand as before.

He was full of vivacity, very polite in his way, somewhat choleric and hasty when crossed, and a rather boastful talker. He was very proud of his aristocratic ancestry. He claimed descent from the Chevalier de la Tour, Governor of Acadia in the seventeenth century, and favoured Lawrence with highly romantic traditions of the beauty and valour and fidelity to her husband's checkered fortunes of the heroic Madams de la Tour, narrating how she held the fort at the mouth of the St. John against three-fold odds. The relationship claimed was not improbable, for some of the best blood of France, that of the Montforts and Montarancies, flowed in the veins of semi-savage wanderers in the woods or dwellers in Indian wigwams.

Towards evening the brigades of boats swept into a little cove, where, behind a narrow beach, the dense foliage rose like a castle wall. A little streamlet shyly trickled down, making timid music over its pebbles. In an open space the camp-fires were soon blazing brightly, the splendid black and brown bass, caught by trolling in the river, were soon broiling on the coals, and never lordly feast at a king's table was enjoyed with keener zest than the frugal repast of these hardy lumbermen.

It was soon dark, for the season was September, and, in the light of the camp-fires, the lounging figures smoking their short pipes, and some, who are sorry to say, playing cards, looked like a group of bandits in one of Salvator Rosa's paintings. The trees overhead gleamed in the firelight like fretted silver, and through the rifts the holy stars looked down like sentinels in mail of burnished-steel keeping ward upon the walls of heaven.

Leaving the uncongenial company, Lawrence plunged into the caves of darkness of the grand old forest, which lifted on pillared colonnades its interlaced and fretted roof, more stately and awe-inspiring in the gloom than

any minster aisle. There, with thoughts of home and God and heaven, he strengthened his heart for the duties and the trials of his now life.

On returning to the camp he gratefully accepted the invitation of the foreman to share his tent, and soon, lying on a bear-skin rug spread upon a bed of fragrant spruce boughs, was fast asleep. The rest of the crew throw themselves down in their blankets with their feet to the fire and slept beneath the open canopy of heaven.

With the dawn the camp was astir. Breakfast was promptly dispatched, and as the sun rose, turning the waters into gleaming gold, the little flotilla again glided on its way. So passed day after day. Lawrence was often weary in back and arms and legs with rowing, and his hands were severely blistered; but the ever-changing panorama of beauty was a perpetual delight. Sometimes, as they approached a rapid in the river, the sturdy boatmen would spring into the water and push and drag the batteaux against the foaming current. When the rapid was too strong to be overcome in this way, the boats were lightened and pushed up with poles, and dragged with ropes. The bales and boxes, supported on the broad backs of the men by a band going around their foreheads, were carried over the portage to the calm water beyond.

The light-hearted Frenchmen beguiled their labour by boat songs having a rattling chorus, in which all joined. The favourite song was that of the king's son who went a-hunting with his silver gun, with its strange reiteration and stirring chorus, which made every rower spring to his oar with renewed vivacity and vigour.

Baptiste led the refrain, with infinite gusto, in a rich tenor voice, and the whole company, English and French, joined in the chorus, waking the echoes of the forest aisles and feathery crags as they passed. On all our Canadian-streams, from the grand and gloomy Saguenay to the far Saskatchewan, this song has been chanted for over two hundred years. It is therefore, as a relic of a phase of national life fast passing away, not unworthy of a place in this chronicle.

(To be continued.)

FATHER'S KNEELING-PLACE

ALL the children were playing "Hide the handkerchief." I sat and watched them a long while, and heard no unkind word, and saw scarcely a rough movement; but after awhile little Jack, whose turn it was to hide the handkerchief, went to the opposite end of the room, and tried to secrete it under the cushion of the big arm chair. Freddie immediately walked over to him, and said in a low, quiet voice, "Please Jack, don't hide the handkerchief there, that is father's kneeling-place."

"Father's kneeling-place!" It

seemed like sacred ground to me as it did to little Freddie, and, by and by, as the years roll on, and this place shall see the father no more forever, will not the memory of this hallowed spot leave an impression upon the young hearts that time and change can never efface, and remain as one of the most precious memories of the old home? Oh, if there were only a "father's kneeling-place" in every family! The mother kneels in her chamber, and teaches the little ones the morning and evening prayer, but the father's presence is often wanting; business and the cares of life engross all his time, and though the mother longs for his co-operation in the religious education of the children, he thinks it is a woman's work, and leaves it all to her.—*Sydney Advocate*.

Heaven is Near.

Oh, heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on
From the silent homes of the dead.
'Tis no lone isle, in a lonely main,
No distant but brilliant shore,
Where the loved ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No; heaven is near us, the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we see not the hovering angel band
On the shores of eternity.
Yet oft, in the hour of holy thought,
To the thirsting soul is given
The power to pierce through the mist of
sense
To the beautiful scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall;
The soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel's call.
I know, when the silver cord is loosed,
And the veil is rent away,
Not long nor dark will the passing be
To the realms of endless day.

The eye is shut in the dying hour,
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in a heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.
We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost;
And the smiling faces will greet us there,
Which on earth we have valued most.

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.

THAT was a beautiful answer of a little girl who, on being asked by a lady if she had given her heart to Christ, replied, "I do not know just what that means; but I know I used to please myself, and now I try to please Christ." It is said of Jesus, "For even Christ pleased not himself." His mission of mercy to the world implied that he sacrificed his own pleasure and submitted to humiliation and suffering. They who are like Christ will cultivate the same spirit of sacrifice, and seek to please others rather than themselves.

A SALOON can no more be run without using up boys than a flouring mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys? Our neighbour's or our own? Yours or mine?

HOW BESS MANAGED TOM.

Tom's sister Nell was pretty, and being a year older than Tom, wanted to show her authority over him. Tom was rough and awkward, and just at an age when a boy resents all meddling with his "rights." He would put his hands in his pockets, his chair on Nell's dress, and his feet on the window-sill. Of course, they often quarrelled.

"For pity's sake, Tom, do take your hands out of your pockets," Nell would say, in her most vexing manner.

"What are pockets for, I'd like to know if not to put one's hands in!" And Tom would whistle, and march off.

"Tom, I don't believe you've combed your hair for a week."

"Well, what's the use? It would be all roughed up again in less than an hour."

"I do wish, Tom, you would take your great boots off the window-sill."

"Oh, don't bother me, I'm reading," Tom would say, and the boots would not stir an inch, which, of course was very naughty. And so it would go on, from morning till night.

But little Bess had a different way with somewhat stubborn Tom. Bess seemed to understand that coaxing was better than driving; and sometimes, when he sat with both hands plunged in his pockets, Bess, with a book or picture, would nestle down beside him, and almost before he knew it one hand would be patting her curls, while the other turned the leaves or held the pictures. If she chanced to see his feet on the window-sill, she would say:

"Just try my ottoman, Tom, dear, and see how comfortable it is to the feet;" and though Tom occasionally growled, in a good-natured way, about its being too low, the boots always came down. Whenever his hair looked very rough, she would comb behind him, and smooth it up, in a way Tom liked so well, that it was a temptation to let it go rough, just for the pleasure of having her comb it. Yet, for the next three days at least, he would take special pains to keep every hair in its place, simply to please little Bess.

As they grow older, Bess, in the same quiet and loving way, helped him to grow wise and manly. If she had an interesting book, she always wanted Tom to enjoy it with her: if she was going to call on any of her young friends, Tom was always invited to go with her.

"I can't understand," said lady Nell, "why you should want that boy forever at your heels. He's rough and awkward as a bear."

"Some bears are as gentle as kittens," said Bess, slipping her arm through his, with a loving hug, while the "bear" felt a warm glow at his heart, as he walked away with Bess, and determined to be "gentle as a kitten," for her sake.

THE poorest school is not too poor to do something for missions.

A Lost Day.

Where is the day I lost—
The golden day
Beyond all price and cost,
That slipped away

Out of my wandering sight,
My careless hold?
Where did it lift in flight
Its wings of gold?

What were the treasures rare
It bore from me?
What were the pleasures fair
I shall not see?

Ah, never day was yet
So fine, so fair,
So rich with promise set,
So free from care,

As that we mourn and sigh
When we do say:
"Alas, how time doth fly—
I've lost a day!"

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.****STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.**A.D. 30.] **LESSON X.** [June 3.]**JESUS CRUCIFIED.***Mat. 27. 33-50. Comm. to mem. vs. 36-57.***GOLDEN TEXT.**

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

OUTLINE.

1. The Cross.
2. The King.

TIME.—30 A.D. Early on Friday.

PLACES.—Jerusalem. Calvary.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Gave him vinegar*—A kind of sour wine, such as was provided for the Roman soldiers. *Mingled with gall*—That is, myrrh, or quassia, or some substance specially designed to produce stupefaction. *Parted his garments*—Divided the outer robe by ripping the seams. *Casting lots*—They could not thus divide the inner garment, and so threw dice for it. *Wagging their heads*—Shaking their heads in malignant joy. *Thou that destroyest*—This was the accusation brought against him on his trial.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That the Scriptures are true?
2. That God hates sin?
3. That the death of Jesus was voluntary?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the accusation written over the cross? This is Jesus the King of the Jews. 2. What was the real charge made by the Jews? Blasphemy against God. 3. How was he treated by all in this last hour of misery? They reviled and mocked him. 4. What signs filled them all with terror? Darkness and an earthquake. 5. What great lesson does his crucifixion teach us? To submit patiently to God's will. 6. What does Paul say of his example? "He humbled himself," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The atonement.**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

30. How many persons are there in the Godhead? In the Godhead there are Three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are one God. Matthew xxviii. 19.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON XI.** [June 10.]**JESUS RISEN.***Mat. 28. 1-15. Comm. to mem. vs. 5-7.***GOLDEN TEXT.**

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

OUTLINE.

1. The Empty Tomb.
2. The Risen Lord.

TIME.—30 A.D. The first day of the following week.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, or near the city.

EXPLANATIONS. *In the end of the Sabbath*—This means very clearly after the Sabbath had ended and the night had almost passed to the dawn of the first day. *A great earthquake*—An earthquake marked his death, and an earthquake marked his return to life. *Countenance like lightning*—The appearance which Jesus had when transfigured. *Became as dead men*—Fell into a swoon or fainted away. *Some of the watch*—Some of the soldiers whom Pilate had given to the chief priests to watch the sepulchre. *Gave large money*—That is, a large sum of money. *To the governor's ears*—That is, to the knowledge of Pilate. *Until this day*—That is, to the time when Matthew wrote.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That God has angelic servants?
2. That he needs our service?
3. That in his service is great reward?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When was it learned that Jesus had risen from the dead? "In the end of the Sabbath." 2. By whom was he first seen? By two loving women. 3. What message did he send to his disciples? To go into Galilee. 4. What report did the scribes and priests send abroad? That his body had been stolen. 5. What did his disciples from that time believe? "But now is Christ risen," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The risen Lord.**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

31. What do you call this mystery? The mystery of the Holy Trinity.
32. What do you mean by mystery? A truth which man's reason could not discover, and which God by degrees makes known.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

ALTHOUGH boys are often rather hard in their treatment of each other, they certainly stick together when one of their party is in trouble. There are hundreds of instances of this; but a most amusing one occurred while Dr. Vaughan was head master of Harrow School, in England. He was returning late one evening from a dinner party, when he caught sight of one of his pupils who was taking a walk when he ought to have been in bed. The moment the boy saw Dr. Vaughan he ran for his life. Off started the master in hot pursuit, and he just succeeded in seizing his pupil by the coat-tail. After a good many struggles the boy escaped, but he left one tail in the doctor's hands. The master made sure he would find out the culprit next morning by his coat, but when he entered the school every boy in sixth form had only one tail to his coat, so the offender escaped punishment.

STUNG BY A FISH.

THE wound from a fish-bone or fin is often excruciatingly painful, as any person who may have suffered from this cause very well knows. Major Sheffield, who had a severe experience with a fish called a stingaree, thus recounts his sufferings:

I was fishing with a party of friends when I was stung by a stingaree. The first sensation was as if I had been pinched very sharply. We were out about two hundred yards from the shore at the time, and as soon as I realized I was stung by the fish, they rowed in as rapidly as possible.

Before we had reached the shore, however, the poison began to pass through the system, and the pain became terrible. When the sting was

pulled out, the barbs spread out all around, and lacerated the flesh very much.

The sting had penetrated my leg about three inches. The usual remedy is whiskey. This was handed me at once. Ordinarily a little of this liquor affects me very quickly, but on this occasion I drank over a pint—may be a quart—and swallowed two doses of morphine, and all of it had no more effect upon me than so much water.

I groaned and gritted my teeth. It was the most awful suffering I ever experienced. I don't think I could have stood any more of it than I got without going crazy.

I had to endure it, though, for half a day. My leg swelled tremendously, and it hurt in every inch of its increased proportions. For a long time I could not use my limb, but had to hobble along with crutches.

"PRIDE COMES BEFORE A FALL."**A FABLE.**

A LUMP of clay and the end of a wax candle found themselves, by some strange chance, side by side one summer day on a dust-heap.

"I wonder you have the assurance to lie so close to me!" said the dainty wax, sneeringly; "a great, common lump of clay! and I have been on a fine lady's dressing-table."

"Ah!" said the clay humbly; "we are fellow-sufferers in adversity, we must make the best we can of it. I ought, properly, to have been in yonder brick-field."

"What a come-down for me!" moaned the candle. "It does not signify what becomes of you."

The clay wisely held his tongue. And the strangely assorted companions in misfortune dropped into silence.

"I wish it was a little warmer," said the clay to himself.

"Dear me, how hot it is getting!" grumbled the wax candle.

Presently the sun grew hotter and hotter, and the piece of wax candle gradually melted away.

But the clay only became harder and firmer than ever.

Thus it is, the hopeful and self-reliant, when tried by the heat of adversity, come out of the fire the stronger and firmer. But the weak and worthless pass into obscurity, and are no more heard of.—*Astley H. Baldwin.*

HELPS FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

THE body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. It should be cared for as such. It should not be dishonoured nor abused nor defiled in any way. It should not be pampered where self-indulgence unfits it for real spiritual worship. It should be denied everything that is clearly prejudicial to its purity. Knowledge of the truth, belief of the truth, and a thankful reception of all that God has provided for its nourishment, are alike dictates of reason and religion.

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