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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1886.

No. 6.

## SCENES IN RUSSIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the vast square of the Admiralty at St. Petersburg stands the celebrated colossal statue of Peter the Great. Around him are palaces, academies, arsenals, gorgeous temples with their light and starry cupolas floating up like painted balloons, and tall spires sheathed in gold, and flashing like pillars of fire. This place, which is large enough for half the Russian army to encamp in, is bounded upon one side by the Admiralty building, the Winter Palace, and the Hermitage, the *façades* of the three extending more than a mile: in front of the Winter Palace rises the red, polished granite column of Alexander, the largest monolith in the world; from the side opposite the palace radiate three great streets lined with stately and imposing buildings, thronged with population, and intersected by canals, which are all bridged with iron; across the square, on the side opposite the statue, stands the Isaac's Church, built of marble, bronze, granite, and gold, and standing upon a subterranean forest, more than a million large trees having been driven into the earth to form its foundation. The Emperor faces the Neva, which pours its limpid waters through the quays of solid granite, which for twenty-five miles line its length and that of its branches; and beyond the river rise in full view the Bourse, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and other imposing public edifices.

"This equestrian statue has been much admired, we think justly so. The height of the Emperor's figure is eleven feet, and that of the horse seventeen feet. The action of the horse is uncommonly spirited and striking, and the position of the Emperor dignified and natural. He waves his hand, as if, like a Scythian wizard as he was, he had just caused this mighty, swarming city, with all its palaces and temples, to rise like a vapour from the frozen morasses of the Neva with one stroke of his wand. In winter, by moonlight, when the whole scene is lighted by the still, cold radiance of a polar midnight, we defy any one to pause and gaze upon that statue without a vague sensation of awe. The Czar seems to be still preading in sculptured silence over the colossal work of his hands, to be still protecting his capital from the inundations of the ocean, and his empire from the flood of barbarism which he always feared would sweep over it upon his death."

The Russian peasants are vigorous and hardy, accustomed to the rigours



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT AT ST. PETERSBURG.

of a severe and varying climate, and to the hardships of merciless military conscription and of occasional famines. They are of a cheerful temper, fond of song and violin, and addicted to excessive drinking. The use of vapour baths is common, though cleanliness is far from being a national virtue. Their sheepskin coats, like Bryan

O'Lynd's, are "mighty conveyance," but not always clean. The farmhouses are picturesque wooden structures, as shown in our engraving. They abound with painted images of the saints. Their one or three horse drookies are swift and flying vehicles, the most conspicuous feature of which is the immense bow over the horse's back.

## A RAILWAY TRIP FIFTY YEARS AGO.

It is just fifty years, says the *Detroit Free Press*, since the first trip was taken on the Albany and Schenectady railroad. The cars were coach-bodies from an Albany livery-stable, mounted on trucks. The trucks were coupled with chains, leaving two or three feet slack, so that when the train started the passengers were "jerked from under their hats," and in stopping they were sent flying from their seats. The locomotive fuel was pitch-pine, and a dense volume of the blackest smoke floated toward the train. Those on top of the coaches had to raise their umbrellas, but in less than a mile the cloth was burned off and the frames were thrown away. The passengers spent the rest of the time whipping each other's clothes to put out the fire, the sparks from which were as big as one's thumb-nail.

Everybody had heard of the trip, and came thronging to the track as though a Presidential candidate was on exhibition. They drove as close as they could get to the railroad, in order to secure a place to look at the new curiosity. The horses everywhere took fright, and the roads in the vicinity were strewn with the wrecks of vehicles.

## THE PAPER MUFF.

I SAW a picture of content the other day which touched me strangely. It was very cold. The pale December sun had given up its feeble efforts to take the edge off the December wind. The people in the street were hurrying along with blue faces and red noses, and heads held down to avoid the cutting blast. I watched them with pity from my cosy sitting room. Presently a little girl passed by. She was scantily clad, and her feet were bare. The old black shawl, which was wrapped about her shoulders was much too large for her, and trailed behind in a forlorn-looking peak. The rim of her hat was torn, and a dragged leather hung limply over one eye. Yet the little maiden was walking along with a brisk step; her head was high in the air, and a smile of content was on her face. And why? Because, having found

a substantial paper bag, she had torn open the closed end of it, and, putting her little cold hands within, she was enjoying the unusual luxury of a muff. No one had explained to her the peculiar efficacy of paper in excluding the air. I do not suppose she has ever heard of paper blankets, but her native wit had supplied her

lack of fur, and had made her the perfect possession of a muff.

Many comfortably-clad figures passed my window that cold December day, with hands buried in all varieties of cosy muffs—fur, velvet, satin—but not one seemed half so conscious of being well clad, or smiled with half such proud content, as my little ragged girl with her bare feet and paper muff.—*Anna*

#### SNOW IN TOWN AND IN THE COUNTRY.

L. W. H. WILLOW, D.D.

ALL night the snow came down, all night,  
Silent, and soft, and silvery white;  
Gentle robing in spotless folds  
Town, and tower, and treeless wolds;  
On homes of the living and graves of the dead,

Where each sleeper lies in his narrow bed,  
On the city's roofs, on the marts of trade;  
On rustic hamlet and forest glade.

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,  
A wondrous vision gleamed through the air;  
The world, transfigured, and glorified,  
Shone like the blessed and holy Bride;  
The fair, new earth, made free from sin,  
All pure without and pure within  
Arrayed in robes of spotless white,  
For the Heavenly Bridegroom, in glory  
dight.

But, ah! not yet hath that blessed morn  
Dawned on our weary world, forlorn,  
When clothed in her bridal garments white  
She shall stand redeemed in heaven's pure  
light;

For, trampled upon by a thousand feet,  
Hurrying to and fro in the street;  
In the crowded mart, mid the city's din,  
In the haunts of shame, the abodes of sin,

All marred and soiled is that whiteness pure,  
Beyond retrieving and past all cure;  
The virgin snow is befouled and stained,  
Its purity all besmirched, profaned;  
Save in some quiet sequestered spot,  
Where the rush and scuffle of life are not;  
Screened from polluting dust and soot,  
And defiling tread of vagrant foot.

The snow in the country lieth white,  
Dazzling and pure in the morning light;  
Softly flushing with sunset's gold,  
Spectral and ghastly 'neath moonlight cold;  
A scarce-stained path from house to barn  
Save this, untrodden is the broad farm;  
A single track leads o'er the hill,  
All sounds of life are hushed and still.

So, human nature, amid the strife  
Of the crowded city's toilsome life,  
Is marred and stained by the subtle spell  
Of keen temptations, fierce and fell,  
That trample beneath their soiling feet  
Its virgin purity, fair and sweet,  
Till, oft defiled by sin and shame,  
Its virtue is gone beyond reclaim.

Yet some there are who keep unstained  
Their heart's pure treasure, their lives un-  
shamed;

Although temptation and sin abound  
On every side, and hem them round.  
Amid the country's sequestered life,  
Remote from the city's din and strife,  
Temptation doth assail the truth,  
And virgin innocence of youth.

Yet, no condition is wholly blest;  
Not upon earth and we perfect rest;  
Neither in town nor country life  
Is wholly free from sin and strife;  
Neither wholly pure, nor wholly vile,  
In crowded city or lonely isle;  
Only in heaven, home of the soul,  
Is respite for sad from sorrow and dole,  
TORONTO, Ont.

#### CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Our heavenly Father, hear us now,  
And help us keep this sacred vow;  
Though we are young,  
O, make us strong  
Always to fight against the wrong.

Bless these who join our band to-day,  
That they may never from thee stray;  
O, keep them pure:  
Help them to stand  
For God and Home and Native Land.

#### A TRUE HERO.

A STORM at sea! On the huge waves, rolling solemnly onward before the shrieking north-east wind, rode the good steamship *Persian Monarch*; rising, falling, plunging deep into the foaming waters, emerging bravely, with white cataracts pouring from her ice-coated bows, always surging forward, forward, toward the West, her hot heart beating fiercely, and her iron lungs panting with hoarse breaths, shuddering under the booming of the seas against the hull, quivering, lurching to this side and that,—still onward though at a snail's pace, towards the West. One day, two days, three days,—still the gale blew from the north-east; and the *Persian Monarch*, staunch from stem to stern, fought her way through the vast hill-country of mid-ocean.

On the fourth day, watchful eyes that had not closed for many an hour noticed that she laboured more heavily, that she was settling slightly; careful ears heard an odd sound of irregular blows, now and then in the hold, as if some of the cargo had broken loose.

The cabin passengers thought they noticed a scared look on the steward's face as he passed to and fro.

"Do you think anything's happened?" whispered Arthur, clinging to Aunt Jean, who, in her turn, was holding fast to a bolted rail in the main saloon.

"I don't know, dear. Nothing very bad could happen, I suppose, in the 'hollow of His hand!'"

"But, I'm afraid! Oh, what a wave! See,—there's the last lamp gone, broken to smash!"

"Aunt Jean," he said again, presently, "I wonder if the captain really knows how to manage the ship! He didn't seem to care much how it sailed that day we were on deck. And do you remember how stupid the men all looked—specially the one that went about nailing things? I think—oh, dear! hold on tight!—he'd better be helping pull ropes or something, to sail the ship."

In the captain's deck stateroom a hurried consultation was in progress among the officers of the vessel. It had been discovered that the strong wooden coverings over the lowest starboard port-holes forward had been wrenched from their fastenings, breaking the iron hinges short off. At every lurch of the ship, the sea poured through the openings by the ton.

Nineteen feet of water was reported already in the forward compartment of the hold, where great casks and bales were floating and crashing against each other like wild beasts at play. What could be done? The second officer spoke, hurriedly, for he was needed on deck:

"The carpenter says he'll go down, sir, and try to stop the holes with some of those raw hides from the cargo."

"A man can't live there five minutes."

"He says he'll try, sir."

"Send him down, then."

It was a life's risk, to cross the slanting, sea-washed deck, where the danger could be seen. But in that black hold, with twenty feet of treacherous water beneath, above, on every side, roaring to and fro—

The carpenter, like the Carpenter of Nazareth, thought only of the lives he was to save,—a hundred and fifty-three souls on board the *Persian*

*Monarch*,—a thousand miles from land.

Holding the skins under one arm, he stepped down the ladder, one, two, three rounds; then the water came up round his feet.

"Look out, Bob!" screamed his shipmates, above the roar of the storm. But he was gone, swimming fiercely through the blackness toward the nearest port-hole. He catches the brazen rim, and clings. The ship settles deeply into the ocean, on her starboard side. Six feet of water over the carpenter's head as he clings to the port-hole! Now she lifts again, and the man works rapidly, thrusting the unwieldy folds of the cumbersome hide into the cruel opening, through which he catches sight of the tossing waters outside. Again and again he is torn from his hold, buried fathom-deep, bruised and half-crushed by a great cask; once he returns to the deck, again, but only for his tools and a moment's rest. Then back again into that awful blackness and tumult, swimming, clinging, enduring, working, for how long! Twenty minutes! Forty! For three hours and a half—and the ship is safe.

The cabin passengers knew nothing of all this at the time; but the story was afterward told, and you can find it in the morning papers of December 28, 1865. For it's true, every word.

#### THE INDIANS AND THE GOSPEL.

BY THE REV. A. ANDREWS.

YESTERDAY a traveller was coming by stage from Fort McLeod to Lethbridge. He halted at Kipp, the half-way-house, for dinner. Here he met a gentleman who has been engaged in taking out timber in the mountains for the Galt coal mining company of this town. He said "that in the course of one of his trips in the foothills he came across a number of lodges of Mountain Stoneys. He had always looked upon Indians as savages, with thievish tendencies; always to be watched, if not dreaded by the white man. It was Sabbath morning, and to his surprise he found that while he and his party were travelling on business, these Indians were engaged in Christian worship. They sang several hymns, the tunes of which were familiar to him, and although he did not know a word they said, yet he found that the singing was correct and beautiful." Here were Indians 150 miles from their missionary, and their reserve; I suppose they were hunting in the mountains for food supplies, yet they remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy. The gospel, verily, had not been lost on them.

But this was not all. The stranger went on to say—"Some time after this we were deeper in the mountains, travelling with the camp supply of provisions, mainly packed on the backs of horses. He was with the forward horses; presently one of the men from behind shouted to him saying that a side of bacon had been lost off one of the horses. It was hardly worth while going back, he thought, it might be some distance, and perhaps the Indians had found it, and so they might as well go on, especially as they probably had enough provisions without it. Presently an Indian came up at a great haste, bringing the lost bacon; having found it he had travelled several miles to restore the property. I was

astounded at the honesty of the Indian, and told him to keep it as, he had well earned the bacon; of course the Indian took it back with a glad heart." Many similar instances might be given of the honesty of our Ch. Indian Indians in this great North West; and to-day the cry of the hour from the children of the plains is, "Come over and help us with the Gospel." What shall the answer be!

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA, N. W. T.

#### THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

It is related that a belated stranger stayed all night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. She seemed to be a bringer of peace and goodwill to the rough ones in the household. She had power over animals also, as the following shows: The farmer was going to town next morning, and agreed to take the stranger with him. The family came out to see them start. The farmer gathered up the reins, and with a jerk said: "Dick, go 'long!" But Dick didn't "go 'long." The whip cracked about the pony's ears, and he shouted: "Dick, you rascal, get up!" It availed not. Then came down the whip with a heavy hand, but the stubborn beast only shook his head silently. A stout lad came out and seized the bridle, and pulled and yanked and kicked the rebellious pony, but not a step would he move. At this crisis a sweet voice said, "Willie, don't do so." The voice was quickly recognized. And now the magic hand was laid on the neck of the seemingly incorrigible animal, and a simple low word was spoken. Instantly the rigid muscles relaxed, and the air of stubbornness vanished. "Poor Dick," said the sweet voice, as she stroked and patted softly his neck with the childlike hand. "Now go 'long, you naughty fellow," in a half-chiding, but in a tender voice as she drew slightly on the bridle. The pony turned and rubbed his head against her arm for a moment and started off at a cheerful trot and there was no further trouble that day. The stranger remarked to the farmer, "What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" The reply was, "O she is good! Everybody and everything loves her."

#### CANADIAN GIRLS.

It is pleasant to tarry among people, says Robert Burdette referring to his recent visit to Toronto, whose girls wear arctic when they wade through the snow. Our fair Canadian cousins have no dread of comfort. The snow has no terrors for them; they dress for the storm as sensibly as for the reception. They dress prettily. And if there is a prettier figure on the North American Continent than a daughter of Canada, apparelled for the ice or the toboggan slide, herself a part of the snow-drifted landscape, a picture of health and comfort that fairly softens the piercing wind into a sense of warmth, I have not seen it. She dresses in perfect harmony with the winter and landscape, she has a complexion clear as the ice of Ontario, and her warm blood shines through it rich as the flush of aurora, graceful and free in every movement—when you look at her you forget there is such a thing as a roller rink or an American banker in Canada.

MARCUS CURTIUS.

BY PERCY A. GAHAN.

WOULD you hear a wondrous story,  
Hear a legend of the past,  
Shining bright through all the ages,  
Still to shine while ages last.  
How a mighty yawning chasm  
O'ed within the Roman wall,  
And the city's deep foundations  
Tattered to their sudden fall.

Terrible, and black, and awful,  
Lay the fearful chasm there;  
From the city's seven hill-tops  
Went a cry of dark despair.  
And the Romans sobbed in anguish,  
And besought their gods to save  
Rome, the proud, the noble city,  
From so terrible a grave.

And the winds from Mount Olympus,  
Bore to Rome the gods' decree;  
Told the Romans how their city  
From its peril might be free.  
Told the noble city rulers  
They might yet preserve their home,  
If they cast into the chasm  
The most precious thing in Rome.

Then the Romans sought their treasures—  
Gave them freely to the state,  
To select the thing most precious,  
And avert the awful fate.  
"But a noble Roman soldier,  
Marcus Curtius," says the tale,  
"Smiled in scorn upon the jewels,  
And declared them no avail.

"Smiled and said the thing most precious  
In the city, proud and free,  
Was not gold or earthly treasure,  
Earthly dross it could not be.  
Shame," he cried, "that noble Romans,  
Kings and rulers of the earth,  
Treasure in their hearts such folly,  
Deem themselves so little worth.

"Deem a base and sordid metal,  
Worthier than noble man;  
Slaves to passion, and not Romans,  
Rome should fall beneath a ban.  
Learn ye proud, yet groveling Romans,  
Man is priceless, man is great.  
O ye gods receive this offering,  
And avert impending fate."

Then he girt him in his armour—  
Leaped upon his war-steed white—  
Galloped straightway to the chasm—  
Plunged to death and endless night.  
And the gods received the offering,  
And the chasm closed above,  
And brave Marcus saved the city  
By his wisdom and his love.

And the Romans loved brave Marcus,  
And his name they cherished long,  
And his deed was told for centuries,  
Both in story and in song.  
And well might the Romans love him,  
For he gave his life to save  
The brave Romans and their city  
From an awful living grave.

And ofttimes in centuries after,  
When fierce foemen gathered near,  
And the city's walls were leaguered,  
And all Rome was filled with fear,  
Then the thought of noble Marcus  
Nerved the Romans for the fight,  
And they marched to die in battle,  
With a smile of calm delight.

Did you ever think, dear children,  
Of the awful gulf of sin  
That lay open in the world,  
And all men were rushing in.  
Black and terrible and awful,  
Lay the yawning chasm there,  
And none prayed it might be closed,  
And none sought to shun the snare.

But the Son of God eternal,  
From his heavenly throne of light,  
Came to bless and succour mortals,  
And to guide their steps aright.  
Came to earth and shame and sorrow,  
From his Father's throne above,  
Came to bless and heal and comfort  
Foes, because of boundless love.

Then when dangers gather round us,  
Or the storm-cloud bursts above,  
Let us think of lowly Jesus,  
And his wondrous works of love.  
Let us think of dark Gethsemane,  
And Golgotha's ghastly sight,  
They will give us strength and courage—  
Make our heaviest burdens light.

WEMBLEY, ONT.

MADELINE AND THE WOLF.

AWAY in France there dwelt long  
years ago a young girl, who from early  
childhood had been kind and good to  
every one, especially to those who were  
still poorer than herself.

Her daily work was to watch the  
cattle in the fields, to drive them to  
their sheds at night and forth again in  
the morning, taking her meals with  
her; but her heart was so full of  
tenderness that she could not help  
showing whatever she had with any  
hungry child who chanced to come  
that way.

We know that either good or bad  
habits begun when we are young be-  
come stronger as we grow older; this  
habit of kindness and unselfishness,  
then, became stronger as Madeline  
grew into a tall young girl, so that  
every one in trouble came to her as to  
a good friend.

At about a mile and a half's distance  
from her cottage home there dwelt a  
widow who was quite blind, yet had no  
one belonging to her but a poor idiot  
daughter. Every day for fifteen years,  
and in all kinds of weather, Madeline  
Saunier walked there to clean and  
sweep and set the little dwelling in  
order. We may imagine how the  
blind woman and her child watched  
for that welcome step, and when she  
had to leave them were cheered by  
knowing that Madeline would surely  
come again on the morrow.

About as far off, but quite in an  
opposite direction, there lay a poor  
girl the victim of such a terrible dis-  
ease that every one abandoned her.  
No one but Madeline Saunier would  
visit the wretched hovel wherein she  
lay; none other of all the people near  
would bring her food, speak kindly to  
her, and last of all, utter good words  
to cheer her in the moment of death.

In that part of France the cold is  
sometimes very severe, and sometimes  
wild animals are driven by it to  
abandon their hidings in the distant  
forests, and approach the dwellings of  
men.

One night this gentle woman was  
keeping watch over a very poor dying  
person, when she heard a noise on the  
low roof. Then the weak door sud-  
denly gave way, and she saw the form  
of a wolf trying to get in.

She must have been very frightened,  
yet with a rapid bound she reached the  
door, closed it, and held it fast; the  
angry wolf was striving his utmost to  
force it open, and every minute she  
expected to see the weak barrier give  
way, but at last he grew tired of the  
struggle and went away defeated.

You may be quite sure that Made-  
line's name was known and loved for  
many a mile beyond her cottage home,  
but her good deeds were destined to  
be made more public, so that the  
memory of them should last long after  
she had passed away.

The fame of her goodness and self-  
devotion reached the ears of the queen  
of France. This was good Queen  
Amelie, wife of Louis Philippe, who  
spent many of the later years of her  
life in England. She was so much  
pleased with what had been told her  
about Madeline Saunier that, as a  
mark of personal esteem for so much  
excellence, she sent her a valuable  
present. The Monthyon-Prize was  
also presented to her. This was a sum  
of money, about four hundred and  
sixteen pounds, which was left by the  
Baron Monthyon, to be presented to

the poor French person who had per-  
formed the most virtuous action in the  
course of the year.

So the prize of money became hers  
one year, and every one was glad.  
We do not know how she spent it, but  
we may be sure that some of this  
money would be used for the poor she  
loved so much.

THE PRINTER BOY.

ABOUT the year of 1725 an Ameri-  
can boy, some nineteen years of age,  
found himself in London, where he  
was under the necessity of earning his  
bread. He was not like many young  
men in these days, who wander around  
seeking work, and who are "willing  
to do anything" because they know  
how to do nothing; but he had learned  
how to do something, and knew just  
where to go to find something to do;  
so he went straight to a printing office  
and inquired if he could get employ-  
ment.

"Where are you from?" inquired  
the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from  
America! A lad from America seek-  
ing employment as a printer! Well,  
do you really understand the art of  
printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of  
the cases, and in a brief space set up  
the following passage from the first  
chapter of John:

"Nathaniel said unto him, Can there  
any good thing come out of Nazareth?  
Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accu-  
rately, and administered a delicate  
reproof so appropriate and powerful,  
that it at once gave him influence and  
standing with all in the office. He  
worked diligently at his trade, refused  
to drink beer and strong drink, saved  
his money, returned to America, be-  
came a printer, publisher, author, post-  
master-general, member of Congress,  
signer of the Declaration of Independ-  
ence, ambassador to royal courts, and  
finally died in Philadelphia, April  
17th, 1790, at the age of eighty-four,  
full of years and honors; and there  
are more than 150 counties, towns,  
and villages, in America, named after  
the same printer boy, Benjamin Frank-  
lin, the author of "Poor Richard's  
Almanac."

THE TIME TO BEGIN.

THEY who begin in their early years  
to serve the Lord are in possession of  
the best riches. They are quite sure to  
have the best education, to secure the  
best of human friendships, to be placed  
in the best positions for service, and to  
find the very best enjoyments for head  
and heart. The fear of the Lord is the  
beginning of wisdom, and wisdom is  
the principal thing. Whosoever has  
the almighty power of God and the  
infinite love of Christ to show the way  
of life will make few mistakes, however  
many his years, or keen his disappoint-  
ments, or bitter the sorrows to be  
encountered. Life is indeed worth the  
living, through all changes, if the  
Christ of God be secured as the Friend  
who never forsakes, and the Saviour  
who can and will save to the uttermost  
all who trust him and walk in his  
ways.

On the other hand, a godless youth  
is usually followed by a vain and dis-  
honourable career. No tree can stand  
up against the summer storm if its

roots have been cut and wrenched by  
the insidious worms that creep beneath  
the surface of the ground, under the  
tufts of green st grass, and around  
bulbs of the fairest and most fragrant  
flowers.

Youth is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to insure the great reward

Nearly all biographies of great, good  
and useful people, whether contained  
in the sacred Scriptures or in purely  
human literature, prove that early  
piety is of unspeakable value. Without  
it as a foundation no education can be  
complete.

Such, indeed, is the invariable test  
mony of the ages. Hence the chief  
care of all parents and teachers is to  
train the young in the nurture and fear  
and service of the Lord. The great  
and enlarging work of the Church is  
happily in our day directed to the  
wants of the young, and hence the  
increasing multitudes of serious com-  
positions, in prose and poetry, to persuade,  
encourage and guide boys and girls to  
enter upon the paths of life without  
delay.

THE USE OF THE TONGUE.

"God made the tongue, and, since  
he never makes anything in vain, we  
may be sure he made it for some good  
purpose. What is its good purpose?"  
Thus spoke a teacher one day in her  
class.

"He made it that we may pray  
with it," answered one boy.

"To sing with," said another.

"To talk to people with," said a  
third.

"To recite our lessons with," re-  
plied another.

"Yes; and I will tell you what he  
did not make it for. He did not make  
it for us to scold with, to lie with, or  
to swear with. He did not mean that  
we should say unkind, or foolish, or  
impudent words with it. Now think,  
every time you use your tongues, if  
you are using them in the way which  
pleases God. Do good with your  
tongues, and not evil. It is one of  
the most important members in the  
whole body, although it is so small.  
Serve God with it every day."

THE MAINE LAW.

The editor of *Harper's Weekly  
Magazine*, a well known journal,  
George William Curtis, tells us what  
he did, for he purposefully tried. By  
means of nods and winks, and other  
mysterious signs, he got it known to  
the persons at the hotel where he was  
staying that he wanted some spirits,  
whereupon he was taken off, like a  
convict by a turnkey, down stairs,  
through long corridors into a cellar,  
then to a cellar beyond that, and then  
the doors were locked and he found  
himself in the presence of a variety of  
dusty looking bottles, and mouldy  
glasses. He said to the turnkey: "Is  
it under these circumstances I must  
drink?" The turnkey replied: "I  
do not say it is exactly gay," and he  
drank the liquor himself which Mr.  
Curtis refused; and then they returned  
(so said Mr. Curtis) like a couple of  
convicted malefactors, and with jollity  
they had retraced their steps and came  
again into the light of day. If that  
is the kind of way in which drink is  
obtained in Maine, I think we shall  
agree that the Maine liquor law is  
not such a dead letter as some people  
represent it to be.

KEEP AT IT.

NE, up and then another,  
and the longest walk is ended;  
One step and then another,  
An the largest rent is innoned,  
One tick upon another,  
and the highest wall is made;  
Or flake upon another,  
and the loopest snow is laid.

so the little choral-workers,  
By their slow and constant motion,  
Have built those pretty islands  
In the distant dark-blue ocean,  
And the noblest undertakings  
Man a wisdom hath conceived,  
By oft-repeated effort  
Have been patiently achieved

Then, do not look disheartened  
On the work you have to do,  
And say that such a mighty task  
You never can get through  
But just endeavour day by day  
Another point to gain,  
And soon the mountain which you fear  
Will prove to be a plain!

—Treasure Trove.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1886.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

A FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

"Remember now thy Creator."—Ecc. xii. 1.  
Boys and girls, you are here told first to remember. You must do this in order to succeed in anything. Of what use is it to study unless you recollect your lesson? You can no more become wise without remembering, than you can carry water in a sieve. What only goes in at one ear and out at the other may as well not go in at all. It is what we keep, not what we get, which makes us either rich or knowing. It is not the boy who recites the most lessons, but the one who forgets the fewest of them, that excels as a scholar.

Neither can you be useful unless you remember. If your mother sends you to the store for starch, and you forget and bring home sugar, you

hinder instead of help her. She cannot use sugar on your collars and aprons. They need to be stiffened, not sweetened.

You cannot be good without using the memory. If told by your parents to do this and not to do that, you are wicked if you disobey, even if you do cry out, "O, I forgot!" It is your duty not to forget. Then, again, though you may remember your lessons and errands, and what your parents say, that is not enough to make you truly good. Listen to the text "Remember now thy Creator. He is your best friend, and should be in all your thoughts. He warms you with his sunshine, and feeds you from his great farm, and offers you his helping hand. To remember him and think upon his goodness is to love him, for he is "altogether lovely."

Notice another word in the text, "thy" Creator. He is not the God of the big folks alone, but of the little folks as well. You sometimes think, perhaps, that while he may like to hear your father and mother and uncles and aunts pray, he does not care to hear you. That was what Peter and James and Matthew and Luke thought when they tried to drive the boys and girls away from Christ; but when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and making the disciples stand one side, he called the children to him, and "took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." So each of you can look upon Christ as "thy" Saviour.

There is one other word in the text which you should mark. It is N-o-w. That means right away. Not next month, or next week, or even to-morrow, but to-day. Not when you reach your 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, or 15th birthday, but at once. "Now is the accepted time. Did you ever read Nebuchadnezzar's dream? He saw in his night vision an image. Its head was gold, its arms silver, its thighs brass, its legs iron, and its toes partly clay. That head of gold is like to-day; it is a golden chance to seek religion and to begin remembering thy Creator. You can repent and pray, and commence to love Christ more easily "now" than you ever can again. Next week will be like the arms of silver, and next year like the thighs of brass, and at last will come the times which resemble the legs of iron and toes of worthless clay. As the months pass on, your play-notes, and school-notes, and lessons, and home duties, and society pleasures, will make it harder to "remember thy Creator." Why not do as a little nine-year-old girl did, who, when invited by her pastor to love Jesus and join the Church, did so, saying, "I have put it off long enough."

READ YOUR BIBLE.

DEAR children, read your Bible, lay its truths up in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. Don't let it tell you that you haven't opened it for a month—aye, for a day, but read it at least every morning and evening. Meditate upon it during the day, and take our word for it, the coming generation of men and women will be holier and purer than the one that preceded it.

STRONG drink is not only the way to the devil, but the devil's way into you.—Dr. Adam Clarke.



RUSSIAN FARM HOUSE.

DON'T FORGET THE  
SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AID & EXTENSION FUND  
COLLECTION

REVIEW SUNDAY—MARCH 28.

It will be remembered that the General Conference directs that this collection be taken up in all the Sunday-schools of our Church on the Review Sunday either in September or March. Some schools, it is to be feared, neglected to take it up in September. That is the best time. For then all the schools are open. In March those schools that close in winter have not yet come out of winter quarters. But we specially

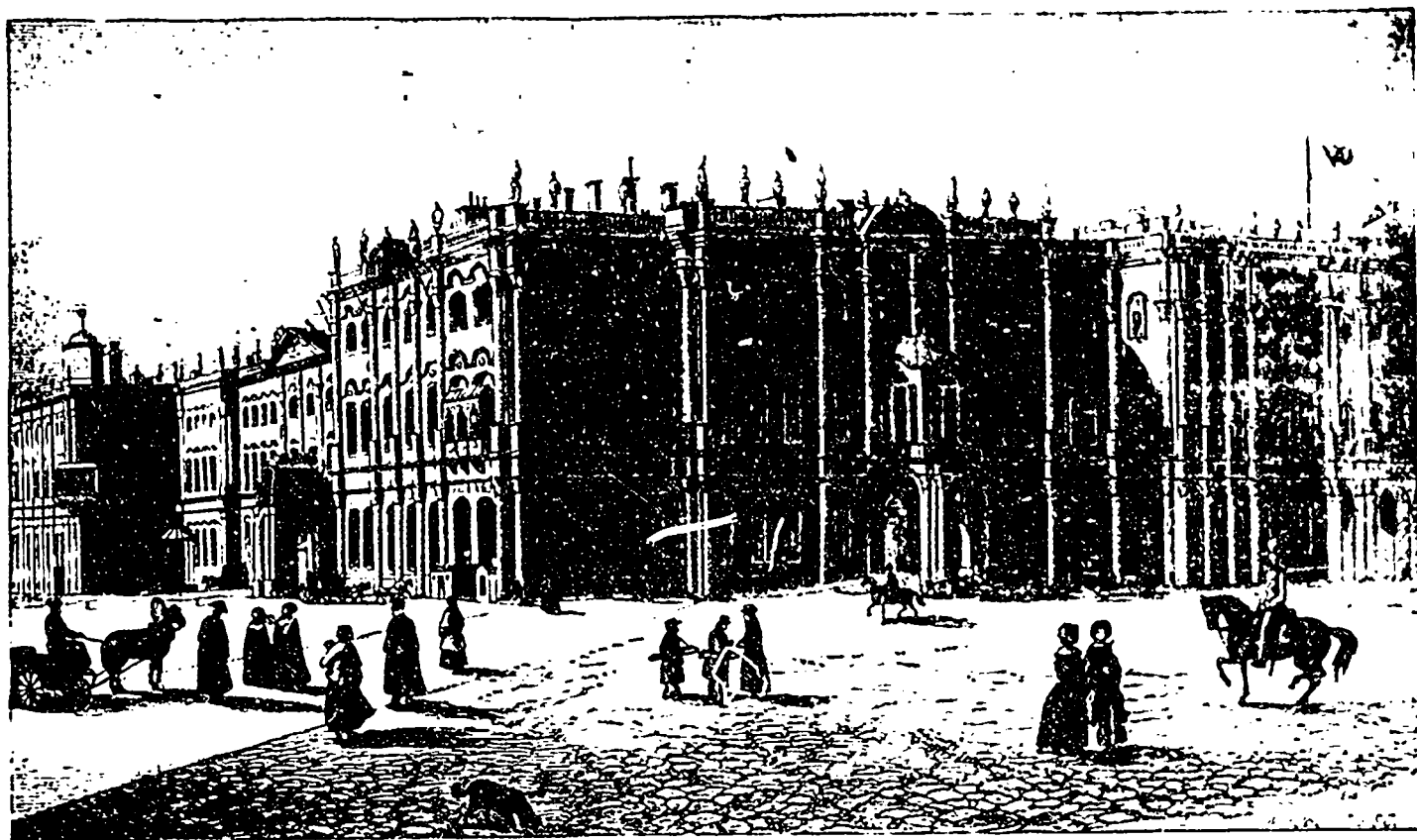
request that the direction of the General Conference be carried out by all those schools which may have neglected it in September. The ministers are all asked at the May District Meeting if this collection has been taken up; and, if it has not, the ministers often pay it out of their own pockets. Now, no school desires this to be the case. The ministers cannot themselves take up the collection, for few of them can be in the schools. It is the duty of the superintendent of the school to see that it is duly taken up and handed to the minister of the circuit.

Two-thirds of the crimes which come before the courts of law of this country are occasioned chiefly by intemperance.—Lord Chief Baron Kelly of England.

Intoxicating wine is the physic of fools.—Jewish Essenes, B.C. 200.



RUSSIAN SLEIGH.



WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. E. H. GUNN.

**S**WEETLY o'er Judea's valleys  
Sounded far a voice of old,  
Like a strain of angel music  
Floating down from gates of gold,  
"Let them come—the little children,  
Hinder not their eager feet.  
Sure of such, my Heavenly Kingdom,  
Theirs is service glad and sweet."

Blessed Saviour! thou didst suffer  
Little ones to come to thee;  
Lo! we offer now our tribute,  
Let our praise accepted be.  
'Mid the hallelujah's ringing,  
'Midst the burning of angel song,  
Stoop to hear our childish hymning,  
While we glad the notes prolong.

We have found there's room for children,  
We have found there's work to do;  
All our hearts and hands enlisting,  
May we to that work be true.  
In the great and glorious army,  
Batling with the hosts of sin,  
We can march with banners flying,  
We can help the victory win.

For a cry of deepest sorrow  
Comes across the waters blue,  
"Ye who know salvation's story  
Haste to help and save us too!  
Shed, oh! shed the gospel glory  
O'er the darkness of our night,  
Till the gloomy shadows vanish  
In its full and blessed light."

For these poor benighted millions  
We can give, and work, and pray,  
And our gifts and prayers united,  
Sure will speed that happy day—  
When, no more to idol bowing,  
Jesus only shall be King,  
And ten thousand voices ringing  
Shall his praise victorious sing!

Oh! 'tis sweet to work for Jesus  
As our youthful days go by;  
Sweet to send the cheering message  
Of the home beyond the sky.  
And when earthly days are o'er,  
On its glory-lighted shore,  
May we join with them in singing  
Of his love forevermore.

—A Missionary Hymn.

Some by violent stroke shall die,  
By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance more.  
—John Milton.

Brandy and water—Liquid fire and  
distilled damnation.—Robert Hall.

COME TO JESUS.

BY REV. J. LAWSON, COBDEN, ONT.

My dear young friends, I have no doubt you have often heard the invitation given which you see above these lines. You have often heard your pastor, or teacher, or some one else, who wished you well, give the sweet invitation, "Come to Jesus."

Now do you think you fully understand what is implied in it? That is, do you really know what is meant by coming to Jesus? Before you can be expected to accept the invitation, you should of course know what it means. And I fear there are many little boys and girls—saying nothing of the larger ones—who scarcely know what they are to do to come to Jesus. Well now, let us think about it a moment or two.

To come to Jesus, we have not to come or go to any particular place. Jesus is everywhere, waiting to bless us.

We have not to wait till any particular time. Jesus is always ready to save us. We can never find a better place than here; we can never have a better time than now.

So, dear children, don't wait another hour. Just now, while you are reading this, come to Jesus, by giving up all sin, and resolving, by the grace of God, to live Christian lives. Believe what God has said. If you come to him he will in no wise cast you out. If you confess your sins he is faithful and just to forgive your sins. God loves you, and if you love him, you are his child.

Keep free from sin. When you forsake sin you are coming to Jesus. When you pray in faith you are coming to Jesus.

Have you come yet? If not, when are you coming? You may not live another day. Be wise and come now. Don't put away this paper and forget about it. Jesus claims your heart now. The Lord help you to come now. Amen.

THE LORD'S LITTLE ERRANDS.

CAN we not all do some little errand for the Lord?

"I was kept in Sunday-school by a gentleman who was always out on the Lord's errands. If he missed me he would come and hunt me up. If I was playing on the railroad track he found me; if I was lounging on the wharves he found me. There was no escape from him; so I gave in at last, and came to Sunday school regularly, and there I found the Lord. And now I am the Lord's, I'll see if he has not some little errands for me to do too."

This is what a young man said the other day; and I know that he is as good as his word. In his spare moments he helps out a neighbourhood prayer-meeting, visits a sick-room, goes with a friendly word to a poor man, or lends a helping hand somewhere. Ah, there are many ways to go and errands to do for the Lord!

I know a boy who has just denied himself the pleasure of eating a splendid orange for the sake of carrying it to a poor sick boy around the corner.

Fannie stepped in during a long recess on a very pleasant day to show a dull scholar how to do her arithmetic lesson. Gussie brought four new scholars into Sunday-school. Sarah goes every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon to read the Bible or some other good book to a blind girl.

These, and others like them, are some of the Lord's little errands which his children can go and do.

I SHOULD say from my experience that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country. . . . A very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it.—Sir William Gull, F. R. S. and Physician to Her Majesty, 1878

A CHRISTIAN may find more true joy in prison than the monarch on his throne.

BESSIE'S PARISH.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

"THE wildest coits make the best horses," said Themistocles, "if they only get properly broken in," and wild little Creases, very soon after she had been lured into it, became one of the best scholars in our Sunday-school. A good many of the children, like Bessie, went to no other school, and therefore we had a great deal of a b ab, b, a, ab work to get through—most necessary under the circumstances, but generally rather distasteful to both teachers and taught. Bessie, however, revelled in the dry, rhyming columns, and rang their changes backwards and forwards as merriy as if they had been a peal of bells, as soon as she had learnt her letters. As soon as she had picked up our chants and psalm-tunes, her voice, not only in the school-room, but in the church also, rose above all others—sweetly shrill. We were in the habit of singing the Old Version Psalm, in which these lines occur:—

"And on the wings of cherubim  
Right royally He rides."

The tune had something of the irresistible motion of a march in it, and the alliterative music of the latter line, between them quite carried Bessie away. For some seconds after the rest of the congregation had finished the verse, her "ri—i—i—i—ides" could be heard ringing up in the rafters.

The variety of characters over whom our Blessed Lord exercised, so to speak, a magnetic influence during his life on earth is one of the most striking facts in his earthly history. The doctors in the Temple and the Baptist in the desert, Peter and Pilate, Mary of Magdala, and Joseph of Arimathea—those who agreed in scarcely anything, else agreed in recognising in their various ways the divinely exceptional personality of Christ. And throughout all the centuries during which Christ's life has been read, that marvellously many-sided influence has

continued to act. Every one who reads this must be able to count up people by the score who have scarcely anything in common except a reverential love of Jesus of Nazareth. Social circumstances, dispositions, tastes, modes of thought, may seem to have dug impassable gulfs between the sharers of that love, but that makes them feel akin. It was curiously interesting to note the gradual way in which the character of Christ exercised its traction on the little Loudon street girl. At first she greatly preferred the Old Testament to the New. There was "a deal more fun an' fightin'" in it, she said. The story of Samson and the foxes greatly took her fancy. "Worn't that a knowin' game?" was her admiring comment on it. The trick by which Michal saved her husband's life was another exploit which made Bessie chuckle in a very infectiously indecorous manner, and she glouted over accounts of pitched battles and single combats. Owing to the bellicosity which her street-life had bred in her, the gentle forgiveness of the Saviour was to her at first a disagreeable puzzle. She liked him for "goin' about doctorin' poor folks, an' givin' 'em bread an' fish when they was hungry," but, according to her original notions of nobility of character, it was cowardly not to resent an injury or "take your own part," and therefore the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount perplexed her sorely, and she was utterly at a loss to understand why Peter was told to put back his sword into its sheath. "He'd ha' fought, anyhow, if he'd been let, though they did all on 'em cut away afterwards," remarked Bessie, trying in vain to make her newly acquired belief that all which Jesus did must be right, tally with her old faith in the manliness of fighting. The first time she read the fifth of St. Matthew, she had a stiff argument with her teacher over "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

"It can't mean that, I know," exclaimed Bessie, decidedly. "Do it, teacher!"

"It means what it says—it's in the Bible, and that's enough," answered the teacher.

An unsympathizing appeal to authority of this kind, as a settler, or rather silencer, of moral difficulties, does not, however, satisfy children, any more than it satisfies adults. It is far more likely to weaken the weight of the appealed to authority in the estimation of those who are mentally muddled. Bessie was not to be so put down. I have no doubt that she half became a little infidel—fancied that, after all, the Bible could not be true, if it taught things like that.

"But, teacher," she persisted, "if anybody was to fetch ye a clout a-one side o'yer face, would ye let 'em give ye a clout a-tother? Ketch me a bein' sich a soft. I'd do all I know to give it to 'em back agin."

But, as the months went by, Bessie's character underwent a very striking change. She was as self-reliant a little body as ever, but self (with half-grudged sacrifice to Granny) was no longer the centre of her little system of the universe. One Sunday morning, when she had been at the Sunday-school about two years, and I had happened to look in just as the children were fling off for morning service, Bessie stepped out of rank, and walked

up to me with great aplomb, and yet manifestly in great distress. She waited until she had seen the backs of the last scholar and teacher, and then explained her trouble. (In spite of her readiness in reading, and the near approach to correctness which the purifying and enriching influence of music gave her "vocalization" when she sang, Bessie's spoken English down to the last day I saw her, was very nearly as heteroeopic and syntax-defying as ever. "If you please, sir," she said, "I want to do some good, but I don't know how. He was al'ays a-go'in' about doin' some good to some body, but I don't do no good to nobody, though I goes about pretty much. I'm workin' walnuts now, and he w's ye to do any good to anybody out o' them? Cept ye give 'em away, an' then how's Granny to live—let alone me?"

"Don't despise the walnuts, Bessie," I answered, "if they help you to earn an honest living. Whilst you are getting that you are doing your duty so far—just as much as when you come to church. If people were to come to church all day long, and leave other people to work for them and their wives and children, that would be laziness, and not religious. Besides, Bessie, 'doing good' doesn't mean giving only. That is one way, and a very good way when people give away what they really have a right to give, and take care that the people who have no right to get it don't get it. But there are scores of ways in which you can do good, though you haven't a penny to spare. If you only want to find them out, you're sure to find them out. Just look about you when you get back to Granny's. Charity begins at home, you know. It isn't doing good to make a great fuss about people out of doors, and then go home and sulk or be lazy. I don't mean you, Bessie. I don't think you sulk, and I'm sure you are not lazy. But if you look about perhaps you'll find that there is something you could do to make Granny more comfortable or happier in her mind, and when you have tried to do that, there are the other people in the Rents—the children and the grown-up people, too. You might do something for them. But I cannot talk to you any longer now. I ought to have been in the vestry two or three weeks ago. Some day this week I will come to the Rents, and we will consult together then."

When I called at Granny's I found that Bessie had very speedily acted on my hints. The floor had been scrubbed; the mantel-piece was no longer furred with dust. A little bunch of wall-flowers stood on it in an old medicine-bottle. The scanty crockery of the establishment was all clean, and arranged along the mantel-shelf. The window had been cleaned, too, and the few articles of furniture tidied up in some way. The battered flat candlestick had been rubbed until it shone like polished silver. Bessie, who was sitting at her grandmother's knee with a book on her lap, glanced proudly at this last proof of her industry, as it gleamed in the evening sunlight, flanked on both sides with the clean crockery.

"Why, Mrs. Jude," I exclaimed, "you look quite smart." The old woman was evidently pleased with the altered appearance of her abode, but, of course, she could not refrain from grumbling. "Humph!" she answered,

"I don't know what's come to the gal. She come home from school last Sunday, an' says she, 'Granny, how can I make ye comfort'bler an' appier in your mind?' 'Well,' says I, 'I should be comfort'bler if I'd things a bit more like what they used to was afore your father treated me so bad, an' left me with a great gal like you on my 'an's.' 'How was that?' says she. So I told her about the nice furnitur' I used to have—real mahogany, sir—an' sich 'ike. 'Can't we do summat with what we've got, Granny?' says she. 'Stuff an' nonsense, child,' says I, 'in a mucky hole 'ike this.' 'Well, Granny,' says she, 'I'll do what I can if you'll tell me 'ow.' An' so she went on botherin' 'til somehow, between us, we have made the place look a bit more Christian 'ike, I won't deny. But Bessie must needs clean the winder, though I told her not, an' so there we've got another broken pane, as if we hadn't got enough afore. Spendin' her money, too, on them flowers for the mantel-shelf!"

"They didn't cost nuffink, Granny," Bessie objected. "Jim Greenham give 'em to me."

"An' if ye can git flowers give to ye, why didn't ye never bring me none afore?"

"Why, Granny, I used to think they'd be like 'ike in here," answered Bessie, "but now I'll bring ye some whenever I git the chance. I do like flowers. They make me feel somehow, when ye smell 'em, an' they look at ye, as if ye could be good somewhere or other. An' there's about flowers in the Testament, Granny—in the very chapter I was a-readin' when you come up, sir."

"I didn't hear about no flowers," growled Mrs. Jude.

"Becos, ye see, I was on'y jist a-comin' to it. Here 'tis, Granny—'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'"

"Well, sir, I don't deny that that do sound pretty," said Mrs. Jude, in a condescending tone—as if she thought that courtesy compelled her to compliment the New Testament in the presence of a clergyman. "But what I should like to know is how we're to foller what she was a-readin' jist afore—about not takin' no thought for your wittles and your clothes. I'd heard it many a time afore you read it, Bessie, but it was your readin' of it that brought it to my mind. We ain't fowls as flies in the air, or flowers as grows in a gardin'."

"You'd look comikle a-flyin' in the air or a-growin' in a gardin', Granny," laughed Bessie, who had not lost her liking for looking at the ludicrous side of things. The old woman's temper was ruffled by her granddaughter's irreverent conceit, and she paid very divided attention to the explanation I tried to give her of her difficulty. So I contented myself with reading the whole of the latter part of the chapter to her, that it might teach its own lesson—a plan which I have often found to be efficacious under similar circumstances. Except in so far as it removes difficulties caused by differences of time and place, or gives a passing hint that enables one's hearers to make a personal use of circumstances that seem at first things that can have nothing to do with them, the

less exposition is mixed up with the reading of the Scriptures in the houses of the poor the better, I think. The mere reading of a chapter may, I know, be made as mechanical an operation as the twirling of a "praying cylinder," on the part both of the reader and the hearer; but when the reading is not a perfunctory performance of official duty, the words have often a marvellous power of explaining themselves for purposes of edification. Mrs. Jude echoed the last sentence of the chapter, and gave also, without knowing it, Jeremy Taylor's comment on the text. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," she said. "Ah, that it be. I'm tired to the very tips o' my finger nails. You never knew what it was to ache all over in your lines an' every one o' your jints—you never stood at a wash-tub, sir—so it's easy talkin'. But I won't deny that I can't rest my legs to-night by thinkin' how tired they'll be to-morrer. I can't last long, sir, as I do, an' then, when you've lost me, you'll know how good I've been to you, Bessie. But I won't deny, sir, that you must ha' took pains wi' her readin', an' I've no objection to her readin' to me agin. Now we've done up the place a bit, you can sit down in a bit o' comfort, an' it's a beautiful book to listen to, I won't deny; though it do make ye feel that ye ought to be somehow as ye ain't. But there's myst'ries none of us knows the rights on, wise as we may think ourselves, I guess."

In spite of the parting shot at myself, I could see that Bessie had made a very good beginning on Granny. The clearing up of the room—although Bessie had been the chief agent in the joint-stock operation of which Mrs. Jude (except in the case of the broken window) claimed the chief credit—led to greater personal cleanliness and tidiness in both. The reading of the Bible at home led to Mrs. Jude's being prevailed upon to go to church again, although her church-going was only very slightly profitable to her in a pecuniary point of view.

She never became what is called "a cheerful Christian," but I believe that, in a genuine sense, she did at last become a Christian. She learnt to feel the saving power of the divinity manifested in Christ—to know that she ought, at any rate, to think little of herself, and to strive hard, and pray hard, for the curbing of her unchristian temper, and the cultivation of a more Christian character.

Bessie's missionary work amongst her neighbours was not quite so judiciously begun. The brave little body went about reproving sin of all kinds like a little Nathan, with a considerable infusion of the small Pharisee, and the sinners would not "stand her cheek." Bessie was very proud at first of the persecution she had provoked, but when she found that no good came of it, she adopted a quieter tone. Bessie's quiet work succeeded far better than her Boanerges business. She became more carefully anxious than she had been before to make her conduct harmonize in little things—which, as a rule, because they are always turning up for notice, are really great things—with the principles she professed. She conquered the prejudices entertained against her by the young folks of the Rents very speedily. As soon as she "larked" with them, in an innocent way, again, she was so

good a hand at larking that she secured us sundry even of the least likely of her boy and girl neighbours as pupils for our Sunday-school. She used to introduce the half-scared, half-saucy, shock-headed tatterdemalions with "Here's another, sir"—much as if she had lugged in a ragged, restive colt from the marshes by the bur-buttoned mane.

That she ever did much amongst the adults of the Rents, I cannot say, but she did something. After a time they ceased to snub her and swear at her. They even recovered a good deal of the kindly feeling they had entertained towards her before she had taken to being "a saint." With a difference, however. They felt that she was no longer "their sort," and though they could not help owing to themselves that it was she who had risen by the change, the necessity of being obliged to make such a confession even to themselves somewhat chilled their friendly feeling for little Bessie. She proved herself such a willing, helpful little body, however, in the way of fetching water, running to the chandler's, nursing babies that must otherwise have been tossed about in the Rents' gutter very much like its cabbage-stalks, at odd times of her very scanty leisure, that two or three of the Rents' women who had very large families, came to church now and then out of gratitude to her. It was partly genuine gratitude, looking back upon the past. Bessie had helped them, and so they wanted to please her by going to a place to which she said they ought to go. But it was partly also, I must own, the prospective gratitude which cynical cleverness has defined. "I was at church yesterday arternoon; so you'll come an' nuss my Johnny, won't ye, Bessie?" is a specimen of the appeals that were often made to my little lay assistant. She was greatly amused when I called the Rents her "parish." "Anyhow," she said slyly, "there's people in the Rents that'll let me talk to 'em, as wouldn't let a parson inside their places—let alone a missionary. Why, Big Sam's wife—he's the fightin' sweep, you know, sir—pitched a missionary into the dust-cart, an' she said she'd serve you just the same; but I said she shouldn't—not if I was by to help ya."

One of Bessie's parishioners was of a very different type from any I have as yet referred to; an old apple-woman who "pitched" just outside the mouth of the Rents. Bessie ran evening errands for her, and sometimes kept her stall for her when the old woman wanted to go home for a little time. When rheumatism laid the poor old body up, Bessie looked in before she started on her rounds, to light her old friend's fire for her, and make her as comfortable as she could for the day. As soon as weary little Bessie got back from her rounds, she looked in again on Mrs. Reynolds—thereby making Mrs. Jude feel very jealous, in spite of her hard struggles to think that it was all right that Bessie should do so when she knew (as was always the case when she did it) that her Granny was not "ailing more than ordinary." Mrs. Reynolds was a widow, without a soul in the world to care for her but Bessie; and she deated on Bessie accordingly. She was a very simple-minded woman, strictly honest, and willing to "do anybody a good turn," in her little way; but so far as any definite belief

about God's government of the world was concerned, her mind was a blank sheet when Bessie first took her in charge. Her heart, nevertheless, was half-consciously thirsting for something that would make life a more satisfying thing than merely giving fair ha'porths of apples in a muddy street. However fair she might make them, she did not feel comfortable when she got home at night. She wanted something to make her feel at peace, though what it was she could not tell. She found out soon after Bessie had begun to read the New Testament to her. "Lor, sir," said the old woman to me once, "that little gal's been next door to a hangel o' light to me. Afore she come an' read to me, I knew I wasn't as good as I might be, but I comforted myself wi' thinkin' I was as good as my neighbours. But there she read about him as called hisself the chiefest o' sinners, arter all he'd done—an' what had I done like him? I was awful scared at first, but then she'd read to me about Jesus, too, an' she talk'd to me about Jesus in a surprisin' manner for a litt'le gal lik' her. So now I try to do the best I can, an' I just trust to Jesus for the rest."

Systematic theologians might, perhaps, object to this creed of Mrs. Reynolds's, but under the circumstances I did not see that I could improve upon it by shaping it into more regular form.

I CAN LET IT ALONE.

"I CAN do something that you can't," said a boy to his companion; "I can smoke tobacco."

"And I can do something you can't," was the quick reply. "I can let tobacco alone."

Now this is the kind of a boy we love to see. The boy who has the backbone to refuse when asked to do a foolish or wicked thing, is the one of whom we are proud. It is an easy matter to sail with the wind, or float with the tide, and it is easy enough to form bad habits; so that no one can boast over the power to do that. It is the one who can let them alone who is worthy of praise. And the best time to let tobacco alone is before the appetite for it has been formed. There is nothing inviting about it then.

Don't use it, boys. It is filthy, poisonous, disgusting stuff at its best.

Be men enough to let it alone. Hold your head up proudly and say that you are its master, and never intend to become its slave.

JOIN IN.

Yes, join in the singing at the opening of the school, and help in singing every hymn that is sung.

Then join in prayer. Respond to the petitions offered by the Superintendent or other persons who may be leading in prayer, and when he comes to the "Lord's Prayer," which should never be omitted, then all in the school should join in and repeat it together. Most of the school will know this way of prayer, and those who don't will in this way learn it.

In short, join in all the exercises as far as you can, and it will make the Sunday-school more interesting and profitable than it otherwise could possibly be.

J. LAWSON.

Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good.

WE'LL RALLY ROUND THE BALLOT BOX.

HAS T. KIMBALL.

O God who gave us light and life, that life we consecrate,  
To home that gives us peace and love, that love we dedicate;  
For native land in boyhood's hour, the battle we've begun;  
We'll rally round the ballot box, when we are twenty-one.

CHORUS

We'll rally round the ballot box,  
For Temperance guard the ballot box,  
Till right has crowned the ballot box,  
When we are twenty-one.

No father's cheek shall blush for us, no mother's heart shall bleed,  
No sister's soul revolt against one cruel word or deed;  
But clean in body, clear in brain, in manhood's rising sun,  
We'll rally round the ballot box, when we are twenty-one.

CHORUS

We'll elevate the ballot box,  
And dedicate the ballot box,  
And consecrate the ballot box,  
When we are twenty-one.

To mothers dear, and sisters true, to sweet hearts, and to wives,  
We pledge our sacred honour, and our fortunes, and our lives,  
That we shall all together stand, when Temperance work is done.

We'll hail them, "Follow Citizens," when we are twenty-one.

CHORUS

They'll dignify the ballot box,  
And purify the ballot box,  
And glorify the ballot box,  
When we are twenty-one.

POOR FIDO.

A TRUE STORY.

FIDO was a Scotch terrier dog who had a pleasant home and a kind mistress whom he loved very dearly. He had been her own dear little dog for twelve years, and life was one sunny day to him, until his mistress fell ill. Fido took his place by her bedside, and there he remained. After two months the lady died, and poor Fido still remained by her side until the casket which held her lifeless form was carried to the hearse. Then the devoted little dog tried to jump inside the hearse. When the funeral procession reached the grave, Fido was there, and after all was over the family found him lying beside the bed upon which his mistress had died!

Nothing could be done to console poor Fido. He would not eat. He would scarcely leave the bedside, and his drooping, pitiful little form told as plainly as words could have done what grief oppressed his faithful heart.

A few days after the death of his mistress he found a pair of shoes that had belonged to her. He carried them to the side of the bed, laid them on the floor, and lying down with his forepaws and head upon them, lay there for several hours without moving. Exactly one week after his mistress died, Fido, too, passed away, his head and paws resting on the shoes.

No doubt the poor little creature died of a broken heart.

There can be no doubt that of all the sources of crime, the use of intoxicating liquors is the most prolific and the most deadly. Of other causes it may be said that they slay their thousands; of this it may be acknowledged that it slays its tens of thousands.

Executive Committee of the Prison Association of New York

HOW TO INTRODUCE PEOPLE

"I do dislike to introduce people to each other," said Eva to me one day last week.

"Why, pray!" I asked. "It seems to me a very simple thing."

"Well, when I have to do it I stammer and blush, and feel so awkward. I never know who should be mentioned first, and I wish myself out of the room."

"I think I can make it plain to you," I said. "You invite Mabel Tompkins to spend an afternoon with you. She has never been at your home before, and your mother has never met her. When you enter the sitting-room all you have to do is to say, 'Mother, this is my friend Mabel, Mabel my mother.' If you wish to be more elaborate, you may say to your aunt Lucy, 'Aunt Lucy, permit me to present Miss Mabel Tompkins, Miss Tompkins, Mrs. Templeton.' But while you introduces Mabel to your father, or the minister, or an elderly gentleman, naming the most distinguished personage first, you present your brother, his chum, and your cousin Fred to the young lady, naming her first. Fix it in your mind that among persons of equal station, the younger are introduced to the older, and that inferiors in age, position, or influence are presented to superiors. Be very cordial when, in your own house, you are introduced to a guest, and offer your hand. If away from home, a bow is commonly sufficient recognition of an introduction. Please, in performing an introduction, speak both names with perfect distinctness."—*Harper's Young People.*

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A NAVAL officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife sitting in the cabin near him, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She immediately answered, "No!"

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," replied his wife, "I know that the sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then, said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that he who holds the sword in his hand is my Father."—*Exchange.*

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy, with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If any one has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him.

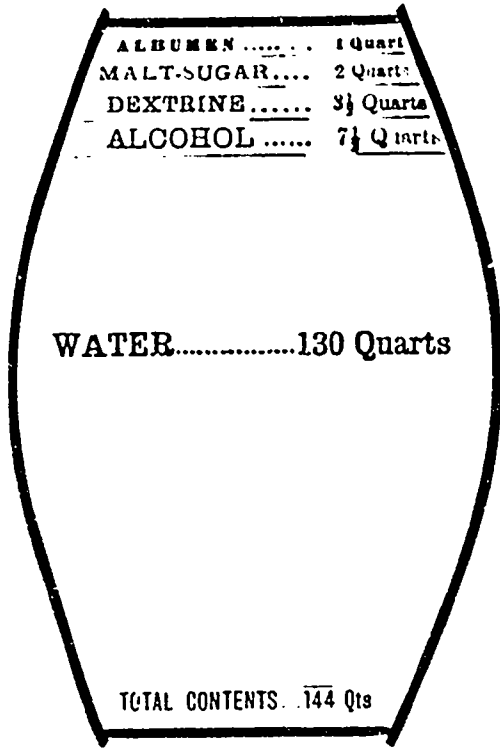


A BARREL OF ALE.

An English author has been analyzing a barrel of the "poor man's beer." Assuming it to be not at all adulterated, and allowing 144 quarts to the barrel, this is what the analysis shows:

Albumen (flesh forming)	1
Malt sugar (not fermented)	2
Gum (of no domestic value)	2
Alcohol (not including water)	1-0
Water (innocent, and should be cheap)	144
<b>Total quarts in the barrel.</b>	<b>144</b>

Our English author, J. S. p. Matins, puts the result pictorially thus:



A barrel of ale, he says, costs about £3 = \$15. The net value of the albumen, malt sugar, gum, and alcohol is about £1 = \$5; leaving the charge for the water £2 = \$10. No wonder then, the brewers get rich and the beer drinkers stay poor!

SCOTT ACT BATTLE SONG.

Tune—"Hold the Fort."

FRIENDS of temperance I see the signal  
Flame from height to height!  
Duty calls I come, join the conflict!  
Arm you for the fight.

CHORUS.

Raise the Prohibition banner!  
Wide its folds display,  
Truth has ever vanquished error,  
We shall win the day.

Many fortresses have fallen;  
Battles fierce and long  
Have in glorious victory ended,  
And triumphant song.

States and empires are uprising,  
To efface the stain  
Of the countless human victims  
By intemperance slain.

See the Church of Christ advancing,  
In her King's great might!  
Soon will her victorious legions  
Put the foe to flight.

Onward! though false friends discourage,  
Or strong foes assail,  
For the Lord of Hosts is with us!  
And we must prevail.

Forward! then, march on to conquest,  
To our flag be true,  
So shall we be crowned as victors  
"In the grand review."

—W. H. RUSSELL.

EIGHT ARGUMENTS FOR PROHIBITION—A gentleman remarked that he had eight arguments in favour of the prohibitory amendment, and when asked what they were, replied, "My eight children."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March, 25.

REVIEW SCHEMATA.

LESSON I. *Josiah and the Book of the Law.* 2 Kings 22 1-3.—What does the GOLDEN TEXT say of King Josiah? Over what kingdom did he reign? Why did he order treasure to be collected? What was found among the treasures? What did the reading of the law lead Josiah to do?

LESSON II. *Jeremiah Predicting the Captivity.* Jer. 8 20-22; 9 1-16.—What lost privileges are lamented in the GOLDEN TEXT? Why did the prophet lament? What was the crying sin of the people? What desolation was foretold?

LESSON III. *The Faithful Rechabites.* Jer. 35 12-19.—For what did the Lord rebuke his people? What example of obedience does he set before them? What had been God's message to his people? What had they paid to the message? What punishment was promised the disobedient? What reward to the Rechabites?

LESSON IV. *Captivity of Judah.* 2 Kings 25 1-12.—What king captured Jerusalem? Who were carried into captivity? To what place were they carried? (GOLDEN TEXT) What was done to the captured city?

LESSON V. *Daniel in Babylon.* Dan. 1 8-12.—What young men did the king of Babylon select from the Jewish captives? For what purpose? What did Daniel refuse? What was the reason for his refusal? What test did he undergo? What was the result? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.

LESSON VI. *The Fiery Furnace.* Dan. 3 16-28.—Who were condemned to the fiery furnace? What was their answer to the king? (GOLDEN TEXT) What befell them in the furnace? Who was with them in their trial?

LESSON VII. *Handwriting on the Wall.* Dan. 5 1-12; 25-28.—What warning came to a wicked king? Who failed to solve the mystery? To whom did the king finally appeal? What did Daniel declare the words to be? What was the divine verdict against Balaazar? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

LESSON VIII. *The Second Temple.* Ezra 1 1-4; 3 8-12.—What Gentile king favoured the rebuilding of the temple? What caused him to be interested in the work? How were the people aided in the building? How was the laying of the foundation celebrated? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

LESSON IX. *Nehemiah's Prayer.* Neh. 1 1-11.—What sad tidings came to Nehemiah? How was he affected by the news? What did he do in his grief for the people? What is the prayer of every afflicted child of God? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

LESSON X. *Reading the Law.* Neh. 8 1-12.—Who gathered to hear the reading of the law? Who was the reader? Who helped him? What was the manner of reading? (GOLDEN TEXT.) What was the reason of the great joy on this occasion?

LESSON XI. *Esther's Petition.* Esther 4 10-17; 5 1-8.—At whose request did Esther seek the king? Why did she hesitate about going? What was her final determination? (GOLDEN TEXT.) How was Esther's faith rewarded?

LESSON XII. *Mesiah's Messenger.* Mal. 3 1-6; 4 1-8.—What is the prophecy of the GOLDEN TEXT? Who was Messiah's messenger? Whose coming did he herald? What title does the prophet give to the coming Messiah? To whom will his coming be a joy? To whom will his coming bring destruction?

SECOND QUARTER.

B.O. 4.] LESSON I. [April 4.

THE WORD MADE FLESH.

John 1. 1-18. Commit to mem. vs. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us. John 1. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Word with God, v. 1-5.
2. The Word made Flesh, v. 6-18.

TIME—B.O. 4

EXPLANATIONS—In the beginning—Before the creation of the things we see. *The Word*—As a word is the visible representative of something that we can see or can know, or of an idea, so Jesus was the visible representative of God. *All things*—The whole created universe. *In him was life*—He is the source of all life on the earth. *Light*—This is, knowledge; Jesus is the giver of knowledge, the teacher of the world. *For a witness*—To bear testimony, and point out the Messiah. *Unto his own*—His own nation and land. *Word was made flesh*—That is, Jesus was born as a human being into the world. *Is preferred before me*—That is, superior to me in his nature, power and work.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, do we learn—

1. That Jesus is one with God the Father!
2. That Jesus gives to both body and soul!
3. That Jesus is the way out of darkness!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is the opening sentence of the Gospel according to John? "In the beginning was the Word." 2. Who is meant by the Word? The son of God. 3. What is said of him before he came to earth? "The Word was God." 4. What does the GOLDEN TEXT say of the coming of God's Son to earth? "The Word, etc. 5. What did Christ come to bring? Grace and truth. 6. What right and privilege does he give to those who receive him? Power to become sons of God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The incarnation of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

17. Is this the reason why we believe the Old Testament? There are many other reasons, but this is the chief reason. Our Lord honoured the Old Testament, and we must honour it, and receive it as the Word of God.

RECEIVE Christ with all your heart. As there is nothing in Christ that may be refused, so there is nothing in you from which he must be excluded.

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32. Through Slaughter to a Throne.
33. The Reformation in England.
34. From Torbay to St. James's.
35. A Dark Deed of Cruelty.
36. The Men of the "Mayflower."
37. The Massacre of Scio.
38. The Fight at Fontenoy.
39. The 9th of Thermidor.
40. The Arrest of the Five Members.
41. The Penny Newspaper.
42. Scotland's Great Victory.
43. The Penny Post.
44. "Long Live the Beggars."
45. Bible and Sword.
46. John of Leyden.
47. Rizzio and Darnley.
48. Wyatt's Rebellion.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

- |                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Gladstone.            | 28. Napoleon.            |
| 2. Beaconsfield.         | 29. Stephenson.          |
| 3. Nelson.               | 30. Spurgeon.            |
| 4. Wellington.           | 31. Dickens.             |
| 5. Luther.               | 32. Garibaldi.           |
| 6. Chatham.              | 33. Cromwell.            |
| 7. Chaucer.              | 34. Fox.                 |
| 8. Humboldt.             | 35. Washington.          |
| 9. Carlyle.              | 36. Wallace.             |
| 10. Cesar.               | 37. Gustavus Adolphus.   |
| 11. Wesley.              | 38. Calvin.              |
| 12. Peter the Great.     | 39. Alexander the Great. |
| 13. Burns.               | 40. Confucius.           |
| 14. Thos. A'Becket.      | 41. Alfred the Great.    |
| 15. Scott.               | 42. Knox.                |
| 16. Columbus.            | 43. Bruce.               |
| 17. Shakespeare.         | 44. Socrates.            |
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