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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1888.

[No. 4.]

## A BUDDHIST GARDEN.

THE accompanying illustration is a representation of the neighbourhood of a Buddhist temple in Ceylon, and of the rich vegetation by which such buildings are surrounded. They are generally situated in a well-wooded

Jessamine, and the shrine of the deity, the pedestals of his image and the steps leading to the temple are strewn thickly with the blossoms of the Nagaha and the Lotus. At an earlier period the profusion in which these beautiful emblems were employed in

ent flower." Another advantage conferred by Buddhism on the country was the planting of fruit trees and esculent vegetables for the gratuitous use of travellers in all the frequented parts of the island.

Our illustration shows a noble Talipot

for covering huts and making temporary tents. It is the noblest of the palm family, growing often to the height of 100 feet. It only flowers once and then dies.

Every temple must have its sacred "Bo Tree," as shown in our drawing,



A BUDDHIST GARDEN.

grove, and in a neighbourhood in which water is abundant.

One peculiarity in the Buddhist ceremonial served at all times is to give a singular impulse to the progress of horticulture. Flowers and garlands are introduced into its religious rites to the utmost excess. The atmosphere of the temples is rendered oppressive with the perfume of the Champac and

sacred decorations appear almost incredible. It is related that the Ruanelle, which was 270 feet in height, was on one occasion "festooned with garlands from pedestal to pinnacle till it resembled one uniform bouquet." Among the regulations of the temple built at Dambadenia, in the thirteenth century, was "every day an offering of 100,000 flowers, and each day a differ-

palm, the leaves of which are used by the Buddhist monks—prepared in small, narrow strips—as books on which to record their sacred writings. The history and poetical writings of Ceylon have been for ages past written on these narrow strips of palm leaves, known to the natives by the term of Olas. The leaves of this palm are also used as umbrellas and sunshades, also

taken from the ancient tree at Androjapoor, planted there by Buddha or his followers, and said to be one of the oldest trees in the world; they are usually planted in some conspicuous place in front of the temple.

Ceylon, the ancient Taprobane, is an island in the Indian Ocean. It was invaded by the Portuguese Almeyda, 1505, but it was known to the Romans

in the time of Claudius, 41. The Dutch landed in Ceylon in 1602; they captured the capital, Colombo, in 1603. Intercourse with the British began in 1713. A large portion of the country was taken by them in 1782, but was restored in 1783. The Dutch settlements were seized by the British, 1795. Ceylon was ceded to the British by the peace of Amiens in 1802. The British troops were treacherously massacred or imprisoned by the Adigar of Candy, at Colombo, June 29, 1803. The complete sovereignty of the island was assumed by England in 1815.

#### Pennies a Week and a Prayer.

Two cents a week and a prayer,  
A tiny gift may be,  
But it helps to do a wonderful work  
For our sisters across the sea.

Five cents a week, and a prayer,  
From our abundant store—  
It was never missed, for its place was filled  
By a Father's gift of more.

Ten cents a week, and a prayer,  
Perhaps 'twas a sacrifice;  
But treasure came from the storeroom  
above,  
Outweighing by far the price.

Pennies a week, and a prayer;  
'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after all,  
That the work has done and a blessing  
brought,  
The gift was so very small.

Pennies a week, and a prayer,  
Freely and heartily given;  
The treasures of earth will all melt away—  
—This is treasure laid up in heaven.

Pennies a week, and a prayer,  
A tiny gift may be,  
But it helps to do such wonderful work  
For our sisters across the sea.

#### A DRUNKARD'S APPEAL.

A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for drink. The landlord said: "No, you have too much already. You have had the *delirium tremens* once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for two young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by silent, and when the others had finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at that age, I stood where those young men stand now. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, both body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now give me a few glasses more and your work is done. I shall soon be out of the way. There is no hope for me. But they can be saved; they may be men again. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me, and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for Heaven's sake sell them no more!" The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down the decanter, he exclaimed: "God helping me, that is the last drop that I will ever sell to anyone;" and he kept his word.—*Irish Templar and Temperance Journal.*

#### "FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

"I'm done with him. I've said so, and I'll stand to it. He's disgraced himself and my good name, and I wash my hands of him henceforth and forever."

Mrs. Arnold stood in the cottage doorway, the sweet bloom and verdure of the early spring-time all about her, and listened to her husband's angry words.

"O James," she entreated, "remember, he is our son!"

"I shall make it my business to forget it from this hour; he is no son of mine."

"But, James, James, think what the end may be. What if they send him to the State prison?"

"Let him go—he deserves it."

The angry father strode away, a hard, relentless look upon his face.

The mother stood there in the early sunshine, her poor face white with agony, her hands clutched hard together.

She could see the village spires from the cottage porch, and in the village prison her only son lay.

The trouble had come about after this wise: Dick Arnold was confidential clerk in the hardware house of Robinson & Co., at a very fair salary. A promising young fellow was Dick, bright, intelligent, and as shrewd and clever in business matters as he was genial and winning in his social relations. But his character had its weak points. In the first place, he was fond of strong drink; in the second, he had not the courage to say "No" when temptation assailed him.

Many a scrape poor Dick was lured into, many a heart-ache he caused his fond mother, many a setting-down he got from his over-severe father; the did not mend his ways. Nevertheless, his employers were fond of him, and trusted him, and winked at his shortcomings.

"He's a fine fellow; he'll get all his wild oats in, and do better after a while," they said.

One afternoon Dick was summoned into Mr. Robinson's private office.

"Here, Dick," said the gentleman, putting a sealed envelope into the young man's hands, "I want you to take this and deliver it to Mr. Selbo, in Covington. You know the place?"

"O yes, sir."

"Very well, mind you keep steady on your legs, my boy, and deliver it safely."

Dick put the envelope into his breast pocket, bowed himself out, and was steaming on his way to Covington on the next train.

He reached there a little before nightfall, and feeling somewhat tired and thirsty, he dropped in at a restaurant for a drink. Ah, me! if there were no such places, how much misery, and sin, and shame would be banished from the world! But they meet us at every turn, these devil's dens, wherein men are despoiled of

their earnings and their honour. Dick went in and stumbled right into the midst of some three or four old cronies. They leaped up and welcomed him with uproarious delight.

"Why, Dick, old fellow, haven't seen you for an age! Well met, 'pon my word! Here, landlord, brandy and seltzer for four, and be spry at it."

The brandy and seltzer appeared and vanished. A broiled steak, and oysters, and crackers followed, and then came rum to wash it all down. By sunset poor Dick's head was in a whirl. When darkness fell his errand was still neglected, and he sat in the little bar parlour, looking on while his boon companions played cards, a hot bloom in his cheeks and an insane glitter in his handsome eyes.

"Come up, Dick, and try your luck."

"Don't care if I do," said Dick; and at it he went.

His own purse was soon emptied, and then—he never could clearly recall how it all happened, but, insane from drink and determined to retrieve his losses—he ventured to open the sealed envelope and to borrow a stake from the funds intrusted to him by his employer.

"I'll soon double it," he thought, "and then I'll replace the amount."

But he lost instead of doubling, and then swallowed more brandy in his excitement, at the invitation of his good friends. The end was that he made a night of it, and when the morning dawned poor Dick found himself alone, forsaken by his friends, and the sealed envelope and its contents both gone. The shock sobered him. He got up and, with his head beating like a trip-hammer, walked back to his native village, and seeking his employer confessed all that had happened. Mr. Robinson was greatly provoked, and at once put the matter into the hands of the law, and Dick Arnold was arrested and sent to prison.

When the news came to his father's ears he refused to give his son either aid or countenance.

"I've done with him. Let them send him to the State prison; he deserves it."

But the mother, her faithful heart going out in yearning pity for her erring boy, stood and pondered how she might save him.

In a little while she turned and entering the pleasant cottage, went slowly up stairs, and into the chamber where her daughter Rose sat sewing on her bridal robes.

Sitting down beside her, she told her the story of her brother's trouble. Rose understood her mother's meaning even before she could put it into words. There was a little box on the table, which contained her marriage dowry. Little by little the father and mother had hoarded it in their daughter's name, that she might not be dowerless on her wedding-day.

Pretty Rose took the box and put it in her mother's hands.

"Take it, mother," she said, "and do with it as you think best."

"Heaven bless you, my daughter; but it is hard to deprive you of your marriage dowry, and your wedding-day so near."

Rose's cheeks bloomed like her namesake's in the little garden below, and her blue eyes lit.

"Never mind that, mother," she said. "Charlie will be willing to take me without the dowry; I'm sure of it."

So Mrs. Arnold took the box and went her way. Before the day ended she had refunded the money to Mr. Robinson, the charge was withdrawn, and her boy was out of prison.

"I can't go home, mother. Father doesn't want me; he told me so," said Dick, as they stood under the green locust trees beyond the cottage lawn. "Let me go out into the world and work my way up, and then I'll come back."

She put her arms around his neck, and looked up at him with streaming eyes.

"Oh, Dick, my boy, my darling, you will do better—you will, Dick, for mother's sake."

"Yes, mother, God being my helper, I will. I've caused you so much trouble, and you've always been good and gentle to me, mother. Forgive me now; I'll come back and be a comfort to you yet."

"My boy, I forgive you, and I believe in you. Here Dick," and she drew a purse and a worn little Bible from her bosom, "take these. You may need the money; the Bible is mine, Dick—mother's Bible, don't forget that. Mother has read it every day and night for the last thirty years. You'll think of that, Dick, and you'll read it for mother's sake."

"Yes, mother."

"Every night, no matter where you may be, you'll read a chapter, and get down on your knees and pray the little prayer mother taught you if nothing else! Promise me, Dick. Every night at ten o'clock—at that hour I shall be on my knees praying for you, my boy. I shall never miss a night, Dick, while I live; promise you'll do it, for mother's sake."

Dick tried to promise, but he let his handsome head drop down on his mother's bosom, instead, and wept there like a child. As the sun set they parted.

"Good-bye, my boy, and God bless you. You'll keep your promise."

"Yes, mother, with God's help. Good-bye!"

Across the fields, with the little Bible in his bosom, and his bundle on his arm went poor, erring Dick, and down the pathway Mrs. Arnold returned to the cottage.

"I'll never give up my boy," she said. My prayers shall prevail with God for him. He will return to us

yet, and be the comfort of our old ago."

But her husband, bitter and remorseful of heart laughed her to scorn. Month followed month, summers came and went, harvests were sown and gathered in, winters heaped their white snows and spring sunshine came and melted them. Pretty dowerless Rose had married and gone to live in a happy home of her own, while Mrs. Arnold, busy with her daily tasks, did not lose hope.

Just about that time the whole country was ringing with the renown of a young reformer, a man of talents and genius, who was spending the best days of his manhood for the good of his fellow-men.

News came at last that this wonderful man would deliver a lecture in the village. Preparation was made, and expectation was on tip-toe.

On the appointed night, Mrs. Arnold went with the rest. The speaker took the stand, and announced the subject of his discourse. It was—

"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

The poor mother, her heart yearning for her absent son, looked on and listened, blinded by swift-flowing tears. She could scarcely see the tall form of the handsome speaker, but his words thrilled her through and through.

The audience sat spellbound, breathless, until the lecturer drew near to the close of his remarks.

"For mother's sake," he said. "That one little sentence has made me what I am. Who in this crowded room recognizes me? Five years ago, on just such a night as this, I was a prisoner in the old jail over yonder. My mother's love saved me from the consequences of intemperance and youthful folly, and when I parted from her under the old locust trees out there in the lane, I promised to be a better man—for mother's sake! Neighbours and friends, you know me now. I am Dick Arnold. I kept my promise—I have been a better man, 'for mother's sake!' I wonder if my mother is here and hears my voice to-night?"

"O thank God! O my boy! my boy!"

In another minute he had her in his strong arms, her gray head pillowed on his breast. She looked at him with yearning, wondering eyes.

"Yes, I do not mistake—you are my son. O Dick!"

He held her closely, tears streaming like rain over his bearded face.

"Your own boy, mother. God has made him what he is 'for mother's sake!'"

A VERY little fellow has a very lively tongue, and talks so much at meals that, on a recent occasion, when there were to be guests at the table, his elder brother bribed him with a nicker to be still. After ten minutes of silence the little boy whispered anxiously to his brother, "Arthur, Arthur, mayn't I talk a cent's worth?"

The Corner Spider.

A HOUSEMAID'S silly bluster,  
The whisk of a feather duster,  
And out of the room  
Went web and loom;  
The weaver and her bright industry  
Scorned as things that should not be.

Under a leaf of clover  
She sat to think it over—  
The haste, the shame,  
And how they came,  
Because in a swept and garnished place  
She had chosen to weave a bit of lace.

Her little heart's wild throbbing  
Ended in bitter sobbing;  
And with her grief  
The clover leaf,  
Whose stem she leaned on, stirred as much  
As if it felt the rain-wind's touch.

"To think I'm so treated,"  
She sighed, "when all completed,  
Line upon line,  
So silver fine,  
My work was finished, knotted, hung,  
As fair a web as ever swung.

"A strange, strange thing their pride is!  
Look at their scarfs, their tidies,  
Their motley kinds  
Of plush designs,  
Their tags of drapery here and there,  
Their satin bows on couch and chair!

"All night to pattern subtle  
I threw a silent shuttle,  
And fit for queen,  
Was the filmy sheen  
The morning found—the merest blur  
In the corner there of gossamer!

"Yet no one thinks of leaving  
My bit of silken weaving;  
Tattered and rent  
It is flying sent  
Out here in the grass—ah me, and I  
Have now no corner, no web, no fly!"  
—Wide Awake.

TWO HEADS INSTEAD OF ONE.

BY REV. C. H. SMITH.

"O PAPA, papa, come here quick," said Tommy from his quickly secured perch on the fence. "Here is a snake with such a funny head. It looks one-sided, or else there is a large bunch on it, and there are four things, arms I guess, reaching out in different directions and moving all the time."

"It looks like the snake we saw down by the creek the other day, all but its head." By the time Tommy had made these hurried observations Mr. Graham stood beside him. "How queerly he jerks his head all the time," remarked Tommy. Mr. Graham, being a lover of nature and a close observer, at once discovered that the queer-shaped head was really two heads. The "bunch" Tommy spoke of was a second head.

Pleased with the boy's observation and quite accurate description, he said, "Look closely at the snake's head and the 'bunch' and 'arms,' as you very properly term them, and see if you cannot explain this to me. I think you can. You will not have much time, though; the arms will soon disappear. What do you think would cause the snake to make such jerking movements with its head?" Tommy was intently watching the snake. He heard his father's remarks, was thinking about them, but as yet was unable

to reply. His eyes were becoming accustomed to the distance and the visible objects. He could now see clearly. Presently he looked up with an expression of wonderment, saying:

"Why, papa, do snakes eat frogs?"  
"Good," exclaimed his father. Tommy had triumphed again. He was learning the important lesson of close observation.

"Yes," said his father, "snakes eat frogs, mice, birds and similar creatures. The 'bunch' you spoke of is the frog's head, and the 'arms' extending in different directions are his legs. See, they are beginning to disappear. The snake is having a hard time to swallow his breakfast this morning.

"Snakes' teeth being too small to masticate their food, the prey is swallowed whole and alive. One naturalist tells that he heard a frog emit a cry some minutes after he had been swallowed by a snake."

"There," exclaimed Tommy, "the frog is gone now; but we can see just where he is. It looks like a swelling, moving along down the snake from his head to his tail. How queer that a snake can stretch himself over a frog that is larger through than he is!"

The snake, evidently happy, moved off through the grass. Tommy, glad because of what he had seen, and his father, pleased because of Tommy's growing ability to see, responded to a call to their breakfast.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

AN enthusiastic young lady, writing from London, says:

The Queen's grandchildren are nearly all remarkably pretty blondes, and she can be proud of her sons and son-in-law, splendid men all of them. The daughters, Princesses Christian, Louise and Beatrice, and the Crown Princess of Germany, are all very large, fine women, and Beatrice has a charming face. The Princess of Wales is a snowflake, or a white lily-leaf, and there is a combination of stateliness and gentleness in the poise of her dainty head and the contour of her flower-like face. She does not look over 20, and though very slender her form is beautifully rounded. Her complexion is as smooth and pale as white marble, eyes very large and of a violet colour, hair softly curling and pale brown, golden when kissed by the sunbeams. She is a woman to be adored—a creature of saintly life, and with a beautiful face. The Prince of Wales is charming. He is very handsome, only a little too stout, and is so graceful. His wonderful personal magnetism extends even to a great multitude, and when the crowds roar, as they do the moment they spy him, he lifts his hat and bows and makes every one feel as if he or she had been personally thanked. Prince Albert Victor, his eldest son, is a tall slender youth, very like his mother, giving promise of a handsome man when matured. The Queen is not good-looking, and is very stout, but there is

something regal in her presence and in her stern, grave face, with its sad lips, and the cold blue eyes of her family. She bows sweetly and graciously, but seldom smiles, although in the jubilee procession she smiled a little to the old pensioners when they bared their gray heads to her, whom they had so nobly served when her life was young.

The Singing Leper.

A SAXON king, with merry throng  
Of nobles, hunted in a wood  
At eventide, when lo! a song  
Most wondrous broke, a tremulous flood  
Of praise from distant lips unseen.

The hunters halted, listening keen  
To catch each nearing echo, till  
Among the trees a form unseen,  
A leper white, moved up the hill  
Across their path, and sang the while.

His livid features wore a smile;  
His wrinkled hands were clasped in  
prayer;  
While living death, a master vile,  
Made all his flesh a thoroughfare  
For swift and myriad-footed pain.

And all the while he sang his strain:  
Then spake the king with stirring call,  
And bade him halt; and with his train  
The king moved on with care withheld  
And questioned him with pitying gaze.

"How sing you thus these words of praise  
When life is death?" A moment's pause,  
Then smiling answered he: "I raise  
My voice in songs of joy because  
Although a leper, yet I know

"That as my frame decays I grow  
More near the sure deliverance  
That comes from God, whose graces flow  
Through all the wastes of circumstance  
And moves my soul and life to him."

The king's and nobles' eyes grew dim.  
Then turning to his train the king  
Spake thus: "Unto the very brim  
Is this man's sorrows, yet they bring  
Rejoicings, for he trusts his Lord.

"This leper's voice shall here record  
We have not hunted all in vain.  
Our spoil this day is as a sword  
Whose shining blade shall conquer pain.  
And to our homes we turn again  
With larger faith and nobler word."

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

FOR YOUNG MEN.

THE following is taken from the last article ever written by the late Henry Ward Beecher, a short time previous to his death:—

"I rejoice to say that I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco. It is unhealthy, it is filthy from beginning to end. I believe that the day will come, when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind. I believe that the day will come, when not to drink, not to use tobacco, not to waste one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law, to be sound, robust, cheerful, and to be conscious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience to the commandments of God will be a matter of ambition and endeavour among men."—*The Guardian.*

**Did You Think to Pray?**

Ever you left your room this morning,  
Did you think to pray?  
In the name of Christ our Saviour,  
Did you sue for loving favour,  
As a shield to day?

When you met with great temptations,  
Did you think to pray?  
By his dying love and merit,  
Did you claim the Holy Spirit  
As your guide and stay?

Oh, how praying rests the weary!  
Prayer will change the night to day;  
So when life seems dark and dreary,  
Lift thy heart to him who'll hear thee,  
Don't forget to pray.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1888.

**TWELVE CENTS A WEEK.**

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 all at once 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.

**TEMPERANCE AND ANTI-TOBACCO PLEDGES.**

We hope that every teacher will endeavour to get every scholar in his or her class to sign the pledge in the class book against intoxicating liquor, tobacco, bad words and bad books. Over 80,000 of the scholars in our schools are so pledged. Now let every name be secured and we shall have an army of a quarter of a million of pledged abstainers. These will soon be men and women and will exert a mighty influence at the polls and in the homes in overturning the cruel drink traffic which is destroying every year over 6,000 lives in Canada, and over 60,000 in the United States.

**A RIGHT TO PRAISE GOD.**

"I TELL you there isn't a man that's got the right to praise God if I haven't. I was a slave to that curse, rum, for twenty five years. Glory be to God, he cleansed me thoroughly of rum and from other sins. Let him do what he has a mind to with me now; I am willing to die if he wishes. The other day when I was sick the doctor told me I must take a little milk punch every morning, and a little milk punch every evening. I told him that if one-tenth as much as he could put on the tip of a writing pen would cure me, I would not take it."

**HAVE A BIBLE OF YOUR OWN.**

EVERY Sunday-school scholar, however young or however old, should be the owner of a Bible. Get a Bible with references, with maps added, if you can. If you cannot, then get a cheaper one. It should be of medium pocket-size for young eyes, and larger for older ones. It will cost something to get a Bible, but even a fine one will not cost as much as some of the garments you wear. Make your Bible your daily companion. You cannot know how much it will help you to build up a solid character, and lead to a good and noble life.

Take your Bible with you to the Sunday-school. Your familiarity with it will enable you to find quickly any book, chapter, or verse that is called for. Take it with you to church, and find the chapter which the minister reads, and the text when he announces it. To be a ready Bible-scholar is a great honour.

**INTOXICATION.**

INTOXICATION simply means a poisoned condition. The old Greek warriors dipped their arrow heads into a deadly drug, which they called toxicum. It rarely failed to kill. With the displacement of arrows by gunpowder as a means of destroying life, toxicum lost

its popularity. It was observed, however, in the eleventh century that a new process brought to bear on wine gave it a potency to first exhilarate and then extinguish human life, not different in effect from that produced by the ancient poison. Casa, an Arabian chemist, discovered the method of distilling wine so that it should contain no water. This process was a mystery to the Arabians, who gave the Arabic name of alcohol to the chemical agent thus obtained. Alcohol is composed of about 53 per cent. of carbon, 34 per cent. of oxygen and 13 per cent. of hydrogen. When put into the stomach it absorbs the water from the tissues, which resist by virtue of their vitality, thus causing irritation, redness and inflammation. This accounts for the deceptive sensation of warmth that distilled liquors impart. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

**A LIVING SPONGE.**

Sponges are found in a great many parts of the sea, and are very varied in shape and colour. The sponge has a framework of horn or pure flint. The young sponge floats on the parent one to some suitable place, where it fixes itself permanently. Sponges, in process of ages, become flints. This fact has been ascertained by means of the microscope. When sponges are examined in their living and natural state, a constant and rapid stream of water is seen to issue from the larger openings, whilst the water as constantly enters the pores; the nutrition of the sponge seems to depend on this circulation of water through it.

The dried sponge is only the skeleton of the living animal. Some of the sponges, such as the Mermaid's Glove, the Green Sponge, and the Great Funnel Sponge, are very beautiful.

The coasts of Great Britain may be said to be rich in sponge growth; twenty-four kinds have been discovered. Fresh-water lakes and rivers also possess their sponges. Those found on our coasts, although unfit for the sponge-market, form most interesting objects for the cabinet or aquarium. A warmer sea and more genial climate than ours appear necessary to develop the sort of sponge sought by the merchant, who obtains the great bulk of his supply from the ports of the Mediterranean—the coasts of Syria, the Greek islands, and Barbary, being noted for their yield of sponges. The Turkish sponge trade is also of considerable importance, from 4,000 to 5,000 men, and between



A LIVING SPONGE.

600 and 700 boats, being annually employed in it.

The Greeks may, however, be considered the principal sponge fishers. Much experience, skill, and hardihood are needed to qualify a man for a first-class place among sponge divers; many of the most valuable specimens, which sell readily in Paris or Vienna for from £7 to £10 each, being obtained at depths varying from ten to thirty-five fathoms. To aid in the descent, the divers make use of a triangular stone, with a hole in one corner through which a rope is spliced. On reaching the deep-sea gardens, where the rock ledge and pinnacles are clothed with marine growths, the diver, retaining a hold on his rope, dexterously breaks away the holdfast of the sponges, places them with their foundations under his arm, until a sufficient load has been gleaned, when a pull of the rope signals to haul up, and he ascends to the surface with his ocean treasures. —*Cassell's Popular Educator.*

**TWO GOOD HANDS.**

WHEN I was a boy, I became especially interested in the subject of inheritances. I was particularly anxious to know what my father's inheritance was; so one day, after thinking about the matter a good while very seriously, I ventured to ask him. And this was his reply:

"My inheritance? I will tell you what it was: Two good hands, and an honest purpose to make the best use in my power of my hands, and of the time God gave me."

Though it is now many years since, I can remember distinctly the tones of my father's voice as he spoke, with both of his hands uplifted to give emphasis to his words.

Many a boy does not receive a large inheritance of money or lands; but every one has a pair of good hands, which are better than thousands of money. And the good purpose to make the best use of them is in every boy's power. Remember this wise injunction: "Whatever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."



OUR ALBUM.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## My Native Land.

My native land, how dear to me  
The sunshine of your glory,  
How dear to me your deeds of fame  
Embalmed in verse and story;  
From east to west, from north to south,  
In accent pure and tender,  
Let's sing in lays of joyous praise  
Your happy homes of splendour,  
Dear native land!

Across the centuries of the past,  
With hearts of fond devotion,  
We trace the white sails of your line  
Through crest'd wave of ocean;  
And every man of every race  
Whose heart has shaped your glory,  
Shall win from us a homage true  
In gift of song and story,  
My native land!

O let not petty strife e'er mar  
The bright dawn of your morning,  
Nor light word of demagogue  
Create untimely warning:  
Deep in our hearts let justice reign—  
A justice broad and holy—  
That knows no creed, nor race, nor tongue,  
But our Dominion solely,  
Dear native land!

Dear native land, we are but one  
From ocean unto ocean;  
"The sun that taints the maple leaf"  
Smiles with a like devotion  
On Stadacona's fortress height,  
On Grand Pre's storied valley,  
And that famed tide whose peaceful shore  
Was rock'd in battle sally,  
My native land!

Here we will plant each virtue rare  
And watch it bud and flourish—  
From sunny France and Scotia's hills  
Kind dews will feed and nourish;  
And Erin's heart of throbbing love,  
So warm, so true and tender,  
Will cheer our hearths and cheer our homes  
With wealth of lyric splendour,  
My native land!

Dear native land, on this New Year,  
We pray you ne'er may falter,  
That patriot sons may feed the flames  
That burn upon your altar!  
May heaven stoop down upon each home  
And bless in love our people,  
And bring through hearts—both rich and  
poor—  
Sweet peace from heav'nly steeple,  
My native land!

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

## OUR ALBUM.

"You have not seen papa's album yet, have you dear?" said Bessie Vaughan to her little friend, Maud Emerson, on the morning of New Year's Day. "And you are going home to-night, too. I'll run and ask mamma to let us have it at once." And away ran Bessie, followed by Maud, and in a few minutes more returned with the album in her hand.

"Now all these first ones," said Bessie, putting her arm round Maud's neck as she sat down by her side, "are our own family, you know. Here is papa, and here is mamma, and here is grandmamma, and here am I. And this is Aunt Jan, and this is Uncle Harry, and this is Uncle Stephen. And here are all our cousins—Cousin Kate, Cousin Frank, Cousin Arthur, and Cousin Jessie. And this is grandfather, dear grandfather! He comes last because papa could never get him to have his photograph taken while he was living; but papa had this one

taken from his large picture since his death. He died soon after last Christmas, and we are all in mourning for him now. He was here with us all Christmas-time, and that was the last time he was out anywhere! He was always with us at Christmas, as long as ever I can remember. But, last time, nobody thought he was able to come—he was paralyzed, all one side of him, and could not move without being helped. But papa was determined to have him; so he took a cab, and put a lot of pillows in it, and went and fetched him. And when poor grandfather had been sitting a little while in his large easy chair in the corner, where he always sat, he got so pleased and happy that he did not seem ill at all. Well, we had such a happy Christmas Day, and when bedtime came, and papa said to him, 'Well, how have you been, father? Comfortable?' grandfather said, 'Yes, thank you, my boy,'—he always called papa 'my boy,' wasn't it funny!—'Yes, thank you, my boy,' he said, 'I never spent a happier time than I have today.' 'Oh, come,' said papa, 'you forget that you were once well and hearty. You spent happier days then, did you not?' 'No, my boy,' said grandfather; 'I never spent such a happy time in my life. There are things,' he said—I remember his words so well, they were the last I heard him speak—'there are some things,' he said, 'that are better than health and strength. To have loving children about me, aye, and grandchildren too,' he said, 'this makes me happier than anything else I know in this world.' And he looked so kind and happy! Well, we never heard him speak again; in a few weeks he died! And this is his portrait. Dear, dear grandfather!"

And the child kissed the picture tenderly, and sat for a moment or two looking at it in silence. Then she said, "There, that's all of our own family. Now, all these others are people—boys and girls most of them—whom papa has known, and he has put their portraits in his album because there is some story about them."

"This first little girl, with a book in her hand, used to live near where papa lived in the country, before I was born. Papa told us all about her, and I know he won't mind me telling you, because he told me once I might tell anybody—it may teach people to like her," he said.

"Well, papa kept a shop then, and used to open it on Sundays like other shopkeepers. And one Sunday this little girl came home from Sunday-school and saw papa standing at his door. So she said, 'Mr. Vaughan, my teacher says it is wicked to open shops on Sundays.' And papa said, 'Ah, Millie, your teacher doesn't keep a shop; if she did, she would have to open it like other people, or lose all her customers.' 'I don't think she would, Mr. Vaughan,' said the little girl, 'because she says we ought to do right, and trust in God to help us.'

"Well, papa says these words would not go out of his mind, and he thought about them, and thought about them, till at last he shut up on Sundays, and, sure enough, nearly all his customers left him. So he gave up his shop and came to London; and God did help him, for he has prospered here better than ever he did in the country. So he got the little girl's parents to let him have a copy taken of the portrait they had got of her—and here it is."

"And who is this pretty little boy, with curly hair?" asked Maud.

"Oh, that is little Bertie King," said Bessie, in a saddened tone. "Wasn't he a pretty little fellow?"

"Is he dead, then?"

Oh, yes, poor little dear! He was run over."

"Run over—and killed!"

"Yes—and killed. He used to live just over the way, and often came in on my birthday and such times. But one day his brother Fred wanted to take him out for a walk. Their mother would not let him go for a good while, because she was afraid to trust him with Fred; but at last he persuaded her, and she made him promise that he wouldn't let go of little Bertie's hand; and they went."

"Well, there were some soldiers going along at the end of a street, and Fred wanted to see them. But he couldn't get Bertie along fast enough, so he told him to stand still and not move till he came back, and he ran off to see the soldiers. But poor little Bertie got into the road somehow, and a great waggon came up and knocked him down and ran right over him. Wasn't it dreadful!"

"Shocking! Wasn't his brother very sorry?"

"Sorry! He was in such a way about it that he nearly went out of his mind. He did not go quite out of his mind for a little while—for the thought of it brought on brain fever; and when his mind wandered he used to make everyone so unhappy by keeping on crying 'Stop the waggon! Stop the waggon! Oh, it's going over him!'"

"And now he's such a quiet boy! Oh, so quiet. And he used to be the noisiest and wildest boy we knew."

The children both sat quiet for a minute or two; then each drew a long sigh, and Bessie turned the leaves again.

"Oh, here's a sailor boy," said Maud. "Who is he?"

"That's Archie Nelson," said Bessie. "Mr. and Mrs. Nelson are friends of papa's. Archie is at sea now; he is a midshipman. He always worried his papa to let him go to sea, and at last Mr. Nelson consented. But it is a wonder he was not drowned at the very first of it."

"Oh, my! How was that?"

"Why, just before the time came for him to go to his ship he was taken ill and couldn't go. And when he found the ship wouldn't wait for him he was in such a way about it. And

what do you think! The ship had not got far out at sea when she was wrecked in a dreadful storm, and hardly anybody was saved. Only think! If Archie had been on board, as he wanted to be so much, he would most likely have been drowned."

"Papa says we ought never to murmur when we are disappointed in what we expected, because we hardly ever know what is good for us, and sometimes the very things we long for most are the worst things we could have."

"Why, there is mamma calling us to dinner, I declare! Well, I must show you the rest of the portraits in the afternoon."

And with their arms twined lovingly around each other, away went the children to dinner; and let us hope they both got good by their chat over the album on that New Year's Day.

A. G. S.

## BEING A BOY.

ONE of the best things in the world to be is a boy. It requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that it does not last long enough. It is soon over. Just as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do, and not as much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions that are put upon him as a boy.

There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again. I should almost be willing to be a girl, if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an errand. Perhaps he couldn't explain himself why, when he is sent to a neighbour's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit them. It is a curious fact about boys that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one. Boys have a great power of helping each other do nothing.

But, say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. He is always in demand. In the first place, he is to do all the errands, go to the store, the post-office, and to carry all sorts of messages. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people who have seen him "turning cart-wheels" along the side of the road have supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time. He is only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs and do his errands with greater dispatch. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business.—Charles Dudley Warner.

**Curfew Must Not Ring To-night.**

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,  
Filled the land with misty beauty, at the close of one sad day;  
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair—  
He with steps so slow and weary; she with sunny floating hair;  
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she with lips so cold and white,  
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,  
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold,  
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,  
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.  
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,  
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced her young heart like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart),  
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower—  
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;  
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right;  
Now I am old I will not miss it. Girl, the curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eye and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,  
And, within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow;  
She had listened while the Judges read, without a tear or sigh,  
At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood must die.  
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,  
One low murmur, scarcely spoken, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,  
Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;  
Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with cheek and brow aglow,  
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;  
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,  
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs the great dark bell;  
And the awful gloom beneath her like the pathway down to hell.  
See! the ponderous tongue is swinging; 'tis the hour of curfew now;  
And the night has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and pale her brow.  
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash with sudden light,  
As she springs and grasps it firmly: "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung—far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below—  
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;  
And the half-deaf sexton, ringing (years he had not heard the bell),  
And he thought the twilight curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;  
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,  
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating: "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more

Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years before,  
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done  
Should be told long ages after. As the rays of setting sun  
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires, with heads of white,  
Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell: Bessie saw him and her brow,  
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty now;  
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn,  
And her sweet young face, so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,  
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light:  
"Go, your lover lives," cried Cromwell;  
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

ROSA H. THORPE.

**"THE SORROW OF CHINA."**

THE RECENT FLOOD ONE OF THE MOST APPALLING IN HISTORY.

LATE details of the Chinese floods make the story one of the most terrible in history. What was a beautiful, populous district of ten thousand square miles is now a rolling sea. At least three million people are homeless and absolutely destitute of the barest necessities of life. It is thought that the loss of life will reach 750,000. Everything in the way of figures is as yet, however, pure speculation, with the chances of a total mortality far greater than the present estimate. Court and business circles in Peking, Canton, and other cities are doing all in human power to cope with the disaster.

The special correspondent of *The Standard* at Shanghai sends a graphic picture of the tremendous loss of life in China from the overflow of the Hoang-Ho river, and of the tremendous famine now threatened. About one-sixth of the entire area of the "Garden of China," as Ho-Nan is styled, is now converted into a vast lake with here and there a pagoda top or the gable of some higher wall rising over the ever increasing waters to mark the site of what were a short time ago prosperous cities of many thousand inhabitants. The rest of the country is overrun with wretched refugees, who were fortunate enough to escape with their lives, though with naught else. In hundreds of instances men who, three months ago were men of wealth, to-day sit gazing on the inland-sea stunned and hungry, stupid and dejected, without a rag to wear or a morsel of food to eat. The inundations commenced at a little distance from Karfung-Fu, one of the largest cities of the province, and in one instant some four miles of solid embankment of stone, brick, sand and clay were swept away with innumerable moles and fascines. In the district of Ching-Chow and Chen-Chow no less than three thousand large villages are stated to have been engulfed in a very few moments and scarcely any of their ill-fated people

had time to save themselves, as the breach occurred in the night-time. An extent of country much larger than the whole principality of Wales and much more thickly populated, is now a raging sea, and all the inhabitants are either drowned or have fled. The people so terribly visited cannot number far short of the whole population of Ireland, as the Province includes about twenty-five million inhabitants within an area of 65,000 square miles, and the waters of the river now cover between eight and ten thousand square miles. The accounts published in native and foreign papers and in the *Pekin Gazette* reveals most horrible sufferings undergone by the survivors, who are perishing of famine. In hundreds of instances when the waters rushed into the cities, sweeping walls, houses, and everything down before them, the people refused to stir, and met their deaths with that wonderful indifference which characterises the Chinese. According to the best authorities the loss of life will be numbered by hundreds of thousands, while there are millions of starving people who are now depending for subsistence upon the charity of others. The Emperor has already contributed 100,000 taels, besides ordering two million taels out of the Imperial treasury toward the relief of the sufferers.

**HEARD AND ANSWERED.**

ANNIE was a plain woman, almost ugly, not clever nor cultured, nor rich in worldly goods; but hosts of friends gathered about her as she passed into old age, and all hurt and ailing and sorrowful folk who knew her came to her for comfort and cheer.

She never failed them. She had always a courageous, tender word for each person. Poverty came to her at last, and a painful and incurable disease. She went through sickness and privation, to meet death, with the same high heart and happy temper that she had in her younger and comparatively more prosperous days. The laugh was always ready, and the jest never failed.

"How do you keep up your courage?" a friend asked her, on one occasion.  
"I am old enough to know in whom I have believed," she answered, gravely.  
"When I was young, and danger or trouble came, I prayed to him for help, and it came; but then, when another danger came, I would forget that he had answered me before, and doubt and fear even while I prayed; but now I am old, I have a record in my memory of these past struggles. I know that he has never yet failed me, and he never will."

All young people beginning the Christian life are apt, in the stress of a great sorrow or temptation, to doubt if their Master really hears and will answer them.

"Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And he refuse to hear thy call?"

asks Wesley. And David, again and again, after his many griefs and crimes, repeats, "When I cried unto thee, thou answeredst me."

But the boy or girl, in the sharp, sore pain of youth, scarcely listens to this far-off testimony. It is only when God has answered their own prayers that they, too, begin to know and trust him in whom they have believed.

It is the custom in certain churches in Europe to hang about the altar the torn and blood-stained flags won in battles, in which the worshippers, by God's help, as they believe, have been victorious.

So the Christian should keep in his heart, always present, some record of the struggles with pain or sin in which he has trusted in God for help and has been heard and answered

**His Mother's Songs.**

BENEATH the hot midsummer sun,  
The men had marched all day;  
And now beside a rippling stream,  
Upon the grass, they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,  
As swept the hours along,  
They called to one who mused apart,  
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear it 'not please," he said;  
"The only songs I know  
Are those my mother used to sing  
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried;  
"There's none but true men here;  
To every mother's son of us  
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice  
Amid unwonted calm—  
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own his cause"—  
The very stream was stilled,  
And hearts that never throbbled with fear  
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,  
As to his feet he rose,  
"Thanks to you all; my friends, good night!  
God grant us sweet repose!"

"Sing us one more," the Captain begged;  
The soldier bent his head;  
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,  
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing the old familiar air,  
Sweet as the bugle call,  
'All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall!"

Ah, wondrous was the old tune's spell,  
As on the singer sang;  
Man after man fell into line,  
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,  
Naught but the stream is heard;  
But ah, the depths of every soul  
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,  
In whispers soft and low,  
Rises the prayer the mother taught  
The boy long years ago.

—Selected.

We believe in cutting that liquor dog's tail off right behind the ears.—  
*Horace Greeley, in 1867.*



**What's it Good For?**

WHAT'S it good for, beer or whiskey?  
 'Good to make a fellow frisky,  
 Good for burns and chills and wheezes,  
 Good, they say, for all diseases—  
 Rather funny, if it's true!  
 Alcohol's a base deceiver;  
 It will "cool" you in a fever,  
 Warm you when you're blue and chilly—  
 Ever hear of thing so silly?  
 Why, it's a nonense through and through.

What's it good for? If a blessing,  
 What it does will need no guessing.  
 Old Aunt Chloe, at her baking,  
 Says, her yellow turban shaking,  
 'Good for misery I'm shore  
 Yes, it's very good to make it—  
 It will fill you (if you take it)  
 Full of poverty and sorrow,  
 Leave you far worse off to-morrow  
 Than you ever were before.

It has draped the world with curses  
 Worthier than rags and empty purses;  
 Given thirst, but not for learning,  
 Kindled everlasting burning  
 'Good for misery,' we own  
 But there's one thing more it's good for,  
 Though to many it has stood for  
 Pills and portage, you will find it,  
 Spite of "prejudice" behind it,  
 'Ev'ry good to let alone

JESSIE M'GREGOR.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.**

A.D. 30.] **LESSON IX.** [Feb. 26.

**THE RICH YOUNG RULER.**

Matt. 19. 16-26 Commit to mem. vs 23-26

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

You cannot serve God and mammon. Matt. 6. 24.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The service of God.
2. The service of mammon.

**TIME 30 A.M.** Early in the year.  
**PLACE.**—Perea, beyond Jordan.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*Whu good thing*—That is, what work of righteousness. *Enter into life*—That is, have the eternal life about which he asked. *If thou wilt be perfect*—That is, if besides keeping the letter of the law you are earnest to keep its spirit. *Camel*—The familiar Oriental beast of burden. *Eye of a needle*—Mrs. Von Einken's interpretation and illustrates as an actual thing that there is a gate called "the needle's eye," through which a camel, stripped of all burden, can pass. Most commentators think it means "a matter of very great difficulty." *It is impossible*—That is, according to the way men judge and understand it is impossible.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—  
 1. That Jesus can give us eternal life?  
 2. That obedience to God's law is necessary to secure eternal life?  
 3. That riches are often a hindrance to eternal life?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. Who came asking for eternal life? A rich young ruler. 2. What did Jesus tell him he must do? "Keep the commandments." 3. How did the young man show that he considered himself fit for eternal life? He said, "All these have I kept." 4. What did Jesus say that showed him he had not kept the one that had been the last mentioned? "Go . . . sell . . . give . . . come . . . follow me." 5. What great truth from the Sermon on the Mount was thus exemplified? "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—Self-righteousness.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

11. What is his warning to them? That his word shall condemn them at the last day.  
 John xii. 48. He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not my sayings, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I spoke, the same shall judge him in the last day.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON X.** [March 4.

**CHRIST'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.**

Matt. 20. 17-23. Commit to mem. vs. 17-19.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Matt. 20. 28.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Self-denying Saviour.
2. The Self seeking Disciples.

**TIME.**—30 A.D.

**PLACE.**—On the journey from Perea to Jerusalem.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*Going up to Jerusalem*—Jerusalem was very high above the valley of the Jordan. The traveller literally went up. *Took the twelve apart*—Into seclusion from the company. He gives them thus an opportunity to withdraw from his service if they would. *Son of man*—Jesus himself. *Deliver to the Gentiles*—That is, the Romans. *Convey and crucify*—Two parts of the Roman punishment for malefactors. *Mother of Zebedee's children*—Mother of James and John. *Right hand and left hand*—These were the posts of honour under a king. *Baptized with the baptism*—That is, undergo the ordeal through which I am to pass; this cannot be read, "immersed with the immersion" as that I am immersed with."

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—  
 That goodness does not exempt people from suffering?

1. That real greatness consists in helpful service?
2. That self-denial is the true road to honour?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What did Jesus tell the twelve should befall him in Jerusalem? That he should be betrayed. 2. By whom would he be condemned? By the chief priests and scribes. 3. How would he meet death? He would be scourged and crucified. 4. What caused indignation among the disciples? The request of James and John. 5. What did they ask? To be first and second in his kingdom. 6. What did he say was the purpose of his own life? "The Son of man came not," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—Redemption.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

12. What blessing does he pronounce on believers? To Peter he gave it thus:—  
 Matthew xvi. 17. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.  
 John xx. 29.

**AN INCIDENT.**

As Will and I were returning from prayer-meeting last evening, we passed three fine-looking young men standing in front of a saloon; two of them were urging their companion to enter the saloon, and take a drink with them. "Come in, Jack; it shan't cost you anything," said one.

"No, thank you," said Jack. "I will wait out here for you."

"Come, now, do be sociable, and have a drink with us," said the other, taking hold of his arm, and trying to pull him along.

"No, I will wait here," was the answer again.

I was anxious to know if Jack remained firm, so when we passed farther on, and could watch him without being observed, we looked back; and there stood Jack, alone, waiting for his companions.

I said to Will: "Isn't that grand and noble! I feel like going up to that young man, and saying 'God bless you.' I believe he remembers that good old text. My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not."  
 Said Will: "I think it would have

been more grand and noble, if he had remembered, before he left home, that other good old text: 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners.'"  
 I think Will was right. What do you think, young reader!—E. Q. W.

**A GOOD RAIN.**

"WHAT a bother it's so wet!" said Ruth. "I meant to go to see Aunt Mary this afternoon, and now I could not think of going, for even if it stopped raining, there is such a wind that mamma would not let me."

"Never mind, dear," said her little sister Dollie, "I will play with you, and we will have some fun."

"I'd rather go to auntie's," Ruth replied, and she would not be comforted, but grumbled all the afternoon.

On that same day there was a ship at sea, and the people on board had used all their water up, and there had never been any wind or rain for three weeks, so their ship did not sail very fast, and the captain and the sailors were growing very anxious, for if they did not reach the land before night they would die of thirst. At last the captain, who was a good man, said, "Let us pray." So they bowed their uncovered heads, while the captain prayed for water or wind and rain to blow them to land, and not more than an hour after a cloud was seen, and the wind and rain came down with great force; so the ship soon reached the land, where the poor thirsty sailors could drink as much as they liked.

God sends things for our good, and we ought to bear all patiently, and not grumble as Ruth did, but think that by events happening as we like them good lives might be lost.—Selected.

**THE GROG-SHOPS MUST BE SHUT.**

The power that will do the thing, whatever it be, is the power that must do it. So long as eighty-five per cent. of our prisoners owe their incarceration to drunkenness, so long as there is in our city one licensed place for the sale of liquor to every 170 inhabitants; so long as sixty thousand a year die drunk, or from the effects of drink, there is no other side to the matter. The grog-shops must be shut. At any rate—whether of public inference or private self-denial, whether the law goes on the statute-books or the wine comes off the dinner-table—some means the grog-shops must be shut. He is either criminally ignorant of the facts, or criminally indifferent to them, who can deny this.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

A MAN should never glory in that which is common to a beast, nor a fool man in that which is common to a fool, nor a good man in that which is common to a wicked man.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing over it he is superior.

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