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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1885

No. 13.



THE ITALIAN FLOWER-GIRL.—(See next page.)

## PATOUCHE

"PROFIT FROM THE HEART."

God guard my darling boy to-night,  
And keep him safe from harm,  
Watch over him in this dread night,  
Give to his life a charm.  
Let every bullet speed him past,  
And turn each blow away  
From him, my well-loved only son,  
Who meets the foe to-day.

A brave and noble lad is he,  
This one dear son of mine;  
With loyal heart so kind and true  
And full of love divine.  
I know he's ready should'st Thou call,  
But spare him, God, I pray;  
Let him return to me again,  
My boy now far away!

"O, mother dear," a sad voice speaks  
And by her side there stands  
A girlish form, with tear-dimmed eyes,  
And close locked, restless hands.  
"Well, daughter mine, why come you now,  
With face so wist and sad?  
Your loving smiles should cheer and make  
My lone heart warm and glad.

"What say you, child? More news has come,  
A grand victorious fight;  
The Royal Grenadiers this time  
The rebels put to flight.  
Thank God for that my prayer was heard,  
And I shall sleep to-night,  
With grateful heart and peaceful rest,  
Till comes the morning light.

"But why these tears? Why this distress?  
'I have not heard aright!  
What is it then? Come, dear, be brave;  
Your brother leads the fight.  
'Shot through the heart!' Oh, God! My  
Lad,  
For whom I prayed to Thee;  
My only son, my bonnie boy,  
Will come no more to me!

"'Shot through the heart,' o'en while I  
prayed  
His form lay still in death,  
Not one word message could he send,  
None caught his dying breath.  
The cannon's roar, the clash of arms,  
The crash of ball and shell,  
A strangely wild, mad requiem made  
Where he for country fell!

"Dead, cold and dead, the lonely grave  
Now hides him from my sight;  
Oh! pitying God, my heart will break!  
Why send on me this blight?  
Why is my lone home made desolate?  
My life of joy bereft!  
He was my dearest only son;  
I have no other left!

"Forgive me Lord! Thy will be done!  
Peace send this aching heart,  
That doth rebel o'er this one gone,  
Who was my life's best part.  
At rest, with Thee! Oh, blessed light,  
That finds my soul at last!  
It brings me patience, comfort now,  
The darkest hour has passed."

20 Alexander Street, Toronto.

## ITALIAN FLOWER-GIRL.

THIS beautiful picture shows the curious Italian peasant's costume. You see the head-dress is a white linen or cotton napkin folded so as to cover the top of the head. How they keep it on I often wondered. The embroidered apron is a never-failing article of attire, and very gracefully it is worn. These dusky, dark-eyed daughters of the south will stand patiently for hours in the sun at the porticos of the churches or other places of resort to sell their little bouquets. And very cheap their bouquets are too. For a penny one will get what would cost ten cents or more here.

A GENTLEMAN asked a little girl what it was that made a person feel so when another tickled him. "I suppose it's the laugh creeping over him," was the reply.

## HIS REWARD.

BY WILLIS ROYD ALLEN.

"I wonder—" said Bud, timidly.

But Bud was so often known to wonder, and his voice was so low, that the teacher did not hear him, or paid no attention to him if she did; and Bud finished his wonder to himself. The lesson was on the last verse of the tenth chapter of Matthew.

"I wonder," continued Bud placidly, to himself, "why folks don't. Seems to me I never saw anybody giving children cold water, 'cept at home."

Bud wondered so hard, all through the hour of Sunday-school, that he made rather poor work of his lesson. When asked for the golden text he said, "A body of land entirely surrounded by water," and forgot every word of his catechism.

No sooner was dinner over than he promptly set about a plan he had made during that hour at Sunday-school. Taking his little tin-cup, he filled it with ice-water, and slipping out of doors unnoticed started down the street. It was a warm Sunday in early spring, and many people were out. Before long Bud spied a group of ragged children on their way home from a German Sunday-school. Marching up to them, he presented his cup of cold water, saying, as if he were repeating a verse at school. "In—ve—name—of—a—disciple." Bud had not noticed how the last word was pronounced, when it was read by the teacher, so he put the accent on the first syllable. Nor did he have any idea at all what a "disciple" was, having been occupied in wondering when it was explained. He only knew that Jesus, after he had finished talking about sparrows, said people ought to give cups of cold water in that way. Bud knew how good it tasted when he was thirsty, and that was enough.

The German children stared. They did not understand the words, though they did the gesture, and in a twinkling had drained the tin-cup.

Bud looked in to see how much was left, and was rather disturbed to find only two drops. He didn't like to go back for more; and presently spying one of the city drinking-fountains nearby, he filled his cup at the spout.

He was carrying it along carefully, taking pains not to spill any of the water, when he felt something cold and moist pressed against his hand.

"Why, Carlo!" exclaimed Bud, patting the Newfoundland's huge black head, "you mustn't come, for you'll frighten 'em."

Then it occurred to him that perhaps Carlo was himself one of the "little ones," and he held the cup for him to drink. Carlo was thirsty; but his nose was so big that he didn't manage to get much out of the cup. He splattered the water a good deal with his tongue, and then the drops tickled him so that he sneezed hard. Still, the little he did drink was refreshing, and he gave a grateful wag of his shaggy tail as he lifted his soft brown eyes to receive his little master's further commands.

"Go home!" said Bud, pointing down the street.

Carlo looked disappointed, but knowing that to obey was the right thing for a dog to do under the circumstances, dropped his head, and, having

licked Bud's hand once or twice, trotted meekly away.

Bud filled his cup again, and continued his missionary travels. People smiled to see the little fellow with his offering of cold water, and a few rough lads laughed at him. Still Bud kept on, obeying his Master, as Carlo had done, the very best he knew. Once he saw a very nice little girl in silk and velvet tripping daintily along the sidewalk. Being no respecter of persons, Bud confidently presented his cup. But to his surprise the little creature pushed it away, crying out that he would spot her dress with his nasty dipper!

He was a good deal hurt at this, and was puzzling over it, when he espied a tall man walking, or rather staggering along the street, attended by a crowd of rude boys who were shouting and jeering at the drunkard's futile attempts to reach them. Bud, who had seen very little of the world and its misery, thought he must be sick. "His face looks awful red, too," he said to himself, "and I guess he's fustiy."

In another moment he was in the crowd, holding up his cup. The man, not knowing what he did, and seeing one of his tormentors, apparently, within his grasp, raised his fist. Before the blow could fall, however, there was a shout in the crowd. The boys scattered to right and left, as a huge black form bounded through their midst and hurled itself full at the man's throat.

You see, when Carlo had been dismissed he obeyed promptly, as I said. But it seemed to him that there was something wrong about Bud's straying off alone in that fashion. So it happened that, having curled himself round three or four times on the front door-step, dog-fashion, preparing to lie down, he suddenly concluded not to; and pricking up his ears slightly, as if he already scented danger, he sauntered along the sidewalk in the direction Bud had taken.

There was still another guardian ready to protect the little missionary. It is astonishing, sometimes, to find how many safeguards our heavenly Father throws about his wandering children. Bud's earthly father was a policeman, a kind, gentle man, with but one serious failing—a love for strong drink. Once or twice it had nearly cost him his place on the police force; but he had reformed, and was striving earnestly to overcome his enemy. To-day the thirst came at him like a wild thing. If he could only taste a drop—a half of one little glass! Unconsciously, as he paced his beat in the warm spring sunshine, he turned his face toward a gayly decked restaurant on whose counter he knew that one little glass was gleaming. Slowly, surely, he was drifting toward the place, when a cry caught his ear. There was a commotion at the nearest street corner. He ran forward.

Thus it came about that the fierce drunkard, the policeman, Carlo, and Bud all came together at almost precisely the same instant. Ascertaining by a glance and a trembling question that his boy was safe, the policeman called off Carlo—who had rather frightened the poor drunken creature than hurt him—and put the man into the hands of friends, who took him quickly away. And he then carried Bud home in his arms, Carlo wagging along at his side.

On the way he noticed the little tin-cup, which Bud still held tightly in his wee fingers.

"What were you doing, Bud?" and the whole story came out.

"I'll give you some cold water when we get home," concluded Bud gravely. And he did.

## CHRISTIANIZING THE SAXONS

LONG before he became pope, Gregory the Great, in passing through the market-place of Rome, was attracted by the fair faces and golden hair of a band of young men who, with chains on their arms and legs, were waiting to be sold as slaves.

"From what country do they come?" he asked of the traders who held them.

"They are Angles [English]!" the slave-dealers answered.

"Not Angles, but angels," rejoined Gregory. "From what country do they come?"

"They come from Diero."

*De ira!* exclaimed the priest. "Ay, plucked from God's ire, and called by Christ's mercy? And what is the name of their king?"

"Ælla," said the merchants.

"Alleluia shall be sung there," he cried, and passed on, musing how the angel faces should be brought to sing it.

Years rolled by, and the priest became pope of Rome, when the Christian Princess Bertha's marriage to the king of England gave him this opening he sought.

A band of monks, headed by the Roman abbot Augustine, was sent to preach the gospel to the English people. The king received the missionaries sitting in the open air, and in reply to the long sermon preached to him said, "Your words are fair, but they are now and of doubtful meaning." He therefore declined to change his faith, but promised shelter and protection to the strangers.

They entered Canterbury, which was near the spot where the meeting was held with the king, singing, "Turn from this city, O Lord, thine holy anger and wrath, and turn it from thy holy house; for we are sinners." They then broke out in glad shouts, "Alleluia!" And so the prophecy of Gregory was fulfilled.

## GIFT OF AN AFRICAN GIRL.

A TEACHER of a girls' school, away off in Africa, wanted her scholars to learn to give. She paid them, therefore, for doing some work for her, so that each girl might have something of her own to give away for Jesus' sake. Among them was a new scholar, such a wild and ignorant little heathen that the teacher did not try to explain to her what the other girls were doing.

The day came when the gifts were handed in. Each pupil brought her piece of money and laid it down, and the teachers thought all the offerings were given. But there stood the new scholar, hugging tightly in her arms a package—the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table and put it among the other gifts, but before she turned away she kissed it!

That story reminded me of another, which you all know, about One who watched, and who still watches, people casting gifts into his treasury. And I wondered if he might not say of the African, "She hath cast in more than all."

WHY I VOTED FOR THE SCOTT ACT.

AS TOLD BY BENJAMIN HARTONK, YKONAN.

WELL, John, the whiskey's voted out  
By nigh a thousand strong;  
And likely lot's 'll think the world  
Will go to smash ere long!  
And likely you will think it strange  
That I should turn my coat,  
And after fightin' for the grog,  
Drop in a Scott Act vote.  
And if you do I won't complain,  
For it seems mighty queer,  
That after forty tippling years  
I should refuse my beer.

I never liked those temperance folks,  
With their pledges and their rules,  
And often I have called them all  
A set of jumped up fools!  
I went for doin' as you please—  
The grog did me no harm,  
And many a cold and stormy day  
I'm sure it kept me warm.  
And Jim, that oldest chap of mine,  
Could take his glass of beer—  
Though when I saw him at the bar,  
I sometimes did feel queer!  
But, surely he can drink, says I,  
Without agoin' too far;  
And so with some excuse like that  
I managed not to care.

So when last June they came to get  
Their old "partition" signed,  
I packed up a bit, you bet,  
And let them have my mind!  
I didn't go behind their backs  
To tell them what I thought,  
And mud, I cox you, they wear'n't long  
Agettin' off the lot.

So all the fall I toughed it out;  
I didn't want to hear  
No argument about the curs  
That comes from rum and beer.  
Says I, if others wish to drink,  
And make themselves like swine,  
They've only got themselves to blame—  
It's no concern of mine.

And I was mighty thick all fall  
With all the rummies round,  
Though sometimes I began to stare  
To see where I was found;  
For from the first the people seem'd  
To make a clean divide,  
And I could see with half an eye  
Mine was the sealy side.  
I didn't like it much, but still  
Says I, we must endure;  
And though my backers ain't the best,  
I'm right, that's certain sure.

Well, just the day before the vote,  
Jim took a load of hay  
To town;—'twas selling well they said,  
(It's down, I heard, to-day.)  
Thinking, near night, he should be home,  
I walked down to the gate,  
A wonderin' to myself the while  
What could have kept him late.  
I hadn't been ten minutes there,  
When the team came tearin' home,  
And Jim a-whoopin' like a fiend,  
And the horses in a foam;—  
I didn't quite know what was up,  
And hadn't long to think,  
For they had got right up to me  
Bout as quick as you could wink!  
The lines were trailin' somewhere,  
But the horses knew the gate.  
They tried their best for to turn in,  
But they didn't do it straight;  
They smashed against the gate-post  
Like a ship against a rock,  
I was sure they all were ruined,  
I to 'em 'twas a shock!  
Jim was pitch'd into a drift,  
(Lucky, it saved his neck.)  
And the horses wear'n't much the worse,  
But the sleigh was all a wreck.

Well, I got him pull'd out, somehow,  
And the horses straightened up;  
And Jim began to tell me how  
He'd only had a sup—  
I shouldn't talk much then, you bet,  
I got Jim home to bed.  
I'll tell you, John, I felt that mean  
I couldn't lift my head.  
I couldn't blame the boy so much  
For gettin' on a head,  
Up on the road that I had tramped,  
Well knowin' where it led.

I had some solid thinkin', John,  
That night as you may think,  
The old house clock struck twelve before  
I slept a single wink.  
I wondered how I could have been  
So blind and selfish too,

For when the whiskey touched my home,  
I soon knew what to do,  
I didn't stand on taxes then,  
Or barley, or hotels;  
I got a glimpse of what makes some  
Call drinkin' houses hells.  
It kind of chill'd me when I thought  
Of how I would have felt  
If Jim had been killed outright then,—  
It made my old heart melt.

I tried to picture to myself  
How drunken rascals' wives,  
Or boys with drinking parents,  
Put in their battered lives.  
I saw some side to temperance,  
Or intemperance you will say,  
That put me in a mood that night,  
The opposite of gay.  
Next morning I was up betimes—  
And first to poll my vote:  
And now I think you ought to know  
What made me turn my coat!  
—Abel King, in *Montreal Witness*.

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE

ONE night a well-known citizen of a  
Western city, who had been walking  
for some time in the downward path,  
came out of his house and started  
down town for a night of carousal with  
some old companions he had promised  
to meet. His young wife had besought  
him with imploring eyes to spend the  
evening with her, and had reminded  
him of the time when evenings passed  
in her company were all too short.  
His little daughter had clung about  
his knees, and coaxed in her pretty,  
wilful way, for "papa" to tell her  
some bed-time stories; but habit was  
stronger than love for child and wife,  
and he eluded her tender questioning  
by the decessits and excuses which are  
the convenient refuge of the intemperate,  
and so went on his way.

When he was some blocks distant  
from his home, he found that, in  
changing his coat, he had forgotten to  
remove his wallet; and he could not  
go out on a drinking bout without  
money, even though he knew his  
family needed it, and his wife was  
economizing, every day more and  
more, in order to make up his deficits.  
So he hurried back, and crept softly  
past the window of his little home, in  
order that he might steal in and obtain  
it without running the gauntlet of  
either questions or carousals.

But, as he looked through the win-  
dow, something stayed his feet. There  
was a fire in the grate within,—or  
the night was chill,—and it lit up the  
little parlour and brought out in start-  
ling effect the pictures on the wall.  
But these were nothing to the pictures  
on the hearth. There, in the soft glow  
of the fire-light, knelt his child at her  
mother's feet, its small hands clasped  
in prayer, its fair head bowed; and as  
its rosy lips whispered each word with  
childish distinctness, the father list-  
ened, spell-bound, to the words which  
he himself had so often uttered at his  
own mother's knee,—

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His thoughts ran back to his boy-  
hood hours; and, as he compressed his  
bearded lips, he could see in memory  
the face of that mother, long since  
gone to her rest, who taught his own  
infant lips prayers which he had long  
forgotten to utter.

The child went on, and completed  
her little verse, and then, as prompted  
by the mother continued,—

"God bless mamma, papa, and my  
own self," then there was a pause, and  
she lifted her troubled blue eyes to  
her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the  
mother, softly.

"God—bless papa," lisped the little  
one.

"And—please send him home  
sober." He could not hear the mother  
as she said this, but the child followed,  
in a clear, inspired tone:—

"God—bless papa—and please—  
send him—home—sober. Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their  
feet in alarm when the door opened  
so suddenly; but they were not afraid  
when they saw who it was, returned  
so soon. But that night, when little  
Mary was being tucked up in bed,  
after such a romp with papa, she said,  
in the sleepest and most contented of  
voices,—

"Mamma, God answers most as  
quick as the telephone, doesn't he!"—  
*Selected.*

A QUAIN T BOY.

ONCE upon a time two lads in the  
north of England heard a bellman  
announce a teetotal meeting. This  
was a new thing. "Let us go and  
hear all about it," said the lads; so  
they went off to the meeting.

The speaker was a plain, homely,  
but persuasive man. The lads were  
convinced under his words, and signed  
the pledge. One of them went home,  
and told his mother what he had done;  
she called him "stupid." When he  
went to his work, he told the men  
what he had done; and they said, in  
return, that he would soon be dead.  
Men could not live without beer, that  
was certain; and the sooner he took  
his beer the better.

But he kept his pledge, and thought.  
Remembering that the paupers in the  
work-house had no beer, he started off,  
saw the master, and solemnly asked him  
whether the paupers died when they  
got no beer. The master laughed, and  
told him that people came there  
through drinking beer, and did not die,  
so far as he knew, when they could  
not get it.

"Ah," said the men, "it's no use  
talking; you'll die if you don't take  
beer."

The inquiring youth was not going  
to be beaten. Off he started to the  
jail one day, and craved permission to  
see the governor. When he did so, he  
quietly asked him how many prisoners  
died through not having beer. The  
governor was much interested in the  
lad, inquired his reason for asking  
such a curious question, and ended by  
taking the boy over the prison, relating,  
to him the dreadful histories of some  
of the prisoners, and advised him to  
keep his pledge. He also gave the lad  
a good dinner, and sent him away with  
a glad heart. That was forty years  
ago, and the lad is to this day a staunch  
teetotaler.—*Selected.*

WILLING TO SHOVEL.

To be willing to begin at the bottom  
is the open secret of being able to come  
out at the top. A few years ago a  
man came to this country to take a  
position in a new enterprise in the  
south-west. He was well bred and  
well educated, and he had the tastes of  
his birth and education. He reached  
the scene of his proposed labours, and  
found, to his dismay, that the enter-  
prise was already bankrupt, and that  
he was penniless, homeless, and friend-  
less in a strange land. He worked  
his way back to New York, and in  
midwinter found himself, without  
money or friends, in the great, busy

metropolis. He did not stop to meas-  
ure the obstacles in his path; he  
simply set out to find work. He  
would have preferred the pen, but he  
was willing to take the shovel; and  
the shovel it was to be.

Passing down Fourth Avenue on a  
snowy morning, he found a crowd of  
men at work shoveling snow from the  
sidewalks about a well-known locality.  
He applied for a position in their  
ranks, got it, and went to work with a  
hearty good-will, as if shovelling were  
his vocation. Not long after, one of  
the owners of the property, a many-  
millionaire, passed along the street,  
saw the young man's face, was struck  
by its intelligence, and wondered what  
had brought him to such a pass. A  
day or two later his business took him  
to the same locality again, and brought  
him face to face with the same man,  
still shovelling snow. He stopped,  
spoke to him, received a prompt and  
courteous answer, talked a few min-  
utes for the sake of getting a few facts  
about his history, and then asked the  
young man to call at his office.

That night the shovel era ended,  
and the next day, at the appointed  
time, the young man was closeted with  
the millionaire.

In one of the latter's many enter-  
prises there was a vacant place, and  
the young man who was willing to  
shovel got it. It was a small place, at  
a small salary, but he more than filled  
it. He filled it so well, indeed, that  
in a few months he was promoted, and  
at the end of three years he was at  
the head of the enterprise, at a large  
salary. He is there to-day, with the  
certainty that if he lives he will event-  
ually fill a position second in import-  
ance to none in the field in which he  
is working. The story is all told in  
three words—willing to shovel.—  
*Christian Union.*

MAMMA'S LOOK.

MAMMA just looked at Flora; that  
was all. She never spoke a word, but  
Flora knew what she meant. The  
child had been disobedient. She had  
gone outdoors without her hood and  
overshoes. Flora had been sick, and  
mamma had forbidden her to run out  
in the cold, damp yard unless she was  
warmly dressed. But Flora was for-  
getful—very. She forgot her mamma's  
strict "must not."

Now, breakfast was ready, and  
mamma called "Flora! Flora!" and  
in popped the child at the back door.  
Then her mother looked at her; she  
just looked, and then Flora cried.

Do you remember about Peter in  
the Bible? He had denied with  
strong, wicked words that he ever knew  
Jesus. Jesus just looked at him when  
he came in sight, and Peter went out  
and wept bitterly. When I was a  
child, and my mother wished to direct  
or reprove me, she often had only to  
look. It makes me think of a verse  
in the Bible, "I will guide thee with  
my eye." If we keep close to God  
and look up to him every day, he will  
guide us as easily as a mother can with  
her eye. How beautiful to be guided  
so, dear children, without a word—  
just by his eye! Let us keep looking  
into our Heavenly Father's face, so as  
to catch in a moment just what he  
wants us to do. When we have done  
right, he will smile, and when we have  
done wrong, how sad and grieved he  
will look, just as Flora's mother did.



## SONGS FROM THE FRONT.

## THE VOLUNTEER'S GRAVE.

Before they left the troops planted wild  
flowers on their comrades graves.—*Press  
Despatch.*

SEE the dusky pines are waving  
Here above the brave,  
Stately is the soldier's slumber  
In a soldier's grave,  
Ready in his country's danger  
All he had he gave.

Sleep, war now will never wake thee  
By Saskatchewan,  
On thy rest breaks no reveille  
At the chilly dawn.  
Farewell, comrade, here we leave thee,  
"Forward"—they are gone.

Soldier boy, we'll ne'er forget thee,  
Deathless are the brave,  
Violets' breath be sweet above thee  
In thy prairie grave,  
O'er thy head in dreamy silence  
May the long grass wave.

—Nathaniel Nir.



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—FROM ELBOW RIVER.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1885.

## METHODIST MAGAZINE.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* never met with higher favour both at home and abroad than at present. Of the May number, the *New York Christian Advocate*, the leading Methodist paper in the world, says:—"Our Canadian brethren seem to understand the art of publishing a cheap and popular religious monthly, *The Canadian Methodist Magazine*. The editor, Dr. Withrow, has a good paper on "Venice from a Gondola," well illustrated, and there is the usual variety of scientific and religious matter. A paper of particular interest is that on the "Cruise of H. M. S. *Challenger*," by W. J. J. Spry."

Of the same number the *Canada Presbyterian* says:—"This is an ably conducted and most interesting magazine. There is much variety in its contents. Care seems to be exercised not only in what is admitted to its pages but in what is excluded. There is nothing to be found in it either wearisome or prolix. The magazine is handsomely and profusely illustrated. Mr. Young's article on the "Indian Problem," has attracted much attention and was read in the Dominion Senate, as embodying important views on an important subject.

The June number has a splendidly

illustrated paper on "Walks About London," a fine portrait of the Prince of Wales, and portrait and life sketch of the Princess Louise.

The July number begins a new volume. Now is a good time to subscribe—from now to the end of the year only \$1. The volume will begin with a splendidly illustrated paper on "Walks About Rome," to be followed by "Saunterings in England," "Here and There in Europe," "Studies in the South," "Mexico and the Mexicans," "Jamaica and its People," "In the German Fatherland" and other splendidly illustrated papers. This Magazine should be taken by every school and by every Methodist family.

## OUR GALLANT SOLDIERS.

THE North-West rebellion is the most serious and lamentable calamity that has ever befallen this country, the evil effects of which will be long and severely felt; but leaving aside the great loss of life, the devastated northern districts and the ruined settlers, the agony and the shame of the poor women and babes in the hands of the unbridled savages, there is something to be truly proud of and to exult in, in the conduct of our citizen soldiers. The men themselves, tried for the first time in an actual campaign, bear cold and serious discomfort, the long march, coarse and monotonous food cheerfully and without grumbling. They advanced under particularly trying circumstances in their first fight all too bravely, and finished up the last one with as gallant and as irresistible a bayonet charge as ever followed after a British cheer. The men who with their individual manhood could overcome all disadvantages of training and equipment the brave resistance of a skulking foe and the terrors of the rifle pit are worthy of all praise and of great pride. As long as young Canadians grow up on that model the future of this country is safe, no matter what her present difficulties. The half-breeds who, under the gallant old buffalo-hunting captain, Gabriel Dumont, have fought so well, are Canadians too, and of the right mettle, if not of the right mind. At the beck of a quack they foolishly rebelled, giving up in so doing comfortable homes and a good claim to fair farms and faced enormous odds and certain defeat as bravely as men can. Now that their revolt is broken Canadians should count their dead mournfully, as so

many brave, and therefore useful lives, snuffed out, and, being nobly conquerors, should act so.—*Witness.*

## AMONG THE ROCKIES.\*

BY PROF. A. H. COLEMAN, PH. D.

THE Rocky Mountains rise with more abruptness than most great ranges, but yet do not spring directly from the plains. A series of foot-hills sweeping up with ever increasing rolls and swells, and showing now and then the great folds and upturned edges of rock on which they are modelled, serves as an introduction to the world of mountains beyond.

In approaching the Rockies by the Canadian Pacific, Calgary, full of metropolitan dreams and ambitious aspirations, is first met, lying peacefully in its bluff-walled valley, and waiting to supply the wants of ranchers and miners and hunters. Then among the foot-hills we see Morley, well known to the readers of this paper as the home of the McDougalls. But we must hasten to follow the Bow towards its head waters and enter the awful realm of the mountains through the majestic portal of Bow Pass. Presently the smooth valley is left, and we follow a rough trail over logs and rocks and muskegs among the Douglas firs covering the flanks of Castle Mountain, which springs boldly into the sky with many a projecting buttress and steep wall of rock. Mose's partner, an intelligent Welshman, joins us at a point where the trail crosses the treacherous, trembling green of a moss-covered muskeg. We soon enter a beautiful horseshoe-shaped valley, and traversing half the length of its heathery floor, reach the camp. This has been chosen under a sheltering clump of evergreens not far from the stream which chatters idly on its way from the snowfields above.

This valley has indeed many charms; clusters and groves of gloomily picturesque firs, showing the hard, grim, contorted lines of beings, whose life has been one long struggle, contrast with widespread beds of purple and white blooming heather interspersed with soft grasses and rich-hued moss, all fresh and smiling, watered by a hundred rivulets mostly hidden under the herbage, but now and then betraying themselves by faint, silvery laughter where an obtruding stone gives a chance for a leap and a tumble.

\* From a graphic article in the June No. of the *Methodist Magazine*.

The best view of all these beauties is obtained from the mountain ridge to the north, whence one sees the groves and meadows, the winding streams and blue gums of lakes spread out as in a map; and the huge shadows of Castle Mountain and its fore-springing tower may be watched as with the shifting sun they slowly creep along the valley covering from hour to hour fresh tracts with deep and solemn colour.

And now, farewell mountains! we must go back to the east, but often in our memories will your noble, massive forms take shape, and we shall see you stand wide rooted among earth's upturned strata, with your swelling flanks forest clothed and nurrowed by the parent streams of mighty rivers, your broad shoulders ermine clad with snows, or embraced by the cold arms of clinging glaciers, and your scarred brows rising bare into the serene heavens or wrapped with clouds and mysterious darkness!

## A PROSPEROUS ESTABLISHMENT.

THE Book Committee of the Methodist Church, composed of leading ministers and laymen of the seven western Conferences, met in the Mission rooms on the 14th ult. for the annual review of the operations of the Publishing House. The Report of the Rev. Wm. Briggs, the energetic Book-Steward, exhibited, notwithstanding the stringency of the times, the evidence of a very prosperous year. Large additions have been made to the publishing establishment and to its machinery and plant. There are now 144 persons regularly employed in the business. The numerous publications of the house exhibit a very gratifying increase in circulation and improvement in character. Out of the net profits of the year the Book Committee cordially voted a grant of \$4,000 to the Superannuated Preachers' Fund. A highly complimentary resolution was presented to the Book-Steward and editors, to which Mr. Briggs, and Drs. Dewart, Withrow, and Stone replied with appropriate acknowledgments.

A GENTLEMAN who had just issued a book of poems met a friend, with the following result: "Did you read my book?" "Oh, yes, I read it!" "How did you like it?" "My dear sir, I assure you that I laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure."



A TALK ABOUT SPIDERS.

We have here a picture of a spider's web. The spider is an insect very much despised, and I wonder if many of our young readers know how ingenious he is, or what a great mechanic he is. Everything that God has made is interesting and well worth examining, even if it be only the despised spider and his web.

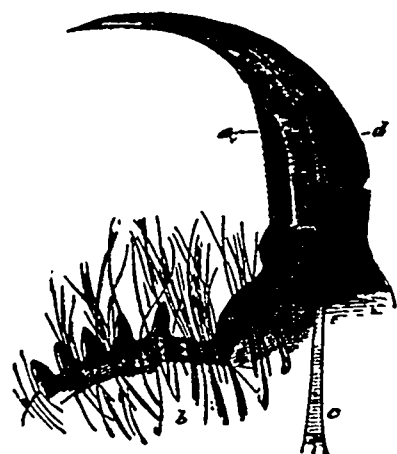
The family of the spider is a large one, but their habits are all nearly alike. They all weave a web for the purpose of catching their game. When the spider has chosen its place for its web, it makes one end of a glue-like substance, which it has in small reservoirs within its body, fast to the wall or limb, and making a kind of sail or air boat out of its web it floats some distance to where it again attaches its silken thread, and thus it continues until its web is completed.

If you notice, it is built on the principle of a wheel, from the centre to the outer edge. Thus it is built for strength.

When the web is done, it builds its silken house, in which it goes and watches for a fly or some other insect to become entangled in its meshes, when the spider will pounce upon it and drag it to its house for a meal.

There are other nets in which people become victims. Satan, the great enemy of man, places these snares where they are least expected. He puts evil thoughts in the minds of people. When we are not looking for hidden dangers, they are sure to be not very far from us. When we once fall into Satan's snare, we cannot release ourselves, we have not the power.

There is a way to avoid these nets, and there is a hand always ready to help those in need, and an ear to hear their cry. Just as the fly which is caught in the spider's web cannot get loose of itself, so you cannot get loose of your own strength from Satan's web. But there stands Jesus ready to help you if you call on him. Did you



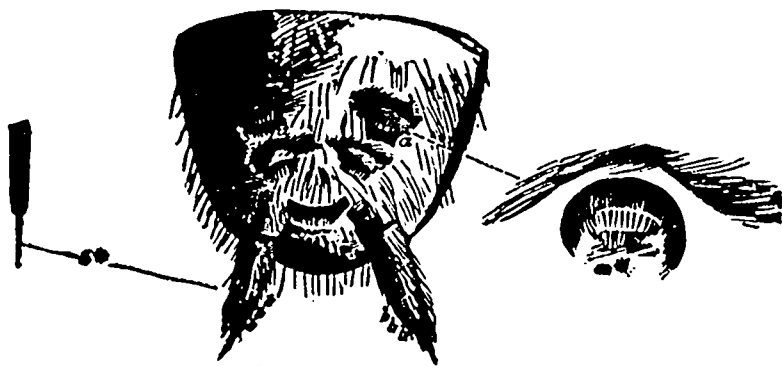
ask him this morning to keep you from temptation during the day? He has promised to help all who call on him, and his promises are sure. Very few of the spiders want to bite you unless you worry them. But if you do anything to them they are ready at a moment's notice to defend themselves. The weapons are called mandibles. Each mandible is a whole box of tools in itself. It is shaped somewhat like half the large claw of a lobster. It has a point as sharp as the point of a needle, but, sharp as it is, the point has a small hole at the end, through which the spider sends out a little poison. The poison is kept in a gland, or bag, close by the hinge of the mandible, and travels through a delicate little tube to reach the point, and so be dropped into the wound which the spider makes when he bites. Besides these mandibles the spider carries a pair of jaws in front of his head. These work on hinges or joints, like the mandibles. They have rough edges, like files or rasps. So you see that when the spider takes hold of a fly, he can make him very uncomfortable with his pointed and sharp-toothed mandibles, his strong rasp-edged jaws, and his delicate little drop of poison.

The amount of poison which the little spiders squeeze out when they bite is not enough to do us much damage. But the effects of the poison of some of the larger spiders is very severe. The *Tarantula* spider, for instance, which is as large as a small crab, can kill a humming bird with a single drop of his poison. Let us be thankful that *tarantulas* are not plenty among us. This large spider makes his home in much warmer countries than ours. If you ever happen to pass a night in the southern part of Mexico, do not be surprised to see a tarantula or two crawling over your bed in the morning.

There are a great many different kinds of spiders, almost all of them with soft, tough, velvety skin; some of them small and some quite large; some of them ugly, and some very beautiful; almost all of them ready for a fight whenever they are provoked; all of them doing their work, and getting their living in some way that tells of the wondrous wisdom of the great Creator.

A great many people think the spider is a dirty little creature. This is partly because he is generally of a brownish dirt colour; partly because he lives among the cobwebs, where the dust-brushes and brooms are not in the habit of reaching; and, partly, because the people who called him a "horrid, dirty fellow" know very little about him. The fact is that he is a very cleanly little animal. I have seen a great many boys and girls who would do well to be as cleanly as the spider. He spends a good deal of time in combing and brushing his skin and the delicate little hairs that grow nearly all over it. Do you ask where he finds his comb and brush? I will tell you.

The end of a spider's foot is furnished with a hooked comb, much finer than



any that could be made by the finest machinery. The hook is a sharp point, curved like the mandible. With this he can tear and cut his food as well as keep his coat in order. Around the mandibles are tufts of hair, which he uses for brushing himself. He spends a great deal of time in cleaning off from his long legs the minute bits of dirt which he finds on them. Living, as he does, in a house built of the finest silk, and upholstered with silken drapery, he must be neat and clean in his personal habits.

The teeth of the combs serve the spiders for fingers. With them they can handle the tiny threads of the cobwebs, and wind or unwind them, as they may desire. No carding-machine was ever made to handle fine thread as the spider's foot can handle its web. No pincers or nippers were more deftly fashioned or better fitted for their purposes than these slender spider-fingers which move so rapidly and take hold so firmly of what they grasp.

Wonderful as these comb-fingers are—claws, feet, hands, or whatever we choose to call them—the spider can drop one or two of them off, and run away without them if he finds it necessary. The leg of a spider is a very strange piece of machinery. Some spider legs have as many as seven knees to them. Each knee-joint can unhook almost as easily as the hinge of a window-shutter. Sometimes a spider loses about half his legs by accidents. Then he gets along the best way he can until the season when his skin changes. Then new legs and feet grow out to take the places of the lost ones. The legs of the harvest spider (which all the young folks know better by its common name of "Daddy Long-legs") are more than ten times the length of its body. A full set of them consists of eight; but I have often seen a "daddy" going round on three and a-half, and seeming to be very happy about it.

Less than one hundred years ago our grandmothers and great-grandmothers used to spin all their own yarn, and then weave it into cloth. Every house was then furnished with a spinning-wheel, just as houses are now furnished with sewing-machines. These spinning-wheels were clumsy things, but they were the best these dear old ladies had, and right busily they used to buzz round and spin out the long threads ready for the cloth. After a while machinery was invented which could do the work better and faster than the old spinning-wheels did it, and the spinning-wheels went out of fashion.

If you go into some of our great factories and watch the machinery you will see how accurately it does its work. Not long ago I was watching a machine in a thread factory. It was

spinning one of the finest fibre of cotton thread; so fine that six strands of it had to be twisted together to make one cord of the smallest thread which is sold. The machine almost seemed to have brains, it did its work so beautifully and so regularly. There was a little attachment to it which made it stop when the cotton fibre was broken, or when anything else was wrong about it.

And yet the wonderful machines in this factory are not perfect. They do their work with a great clatter and racket, and they fill the air so full of little shreds of cotton that one can hardly breathe with comfort. So we will look at a better and finer spinning-mill.

I told you about the front or head end of the spider; of the wonderful mandibles, the delicate poison tubes, and the rasp-edged jaws. This is the fighting end of the creature. Now let us look at the other end, which we will call the manufacturing department. The female spider has six little contrivances for making her web. They are called *spinnerets*. Four of them look somewhat like eyes. The other two look more like fingers covered with hair. Without noisy clatter, without making any dust or dirt, the spider spins out the almost invisible fibres that make her web. Around the spinnerets are circlets of tiny holes. Inside of the spider's body is a reservoir of a gummy substance. Nobody has ever been able to make a gum exactly like it. From each of these holes comes out just enough of the gum to make a thread so small that we cannot see it without a microscope. As she spins these threads out, they all join together to make one thread, and harden as soon as they are exposed to the air. The web is thus a great deal stronger than if it were made of one fibre; just as a great rope is stronger because made of many fibres twisted together. The spider spins out her web a great deal more rapidly than we could watch the operation of joining the threads, even if she would stand still to let us see it. She can stop spinning in a moment, and hang her whole weight on the newly made thread. If she wants to climb up by the thread, she can do so as quickly as she came down by it. If she does so, she rolls the thread into a ball with her wonderful comb-like finger-claws, and carries the ball up with her.

Two little boys witnessed a balloon ascension for the first time. "Oh, look! look there!" exclaimed the younger. "What is that?" It's a b'loon," replied the elder. "What makes it go up so fast?" "Gas." "What is gas?" "Why, gas is—is—is melted wind."

## FORWARD.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

WHAT rises o'er those snowy plains?  
What floats the Western sky?  
Whence on the virgin white those stains?  
Whose is that crimson dye?

Rebellion's ensign blots the blue,  
And mingles its fretwork gold,  
And near those stains of crimson hue,  
Canadian hearts lie cold.

Another ensign! Trumpets ring!  
A youth this flag upholds;  
And lo! from every side men spring  
And range beneath its folds.

Nor race, nor creed the patriot's sword  
Nor faction blunts to day.  
"Forward for Canada!" 's the word  
And eager for the fray

Our youths press on and corpses shame,  
Their bearing bold and high.  
For this young nation's peace and fame  
Ready to do or die.

They come from hamlet and from town,  
From hill and wood and glade,  
From where great palaces look down  
On streets that roar with trade;

From where by flow and rocky bar,  
The Atlantic's held in check;  
From where Wolfe's glory, like a star,  
Shines down on old Quebec;

From where Mount Royal rises proud  
O'er Cartier's city fair,  
From where Chaudiere with thunder loud  
Fangs high its smoke in air.

From pleasant coves rich and old  
That gem Ontario's shore;  
From where Niagara's awful plunge  
Makes its eternal roar

From each new town just sprung to life  
Mid flowery prairies wide;  
From where first Riel kindled strife  
To Calgary's rapid tide.

Upon the field all rancour healed  
There's no discordant hue:  
The Orange marches with the Green,  
The Rouge beside the Bleu.

One purpose now fires every eye,  
Rebellion foul to slay.  
"Forward for Canada!" 's the cry,  
And all are one to-day.

## RIEL'S CAPTURE.

A STRANGE MEETING OF OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

THE telegraph tells us that the capture of Riel was effected by Major Boulton. Thus we may see how strange are the reverses brought about by the whirligig of time. Fifteen years ago Boulton was lying a prisoner in Fort Garry, condemned to death by Louis Riel, President of the so-called Provisional Government. There were many gentlemen of influence in Fort Garry and the neighbouring village of Winnipeg at the time, and one by one the more influential of them sought to mollify the wrath of Riel and save the life of his captive. But one after the other was refused; it was not so much the offence that was to be punished as the example that was to be set and Boulton must die. Accordingly the prisoner was so informed and was bade prepare himself for death. Archbishop McLean, the Rev. Mr. Young, and others visited him, and men's faces grew long and gloomy in anticipation of the tragedy that was about to be performed. At length a gleam of mercy or wisdom reached the savage dictator and his fiat was issued that Boulton's life should be spared, and the glad news quickly spread through the little settlement till it reached a reverend gentleman who had prepared the young man to meet his death in a Christian manner. "Not to be shot!"

said the reverend gentleman, "Dear me! He was well prepared for death. The young man will never be in a better state to die. Dear me! Not to be shot. Well! Well! it's a fortunate escape."

Riel afterwards was wont to express his regret that he had not shot Boulton since his escape encouraged others, and it is probable that when he found himself pursued and taken on the banks of the Saskatchewan the other day he may have once more wished that he had not interfered to render void the pious labour of the Red River clergyman.

## THE REVISED OLD TESTAMENT.

THE Rev. William Briggs, the energetic Book Steward of the Methodist Publishing House, had the honour to be the first publisher in Ontario to send to trade east and west and sell over the counter the Revised Version of the Old Testament. On Wednesday evening, May 20, after seven o'clock 2000 copies were disposed of. He was also the first by a considerable time to receive and distribute the Revised New Testament four years ago. Amid the keen competition of the times it is gratifying to know that the old Methodist Book Room comes to the front every time.

## YOUTHFUL PIETY.

It is of the highest importance that children should be trained to habits of religion, for the habits of youth cling to the man even down to the sore and yellow leaf of Autumn. The boy is the father of the man. Education may do much; grace may do much. But the marked characteristics of boyhood come out in manhood. A fair boy, a manly boy, or a mean, tricky boy, usually carry those traits through life. A prayerful, religious, industrious, girl, or a frivolous, hot-tempered vain girl, will be much the same in advanced life.

The majority of the faithful, devoted Christian workers in our churches to-day are those who give themselves to Christ in youth.

The generous whole-souled men of this generation were open-handed boys of the last. The mean, stingy men we see about us were niggardly when they were young.

## THE "WORKING BAND."

THE "Working Band" is made up of girls eleven, twelve, and thirteen years of age. They like to play and have "good times" as well as other girls, but when I tell you what they did one summer vacation, not very long ago, you will see that they have learned something about self-denial.

These are all school-girls, and when the hot days came on it was very pleasant to think about vacation. You know how that is, girls and boys, and so you are the better able to appreciate the self-sacrifice which led these girls, as soon as school was closed, to unite in a working band, which was to meet every Saturday afternoon. A dear lady, who had long been an active worker in the Lord's vineyard, won these young hearts to the work, and they met at her house.

We will not tell you about their meetings, but we will tell you this, that in the autumn they sent away a

barrel full of warm, serviceable clothing which they had made or collected from friends who were willing to help on the work, to a home for poor old people who had no children to love and care for them, but who were tenderly cared for by one of the Lord's children.

Among the articles in the barrel were three quilts, pieced by the school-girls and tied with their own hands. So you can see that these same hands were doing something besides fancy work.

## HOW AN OWL'S HEAD REVOLVES.

A WRITER in the *American Naturalist*, who had read a story about an owl wringing his own neck off by looking at a man who was walking around him, tested the matter by experiment. He obtained a specimen and placed him on the top of a post. "It was not difficult," says the writer, "to secure his attention, for he never diverted his gaze from me while I was in his presence. I began walking rapidly around the post a few feet from it, keeping my eyes fixed upon him all the while. His body remained motionless, but his head turned exactly with my movements. When I was half-way round, his head was directly behind. Three-quarters of a circle were completed and still the same twist of the neck and the same stare followed me. One circle, and no change. On I went, twice round, and still that watchful stare and steady turn of the head. On I went, three times round, and I began really to wonder why the head did not drop off, when all at once I discovered what I failed to notice before. When I reached half-way round from the front, which was as far as he could turn his head to follow my movements with comfort, he whisked it back through the whole circle so instantaneously and brought it facing me again with such precision that I failed to detect the movement, although I was looking intently all the time.

## THE JOY OF DECISION.

"Do you dance?" we asked a young miss, "I do not dance now," she said. "I have given it up. For a long time I danced. My conscience opposed it. My mother disapproved of it. Becoming a Christian, I found that I could not conscientiously longer engage in it. I do not find fault with people who dance and play cards, but for myself I have decided."

In a later conversation on the same subject when the decision of some other ladies to dance no more was reported at the family circle, the same young lady remarked:

"I am glad to hear that. There is such pleasure in a final decision. I enjoy the right so much more when I have finally and positively decided in favour of it."

In wavering is utter unrest. Indecision is a thorn in the pillow. When the will does not assert itself as intellect and conscience direct, clouds gather over the soul and sorrow smiles.

He is happiest who makes up his mind, puts his foot firmly down, dismisses for ever the possibility of going back to the old practice, and walks forward with the self-respect which always comes from the consciousness of decisive action.

## PERSEVERE.

DRIVE the nail aright, boys,  
Hit it on the head;  
Strike with all your might, boys,  
When the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,  
Do it with a will;  
They who reach the top, boys,  
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,  
Gazing at the sky;  
How can you get up, boys,  
If you never try!

Though you stumble oft, boys,  
Never be downcast;  
Try, and try again,  
You'll succeed at last.

## THEY ALL KNOW HOW.

I took a large spider from his web under the basement of a mill, put him on a chip, and set him afloat on the quiet waters of a pond. He walked all about the sides of his bark, surveying the situation very carefully, and when the fact that he was really afloat and about a yard from shore seemed to be fully comprehended, he looked out for the nearest land.

This point fairly settled upon, he immediately began to cast a web for it. He threw it as far as possible in the air, and with the wind. It soon reached the shore, and made fast to the spires of grass. Then he turned himself about, and in true sailor fashion began to haul in hand over hand on his cable. Carefully he drew upon it until his bark began to move toward the shore. As it moved the faster, he the faster drew upon it to keep his hawser taut and from touching the water. Very soon he reached the shore, and quickly leaping to terra firma, he sped his way homeward.

Thinking that he might be a special expert, and an exception in that line of boatmanship to the rest of his companions, I tried several of them. They all came to shore in like manner. —*Harper's Young People.*

## RULES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

- 1 NEVER call a person upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
2. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants if you would have them do the same to you.
3. When told to do or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should not do it.
4. Tell your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
5. Be prompt at every meal-hour.
6. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
7. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

## HOW SHE GOT LEFT.

An old lady of Williams County, Illinois, who had never seen a railroad, made up her mind to visit Carondale on the "next train." She seated herself on the platform of the depot at Marion, and presently the train moved off slowly. The station-master interrogates the old lady, who sits placidly in her chair watching the departing train. "Why did you not get on, if you wished to go to Carondale?" "Git on!" said the old lady, "git on! I thought this whole consarn went."



CANADA.

THE grand old woods of Canada.  
How cool and dim below  
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves  
Swift-changing wobs the sunlight weaves  
Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada.  
Dark pine and birch drooped low;  
The stately elm, the maple tall,  
The sturdy beech, I love them all  
And well their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada.  
The choppers' blows resound  
Thro' the crisp air, while cold and still  
The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill  
Lies white upon the ground.

The sparkling streams of Canada.  
That neath cool shadows pass,  
The wind, where sleek-fed cattle sleep,  
Through verdant meadows, ankle deep  
In clover blooms and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada.  
Deep in whose murmuring tide,  
From bubbly caverns dimly seen  
Neath leafy shade of living green,  
Grey trout and salmon glide.

The beautiful lakes of Canada.  
With loving eyes I see  
Their waters, stretched in endless chain  
By fair St. Lawrence to the main,  
As ocean wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's wake  
Or fade with dying day,  
Fond memories in my heart awake,  
Of home's dear dwelling by the lake,  
Lake sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada.  
Where sun sinks to the earth.  
In setting, whispering warm good night  
To myriad flowers, whose blushes bright  
Will hail the morrow's birth.

The prairie wealth of Canada.  
Whose dark, abundant soil  
Unfurrowed yet, awaits the plough;  
Who sows shall have sure promise now  
Of rich reward for toil.

What tho' the winter wind blows keen  
When daylight darkly wanes.  
A strong, true heart is hard to chill  
When, seen afar, the home-light still  
Shines bright across the plains.

The robust life of Canada  
In cheery homes I see.  
Tho' gold nor jewels fill the hand,  
Tis Nature's self has blessed the land,  
Abundant, fair, and free.

UNCLE SOLOMON.

BY ANNIE WHITNEY.

OLD Uncle Solomon, as he was called, was a terror to the neighbourhood in which he lived. He was a lonely old bachelor who devoted himself to his writing and his books. It was said that he was writing infidel books himself, but however that may be, he was never known to enter a church, and he scolded and swore at those who worked for him with so much energy that it was almost impossible for him to keep a servant of any kind.

At last he was taken sick, and gradually became worse, until it was thought hardly likely he would ever recover. His servants stayed as long as they could stand it, and then one by one they left. Until he was alone. Those of his neighbours who were charitably disposed then undertook to care for him, but gradually they were forced to give it up, and there was actual danger of his dying for want of the care and nourishment he so stoutly refused to take or receive.

"I do not see what is to be done," said Mrs. Town. "I cannot rest myself when I know he needs the help we would gladly give him. I believe I will make a last attempt, and take

over this jelly. If he could only 'bo made eat it, I am sure it would do him good. I don't suppose there will be any use in trying, but I shall do it, at any rate."

"Mamma," said her little girl, who had been listening unobserved, "please let me take the jelly over."

"You!" said her mother, starting back, "why, Bessie, he would frighten you terribly, little one."

"No, mamma, I don't think he would, and I should not be a bit afraid to go. Wont you let me, please?"

Mrs. Town hesitated a moment before refusing her child's request, and then a sudden thought decided her to grant it.

"All right, mamma, I will be ready in five minutes," said Bessie, hurrying out of the room. When she returned she had a bright smile on her face, and made a very pretty picture, her mother thought, with her bright hood on. Together they entered the house, and then Bessie went alone to the sick-room.

Uncle Solomon was dozing, but Bessie's entrance roused him in a confused way, so that when he looked up and saw her standing by his side waiting to speak he did not know where he was, or what it meant, and looked at her a moment silently.

"Won't you take some of this nice jelly?" asked Bessie, pleasantly. "I can feed you now so nicely, just as I used to do mamma when she was sick."

"Who are you, and what brought you here?" asked Uncle Solomon, in an unnatural tone, for the sudden appearance of the child, and her perfect air of confidence, where others displayed timidity and fear, had awed him.

"I'm only little Bessie Town," said the child, "and I came to help you get well."

"Were you not afraid I would order you off my premises?" asked the sick man, secretly wondering himself why he had not done so.

"No," said Bessie, simply.

"Why?" asked Uncle Solomon.

"Because I asked God not to let you. Now, won't you take this, please?" she added, offering him a spoonful of the jelly.

Uncle Solomon started. Was that why he had not ordered her off? Was there after all a power working in him that was beyond his control? Could the simple prayer of a little child to an unseen being affect his actions and feelings?

These and similar thoughts passed through the sick man's mind, as fascinated and confounded he lay with his eyes riveted on the child's face, taking spoonful after spoonful of the jelly she offered him, and it was she herself who broke the spell, as she said with a bright smile,

"I am sure you will be better now. Mamma was."

"Do you think," said the sick man, slowly, "that if you asked your God, he would let me get well?"

"If it's right, he will, for I have asked him. I ask him every night."

"Do you mean that you have prayed for me before?" asked the sick man, excitedly.

"O yes."  
"And I—I"—but the sentence ended with a groan. The excitement had been too much for the sick man, and he had fainted. When he became conscious, and saw Mrs. Town bend-

ing over him, his eyes wandered round the room until they rested on the form of the child, and then, looking up, he asked, in a low tone,

"Is she yours?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"You won't take her away?" and it was Uncle Solomon who pleaded this time in fear and trembling.

"Not just now, if you wish her to stay."

"And she may come back?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Town, who began to see that her child had done more for the sick man than the whole neighbourhood put together.

From that day Uncle Solomon was a changed man, but it was long before the change was known and understood by any one but Mrs. Town. Even Bessie, who devoted herself to him, did not dream of what she was doing. For a long time Uncle Solomon would take nothing save from her hands, and as she ministered to him he encouraged her to talk, as she loved to do, of her Saviour, and he drank the words in, and pondered over them afterward, until through the simple faith of a little child he was led into the knowledge of the love of Christ.

A HIDING PLACE FOR THE BIBLE.

But, although you must hide the Bible in your mind, and in your memory—all will be of little use until you hide it in your heart; and that can only really be done by loving it, and loving it because it is really a message, sent to you from your Father in Heaven. Suppose that when one of you boys grows up into manhood, he leaves his home, and goes out to Australia, or New Zealand, and becomes a sheep-farmer, as many young men do. He is a good son, we will say, and loves his mother, and feels very much parting from her; but he knows that she will write before long, and tell him all that is going on in the old country, and give him advice, and assure him of her unalterable affection. And so she does; and after a time (for the post is not quite so regular there out in the bush as it is with us in London) the letter reaches the young man. Now you all know how he will value it and treasure it; how he will read it over and over again, and carry it about with him on his travels, until it becomes at last yellow and worn at the edges, and is almost ready to drop to pieces with age. And you all know why this is. It is because it is a message from one who loves him, and whom he loves. And he does not read the letter because it is his duty to do so, but because it is his pleasure also.

Now, my dear children, if the Spirit of God has taught you and me that the Bible is really a letter to us, full of kind messages from the Saviour who loved us, and gave Himself for us, you may depend upon it, we shall not read it merely because we ought, but because it is a delight to us to do so—or in other words, we shall "hide it in our heart."—*Rev. Gordon Calthrop, in the Quiver for April.*

He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast;  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

READING.

READING is to the mind what eating is to the body.

In order that a child may enjoy good health and grow up with a strong and vigorous body, it must eat, and eat good, wholesome food, and not too much of it at a time.

To overload the body with food is to injure the power to digest. The child that is fed on candies, jellies, preserves, pies and other dainties becomes weak and sickly.

There is such a thing as eating dainties until a child can scarcely relish anything else. We have much to do with forming our tastes. How often we hear people say they are real fond of some things they did not like before.

Their tastes were changed by keeping on tasting or trying to eat.

If the mind is to grow it must have good, wholesome reading matter.

Once in a while we come across persons who are light and trifling in their minds. They can talk of nothing but foolish things. They spend their younger years in reading the chaffy, foolish stories of novel-writers. Just as children are naturally fond of candies and other injurious things, so are they fond of exciting, light reading matter. And just as the taste of the body may be changed by persistent effort, so the taste for reading may be changed.

No one can think for a moment without being convinced that in the end it is the solid reading that pays.

When the stern duties of life come upon us we feel the need of strong and vigorous minds as well as strong and vigorous bodies. We can only have such minds by feeding them from youth upon good reading matter.

At first the solid books that treat on useful subjects, may be a little dull, but only persevere and you will soon find a growing relish for them. Throw your yellow-covered novels into the fire and buy solid books.

DO AS NEAR RIGHT AS YOU CAN.

THE world stretches widely before you,  
A field for your muscle and brain,  
And though clouds may often float o'er you,  
And often come tempest and rain,  
Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you,  
Push forward through like a man,  
Good fortune will never forsake you,  
If you do as near right as you can.

BOYS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honourable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age, is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in the sear-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time.—*Ex.*



## GO LEARN A TRADE.

Will sing you a song to-night,  
And every word is true;  
You'll find that every line is meant,  
Young gentleman, for you!  
I've no intention to offend,  
In what is sung or said—  
The sum and substance of it is,  
To go and learn a trade.

Your education may be good,  
But the time is fitting by,  
Instead of working; don't be fooled—  
The old man may not die;  
And if he should, the chances are  
His will may be mislaid,  
Or you cut off without a cent;  
So go and learn a trade.

The country's full of nice young men,  
That from their duty shirk;  
Who think 'twould crush their pride  
If they should go to work;  
Take off your coat (your father did),  
And find some honest maid,  
Who'll help you make your fortune when  
You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do,  
Be faithful to your boss,  
You'll find the more you do for him  
Will never prove a loss;  
You'll find out fifty years from now,  
When fame and fortune's made,  
The best step that you ever took  
Was when you learned a trade.

## MARION'S EXTRACT.

EVERYTHING had gone wrong with Marion Douglas that Monday morning. In the first place breakfast was late, and she had spoken unkindly to the cook, and been reproved by her mother. Then her little sister, Allie, had accidentally upset her cup of coffee, and spilled it all over her new plaid merino. She rose from the table very angry and rushed up stairs to change her dress. Some word which her Sunday-school teacher had said to her only the morning before crossed her memory.

"It is of no use," she said aloud, "for me to try to be a Christian. I might as well give up."

As she stood, a few minutes later, with her hat and cloak on, ready for school, she remembered that it was her turn to learn and repeat four lines of a poem from some author. She caught up her book of extracts and opened it. What was it that caused her tears to flow from her eyes, and her lips to move in prayer?

She stood a moment committing the line to memory, then went down and spoke pleasantly to the cook, and kissed her mother and Allie good-bye, and went away to school. And when it was her turn to give an extract she rose, and, with a bright, unclouded face, repeated slowly,

The little worries which we meet each day,  
May lay as stumbling blocks across our way,  
Or, we may make them stepping-stones to be,  
Of grace, O Christ, to thee.

## SEEKING FOR GOD.

MANY years ago, and long before any awakening took place in Skye, a young girl, of little more than childish years, residing in a glen, which, during the Revival of 1812, was distinguished by much divine power, became deeply impressed with the idea that God was not in her native isle. At the same time she was overcome by the feeling that she must go in pursuit of him where he was to be found. She stole away from her home and country to the usual ferry to the mainland. She made no secret of her errand; and, as her relations had taken up the opinion that she had become insane, little attempt was made to recall her. As

soon as she was out of Skye she began to ask every passenger where she might find God, for that he was not in her country. Her question excited surprise; but as her manner expressed sincerity and deep earnestness, every one answered her soothingly, and was unwilling to interfere with the hallucination under which she seemed to labour. At length she reached Inverness. The first person she met in the street was a lady, to whom she addressed her usual question. The lady was struck by her earnest manner, and engaged in conversation with her until assured of her sanity. "Come with me," at last the lady said: "perhaps I can bring you to where God is." She took her home, and next day being Sunday took her to the house of God. For the first time the Gospel was proclaimed in her hearing, and it came with power and blessing to her soul. She soon became a happy convert, and one of the brightest Christians of her day.

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

THE still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face.

"You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' And before I had time to answer, he said, 'Ah, I know why you were not afraid—you had said your prayers this morning before you began your work.' I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that time to this, and by God's blessing I never will."

## LESSON NOTES

## THIRD QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE KINGS.

B.C. 975.] LESSON I. [July 5.

## REVOLT OF THE TEN TRIBES.

1 Kings 12. 6-17; Commit to mem. vs. 6-8.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. Prov 13. 20.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Old Men's Counsel, v. 6, 7.
2. The Young Men's Counsel, v. 8-11.
3. The King's Decision, v. 12-15.
4. The People's Answer, v. 16, 17.

TIME.—B.C. 975.

PLACE.—Shechem, in Central Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Stood before*—Ministered to. *Speak good words*—Speak kindly. *The old men*—The elders selected as counsellors to the king. *Young men . . . grown up with him*—Companions in his youthful sports and games. *Yoke heavy*—Burden of taxation. *Little finger . . . thicker*—A figure of speech denoting that he would lay a heavier hand upon them. *Scorpion*—Cruel instruments of punishment. The scorpion was a long leathern bag filled with sand and stuck with spikes; so called because the pain inflicted resembled that of the malignant insect. *Roughly*—Harshly. *Add to your yoke*—Increase your taxes. *Hearkened not*—Refused to grant their petition. *Perform his saying*—Fulfill his word, referring to the prophecy of Ahijah, 1 Kings 11. 31. *What portion*—What part or lot. *To your tents, O Israel*—Indicating that they had cast off allegiance to Rehoboam. *Now see*—Look to your own affairs. *Reigned over*—Ruled the kingdom of Judah which had now been set up as a separate government.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That kind dealing insures friendship?
2. That a foolish heart rejects wise counsel?
3. That the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Rehoboam succeed as King of Israel? His father, Solomon. 2. What did the people ask Rehoboam to do? Make their burdens lighter. 3. What answer did Rehoboam give? "I will add to your yoke." 4. How did the people receive this answer? Ten tribes revolted. 5. Whom did the ten tribes afterward place over them as king? Jeroboam, the son of Nebat.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's overruling power.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

19. What are we taught on this subject? That the law requires complete obedience; so that he who breaks one commandment falls into condemnation.

Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet stumble in one point, he is become guilty of all.—James ii. 10.

B.C. 970.] LESSON II. [July 12.

## IDOLATRY ESTABLISHED.

1 Kings 12. 25-33 Commit to mem. vs. 28-31.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Exod. 20. 3.

## OUTLINE.

1. Policy, v. 25-27.
2. Deceit, v. 28.
3. Idolatry, v. 29-33.

TIME.—B.C. 970.

PLACES.—1. Shechem, in Central Palestine; 2. Penuel, on the brook Jabbok, in Eastern Palestine; 3. Dan, at the source of the Jordan; 4. Beersheba, on the southern border of Judah; 5. Bethel, in the tribe of Benjamin; 6. Jerusalem, the capital of Judah.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Said in his heart*—Said to himself. *Now shall the kingdom return*—He feared that he would lose his authority over the ten tribes through their desire to worship the Lord at Jerusalem, and feared that he would be slain and the kingdom revert to the house of David. *Took counsel*—Consulted with his chief men. *Made two calves of gold*—In imitation, probably, of the idolatry he had witnessed in Egypt. These idols he placed at the southern and northern extremities of his kingdom, at Bethel, afterward called on that account Bethaven, "the house of vanity," and at Dan, where the Danites had established idolatry. *Behold thy gods*—Deceitfully referring to Aaron's calf as the god by which they had been delivered from Egypt. *This thing*—This bold introduction of idolatry. *House of high places*—The crest of hills were chosen for worship in ancient times. *Made priests of the lowest*—The poorest and most illiterate were chosen because they would be more subservient to him. *Which he had devised*—He planned an entirely new system, resembling the feasts that were kept in Judah. Instead of shortening their journey to a place of worship, as he pretended, he had increased it, some of the people going twice as far, to Dan.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. That self-interest leads men into sin?
2. That excuses for wrong-doing are easily found?
3. That the evil heart is a bad counsellor?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jeroboam fear should the people go up to sacrifice at Jerusalem? That they would return to Rehoboam. 2. What did Jeroboam do to prevent their doing this? Made two calves of gold for worship. 3. When he had done this what did he say to the people? "Behold thy gods, O Israel." 4. Where did he set these golden calves? One in Bethel, and one in Dan. 5. What did the people do? They worshipped them.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The one true God.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

20. What does every sin deserve? Every wilful sin deserves God's wrath and curse, both in this life and in that which is to come.

Cursed is every one which continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law, to do them.—Gal. iii. 10. The wages of sin is death.—Rom vi. 23.

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