

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1884.

No. 1.

## TIRED.

Of all Thy promises, O Christ,  
This sometimes seems the best—  
"Come to Me, ye that labour,  
And I will give you rest."  
We get so tired, we cannot care  
For many things. We creep  
Like weary children near to Thee,  
And only pray to sleep.

We have been strong to dare and do;  
We have gone forth to fight;  
With force that led to victory  
Have striven for the right.  
Where thou hast called us we have gone,  
With gladsome step and free;  
But what can worn-out hearts and hands  
Avail to do for thee?

We have gone forth to work among  
Thy busy servants, Lord:  
Oh, pleasant were the merry songs  
We sang with sweet accord!  
But night comes after the long day,  
And we, by care oppressed,  
Come to thee, Master, in the dark,  
And ask for leave to rest.

Oh, Jesus, Thou wast weary too,  
And Thou wilt understand  
Why the unfinished tasks are put  
From out the nerveless hand  
We thank Thee for Thy patient love,  
That gives to us its best;  
We turn from all the world beside,  
And come to Thee for rest.

## SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE river St. John takes its rise in the State of Maine and flows for 450 miles until it is emptied in the harbour on the Bay of Fundy. It, with its tributaries, drains two million acres in Quebec, six millions in Maine and nine millions in New Brunswick. Yet this great body of water is all emptied into the sea through a rocky chasm a little over five hundred feet wide. Here a fall is formed. It is a peculiar fall. At high tide the sea has a descent of fifteen feet into the river, and at low tide the river has a like fall into the sea. It is only at half-tide, or slack water, that this part of the river may be navigated in safety. At other times a wild tumult of the waters meets the eye. Across this chasm is stretched the Suspension Bridge, seventy feet above the highest tides, and with a span of 640 feet. This structure was projected and built by the energy of one man, the late Wm. K. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking, and he therefore assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FALLS OF ST. JOHN RIVER, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Specimen of 250 cuts in "Methodist Magazine" for 1884.

bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government and is now a free highway.

On page 5 we give another view of the bridge when the tide is out, showing the falls in the river. In the

background is the good city of St. Johns, where a hundred years ago the brave U. E. Loyalists who for love of king and fatherland left their homes in the rebel States and founded the good city which now spreads in beauty

on the shores of the St. John. The large engraving is a specimen of several full-page cuts of Canadian subjects which will appear in early numbers of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*.

## MOTHER LOVE.

WE were at a railroad junction one night waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting-room, in the only rocking-chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a great deal when he wants to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a great big German, and they talked in German, he giving her evidently lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage check, and occasionally patting her on the arm. At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The great big man put his hand up to the good old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said: "Papa, it is his mother!" We knew it was, but how should a four-year-old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said: "O, the big man was so kind to her." The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking-chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with a baggage man, and to him he spoke English. He said: "This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have got to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage, and see her on the right car, the rear car, with a good seat near the centre, and tell the conductor she's my mother. And here is a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother some time." The baggage man grasped the dollar with one hand and grasped the big man's hand with the other and looked at the little German with an expression that showed that he had a mother, too, and we almost know the

old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted with the big German, and he talked of horse-trading, buying and selling and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley. And that his life was a busy one and at times full of hard work, disappointment, hard roads; but with all his hurry and excitement he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little, and when, after a few minutes talk about business, he said: "You must excuse me; I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like taking his fat red hand and kissing it. Oh! the love of the mother is the same in any language and it is good in all languages.

MARTIN LUTHER'S PRAYER.

OUR God, our Father, with us stay  
And make us keep the narrow way;  
Free us from sin, and all its power,  
Give us a joyful living hour;  
Deliver us from Satan's arts  
And let us build our hopes on Thee,  
Down in our very heart of hearts,  
O God, may we true servants be;  
And serve Thee ever perfectly  
Help us, with all Thy children here,  
To fight and flee with holy fear.  
Free from temptation, and to fight  
With Thine own weapons for the right,  
Amen! amen! so let it be;  
So shall we ever sing to Thee,  
Hallelujah!

GOUGH'S STORY OF WILD MADGE.

ONLY can save the drunkard; but He can save the worst and vilest. John B. Gough was lecturing in Scotland, and one evening as he sat down in a hall filled with outcasts and drunkards, that the city missionaries had managed to collect together, a gentleman said to him, "You have 'Fire' in the house to-night."

"What do you mean?" he asked.  
"Do you see that tall woman over yonder?"  
"Yes!"

"Well, her nickname is 'Hellfire,' she is known by no other name in the neighbourhood where she lives. When she appears in the streets the boys cry, 'Fire! Fire!' She is the most incorrigible woman in the whole place. She is ripe for mischief, and if she makes a disturbance you will see such a row as you never saw before." "When I rose to address the audience," says Mr. Gough, "I expected a row, and I confess I felt somewhat nervous. I spoke to them as men and women, not as outcasts or things. I told them poverty was hard to bear; but there might be comfort, light, and peace with poverty. I told them I had been poor, very poor. I spoke of my mother and her struggles, then of her faith and love and hope, and there was no degradation in poverty—only sin caused that. I saw a naked arm and hand lifted in the crowd, and heard a voice cry out:

"That's all true." The woman 'Fire' rose to her feet and facing me, said—

"That's a true mon—ye're telling the truth," and stretching her arms to the audience, said, "The mon kens what he's talking about."

"When I concluded, she came on the platform, and I almost thought she might tackle me. She was a large woman, and looked like a hard hitter, and I never desired to come in contact with 'strong-minded' or big-fisted women, but after looking at me a moment, she said—

"Tak a gude look at me, mon, I'm a bit of a beauty aint I?"

"Then coming close to me, she said, 'Would you gie a body like me the pledge?'"

"I answered at once, 'Yes, ma'am.'"

"A gentleman said, 'She cannot keep it, she will be drunk before she goes to bed to night—better not give her the pledge.'"

"I turned to her, 'Madam, I said, 'here is a gentleman who says you cannot keep it if you sign it.'"

"Clenching her fist, she said, 'Show me the mon.'"

"I asked, 'Can you keep it?'"

"'Can I?—If I say I wull, I can.'"

"Then you say you will.'"

"I wull.'"

"Give me your hand on that.'"

And I shook hands with her.

"She signed it, and I said, 'I know you will keep it, and before I go to America I will come and see you.'"

"Come and see me when you wull,' she answered, 'and you'll find I hae kept it.' It must have been two years from that time, I was speaking there again, and after the lecture, a gentleman said to me—

"I wish to introduce to you an old friend, whom, perhaps, you have forgotten."

"Mrs. Archer, no longer Fire.' I was introduced and shook hands heartily with her and her daughter, who sat by her. I had noticed the woman during my speech, for she hardly took her eyes off me from the time I rose till I sat down. I went to her house, and part of what she said to me, is this—

"Ah! Mr. Gough, I am a puir body. I dinna ken much, and what little I hae kened, has been knocked out of me by the staffs of the policemen; for they beat me about the head a good deal, and knocked pretty much a' the sense out of me, but sometimes I hae a dream—I dream I am drunk and fighting, and the police hae got me again. And then I get out of my bed and go down on my knees, and keep saying, God keep me—for I canna get drunk any mair."

"Her daughter said, 'Aye mon, I've heered my mither in the dead of night on the bare floor, crying, 'God keep me,' and I've said, 'come to yer bed, mither, ye'll be cauld,' and she'll tell me. 'No, no—I canna get drunk any mair.'"

"I heard afterwards that she had been faithful to her promise, was keeping a small provision store or shop, and had taken a little orphan boy out of the street, and was bringing him up well. Soon after she had signed the pledge, she obtained employment in sewing coarse sacks, and earned about ten cents per day. Some one gave her a Bible, and, wet or dry, rain or shine, she would go every Sabbath to the Mission Chapel. There she became a Christian, and I was told that she employed her spare time in endeavouring to reform others. I gave her a pound note when I saw her at the meeting, and when I called, her daughter asked me to see what her mother had bought with it. On

the bed was a pair of warm woollen blankets, and she said—

"Mither took the pound, and bought the blankets for sixteen shillings, and brought back the four to me. I am never afraid to trust my mither now"—*The Temperance Battle Field*

We strongly commend all our readers to procure the book from which these stories are taken, "The Temperance Battle-Field," by the Rev. J. C. Seymour. It is full of temperance anecdotes and arguments—not a dull page in it. We would like to see it in every school. Wm. Briggs, publisher. Price 65 cents.

WHO IS "PANSY?"

WE have received a copy of the beautiful lithographic portrait of Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden), and it seems only proper in this connection to give a few interesting points of the history of this widely-known author, whose books have a larger sale than those of any other living American writer.

Personal information respecting popular authors has a peculiar interest for readers of all classes. How they look; what they say; the circumstances under which their books are written; and the history of their various literary experiences, all are topics of lively and never-ending interest. An editor, spending an evening in the society of Mrs. Alden, thus pleasantly describes it:

"Not long since we spent a very pleasant evening with Mrs. G. R. Alden, who is better known by her *nom de plume* of 'Pansy.' A little gathering was held in her honor at the house of Dr. Gray of the Interior. A basket of beautiful pansies was sent, and adorned the centre-table, and nearly every invited guest brought in as a tribute a small bouquet of the same modest flowers.

"Mrs. Alden's pseudonym, with its suggestion of unobtrusive beauty, is very appropriate both as to her writings and to herself. She is self-possessed, charming in conversation, but quiet and unassuming. Her adoption of the title by which she is known, is an interesting bit of history. In her young girl days, the old clock in her father's house stopped—a thing so unusual that it made an impression on the whole household, and especially on her. She wrote an 'essay' in regard to that faithful household monitor, which pleased her father very much. He said it must be published in the paper conducted by her brother. 'But,' said he, 'we don't wish any one to know that you wrote it, and so we will sign it "Pansy," for pansy means tender and pleasant thoughts, and you have given me some thoughts that are tender and pleasant.'

"It is no wonder when she came to write for the public, that she should adopt for a *nom de plume* the name which had for her such a tender association. Her father died during the writing of the closing chapters of 'Ester Ried'—a book in which he took the greatest interest, and in regard to which he prayed that it might be a blessing to some young life. That prayer has been answered over and over again! Mrs. Alden writes us: 'It was while the tears were gathering thick in my eyes as I looked out upon his grave, that I wrote the last chapter of the book, feeling that my closest,

strongest friend and critic, and wisest helper had gone from me.' And now that these facts are made known, we feel sure that her pseudonym will be to many more fragrant and beautiful than ever."

"Pansy" possesses a magnetic force that touches all hearts, and a keen pencil to strike into life those salient points in human nature that make us all akin. It is impossible to describe the effect of her books. They particularly impress themselves on young girls and those leaving early womanhood, giving a stimulus toward mental and moral development not easily forgotten.

Pansy's first book, "Berney's White Chicken," was written when she was sixteen years old, and won the prize offered to competing authors. "Ester Ried" and "Four Girls at Chautauqua" have made her name known and loved in every town and hamlet of our land. A new book, "Ester Ried yet Speaking," is in press for early publication.

Her books for older readers number thirty-six volumes; while the little folks have about as many from her pen.

Mrs. Alden finds time in her busy life to fill the editorial chair of THE PANSY, the popular pictorial magazine (weekly) for young people, which is published at 75 cents a year by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

A SONG OF TO-DAY.

"All things are yours."—1 Cor. 3. 21.

SING peans over the past!  
We bury the dead years tenderly,  
To find them again in eternity  
All safe in its circle vast.  
Sing peans over the past!

Farewell! farewell to the old!  
Beneath the arches, and one by one,  
From sun to shade and from shade to sun  
We pass, and the circles are told.  
Farewell, farewell to the old!

And hail, all hail to the new!  
The future lies like a world new born,  
All steeped in sunshine and mists of morn,  
And arched with a cloud less blue.  
All hail, all hail to the new!

All things, all things are yours!  
The spoil of nations, the arts sublime,  
That arch the ages from eldest time,  
The world that for age endures,  
All things, all things are yours!

Arise and conquer the land!  
Not one shall fail in the march of life;  
Not one shall fall in the hour of strife  
Who trusts in the Lord's right hand.  
Arise and conquer the land!

The Lord shall sever the sea!  
And open a way in the wilderness,  
To faith that follows, to feet that press  
On, into the great To Be!  
The Lord shall sever the sea!  
—Mary A. Lathbury.

A QUAKER was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes," answered the Quaker, "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honour to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard. "Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." The toper was so pleased with the plain advice, that he followed it.

WINTER.

THE flowers and fruits have long been dead,  
And not even the daisy is seen. [Elizabeth Cook.]

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound  
Along the air  
Of winds along their battle ground;  
But gently there  
The snow is falling—all around  
How fair, how fair!

[Ralph Hoyt.]

See, winter comes, to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad with all his rising train—  
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.

[Thompson.]

St. rn winter loves a dirge-like sound.

[Wardsworth.]

Lastly came winter, clothed all in frize,  
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,  
Whist on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,  
And the dull drops, that from his purple bill  
As from a lumbek did adown distill:  
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,  
With which his feeble steps he staved still;  
For he was faint with cold, and weak with col,  
That scarce his loosed lumbes he habel was to wold.

[Spencer.]

Oh poverty is disconsolate.  
Its pains are many, its foes are strong;  
The rich man in his joyful cheer,  
Wishes 'twas winter through the year;  
The poor man 'mid his wants profound,  
With all his little children round,  
Prays God that winter be not long.

[Mary Howitt.]

Blow, blow, thou wintry winds!  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingrat tude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

[Shakspeare.]

Chill airs and wintry winds' my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year,  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

[Lonsfellow.]

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun'  
One mellow smile through the soft, vapoury air.

Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,  
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.  
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,  
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths  
are cast,

And the blue gentian flower that, in the  
breere,

Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.  
Yet a few sunny days in which the bee  
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the  
way,

The cricket chirp upon its russet lea,  
And man delights to linger in thy ray;  
Yet one rich smile and we will try to bear  
The piercing winter frost and winds and  
darkening air.

[William Cullen Bryant.]

FOES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

IF you will kick or pound on a telegraph-pole or place your ear against one on a windy day, what will the noise remind you of? A hive of bees? Precisely. So it does the bears in Norway. Bears are passionately fond of honey; and when in one of the wild districts Bruin hears the humming of the wires he follows the sound to the post where it is loudest, and begins to tear away the stones heaped around the poles in rocky soil to steady them, in order to get at the hive he imagines to be there. In his disappointment and disgust he usually leaves savage marks of his claws in the wood. Nor is he the only victim of the wires. In the Electric Exhibition at Paris they show the top of a thick pine telegraph-post through which a woodpecker has drilled a hole several inches in diameter. The bird had apparently perched on the pole and taken the humming of the wires for the buzzing of a nest of insects in the wood, and set himself manfully—or

birdfully—to dig them out. Wolves will not stay in Norway where a telegraph-line has been built. It was formerly the custom to protect farms by planting poles around them strung with cards, something like rabbit-snare; and gradually the wolves came to respect these precautions, so that a line stretched across the neck of a peninsula would protect a whole district. The wolves take the telegraph for a new and improved snare and promptly leave the country where a new line is built. On our own tree-less plains the buffalo hails the telegraph as an ingenious contrivance for his own benefit. Like all cattle, he delights in scratching himself, and he goes through the performance so energetically that he knocks down the post. An early builder of telegraph-lines undertook to protect the posts by inserting brad awls into the wood; but the thick-skinned buffalo found the brad-awl an improvement, as affording him a new sensation, and scratched down more poles than ever. In Sumatra the elephants are systematically opposed to telegraph-lines, and at least twenty times a year make raids on them. In May, 1876, the elephants tore down the poles for a distance of several furlongs, and hid the wires and insulators in the cane jungle; and for three nights in succession they repeated the performance as regularly as the repairers rebuilt the line during the day. The monkeys and apes are about as formidable enemies, as they use the wires for swings and trapezes, and carry off the glass insulators as valuable prizes; then when the repairer goes to correct the mischief, he may be pounced upon by a tiger or driven up the post by a mad buffalo. In Japan the special enemies of the telegraph are the spiders, which grow to an immense size. They avail themselves of the wires as excellent frameworks for their webs. So thick are the cords the Japanese spiders spin that often, especially when they are covered with dew, they serve to connect the wires with each other or the ground, and so to stop them from working. In the sea the wire is not any safer, as a small worm has developed itself since cables came into fashion which bores its way through iron wire and gutta-percha, lets in the water and so destroys a line worth millions of dollars. When a great storm comes in the centre of the ocean, and the cable breaks while it is being on, or threatens to break, no one is alarmed. They fasten the cable to a buoy, and come back afterward and pick it up; or if it is at the bottom of the sea they drop a dredge, with a mile or so of rope, and fish out the precious thread, as large as one of your fingers, almost as easy as you would fish up a penny from the bottom of a tub of water with the tongs. But the little worm no bigger than a needle is more formidable than the elephant on shore or the hurricane at sea.—*Youth and Pleasure.*

THE path of duty in this world is not all gloom or sadness or darkness. Like the roads of the South, it is hedged with ever-bloom, pure and white as snow. It is only when we turn to the right hand or the left that we are lacerated by piercing thorns and concealed dangers.—*Jas. D. Kerr.*

HIS Honour: "Are you guilty or not guilty?" Prisoner: "Specks I so guilty, sah; but I'd like to be tried all do same."

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

IF all prizes that men in the army and navy covet there is none more eagerly sought, more jealously guarded, or more dearly loved than the simple cross in gun metal, bearing the inscription, "For valor." The Victoria Cross was instituted by royal warrant on the 19th of January, 1856, as a reward for individual instances of merit and valor in the army and navy. Although many acts of heroism had been performed in both services in the earlier part of our gracious Majesty's reign, it was not deemed advisable to make the action of the warrant retrospective, and the heroes of the Crimea were therefore the first who received the much-coveted decoration. The cross itself is a simple piece of gun metal, bronze coloured, with a royal crest in the middle, and below, the words, "For valor;" in the centre of the reverse the date of the act of heroism is inscribed, and on the bar to which the ribbon is attached, the name of the individual and of the corps to which he belongs. On this bar also is engraved a sprig of laurel, and the bar is attached to the cross by the letter V. on a red or blue ribbon, according to the service in the army or navy of the recipient. It is not to soldiers and sailors only, however, that the Victoria Cross is awarded, and many civilians who have distinguished themselves by acts of conspicuous bravery have been enrolled among the hero band. The actual money value of the cross is only a few shillings; but the laurel crown of the Roman cost even less, and decorations are, of course, altogether valueless from that point of view. Many a brave knight has gone into the clash of arms and has fought bloody battles for the sake of a flower from the hair of his mistress, or a scarf which has encircled her fair neck; and in these latter times, many a man has gone into the deadly breach, and through tempests of fiery missiles, for the love of country and honor, sustained in the midst of dangers by the hope that some day that simple Maltese cross devised by the Queen, and always, when practicable, contered by her own hand, may rest upon his breast. The Victoria Cross carries with it £10 a year pension for each non-commissioned officer and private, with an additional annuity of £5 for every additional bar, such bar being added upon each fresh act of bravery equal to the first.

THE DOG WHICH BITES.

I read not long ago, in an English paper, of a man who saw, as he walked along the road, two men supporting a third, who appeared unable to walk. "What is the matter?" he inquired. The reply was, "Why, that poor man has been sadly bitten by the brewer's dog." "Indeed," the gentleman said, feeling rather concerned at the disaster. "Yes, sir, and he is not the first by a good many that he has done a mischief to." The man said, "Why is the dog not made away with?" "Ah sir, he ought to be made away with long ago, but it wants resolution to do it. It is the strong drink, sir, that's the brewer's dog."

Some years ago, when a small boy at school, we heard of a mad dog that had passed through the neighbourhood the night before, entering the yard and

biting the cattle and hogs, and in every case they went mad and had to be destroyed. Such a thing was sufficient to arouse the neighborhood. Two of the older boys at school secured a gun and started after the destroyer. About four miles distant they overtook him and discharged the contents of their gun, which effectually prevented his doing any further damage. It required "resolution" to do that also, but life and property were in peril and no effort was thought to be too great, so that the destroyer might be put out of existence.

The brewer's dog keeps on biting people, and some get very mad too, and the wonder is that so many submit to have his ravages go on in their midst, lest some may be bitten who are very dear to them. Sometimes a muzzle is applied to animals, but that will not do in this case. It has been tried and failed. Nothing short of extermination will be of any practical service.

SCHOOL LIFE.

SAT in the School of Sorrow,  
The Master was teaching there;  
But my eyes were dim with weeping,  
And my heart was full of care.  
Instead of looking upwards,  
And seeing his face divine,  
So full of the tenderest pity  
For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burden,  
The cross that before me lay,  
So hard and heavy to carry,  
That it darkened the light of day.  
So I could not learn my lesson,  
And say, "Thy will be done,"  
And the Master came not near me  
As the weary hours went on.

At last in my heavy sorrow,  
I looked from the cross above,  
And I saw the Master watching,  
With a glance of tender love;  
He turned to the cross before me,  
And I thought I heard him say—  
My child thou must bear thy burden  
And learn thy task to day.

I may not tell the reason,  
Its enough for thee to know  
That I, the Master, am teaching  
And give this cup of woe.  
So I stooped to that weary sorrow,  
One look at that face divine  
Had given me power to trust him,  
And say "Thy will, not mine."

And thus I learned my lesson,  
Taught by the Master alone;  
He only knows the tears I shed,  
For he has wept his own;  
But from them came a brightness  
Straight from the home above,  
Where the school-life will be ended  
And the cross will show the love.

WHICH SIDE.

ON this subject of the liquor traffic, which side do you suppose the devil is on?

Can anybody for an instant suppose that the Lord is in favour of the side of the whiskey seller?

Can anybody doubt for a moment that the devil is in favour of free whiskey?

The cause of temperance is the cause of morality and religion.

The cause of the whiskey seller is the cause of the Evil One.

Who can doubt on this subject?

Which side, dear reader, are you on? Are you for order, temperance, morality and religion?

Can it be possible that any one not now degraded and besotted until all human hopes and instincts are blotted out from his soul, can be in favour of the body and soul-destroying rum traffic?



THE DRUNKARD'S CUP.

SEE how the vivid lightning gleams  
Within the accursed cup. It seems  
As if fire from hell's great lava streams,  
To moulder and destroy, and haunt the dreams  
Of lord and minion.

Like fiery storms of molten lead,  
Ruin fills the yawning graves with dead,  
Its fires, by wholesale traffic fed,  
Bring thousands to their dying bed,  
As Satan's prey.

What cries are those from the mighty deep,  
That to our ears forever sweep  
Old Whiskey there his vigils keep—  
A drunken crew has gone to sleep  
Till the last great day.

Shall Canada forever be  
The scene of drunken misery?  
Shall generations yet to come,  
By drunken fathers lose a home,  
And sink into the grave?

Woe to the man who takes no place  
In this great war against disgrace:  
The blood of thousands on his head  
A place of torment when he's dead,  
He could but would not save.

—Selected.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 48 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	
Under 6 copies, 65c.; over 6 copies	0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly, 20 pp. 8vo.	0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 14
20 copies and upwards	0 12

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

C. W. Coates, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal.  
S. F. Huestis, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1884.

METHODIST MISSIONS.

FROM the Mission Rooms we learn that the religious reports for the year are, on the whole, encouraging, and in many cases decidedly so. The most marked results have been seen in Newfoundland and British Columbia. In the former place extensive revivals have occurred, resulting in the conversion of hundreds of souls. In the latter a gracious work has been in progress among both whites and Indians. As a result of this work two Missions in the Victoria and New Westminster District have become self-sustaining fields. In Japan there has been steady progress, and in some parts of the Empire there have been extensive religious awakenings. Recent letters contain the cheering intelligence that one of our native churches in Tokio has voluntarily relinquished Missionary aid, and become a self-sustaining charge.

The successes of the past and the many open doors awaiting the advent of our Missionaries, alike call upon us for increased liberality and prayer. The present income is insufficient for

the needs of the existing work, not to speak of much-needed extension. A large advance is urgently required and confidently expected. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

The income for 1882-3 was \$159,228; surplus from preceding year, \$10,608, or a total for the purposes of the Society of \$169,836.

The expenditure for the year amounted to \$165,813.

The cost of management and administration of this large sum was only 4 and 2-10ths per cent. If there is more economical Mission management anywhere we do not know where it is.

THE C. L. S. C.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is a "College" for one's own home; for any one who can read English with ease, old and young. Busy housekeepers, mechanics, farmers, tradesmen, college graduates, ministers and lawyers, physicians, and accomplished ladies are enrolled in it. Several of the members are over sixty years of age. Among the 40,000 names enrolled the majority are between twenty and forty years.

For information concerning the C. L. S. C., address—L. C. Peak, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto; or, Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

A JUBILEE HYMN.

The following is a strange weird air given with wonderful effect by the Jubilee Singers. It is one of the most characteristic of their Songs, and, as sung by them, its mournful melody haunts the memory with a lingering spell.

- 2 Five of them were foolish when the bridegroom came,  
Five of them were foolish when the bridegroom came.  
Cuo. -O Zion, &c.
- 3 The wise they took oil when the bridegroom came,  
The wise they took oil when the bridegroom came.  
Cuo. -O Zion, &c.

- 4 The foolish took no oil when the bridegroom came,  
The foolish took no oil when the bridegroom came.  
Cuo. -O Zion, &c.
- 5 The foolish they kept knocking when the bridegroom came,  
The foolish they kept knocking when the bridegroom came.  
Cuo. -O Zion, &c.

6 Depart, I never knew you, said the bridegroom, then,  
Depart, I never knew you, said the bridegroom, then.  
Cuo. -O Zion, &c.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

WE rejoice at the privilege of renewing our acquaintance with so many of our old friends, and with so large a circle of new ones. We trust that through the successive months of another year, our pleasant relations may be increasingly interesting and profitable to us both, and that the friendship begun on earth—for we regard as a friend every Sunday-school worker, though we may never see his face or know his name—may at last be consummated in heaven. We hope all our readers will endeavour to promote the usefulness of this periodical by its circulation. We cordially wish, dear friends, teachers and scholars, that this new year may be the best and happiest year that ever you have known.

We have several urgent requests from poor schools for donations of second-hand books. Will not schools which are replenishing their libraries kindly glean out those that they can spare and send to the Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto, for distribution to schools needing them?

NEVER wait for anything to turn up. Go and turn it up yourself.

THE CATECHISM FOR 1884.

FOR some months we have been printing in the Sunbeam the new Methodist Catechism, No. 1, for the little folk. We begin with the New Year to print in the PLEASANT HOURS, Banner and Quarterly the new Methodist Catechism, No. II., for older scholars. It is the best summary of Christian doctrine and Bible history we ever saw. It was prepared at the request of the Wesleyan Conference in England, by the Rev. Dr. Pope, one of the ablest theologians living, and is published by order of the General Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada. We hope that both these catechisms, No. I. and No. II., will be diligently studied in the schools. We know of nothing that will so fill the mind with scriptural views of God and our relation to Him, and the duties springing out of these relationships, as the study of these little summaries of the doctrines of Methodism throughout the world.

THE Missionary Reward Books for the Juvenile Collectors, are very attractive. There are six in the series, and they are graded according to the amounts raised. Last year the aggregate of Juvenile givings was about \$23,000.



THE NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.

**T**HE Right Hon. Henry Charles Keith Petty Fitzmaurice, Marquis of Lansdowne, was duly inaugurated Governor-General of Canada, immediately after his arrival at Quebec on the 23rd of October. He is gifted by nature as well as by birth, and has honourably acquitted himself in several important positions. He is said to possess rare administrative talent, and the delivery into his keeping of the great seal of the Dominion meets with unqualified approval.

In 1869, his Lordship married Lady Maud Evelyn Hamilton, youngest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, a lady of great personal attractions and considerable literary ability, who accompanies him to Ottawa.

The new Governor-General is the fifth Marquis of Lansdowne. Although but thirty-eight years of age, he has already filled the positions of Lord of the Treasury, Under Secretary for India, and Under Secretary of War, in a manner which has added greatly to the honours of his name.

Because of a difference in opinion in regard to the land policy for Ireland, where he was a large owner, he retired from Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, and while he has not actually opposed the Government, it has been generally understood that it did not meet with his entire approval.

His acceptance of the appointment as Governor-General of Canada is considered an indication of reconciliation with Mr. Gladstone.

We are particularly fortunate in Canada in having as representatives of Her Gracious Majesty such a succession of noblemen, scholars and statesmen as Lord Durham, Lord Sydenham, Lord Metcalfe, Lord Elgin, Lord Monck, Lord Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne and now the Marquis of Lansdowne. Our American friends are apt to twit us being in the leading strings of Queen Victoria and unable to choose our own Governor; but it is a silken, not an iron tie that binds us to the motherland, and so long as we are favoured with a succession of such genial and scholarly men in the highest place of honour among us, we shall not regret that we cannot elect to the first office in the country an "Old Hickory," a "Zack" Taylor, or an

"Andy" Johnston. These vulgar nicknames are but the outcome of a spirit that degrades the high office and drags its honours in the dust.

SPARE MINUTE COURSE, No. 1.

**T**HERE is a course of short readings for farmer boys, factory girls, shop boys, and very busy people generally. Sunday-school teachers and pastors and foremen in factories can do valuable service by inducing those under their care to take this course of reading.

The Chautauqua Spare Minute Course, No. 1, comprises the following:

1. *Readings in Science.*—Home College Series Tracts, No. 47, The Ocean, 5c.; No. 16, The Rain, 5c.; No. 84, Our Earth, 5c.; No. 7, The Sun, 5c.; No. 15, The Moon, 5c.; No. 25, The Stars, 5c. Total, 30c.

2. *Readings in Travel and Art.*—Home College Series Tracts, No. 48, Two Weeks in the Yosemite, 5c.; No. 50, Ten Days in Switzerland, 5c.; No. 3, Egypt, 5c.; No. 10, Art in Egypt, 5c.; No. 45, The Euphrates Valley, 5c.; No. 51, Art in the Far East, 5c. Total, 30c.

3. *Readings in Biography.*—Home College Series Tracts, No. 23, William Shakespeare, 5c.; No. 26, John Milton, 5c.; No. 8, Washington Irving, 5c.; No. 75, Daniel Webster, 5c. Total 20c.

4. *Readings on General Subjects.*—Home College Series Tracts, No. 69, Readings and Readers, 5c.; No. 49, Keep Good Company, 5c.; No. 54, Words, 5c.; No. 27, Pennmanship, 5c.; No. 36, Readings from Wordsworth, 5c. Chautauqua Text Book, No. 43, Good Manners, 10c.; Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 1, Biblical Exploration; or, How to Study the Bible, 10c. Total, 45c.

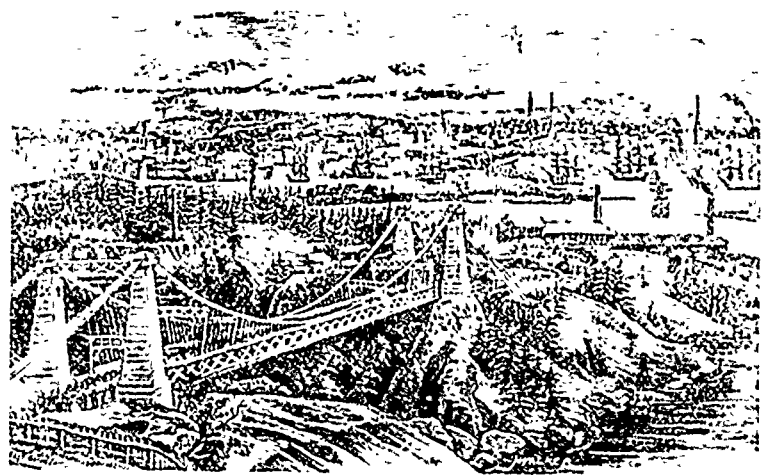
On receipt of \$1 the entire set above named will be sent by mail.

To any person completing this course of reading, on receipt of six cents, postage stamps, by Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., a certificate copy will be sent.

This course is entirely free from sectarian bias, and designed for all classes of people.

For tracts and books on this course send to Wm. Briggs, Toronto; S. F. Huestes, Halifax; C. W. Coates, Montreal.

SEVERAL schools are taking the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for circulation, instead of library books, being much fresher, more attractive and interesting, and much cheaper. Each monthly part contains about as much as an average S. S. library. A special reduction is made to schools taking two or more copies. The following special offer is also made: To each school taking one or more copies of the *Magazine*, any one of the following books will be given FREE with each subscription at full rate—\$2 a year. These books are all handsomely bound in cloth: "Valeria: The Martyr of the Catacombs." A Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome. Illustrated. 75 cents. "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher." A Tale of the War of 1812. 75 cents. "The King's Messenger; or, Lawrence Temple's Probation." A Story of Canadian Life. Illustrated. 75 cents. "The Romance of Missions." 60 cents. "Worthies of Early Methodism." 60 cents.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND FALLS, ST. JOHN, N. B.—(See first page.)

*Newfoundland: Its History, Its Present Condition, and its Prospects in the Future.* By Joseph Hatton and the Rev. M. Harvey. 8vo., pp. 431, illustrated. Boston: Doyle & Whittle, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$2.50.

To most Canadian readers the Island of Newfoundland is as unfamiliar as the Island of Ceylon. Yet its history is of fascinating interest, and it is one of the noblest possessions of the British Crown. It has special claims upon our attention as a half-way house between Canada and Europe, as destined to become an important member of the Canadian Confederacy, and as the field of some of the most heroic missionary operations of our Church.

This book is the first which adequately treats of this oldest colony of Great Britain—discovered by a British seaman only five years after Columbus unveiled the New World. It is one of the most successful examples of literary partnership. Mr. Hatton, an accomplished London journalist, edited the book, saw it through the press and enriched it by his researches in the library of the British Museum. Mr. Harvey traversed the island from side to side, explored its resources, and describes its agricultural, lumbering, mining and fishing industries. The book is admirably illustrated and has an excellent folding map. The American edition is revised, corrected, and enlarged; and is indispensable for all who would know all about our nearest seaward neighbour. The chapters on the seal, cod, salmon, herring, and other fisheries, on the interior of the island, and on Labrador, are a story of stirring adventure which has all the charm of romance. Newfoundland is one of the noblest of our mission fields. The *Methodist Magazine* for 1884 will contain several articles on this island with copious pictorial illustration, drawn by the courtesy of the publishers from this volume.

THE *Orillia Packet* says:—"We hartili kongratidlet our Methodist frendz on the vei ekselent provizhon hwich the Buk-Rum, under the manjment ov William Briggs, iz meking for the children ov ther Sunde Skulz, in the we ov avelant literatiur. Thri kapital publik eshonz ar isiud: The *Sunbeam*, for the wi wurz; *Pleasant Hours*, for children ov larj groih, and the *Home and School*, for the stil larjer and mor advanst skolaz. Patriotik, wel-edited, and biutifuli printed, the dezerv a veri larj serkiuleshon."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

**T**UR genial confrere of the *Halifax Wesleyan* makes the following kind remarks: We look with no small satisfaction upon the samples of Periodicals and Sunday-school papers now on our table from our Publishing House at Toronto. Dr. Withrow, as editor, and Mr. Briggs, as publisher, have achieved rare success. These papers are welcomed in our largest schools, and are found by those who have to meet the bills as among the cheapest as well as the brightest and best. The increase in their circulation has been something wonderful. That Methodist schools should have Methodist papers no one can doubt. An exchange says that "a class of boys who had attended one of our Methodist schools for at least three years could not tell whether the school was of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist or Methodist denomination." Who will say that this is right!

CHAPLAIN McCABE has been spending a Sunday in Toronto, and attending the missionary anniversary of the Metropolitan Church. His impressions, given in the *Christian Advocate*, are worthy of note. He says: We have no such congregations in American Methodism, as this Sabbath night twenty-five hundred people filled every nook and cranny of the vast building. They give \$4,000 missionary money annually. Canadian Methodism is better drilled than we are. They average \$1.25 per member for Missions. If we should give as much per member our collections for Missions would amount annually to \$2,400,000. We give about one-fourth of that sum. It is a beautiful transition to come from Chicago to spend a Sabbath in Toronto. These Canadians know how to keep the Sabbath. The "holy quiet" we sing about pervades the city. The newsboys never disturb you with their outcries. No street-cars are allowed to run. The Sabbath is kept and the people go to church. Happy Toronto! Far be the day when this Sabbath rest shall be broken! Our Book Room in Toronto has one hundred employees, and is a great success. We were the guests of H. A. Massey, Esq., formerly of Cleveland. Reluctantly we took our departure from that beautiful city, feeling that it was worth going all the way to Toronto to see the Metropolitan Church congregation, to spend a whole Sabbath undisturbed by newsboys and street-cars, and to be the guests of Brother Massey.

## THE NEW YEAR.

ANNE MILLS.

"HAPPY New Year!" Pass it 'round:  
The day like "Auld lang syne"  
shall be,  
When merry, merry was the sound  
Of childish voices, glad and free;  
And youthful feet passed in and out  
The old, time-worn parental door—  
Its panels wide, begirt about  
With towering pine and sycamore.

The bells ' who can forget the bell,  
Whose music filled the frosty air,  
As o'er the white-tobed hills and dells  
True friends were gliding everywhere?  
Each merry group, on pleasure bent,  
Gave true to earth-born care and woe,  
Deeming the passing hours are lent  
For mirth, though fleeting as the snow.

A day, a year, it carries not  
And youth is lost in manhood's prime,  
With airy castles all forgot  
And the stern demands of time,  
But not a fleeting year goes by,  
Without its clear, bright title page,  
Then greet each one without a sigh,  
Though soon, life's noon descends to age.

Do years grow short and shorter still?  
Then speed for thee the festal days  
Which wisdom beckons thee to fill  
With kindly words and heartfelt praise.  
A happy New Year, then, to all;  
We warmly grasp the outstretched hand,  
And hope to meet both great and small  
Where endless years are glory-spained.

## HISTORY OF THE SAW-MILL.

HOW surprised I was on seeing  
in a museum, a long time  
ago, such things as scissors,  
seal rings, necklaces, and  
pairs of compasses, that were  
taken from Egyptian tombs  
three thousand years old!

But, after all, men were  
men three thousand years ago, and  
women were women. They had the  
wants, the needs, the vanities of men  
and women, and they had brains not  
unlike our own to supply them.

The most boastful Yankee (not that  
Yankees are more boastful than other  
people), in some of the rooms of the  
British Museum, is obliged to confess  
that the ancients originated a great  
many good notions which we moderns  
have only improved upon.

For instance, there are few tools  
more ancient than the saw. All the  
ancient nations appear to have had it:  
certainly, the Hindoos, the Egyptians,  
the Greeks, and the Romans. The  
saw may have existed even before  
there were any men on the earth.

There is a creature called the saw-  
fly, with two saws in its tail, which it  
actually uses for sawing the stems,  
leaves, and fruits wherein its eggs are  
to be deposited. There is also a saw-  
fish, the long snout of which is a saw.  
It is said also that the original in-  
habitants of the Island of Madeira  
found a ready-made saw in the back-  
bone of a fish.

The Greeks had a pretty story at-  
tributing the invention of the saw to  
the accidental finding of the jaw-bone  
of a snake by one Talus, who used it  
to cut through a small piece of wood.  
Being a slave, and finding that this  
jaw-bone eased his labour, he made a  
saw of iron, and thus gave mankind a  
new and most valuable tool.

The ancient saws differed from ours  
in two ways. The teeth were so  
arranged that the cut was made by  
pulling, instead of pushing; and the  
teeth, instead of being set one to the  
right and one to the left alternately,  
were set so that ten or a dozen in suc-

cession slanted one way, and the same  
number the other way.

The ancients had several varieties of  
the implement. The Greeks for ex-  
ample, had cross-cut saws for two men;  
also for cutting marble into slabs.  
And they had a kind of tubular saw  
for hollowing out a marble bath-tub,  
similar in principle to the method now  
employed.

Among the pictures uncovered in  
the buried city of Herculaneum, there  
is a representation of two genii saw-  
ing a piece of wood on a carpenter's  
bench, very much like ours, and using  
a saw with a wooden frame similar to  
those now employed. Still more  
strange, the frame-saw tightened with  
a rope and stick, such as our street  
wood-sawyers use, was probably as  
familiar to the Romans as it is to us.

A saw-mill, however, by which  
wind, water or steam is made to do  
the hardest part of the work, was not  
known to any ancient nation.

Sawing by hand, next to digging a  
stiff clay soil, is about the hardest work  
that men ordinarily have to do. It is  
therefore not surprising that our ease-  
loving race began to experiment a  
good while ago with a view to apply-  
ing the forces of nature to the perform-  
ance of this toil.

A learned German professor who  
has investigated the subject very  
thoroughly, states that the first trace  
of a saw-mill yet discovered is in the  
record of the German city of Augsburg,  
for the year 1337.

The reference is slight, and does not  
fix the fact with certainty. But there  
are two saw-mills near that city which  
are known to have existed as far back  
as 1417; and they are still used.

Before that valuable invention, all  
boards and planks were split with  
wedges, and then hewn to the requisite  
smoothness with the axe.

The splitting of boards is still prac-  
tised in remote settlements, as I have  
myself seen, and it is recorded of  
Peter the Great of Russia, that he had  
much difficulty in inducing the timber  
cutters of his empire to discontinue  
the method. At length, he issued an  
edict forbidding the exportation of  
split planks. Even in Norway, cov-  
ered with forests as it was, there was  
not one saw-mill before 1530.

Nowhere in Europe, it appears, was  
the introduction of the saw-mill so  
long resisted as in England. In 1663,  
a Hollander erected one near London;  
but it brought upon the poor man such  
an outcry and opposition that he was  
obliged to abandon it.

The sawing of timber by hand, fur-  
nished occupation at that time, and  
long after, to large numbers of strong  
men.

In every town there were sawpits,  
as they were called, for the conven-  
ience of the sawyers, one of whom  
stood at the bottom of the pit and the  
other on the log.

We can easily imagine that when  
every beam, plank and board, thick or  
thin, had to be sawed by hand, the  
sawyers must have been a formidable  
body, both from their numbers and  
their strength.

After the failure of the Dutchman  
in 1663, there was no serious attempt  
to start another saw-mill in England  
for more than a hundred years.

In 1767 an English timber-dealer of  
large capital built a saw-mill to be  
moved by the wind. It was thought  
to be a great and difficult enterprise,  
and it attracted much public attention.

Some years before an author had ex-  
plained the advantages and economy  
of saw-mills; then the Society of Arts  
gave the scheme of building one their  
approval; and, finally, the mill was  
actually built by an engineer who  
had studied the saw-mills of Holland  
and Norway.—*Youth's Companion*.

## TORONTO OF OLD.

THE following is the reminis-  
cence of an old citizen, Mr.  
Geo. Bostwick, Toronto:

"Did the place deserve its name,  
'Muddy Little York?'"

"If you had seen it you would have  
thought so. They grumble about the  
condition of our roads now, but I  
think they are splendid. I remember  
distinctly one Sunday evening Sir  
Peregrine Maitland, the Lieutenant-  
Governor of the Province, was driving  
to the Cathedral, with some ladies, in  
an old-fashioned coach they had brought  
out from England. The coach got  
stuck in the mud just in front of our  
place, and the horses simply couldn't  
move it. So they got planks and  
made a temporary walk on which the  
ladies crossed dryshod to the plank  
walk and so home. They unhitched  
the horses and took them back to the  
stable, and next day they got a yoke of  
oxen and pulled the coach out of the  
mud."

## BARTER AND TRUCK.

"You went to work after you left  
school, of course? Was there much  
inconvenience at that time owing to  
the lack of money?"

"My father was a carriage-maker,  
and I went into the shop with him  
when I was about fifteen. There was  
really no money, and all trade was  
carried on the barter and truck plan.  
Of course it was a great inconvenience,  
but it was a long time before that in-  
convenience was fully overcome.  
Things were very cheap at that time—  
oats ten cents a bushel, hay seven  
dollars a ton, and so on. The people  
had to face inconveniences which  
would not now be thought of. Ox  
teams on the street were a common  
sight, and a farmer who could afford a  
horse was considered well off. I have  
known men to carry flour on their  
backs, half a barrel at a time, as far  
as the Humber. There was hard work  
to be done in those days."

SPARE MINUTE BOOKS.—The latest  
issues of these admirable four cent  
books are readings from Tennyson,  
from Milton, from Thomas Chalmers;  
sketches of Rufus Choate, and the  
Cary sisters, with short treatises upon  
the temperance movement, upon Ger-  
many, upon reading and readers, about  
chemistry, geology and zoology. Each  
volume may be read in an hour, and  
they are a whole library in themselves.

AN exchange from Detroit—the  
*Evening Journal*—accepts in full the  
new arrangement for railroad time,  
and issues its 14, 15, and 17 o'clock  
editions. Times certainly change, if  
we do not change with them.

If a bee stings you, will you go to  
the hive and destroy it? Would not  
a thousand come upon you? If you  
receive a trifling injury, don't be  
anxious to avenge it; let it drop. It  
is wisdom to say little respecting the  
injuries you have received.

## A THOUSAND BOYS WANTED.

THERE are always boys enough  
in the market, but some of  
them are of little use. The  
kind that are always wanted are—

- |                 |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. Honest.      | 6. Obedient. |
| 2. Pure.        | 7. Steady.   |
| 3. Intelligent. | 8. Obliging. |
| 4. Active.      | 9. Polite.   |
| 5. Industrious. | 10. Neat.    |

One thousand first-rate places are  
open for a thousand boys who come up  
to this standard.

Many of these places of trade and  
art are already filled by boys who  
lack some of the most important points,  
but they will soon be vacant. One is  
an office where the lad who had the  
situation, is losing his first point. He  
likes to attend the drinking-saloon and  
the theatre; this costs more money  
than he can afford, but somehow he  
manages to be there frequently. His  
employers are quietly watching, to  
learn how he gets so much spending  
money; they will discover a leak in  
the money-drawer, detect the dishonest  
boy, and his place will be ready for  
some one who is now getting ready for  
it by observing point No. 1. and being  
truthful in all his ways.

Some situations will soon be vacant  
because the boys have been poisoned  
by reading bad books, such as they  
would not dare to show their fathers,  
and would be ashamed to have their  
mothers see. The impure thoughts  
suggested by these books will lead to  
vicious acts; the boys will be ruined,  
and their places must be filled. Who  
will be ready for one of these vacancies?

Distinguished lawyers, useful minis-  
ters, skilful physicians, successful  
merchants, must all soon leave their  
places for somebody else to fill; one by  
one, they are removed by death.

Mind your ten points, boys; they  
will prepare you to step into vacancies  
in the front rank.—*N. Y. Observer*.

## LIFT OR DIE.

THEY were putting up the frame-  
work of a very large grist mill,  
in a certain place, and when it  
came to raise one of the big bents to  
its proper position, the foreman of the  
squad of men at work, found himself  
short of hands sufficient to hoist it to  
the top. As he shouted "Yaw, he,"  
every man strained every nerve to the  
utmost, but it would not go. There  
was not strength enough to lift it to  
its place. There it hung, half way up,  
and not a foot further would all their  
efforts raise it. It was a terrible  
moment. The foreman, in despair,  
despatched a messenger to tell the  
wives and daughters of the men of the  
perilous situation they were in. The  
women rushed to the spot and stood in  
to the work, each grasping a lifting  
pole.

The foreman shouted "Yaw, he, lift  
or die."

Every man and woman lifted with the  
energy of despair, and the great bent  
swung up into its place.

It is "lift or die," too, with us, in  
regard to this evil of intemperance, and  
it will require all that every good and  
true man, woman, and child can do,  
with God's merciful help, to accom-  
plish our deliverance.—*The Temperance  
Battle-Field*.

The latest wrinkle in cuffs is caused  
by the heat.



NO TEARS THERE.

☉ NCE again the day is breaking,  
And the rays of early morn  
End a night of pain and wailing  
To that sufferer forlorn;  
Who, through months of tears and sorrow,  
On the couch of sickness lay,  
Wishing he might go to-morrow  
Where all tears are wiped away.

All the days of merry childhood,  
In his fancy passed again,  
Where he wandered 'mid the wildwood,  
Free from sorrow free from pain;  
All the joys of youth behest him,  
Came to memory as he lay,  
And he felt but one hope left him—  
God shall wipe all tears away.

Of he thought it hard when round him  
Stood the loving, kind, and true,  
That the heart-tries here which bound him  
Should be severed, but he knew  
Earthly joys are tinged with sorrow,  
They must part who meet to-day:—  
There's no parting, no to-morrow,  
Where all tears are wiped away.

Time rolls on, the wasted fingers  
Of disease have left their trace  
On that frame, yet still those fingers  
Brightness o'er that pallid face—  
Light that showed the end is near,  
Spirit soon shall spurn the clay,  
For he hears the whisper clearer—  
God shall wipe all tears away.

'Mid the night, as she who lov'd him  
Kissed his wan and pain-worn cheek,  
There is coldness creeping o'er him,  
Now he doth no longer speak.  
On that face no pang of dying,  
Calm as slumbering there he lay;  
No more sorrow, no more sighing—  
God has wiped all tears away.

A CANADIAN MISSIONARY  
IN INDIA.

**T**HE Rev. Jas. Smith writes thus  
to his mother, who lives near  
Woodville:

Dear Mother,—It is Sunday and I  
have a day of rest. I do no preaching  
on Sundays as I have school all week  
and a large school on Sunday. This  
is all I have strength for. School  
work is much more difficult than in  
Canada, for I have everything on my  
hands. We started in June 1882,  
with two classes and have now five.  
We begun with fourteen pupils and  
have to-day over one hundred. We  
had room at first for only twenty or  
thirty. Then we built a large school-  
room to be used as a classroom.  
Then we thought we were well provided  
for. It cost, with furniture, etc. \$1,500,  
and friends in India gave all but about  
\$200, which came from Canada and  
the United States. We were awfully  
discouraged at the cool way our friends  
in Canada used us. Many of them  
never answered our letters and only a  
very few gave us anything. But the  
English people here did nobly, and  
one whom I have never seen sent me  
\$200. Two others gave \$100, etc., till  
all was paid except about \$200, which  
we will have to pay ourselves unless  
the Government helps us a little more.  
I have asked, but got no answer yet.

Last evening I went out to visit  
some whom I knew to be poor—per-  
haps too poor to pay their fee, fifty  
cents a month, and get books, \$2 50  
for the year's work. I found one  
family, consisting of father, mother  
and three children—one in my school,  
the best of fifty-four candidates ex-  
amined, the other two both in school  
studying the vernacular Marathi, and  
both well advanced. The father was  
busy weaving with a handloom. It  
was a beautiful piece of fine cotton  
work—a difficult pattern. I asked  
him how much he got a day for his

work. He replied that he worked by  
the piece, and for such a piece would  
get 25 cents, and that he would finish  
it in three days! His wife helped him  
a little with broken threads and in  
putting up the work, and the rest of  
the time she was busy with housework.  
About a week before I had sold the  
son books to the value of one dollar  
and he had paid the cash. I was  
astonished and grieved—could hardly  
help crying on the spot. How many  
hungry days they will spend for that  
dollar! Besides, they have rent to pay  
for their house. How they live is a  
mystery to me.

TWO SMART GIRLS.

**A** LONG time ago, in the Indian  
country, two little girls slip-  
ped away from the fort, and  
went down into a hollow to  
pick berries. It was Emma, a girl of  
seven years, with Bessie, her sister,  
not yet six.

All at once the sun flashed on some-  
thing bright, and Emma knew that  
the pretty painted things she had seen  
crawling among the bushes must be  
hostile Indians with gleaming weapons  
in their hands. She did not cry out,  
nor in any way let them know that  
she had seen them. But she looked  
all about, saw that some of the creep-  
ing Indians were already between her  
and the fort, and went on picking  
berries as before. Soon she called  
aloud to Bessie with a steady voice,  
"Don't you think it's going to rain?"  
So they both turned and walked to-  
ward the fort. They reached the tall  
grass, and suddenly Emma dropped to  
the ground, pulling down Bessie too.  
"What are you looking for?" asked  
the little sister, in surprise. Then  
Emma whispered to Bessie, and both  
stole silently and quickly on hands  
and knees through the long grass until  
they came to the road, when they  
started up, ran swiftly to the fort,  
dashed through the entrance, and had  
the gate safely closed behind them!  
Those girls are quite old now, but  
they remember very well the day they  
saved themselves, the fort, which their  
father commanded, and the soldiers  
and other people in it besides.—*St. Nicholas.*

WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?

**H**OW often this question is asked  
by men accustomed to the use  
of intoxicating drinks! Sup-  
pose we put the question in a  
more practical way? Will you take  
ten cents' worth of poison? Will you  
take a pain in the head? Will you  
take a rush of blood to the heart?  
Will you take a stab at the lungs?  
Will you take a blister on the mucous  
membrane? Will you take a nauseat-  
ing sickness of the stomach? Will  
you take a redness of eyes or black  
eyes? Will you take a tint of red for  
your nose? Will you take a ram-hud  
for your face? Will you take an offen-  
sive breath? Will you take a touch  
of *delirium tremens*? Suppose we  
change the question a little. Will you  
take something to drink when you are  
not dry? Will you take something  
to drink which will not quench your  
thirst when you are dry? Will you  
take something to drink which will  
make you more thirsty than you were  
before you drank it? There would be  
some sense in asking a man out at  
the elbows to take a coat, or in asking

a bareheaded man to take a hat, or in  
asking a shoeless man to take a pair of  
boots, or in asking a hungry man to  
take something to eat; but it is a piece  
of insane absurdity to ask a man to  
take something to drink—that will not  
quench his thirst. Why should he take  
something? Will it make him stronger,  
wiser, better? No; a thousand times  
no! It will make him weaker; it  
will make him idiotic and base. What  
does he take if he accepts the invita-  
tion? He takes "an enemy into his  
mouth which steals away his brains." He  
takes a poison into his stomach  
which disturbs digestion. Could he  
make a telescope of the glass which he  
puts to his mouth, and look into the  
future, what would he see? He would  
see in the distance, not far away, a  
man clothed in rags, and covered with  
the blotches of drunkenness. He  
would see a man deserted by his  
friends, and distrusted by all his kin-  
dred. He would see a wife with a sad  
face and a broken heart, and children  
growing up in ignorance and vice.  
He would see the poorhouse, the  
penitentiary, the gallows, and the  
grave-yard within easy approach. Take  
the pledge, and keep it.—*National  
Temperance Orator.*

THE GIRL EVERYBODY LIKES.

**S**HE is not beautiful—oh, no!  
Nobody thinks of calling her  
that. Not one of a dozen can  
tell whether her eyes are black  
or blue. If you should ask them to  
describe her, they would only say:  
"She is just right," and there it would  
end. She is a merry-hearted, fun-  
loving, bewitching maiden, without a  
spark of envy or malice in her whole  
composition. She enjoys herself, and  
wants everybody else to do the same.  
She has always a kind word and a  
pleasant smile for the oldest man or  
woman; in fact, I can think of noth-  
ing she resembles more than a sun-  
beam, which brightens everything it  
comes in contact with. All pay her  
marked attention, from rich Mr. Watts,  
who lives in a mansion on the hill, to  
negro Sam, the sweep. All look after  
her with an admiring eye, and say to  
themselves: "She is just the right  
sort of a girl!" The young men of  
the town vie with one another as to  
who shall show her the most attention;  
but she never encourages them beyond  
being simply kind and jolly; so no  
one can call her flirt; no, indeed, the  
young men all deny such an assertion  
as quickly as she. Girls—wonderful  
to relate—like her, too; for she never  
delights in hurting their feelings, or  
saying spiteful things behind their  
backs. She is always willing to join  
in their little plans, and to assist them  
in any way. They go to her with their  
love affairs, and she manages adroitly  
to see Willie or Peter, and drop a good  
word for Ida or Jennie, until their  
little difficulties are all patched up,  
and everything goes on smoothly again  
—thanks to her. Old ladies say she  
is "delightful." The sly witch—she  
knows how to manage them. She  
listens patiently to complaints of rheu-  
matism or neuralgia, and then sym-  
pathizes with them so heartily that  
they are more than half cured. But  
she cannot be always with us. A  
young man comes from a neighbouring  
town, after a time, and marries her.  
The villagers crowd around to tell him  
what a prize he has won, but he seems  
to know it pretty well without any

telling, to judge from his face. So she  
leaves us, and it is not long before we  
hear from that place. She is there,  
the woman everybody likes.

"SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE."

**Y**OU all know this rhyme; but  
have you ever read what it is  
meant for?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds re-  
present the twenty-four hours. The  
bottom of the pie is the world, while  
the top crust is the sky that over-arches  
it. The opening of the pie is the day-  
dawn, when the birds begin to sing,  
and surely such a sight is fit for a  
king.

The king, who is represented as sit-  
ting in his parlour counting out his  
money is the sun, while the gold-pieces  
that slip through his fingers as he  
counts them are the golden sunshine.

The queen, who sits in the dark  
kitchen, is the moon, and the honey,  
with which she regales herself, is the  
moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the  
garden at work before her king—the  
sun—is risen, is day-dawn, and the  
clothes she hangs out are the clouds,  
while the bird, who so tragically ends  
the song by "nipping off her nose," is  
the hour of sunset. So we have the  
whole day, if not in a nut-shell, in a  
pie.

BREVITIES.

From *Evangelical Messenger*: "Our  
pastor is not as good a preacher as I  
want.' Indeed! Perhaps you are not  
as good a hearer as he would like to  
have, but he must make the best of  
you. If he can stand it, you can."

"I do not wish to say anything  
against the individual in question,"  
said a very polite and accomplished  
gentleman upon a certain occasion,  
"but I would merely remark, in the  
language of the poet, that to him  
'truth is strange—stranger than  
fiction.'"

"I AM now writing under the cedars  
where, near twenty-five years ago, I  
used to sit with my bride. After  
travelling all these years, I have  
no parsonage, nor time to live in one."  
The above is from a Methodist preacher  
in Georgia. He is evidently in the  
active itinerancy.

"I DON'T believe in this learning  
German, Spanish, French, or any  
foreign language," said a Michigan  
man the other day. "Why, I lived  
among a lot of Germans, and got along  
with them just as well as if I knew  
their language; but I didn't—not a  
word of it." "How did you contrive  
it?" "Why, you see, they understood  
mine."

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing  
anything beautiful. Beauty is God's  
hand-writing, a wayside sacrament;  
welcome it in every fair face, every  
fair sky, every fair flower, and thank  
Him for it, the fountain of loveliness;  
and drink it in, simply and earnestly  
with your eyes; it is a charmed  
draught, a cup of blessing.

WHEN an old backwoodsman was  
about to take his first ride on a Miss-  
issippi steamer, he was asked whether  
he would take a deck or cabin passage.  
"Well," he said, in a resigned sort of  
way, "I've lived all my life in a cabin,  
and I guess cabin passage will be good  
enough for a rough chap like me."



