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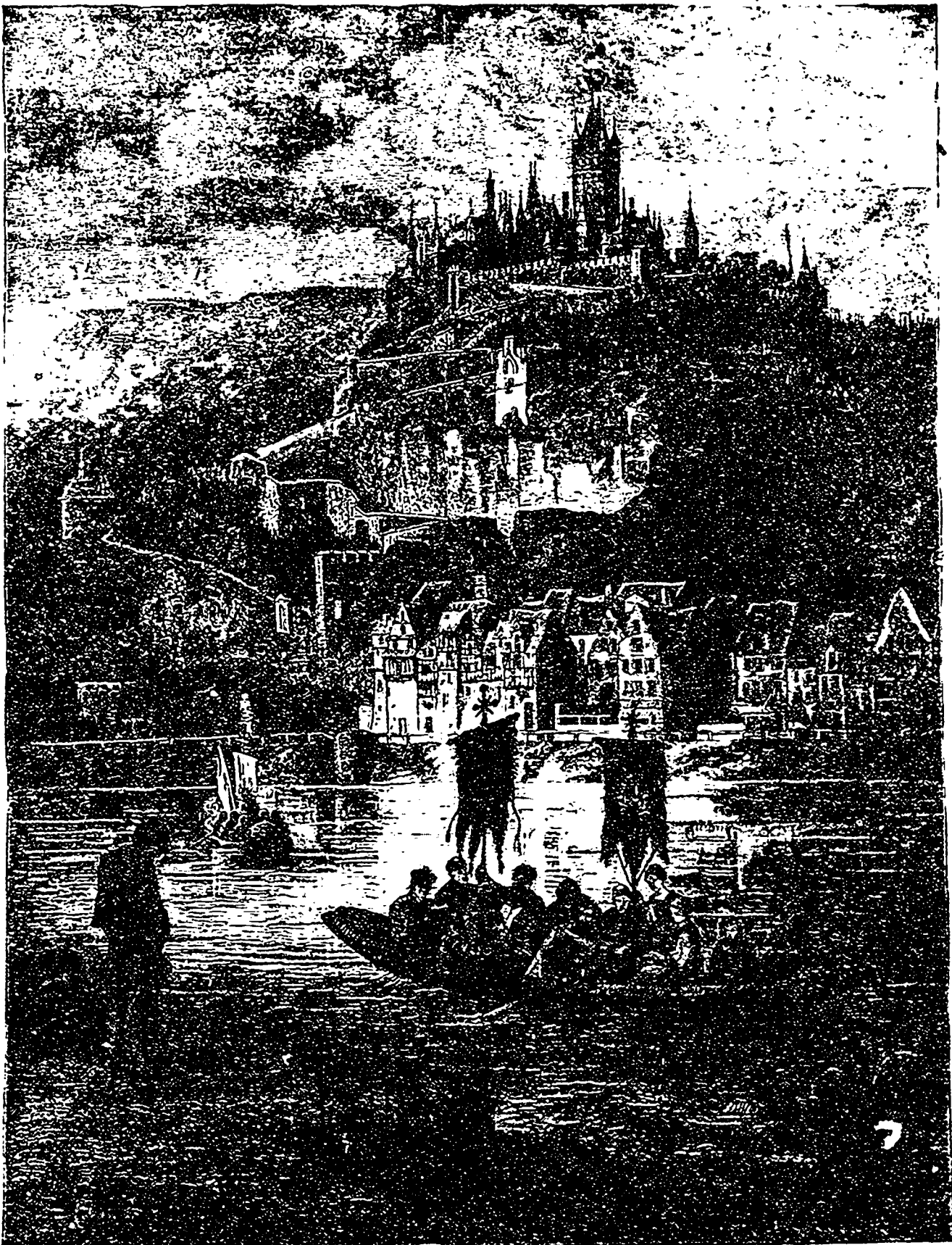
PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

No. 19.



"ON THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE."—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

HERE are whips and tops and pieces of strings,
There are shoes which no little feet wear;
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures, all faded and torn,
And marked by the finger-tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken mine away;
And I almost doubt that the Lord can know
That the mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
Who are waiting and watching to-night
For the slow return of the faltering feet
That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame
and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have
gathered in.

They wander far in distant climes,
They perish by fire and flood,
And their hands are black with the direst
crimes
That kindle the wrath of God.
Yet a mother's song hath soothed them
to rest,
She hath lulled them to slumber upon her
breast.

And then I think of my children three,
My babies that never grow old,
And know they are waiting and watching
for me
In the city with streets of gold.
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow and sin and war,
And I thank my God with falling tears
For the things in the bottom drawer.

"ON THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE"

"ON the banks of the Blue Moselle" depicts a scene on the lovely Moselle river, at the picturesque old German town of Kochem. The priest and party in the boat in the foreground are evidently engaged in some religious ceremony, probably carrying the Sacrament to the sick in the Roman manner in which, in Catholic countries, this service is usually performed. The beauty of the Moselle river and surrounding scenery is widely famed in both story and song.

NOT LONELY.

A good minister of the Gospel was visiting among the poor one winter's day in a large city in Scotland. He climbed up into a garret at the top of a very high house. He had been told that there was a poor old woman there, that no one seemed to know about. He went on climbing up, until he found his way into the garret-room. As he entered the room he looked around; there was the bed, and a chair, and a table with a candle burning dimly on it, a very little fire on the hearth, and an old woman sitting by it, with a large Testament on her lap. The minister asked her what she was doing there. She said she was reading.

"Don't you feel lonely here?" he asked.

"Na, na," was her reply.

"What do you do here all these long winter nights?"

"O," she said, "I just sit here, wi' my light and wi' my New Testament on my knees, talking wi' Jesus."

EMIL'S GIFT.

BY THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D.

II.

(Concluded.)

THE December air is frosty, and as the train penetrates the heart of the Appalachian ranges, the snow lies on the mountain tops. It is a wild and rugged country; the boy has never seen anything like it. Can there be hearts as kind among these rough hills as that of the lovely lady with whom he had just parted?

There is a frozen pond covered with skaters. "Oh!" thinks Emil, "if that is your pleasure, I shall be with you. That is a trade you cannot teach me." And he pulls from his bag a fine pair of skates, his father's gift to him last Christmas, and fingers their shining edges. "Last Christmas!" he muses. "And what day is this?" He looks in his diary. "It is the twenty-fourth. It is the day before Christmas. To-night is the holy night." He has not thought of that before. The memory breaks up again the fountains of the great deep of sorrow in the boy's heart.

"Alas!" he muses. "I shall have no one to whom on this beautiful festival of the Christ-child I can offer any gift. Last year my poor, sick father was made happy by the little table I carved to stand by his bed, for his vials and his books; and my mother praised the pretty work-box that I made her; to-morrow there will be none to whom I can give anything."

Is it wonderful that troubles like these should dim the brightness of the sunlight and make the rugged hills look a little more inhospitable? But it is not long before the savage mountains are past and the boy's journey lies along the beautiful valley, whose farms climb to the summits of the hills on either side—the thirfiest, loveliest river valley he has ever seen, and the shadow lifts from his face as he looks out upon its beauty, and soon the two lonesome hours are ended, and the trainman announces "Onatico."

Emil knows not whither to go. He stands for a moment on the platform, after the train has departed, and gazes about him. A beautiful river—the same river that he has been following—lies at his feet, disappearing in a graceful curve behind a hill on his right, hidden in the other direction by a dark-browed mountain. Across the river, and half a mile from its banks, another bold mountain rises abruptly; between that mountain and the river lies the village. The principal business street is upon the river-bank, and the row of brick stores that back down to the river show him their worst side; but above the stores stretches a long avenue of beautiful homes, and the spires and towers of the town, with the river in front and the hill in the rear, make a picture that charms the eye of the boy, whose life has been spent amid the desolate flatness of Hamlet's on the Elbe. "No wonder," he thinks, "that my father loved this home, and longed for it so often."

Gathering his scanty luggage, he carries it to the door of a little hostelry across the way, with a German name upon the sign, and makes a thrifty bargain with the keeper for his temporary entertainment. After a comfortable meal, and such a bath as his rather meagre quarters will allow, he arranges himself in his best, and sallies forth to

find the friend to whose good-will Mrs. Baker has consigned him.

The long bridge which spans the river offers him a still better view of the scenery as he crosses to the town. The river is encased in transparent ice, except as here and there a ripple has kept it open; far above yonder, at the curve of the stream, a crowd of skaters are filling the air with their merriment. The scene is full of beauty, and Emil lingers to enjoy it; but not long.

It is four o'clock when he reaches No. 75 Front Street, and the young man at one of the desks tells him that Mr. Holden has gone out, and will not be in again during the afternoon.

"It is Christmas, to-morrow, you know," says the clerk, kindly, "and I guess that he is looking up Christmas presents."

"And he shall not come to this place to-morrow!" queries Emil, dubiously.

"No; he is never here on Christmas. You will find him here the day after to-morrow."

Emil turns away ruefully.

"Can't you leave your business with me?" says the clerk.

"Nein; it is Herr Holden himself that I must see."

Shall he inquire for Mr. Holden's house? No; he will not intrude upon the holiday. He will wait until the day after to-morrow.

So he walks slowly away, and turns his footsteps up the street. Christmas is in the air. Emil would not need to be told of it now, if he had not thought of it before. The crowds of eager purchasers; the throngs about the windows of the toy shops and the candy stores; the baskets and the bundles; the happy, anxious, hurrying multitudes; the bits of talk that he hears dropping from one lip and another: "You ought to see!" "How do you think she would like?" "Couldn't find a real baby doll?" "Wouldn't a silk muller do?" "Books are always suitable, but"—"How ever am I going to get it into the house without letting her see it!" such are the loose strands of speech that Emil picks up as he walks along, and he knows enough English to put them together, and to weave them into the harmonies of that majestic anthem of good-will to men which the angels sang on the first Christmas, above the plains of Bethlehem, but which, when the day returns, they now bend from the skies themselves to hear, rising all over the earth from happy human voices.

But to the lonely boy the thought again comes back: "No one in this busy town, no one in this vast continent, on whom I have any right, for love's sake, to bestow a Christian gift." "Yes! there is Frau Baker. I would even venture to show her my gratitude if I could; but that I cannot do, for she is far away, and there is no one else." Nevertheless, Emil is resolved that he will not let gloomy thoughts have a way on this glad festival; he puts them out of his mind as quickly as he can; and, after sauntering up and down the streets for a while, watching the throngs and listening to the unfamiliar voices, he purchases a little parcel of cakes and sweet meats for his own Christmas feast, and slowly recrosses the bridge to his lodgings.

After a long, refreshing night, the Christmas morning finds him as hopeful and happy as a boy in a foreign land, with neither home nor friends, could

be expected to be; and, when breakfast is over, he determines to join the crowd of skaters upon the river above. That is a fraternity into which he will need no invitation. He is soon among them, sharing their sport, not at all abashed by the curious glances that scan his quaint costume and the angular pattern of his skates; for Emil is an admirable skater, and that fact soon finds recognition. As he spins about among the gliding groups some of them nod to him pleasantly, and now and then one hails him a blithe "Merry Christmas!" to which he answers by a touch of the hat and a courteous "I thank you!"

"See that queer looking duffer, with the funny blue cap and the old-fashioned bob-tail coat," says one to another. "Wonder when he 'snowed down! But he can skate though! Takes the Dutch to roll as easy as rollin' of a log." A few little boys, with their sleds, are laying tribute upon the skaters, each one eager to hitch his vehicle to some steel-clad Mercury, and go skimming over the ice at the skater's speed. When they can persuade no one to draw them they run and fling themselves upon the sleds, and travel as far as they can by their own momentum. One beautiful, fair-haired boy, with long curls and blue eyes, not more than six years old, hails Emil.

"Mister, won't you draw me, please?"

"Ya," replies Emil. "It shall be to me mooch pleasure." And he gives the youngster a whirl up and down the river that nearly takes his breath away.

Just below the cove, where the skaters are thickest, there is a shallow, where the water runs swift, and where there is an opening in the ice a dozen rods in length, reaching out nearly as far from the shore. The lawn from one of the finest houses runs down to the river, opposite to this opening.

"Where do you lif, *ieolsugakuni*?" asks Emil, as he drops the rope of the little boy's sled.

"That is my house," answers the child, pointing to the mansion with the sloping lawn.

"Is there no one here to watch you over?"

"No, I just slid down that bank on my new sled, and come out here all alone. I wanted a good ride on the ice."

"Ach! it is not safe, I fear me. You must go not near that hole down dere. Will you?"

"No," answers the child, gayly, as he runs away, flinging down his sled upon the ice.

Emil turns up the river again, but he has not skated far when he hears a cry, and, swinging around, sees the skaters huddling near the upper edge of that danger-hole. The fair-haired boy has not heeded Emil's counsel, the ice near the edge of the water was glare; the sled went much swifter and much further than he thought it would, suddenly he was plunged into the swift current.

Now see them all hurrying to the spot, some wringing their hands and crying, "Help!" some standing azeed and motionless, some of the young ladies pale and faint, some of the young men saying one thing, and some another.

"Back from the edge!" shouts one strong voice. "You will all be in there together, pretty soon!"

The crowd surges backward.

"Get a rope!"
 "Where is a pole?"
 "Bring one of those planks from the shore yonder!"
 "Can't somebody swim?"
 Such were the confused and uncertain voices.

"Help me off with my skates!" cries one brave fellow, tugging at the fastenings that seem to be immovable. Meantime—it is only a few seconds—the child is floating steadily down the stream; sinking for one dreadful moment, then rising to the surface. And, meantime, the strange German boy has been flying like the wind to the spot. Through the group he forges in a twinkling, his coat is off already; down on the ice he goes; and no loosening of the skates; skates and boots come off together; now a running jump, and in he goes. See him now! Blowing the water from his lips, taking long, steady, powerful strokes; he is after him; he is gaining on him; the child sinks again; he is drawing terribly near the ice below. If he goes under it! Oh! but the brave swimmer is hurrying his stroke, there are the flaxen locks once more at the surface, and the swimmer's left hand has grasped the red tipst around the child's neck. No; he will not risk the crumbling ice; he pulls for the shore, bearing up the river, holding the child at arm's length, swimming steadily and surely; no hurry now.

A shout goes up from the skaters. See yonder! A man, bare-headed, comes flying down the sloping lawn. It is the child's father. He has heard the cry from the river; the danger of the child and the daring rescue are in one moment revealed to him. As Emil nears the shore the father rushes into the water and grasps his boy.
 "O, my darling!" he cries. "Yes, he is alive. You saved him, you brave boy! Come with me at once into the house! Bring his coat and shoes, will you!" he shouts to the group on the ice. The father, with the child in his arms, leads the way, Emil, dripping and panting a little, follows. The mother, half frantic, meets them on the lawn, the father's quiet tones reassure her.

"Oh! yes; my dear. He is alive. I feel his heart beating; he is only chilled a little; he will be himself again in an hour or two! There is the boy that saved his life!"
 The mother flings her arms around Emil's dripping shoulders, and kisses him. There is not much time for talk.

The father's word is true. It is but a little while before the child, stripped of his wet clothing, rolled in a warm blanket and rubbed by the fire, is awake and clearly out of danger. Meantime Emil has been hurried up to a warm room by the young man whom he met in Mr. Holden's office, the evening before, and there has been disrobed, and rubbed, and clad in dry garments, somewhat too large for him. He has said but little, save in reply to the young man's questions. He has been thinking much.

Presently the young fellow turns, as Emil makes a reply in his strong German accent, and says:

"Say! Look here! Aren't you the fellow that came into the office yesterday?"

"Yes," answers Emil, "I was."
 "You wanted to see Mr. Holden?"
 "I had a letter to give him."
 "Letter of introduction?"

"Somethings like dat, may be."
 "Well, man alive, do you know that this is Mr. Holden's house; and that it is his boy that you pulled out of the river?"

"Nein; I knew not, aber I was wondering much when I see you here."

"Well, you won't need your letter of introduction now, vary much. You've got acquainted with him, now I tell you; and don't you forget it!"

Emil blushes and looks down. He does not like the thought of claiming anything on the score of what he has done, he almost wishes that he had not the letter. But it is all out now, and he cannot help himself.

"Is he your fater?" asks the lad.

"No, he is my uncle, and I live with him. No better man in town, either."

It is Mr. Holden himself who now knocks at the door.

"Come, my lad!" he says tenderly, "Come down to the library. I want to know who you are and all about you."

"He has a letter for you," cries the nephew.

"A letter for me? From whom?"

"A letter of Frau Baker," answers Emil. "Of the beautiful lady who lives at the West-town on the railway."

"Elizabeth Baker, of Weston?"

"Ya. I tink so."

"Come with me at once! Where is the letter?"

"It was in my schmall book, in the coat's pocket."

"Here is the coat," says the gentleman hastily, as they enter the library. "The boys brought it up from the ice."

Emil brings forth the diary, and the treasured missive from his friend. Mr. Holden's face brightens as he hurriedly reads it.

"It is a lad," he says to his wife, "with whom Elizabeth struck up one of her characteristic friendships on the cars yesterday, and she commends him to us. All right, my boy! We should hardly have needed her letter though, should we?" Then, after a pause, to Emil. "Your father and mother are both dead, she tells me."

"She tells you truth, Herr Holden."

"And you have come to this country seeking a home?"

"Even so, I hope."

"She does not tell me your name."

"Emil Lincoln Keller."

"What is that?" sharply.

"Emil Lincoln Keller."

"What was your father's name?"

"Fritz Keller."

"Fritz Keller! Was he ever in this country?"

"Ya, Herr Holden, he was once living in dis town."

"O, my boy!" cries the gentleman, springing from his seat, and clasping Emil in his arms. "You have come home indeed! Your father marched by my side in the regiment. He was my dearest friend. In one of the last battles of the war, before Petersburg, when I was left wounded on the field, and would have died, he crept out through the lines after dark, and brought me to camp in his strong arms, God bless him! I was sent to the hospital then, and I have never seen him since, nor heard from him, though I have sought for him and longed for him. And now comes his son, in the moment of peril, and saves my child's life. Margaret, where is that old photograph of Fritz?"

"It is here," answers Mrs. Holden, bringing an album from a drawer.

"Do you remember any look like that?" asks Mr. Holden.

"Ya; he was once like dat, long times ago. I have in mine trunk the same."

They all sit musing for a little; the fair-haired boy, asleep on the sofa, is breathing quietly. Presently Mrs. Holden says: "You know that it is Christmas, Emil."

"Ya wohl Madam. It was my sorrow that on this day of the Christ-child I could to no one give"

He checks his impulsive speech.

"Bless your dear heart!" cries the lady. "That sorrow need not burden you. Have you not given us the life of our child?"

Emil is not suffered to return to his lodgings across the river. A messenger is sent for his luggage, and through the Christmas day and the Christmas-tide he abides most happily in this safe refuge. His modesty, his courtesy, his manliness, gain for him a stronger hold every day upon the hearts of his new friends, and there are many earnest consultations about his future; for Emil has no thought of quartering himself upon them, and is often anxiously questioning about the work by which he may earn his bread.

On New Year's Day, after dinner, Mr. Holden takes him by the hand and leads him upstairs to a little chamber all newly furnished. The coziest of little rooms it is, with its white-covered bed, and its neat carpet, and its stout easy-chair, and its pretty writing-desk, and over the mantel an enlarged photograph, beautifully framed, of his father's face.

"Here, Emil," says Mr. Holden, "this is your New Year's present. This is your home, so long as you desire it. I know that you want to earn your own livelihood, and we want you to do it. Soon we shall find the right thing for you to do. But this will be your home, if you will have it. No; you need not say one word. It will take me a great many years, my boy, to pay you the debt that I owe you, for your father's sake, and for your own."

WIND OR STEAM—WHICH!

SAILING vessels depend on the fitful winds for power to go. Steamships depend upon the steadily throbbing engines, deep down within the oaken ribs.

Many people are like the sailing vessels, they go pretty well while the wind is fair and fresh, but when it fails or is "dead ahead" they do not make much progress. Others are like steamers, they plow steadily on through storms and calm. They have a glowing energy within. They have a purpose, and a will. They have faith in God, and love that works for him and for all men.

Read this extract from a letter written to a friend by Norman Macleod, while residing in London many years ago:

"Your mind is a good, strong, vigorous one, but you are inclined to indolence. You require the stimulus of society and of external circumstances to go on your course. You are more of a sailing ship than a steamship—the power which propels you must come from without more than from within. You are well built, have famous timber, a good compass, good charts; but you want a 'refreshing breeze to

follow.' You must then rouse yourself, set every sail, and catch the breeze you have."

"Rouse yourself!" That's it. Stir about; get at work; do something to make somebody wiser and better and happier. In this way you will make life a success.

MURRAH FOR PROHIBITION:

THE temperance folks are waking up Through the entire nation To put the liquor-traffic down, And drive it from creation. The stills and drinking dens are doomed To lawful demolition, For all good men are going in For legal prohibition.

We've tried persuasion long enough, No use to try it longer; It will not stop the traffic, and We must have something stronger. The heartless men who make and sell The beverage of perdition Must have their "breathing holes of hell" Shut up by prohibition.

Too long King Alcohol has reigned, All moral suasion scorning, Too long his murderous savages Have filled the land with mourning. Drink-sellers care not for our prayers, Our tears, our admonition; But there's a power can make them quake— 'Tis legal prohibition.

Nor scoffs of foes, nor doubts of friends Shall weaken our endeavour To brand the traffic with disgrace And wipe it out forever! Right on shall go the noble work, Until its full completion; We'll fight it out upon the line Of total prohibition!

AN OLD SONG ANALYZED.

You all know the old "Sing a song of sixpence," but have you ever read what it is meant for?

The four and twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The "bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before a king." The king, who is represented as sitting 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 the king—the sun—has risen, is day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which 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 nutshell, in a pie.

NEVER DO IT.

Never reply to father or mother saucily.
 Never speak to mother unkindly.
 Never act ugly to brother or sister.
 Never correct father or mother when they are telling anything in public.
 Never steal anything, or tell an untruth, or speak ugly words, or circulate scandal.
 Never seek play when you can be more usefully employed.
 Never say, "I can't," or "Let Jim," or "I don't want to," when you are told to do anything.
 Never go to sleep without prayer, as it may be the last chance you will have.

THE LAST ROLL-CALL.

THROUGH the crowded ranks of the hospital,
Where the sick and the wounded lay,
Slowly, at night-fall, the surgeon
Made his last slow round for the day

And he paused a moment in silence
By a bed where a boy's face,
With a death white look, said plainly,
Here will soon be an empty place.

Poor boy! how fast he is going!
He thought as he turned, when a cry,
Or faltering voice, through the stillness,
Ringing out like a bell, called, "Here!"

"Ah, my boy, what is it you wish for?"
"Nothing, faintly the answer came,
But with eyes all aight with glory,
"I was answering to my name"

In the tranquil face of the soldier
There was never a doubt or a fear—
"They were calling the roll in heaven,
I was only answering 'Here!'"

The soft, dim rays of the lamp-light
Fell down on the dead boy's face;
In the morning the ranks were unbroken,
For another had taken his place.

Far away in God's beautiful heaven,
They are calling the roll each day;
And some one slips into the places
Of the ones who are summoned away.

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Pleasant Hours:

A TALKER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

WAITING TO FEEL.

"I tried to pray when I feel like it," said a boy to his Sunday-school teacher, "but I don't like to feel that I must pray at set times. Why should I, every night and morning, the first thing on getting up or the last thing on going to bed, kneel down and say my prayers?"

It's a pretty serious question, boys, and girls, too; one that is really worth a moment's consideration. You would not wish to live in a kind father's house, and eat of his food and wear his clothes and accept his shelter and care, and never thank him or tell him of your needs, would you? "O no," you say, "but that is different!" So it is; but there's many a child so careless and ungrateful that so long as his wants were supplied he would take it as a matter of course, and if he waited till he "felt like it," his father and mother would never hear a word of grateful love and thanks.

Many, many hearts are in just that attitude toward the good heavenly Father, whose tender care supplies all our needs. If we wait till we "feel like it," we shall do very little praying or praising. The feeling will be slow to prompt the prayer, but often the prayer will bring the feeling that we want. If we pray for the thing we want, instead of that which we think we ought to want, we shall certainly ask first for the desire to pray. The faculties of the soul are like the untamed wings of the young birds. They need training. The birdlings flutter and fall often, and cling to the nests, the places where they "feel at home," and though God's sunshine and breezes call them to the pure upper air, they do not feel like flying, they have to be taught to fly.

And we do not know what sweetness and beauty and strength and grace God has to show the young soul that tries to lift itself up to him. His spirit broods over the young like the mother-bird over her nestlings. He will carry the lambs in his bosom, but they must be glad to be lifted there.

The boys and girls who read the PLEASANT HOURS know what it means to have a friend. Think of what it must be to have the Lord Jesus for the most intimate, the closest friend of the soul. You tell your friend everything, too much oftentimes, and you do not wait to "feel like it." You feel like it as soon as you know he is your friend, and you know only after you trusted and found him true and helpful and loving to you. Try Christ that way. Tell him everything, every day, regularly, whether you feel like it or not; only tell him quicker if you do not feel like it; and see how soon it comes true that you cannot live without telling him, or wait till the hour of prayer draws near. Try it, boys and girls. It is the great secret of the Christian's peace.

ON WHICH SIDE?

HERE is a story of the great President Lincoln. Young and old may learn from it a valuable lesson. One day during the great war some gentlemen called to see him. After a little time spent in conversation, one of them referred to the progress of the war, and added, "I trust that God will be on our side." "There is something else," replied Mr. Lincoln, "that gives me much more concern than that." "What can that be?" asked two or three of his visitors at once. "It is," answered Mr. Lincoln, "that we shall be on God's side."

That is the important thing, my young readers. God is always on the right side, and if we are on his side, we cannot be on the wrong side.

BE MERCIFUL.

A CRIPPLED beggar was trying to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rage. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and place them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hand, he was running away, when a voice far above him said, "Little boy with a straw hat, look up." A lady, leaning from an



BOUNTY BAY, PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

upper window said eagerly, "God bless you, my little fellow; God will bless you for that."

As he walked along he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the lady's smile and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

BOUNTY BAY, PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

IN 1780 a party of the officers and crew of the British ship *Bounty* mutinied near the Friendly Islands, in the South Pacific, and turned the captain and loyal sailors adrift in an open boat. This boat and all on board made a safe voyage of three thousand miles, and landed at Timor in the East Indian Archipelago. The mutineers made for Tahiti. Nine of them took Tahitian wives, and with nine other Tahitians sailed the *Bounty* to Pitcairn's Island.

Here the mutineers landed, and broke up their ship to avoid discovery. Safe from punishment, free from restraint, they may have expected to be happy in that lovely isle. But sin brings misery everywhere, and only two of the men died a natural death. They fought and killed each other till, in ten years after their landing, only one remained alive! This was John Adams, a sailor who had never been to school. He found himself with the Tahitian women and twenty fatherless children dependent on him alone for guidance. He had seen the awful consequences of sin, and now felt the responsibility of these souls. Only one book had been saved from the ship: the Bible and English Prayer-book bound together. Adams began to pray and to study the Bible, and was soon able to read easily, then he taught the children reading and writing, with the law of God and the blessed Gospel of Christ. The children all loved him and called him father, and learned readily what he could teach them. Peace now began her reign upon the island. Adams had morning and evening prayers and held Sunday services, aided by the English Prayer-book.

No ship touched at the island until 1814, when the colony was found to

contain forty-six persons, mostly grown up young people, who were honest and religious, industrious and affectionate.

John Adams died in 1829, but the good work he carried on was continued by Mr. George Nobbs. In 1856 the population had increased to 194, and it was thought the island was too small for them. It is, in fact, only two and a quarter miles long and a mile broad, and a portion is too rocky for cultivation. The English Government therefore transferred the people to Norfolk Island. Six families of forty persons who became homesick for Pitcairn, have returned thither, and have now increased to 103, while the Norfolk Islanders number 476. Mr. Nobbs remained with the latter. They continued the same kind, contented, God-fearing race. Many gifts find their way from England to Pitcairn, and Queen Victoria herself has sent them a church organ, of which they speak with great pride and delight.

THE CHILDREN OF WANT.

Probably few of my young readers ever know what real want is. They hear older people talk of poverty; they hear some complain of being poor, perhaps their own parents sometimes speak of hard times, and how carefully they must practise economy in order to live. But there are depths of poverty that go deeper than most of my young friends have any idea of. There are nakedness, and hunger, and destitution in every form. In many instances the father or mother is dead, or both the parents are gone. Oftentimes drunkenness of one or both of the parents brings a worse condition than their death could have brought. Many of these children of misfortune lead but a wretched street-life by day, and at night their shelter is a box, a barrel, an empty car, or a door-way. Such poverty can be found only in the large cities. The country and the villages have people who are called poor, but their poverty is never so utter and absolute as that which abounds in the great cities. There the greatest wealth and the deepest poverty are close neighbours.

THERE is a terrible evil in England—the number, to wit, of tipping-houses, where the labourer, as a matter of course, spends the overplus of his earnings.—*Sir Walter Scott.*



DERVISHES.

of a drum and flute, very poorly played. Each man as he came to the mat of the superior, stepped carefully across, and bowed low to his successor, who bowed equally low in response. The superior then took his place, and the march round continued. Each one, as he came again to the mat,

of the fact that we deserve nothing on our own account, that we have no personal worthiness to plead, that our applications for the sake of anything in us, or anything done by us, would be utterly unavailing, but equally conscious of the fact that through the infinite riches of grace we are one with Christ.—*Christian Weekly.*

DR. SUTHERLAND ON CANADA.

From the Rev Dr Sutherland's eloquent and patriotic address before the English Conference, we quote the following.

I scarcely need to remind you that, since 1837, our relations with British Methodism have been more intimate than with any other branch of the great family. For more than thirty years honoured brethren from this venerable body presided in our annual conferences and guided our affairs, and, although a day came when, with your full consent, we assumed the status of an independent Church, we have never ceased to cherish the memory of the filial relation of former days. We have not forgotten, and we do not wish to forget, those ancestral ties. Your history and your traditions are ours. We are proud of our descent; and we trust the time is far distant when the ties, whether civil or religious, which bind us to the Mother Land will be less enduring than they are to-day.

"Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers crossed the foam—
Since they braved the stormy blast
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,
Still lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains!"

While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let oceans roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still, from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech—
We are one!"

Although I am here to represent a Church and not a nation, a brief reference to the land from which I came may not be out of place. While Englishmen in general are well informed on most subjects of public interest, they are not too well informed about the great colonial possession on the other side of the sea. Some of them seem to regard it as of small extent and little value, while their geography is so vague that they make no distinction between us and our cousins across the international boundary, but speak of the whole continent simply as America. In one sense they are right; the whole continent is America. American America is one thing—a very grand thing, but British America is another, and we do not want that distinction to be lost sight of. Then, as to extent, there is a fact which I like to emphasize, because our American brethren surpass us in so many things. They have the largest population, and the biggest rivers, and the tallest mountains, and can raise larger pumpkins than any other land beneath the sun—and so it affords me satisfaction to be able to say that in the Dominion of Canada we have a territory larger than the whole of the United States,

with Alaska thrown in. True, a part of our territory lies somewhere around the North Pole, but if our American cousins can boast that they possess Boston, which has been called the "hub of the universe," we may be pardoned for cherishing a little pride in the fact that we own the North Pole, although, as yet, we have not turned it to much practical account. In the admirable address of Bishop Foss allusion was made to the providence of God in reserving the virgin soil of the American continent for a great Christian nation. May I venture to suggest a slight variation of the sentiment! In my country we have a conviction that God reserved that virgin soil for two Christian nations, one to the north and the other to the south of the St. Lawrence and the lakes. Well, sir, in that immense region which lies to the north, large enough for a couple of empires, we have resources unsurpassed by those of any other land. With riches of the field and the forest, riches of the mine, in unlimited profusion, with a climate like that in which the conquering races of the Old World have been born and nurtured, with a population in which are blended some of the best elements of the old Saxon and Celtic stocks—what wonder if we cherish bright hopes and large ambitions of an Empire that is yet to be! Our population is not large as yet—less than five millions—but it is increasing as rapidly as we can assimilate the heterogeneous materials that come to our shores. If our growth has not been phenomenally rapid, it has been safe; and we think that our civil, and educational, and religious institutions will be all the more solid and lasting if the progress of consolidation is comparatively slow. If we have not, as yet, an enormous population, we have abundance of room for it; and when the overcrowded state of these islands shall in the future compel tens of thousands to seek homes elsewhere, when the boughs of the parent oak shall no longer be wide enough to shelter them all, they can find on the broad acres of Canada's fair Dominion homes among friends and kindred beneath the shadows of the maple and the pine—homes in a land where from the Straits of Belle Isle to the Straits of San Juan, from the Island of Newfoundland to the Island of Vancouver, they will still dwell beneath the eyes of the Red Cross banner, and where borne on every wind that blows will come the martial strains and thrilling memories of God save the Queen.

Let me give a bit of advice—that is, don't drink. If you drink you're done for. You will either be invalided or die. I know there are some who will drink, but such men will soon be in hospital and very few that go in, in this country, ever come out again—*Sir Charles Napier to a British regiment in India.*

All this [sic] pestilence, and fierce heat, could I have borne with deep joy, but to see the stretchers brought to the gate every hour, laden with men foaming in the mouth, and black in the face, not with the glare of battle, but with the horrible defacement of a foe more dreadful or deadly than the Russian or the plague—oh, it is terrible! Banish this deadliest foe of all from your ranks.—*Florence Nightingale from the Crimea.*

THE BRUTE CREATION AND DRINK.

BY ANNA S. THOMPSON.

THEY say that man is wiser far
Than is the brute creation;
But how that thought they can maintain
I'd like an explanation.

In all my life I never saw
An insect, bird, or beast
That had for drink an appetite,
Or cared for it the least.

And though they say that many men
Just like a fish do drink,
Tis there they make a great mistake,
And foolish one I think.

Who in a bar-room ever saw
A minnow or a shark
Drink wine or ale or lager-beer
Enough to float the ark!

And e'en the monkey, most like man,
Needs not a temperance band,
Nor ribbon blue in coat or vest,
Nor pen and pledge in hand.

Then don't you see, my dearest friends,
Unless strong drink we banish,
We'll worse become than any beast;
Humanity will vanish!

DANCING DERVISHES.

BY THE REV. D. G. SUTHERLAND, LL.B.

ONE of our visits at Constantinople was to see the dancing dervishes. Entering a small octagonal mosque, we found them seated on the floor, in a large central space reserved for them, and railed off for their especial use. After a short service of singing, prayer, and responses, the dervishes began. There were nineteen of them, with a superior, who sat or stood on a mat by himself. He was a slim, middle-aged man, of pale countenance, large dark eyes, and quiet, pleasant expression. There was nothing specially noticeable about the faces of the others, and some of them I afterwards saw toiling at ordinary street work. Their dress was peculiar. Their feet were bare, on their heads were lofty gray felt hats without rims, their robes were long, of a blue colour, and drawn tight at the waist. The performance began, the superior leading, by marching around slowly three times to the sound

bowed his head, and the superior breathed or whispered into his ear; and, thus inspired, they were all soon whirling about the room, at the rate of over fifty whirls to the minute. Arms were lifted over the head, but gradually fell to the horizontal position; skirts flew out in the shape of a bell; eyes were half-closed, heads thrown back, and a dreamy, trance-like expression settled upon the countenance. This circling about the room, I was told, would be repeated four times, but after awhile the affair became monotonous, and we took our departure. Some of our party went to see a similar performance at Scutari, where the performers gave themselves up to moaning and howling. Truly superstition and folly go hand in hand!

IN THE NAME OF CHRIST.

AN illiterate countryman sold a lot of fire-wood to a gentleman in the city. When the wood was delivered the gentleman gave him a cheque upon a certain bank. The countryman looked at it awhile, and then said, "This is not money."

"But if you take it to the bank it will get you the money."

"I have no money in the bank," remarked the countryman.

"Very true," answered the gentleman, "but go with that piece of paper to the bank, hand it to the man behind the counter, and when he sees my name upon it he will instantly give you the money."

When the countryman went to the bank, authorized to use the name of the gentleman, it was the same as if the gentleman himself had gone, for the name stood for the person, and the two were, for the time and the purpose to be accomplished, but one. If it had not been for the name the countryman might have begged, and entreated, and prayed for the money, until landed over to the police, but the name, the name alone, secured him audience and acceptance. When we pray in the name of Jesus, we go to God conscious

THE CREDS OF THE BELLS

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bell,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer,
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell,
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
'Come worship here! come worship here!'
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"O heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones proclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan;
With God there can be nothing now;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pleaded out the good old Dutch bell.

"O swell! ye purifying waters, swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unflinching faith
In what the Sacred Scriptures saith;
O swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Farewell, farewell, base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
'Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, farewell, farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"To all the truth we tell, we tell,"
"Shouted in ecstasies a bell:
Come all ye weary wanderers, see,
Our Lord has made salvation free,
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen.
Salvation's tree, we tell, we tell,"
Shouted the Methodist bell.

A PRACTICAL STORY FOR BOYS

BUSINESS-MEN seldom write stories, but the following sketch by an employer has a very practical lesson for a class of our boys.

It often happens that a lad applies by letter for a business situation. He is invited by the employer to whom the application is sent to call. The employer shows him that the duties are responsible, that the opportunities for learning the business and for being advanced to the charge of a department, with liberal compensation, are such as rarely occur, names fair wages at the outset, and reserves his decision, that he may compare the boy's qualifications with those of other applicants and select the best.

In a few days the lad is sent for to call again, the employer intending to give him the preference for the position.

After several days' delay a postal-card is received from the boy. Meanwhile, in consequence of the delay, another boy is engaged for the position. The postal reads as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Yours received in reply. I don't feel as if I would like to come for that salary unless I got advanced very soon. I desire a place of this kind, where, by perseverance, I can advance myself.

"I am yours, most respectfully,

Now, the compensation was fair, and a place of great responsibility, in a rapidly-developing business, was standing wide open, waiting for some one to be trained to fill it. It was a chance that would very rarely occur.

How is the reply of the would-be employer to the lad. Judge, boys who read this, whether the lad we have described or the one referred to in his letter acted the wiser part:

"MASTER——: Dear Sir,—The place is filled. For your benefit, as a young man starting in life, I will repeat the experience of a friend, who related it to me on his way down town this forenoon.

"He had engaged himself for fifty dollars a year, at eighteen years of age, in a dry-goods house. The firm afterward sent him word that they were not ready yet to receive him, and he must wait if he wanted the place.

"He went to his father and said, 'I want a place if I work for nothing. I only ask for a place. Go with me to some good house and tell them that they must take me. I ask no pay—only a position.'

"His father secured him the desired situation.

"In a few weeks he had studied out the private goods-marks. He learned from his father that a certain new style of goods was popular and scarce. He went to a large house and asked for the senior partner.

"Holding out a sample in his hand, he asked, 'Do you want, Mr. ——, any of these goods?'

"No."

"Very well,' says the lad, folding up the sample very deliberately.

"How much do you ask for them?'

"Ten shillings."

"How many bales have you got?'

"Thirty."

"How many yards to the bale?'

"Fifteen hundred."

"Are you sure you have the price right? looking with curiosity at a boy selling goods.

"Yes, sir, I never make a mistake in prices, whatever else I may do," said the lad, with an expression of confidence.

"Whose house are you from?'

"Messrs. ——."

"I will come down and see you."

"The young man begins to fold up his sample, and asks, 'Where is Messrs. ——'s store?' referring to a rival house.

"What do you want of them?'

"I heard my father say these goods were booming very popular, and that there were only a few in the market. I'm going down to show them my sample. I have made up my mind to sell these goods before I go back."

"The merchant began to be anxious and uneasy.

"Who is your father?'

"Mr. ——."

"With the house of ——?'

"Yes, sir."

"What house are you with?'

"I told you, Messrs. ——."

"What price do you say?'

"Ten shillings."

"Are you sure you are right?'

"Yes, sir."

"I will take them."

"The lad goes back to the store and reports a sale of twelve thousand dollars to his employers. They were greatly pleased. They showed him attentions, took him out to dinners with them, invited him to their houses. He worked his best for three months. Not a word was said about wages.

"One day the senior partner took him out to dinner.

"Do you wish to stay with us?'

"Yes, sir. I like you very much."

"What salary do you want?'

"He resolved the matter in his mind. He thought of fifty dollars that boys got the first year. He considered his value to the house. He said, 'I want enough to support me. I don't wish to have to call on my father for anything.'

"How much will that be?'

"Thinking a moment, he replied, 'Six hundred dollars a year.'

"You shall have it."

"And he hastened home that night, burning with eagerness and excitement, to tell his parents how a fifty-dollar boy got six hundred dollars the first year.

"When the Christmas holidays came round, a month or two later, the senior partner handed him a hundred-dollar bill for the first three months that he had worked without pay.

"It has cost me a half hour's time from my business, so sadly behind, and so greatly needing every moment of my time, to write this to you. If I have done you any good by it, go and act upon this principle yourself. Earn success."

"Yours truly, K."

There is a class of boys, who have fathers who are able and willing to help them in the beginning of business attempts and enterprises, who greatly need to learn the lesson that this letter teaches. With a poor boy the case may be different; but in all cases he will best succeed who shows by practical effort his fitness for his work.

"THE BEST SOCIETY."

BY JENKINS.

SHE was only a mill-hand, compelled to "earn her own living," yet consumed by a desire to mingle with the best society, ambitious to meet with kings and queens and great people. There's an old saying that "where there's a will there's a way." This may be true if the will is so intense that it resolves not to be baffled. Our heroine had the will; she found the way. How! By fitting herself for such society.

Perhaps I have not made you clearly understand the society she sought. It is very exclusive, for it cannot admit the sinful, even if it desire to do so. It is the wise of all ages, the kings and queens of thought. Let me give you an illustration of the method by which she fitted herself for their companionship. I copy it from a recent number of the "Atlantic Monthly." "A near relative of mine, who had a taste for rather abstruse studies, used to keep a mathematical problem or two pinned up on a post of her frame, which she solved as she paced up and down mending the broken threads of the warp. Books were prohibited in the mills, but no objection was made to bits of printed paper, and, not wishing to break a rule, she took a piece of her half-worn copy of 'Locke on the Understanding,' and carried the leaves about with her at her work, until she had fixed the contents of the whole connectedly in her mind. She also, in the same way, made herself mistress of the argument of one of Saint Paul's difficult epistles."

We are told by the same writer that it was a common thing for the mill-girls, at that date, to have a page or two of the Bible beside them, committing its verses to memory while their hands went on with their work.

If ever you feel that circumstances have shut you out from the acquaintance of good books, ask yourselves if a

strong will might not find a successful way, just as it did for these Lowell girls. But remember that the will must be strong and resolute, resolved, where one plan fails, to try another. You will be likely to mingle with kings and queens at length, if you decide to "know no such word as fail."

LEARNING TO BE A MAN.

Boys, look out! Only a few days ago I heard of four boys who were off in a secluded part of the town, smoking cigars and drinking beer! boys whose parents had not an idea what they were doing. These boys had the best of training from Christian parents, and were members of the Sunday-school. I would not have believed it if I had not had the information from the best authority. When they were asked what they were doing, and remonstrated with for such conduct, they said they were "learning to be men!"

Oh, what a mistaken idea! Not a man who is addicted to these habits but will tell you, if he speaks what he knows, that such habits are a hindrance instead of a help to manhood.

It seems a strange coincidence, that while I was pondering over this sorrowful tale I had heard, a letter came to me from a young man away out on the western frontier; and this is what he wrote: "I feel that some of the best years of my life have been in a measure wasted. I thought when I was a boy that being a man was to learn to smoke and drink; and, unknown to my parents, I acquired these habits, which soon took a strong hold upon me. Tell your boys that smoking and drinking never made a man but have made many fools of men."

Don't touch a drop of liquor, boys. If you only knew the misery that comes from intemperance! How many men have been wrecked by it! How many hearts have been broken because the loved ones were slaves to the accursed cup. It is the first step that tells; remember that. Don't do things that you would be ashamed to have your mother know.

Ah! my boy, you will find that your mother is your trust, best friend. As the years go on, you will find this assertion to be a true one. A boy's mother ought to be his counsellor and his confidant and his judge in matters that he is incompetent to decide for himself.

Don't do anything in an underhanded manner. It will teach you to be unreliable and dishonorable. Cultivate those traits of character that will enable you to attain to a high and noble manhood. Stand firm. Be decided. When you are asked to do those things which you know are not right, say "No." Don't be afraid of the jests and scoffs of your companions. Although they will not admit it, yet in their hearts they respect you all the more for your refusal. Besides, your decision on the side of right will be the cause of others of your companions saying "No." One straightforward, fearless, manly boy will have a great influence for good over a large community of boys. Try it for yourselves. —Evangelist.

The experience of failure is one that comes in greater or less degree to every one at times, trying the futility and probing the character of a prosperity can do.

BY AND BY.

By and by the evening 'tis,
Sons of labour re-
weary cattle seek the stalls,
birds are in the nest.
By and by the tide will turn,
Change come o'er the sky;
Life's hard task the child will learn,
By and by.

By and by the soldier quits
Rattle of the gun;
Happy with his wife he sits,
Battles fought and won.
By and by the calm will come,
Near no more run high;
Glad will be the sailor's home,
By and by.

By and by, to those that wait,
All things will come round;
Gladness, though it lingers late,
Sought for, will be found.
Friends that long have been apart,
Fate shall bring them nigh,—
Love shall link their heart to heart,
By and by.

By and by the din will cease,
Day's long hours depart;
By and by, in holy peace,
We shall sleep at last.
Calm will be the sea-wind's roar,
Calm we too shall lie,—
Toll and toil and weep no more.
By and by.

WHAT ONE LITTLE BOY DID.

BY MARY E. BALDWIN.

"Tell me, children," said a teacher,
"what you have done for others during
the past week."

The upturned faces brightened, and
the voices were eager, as, in turn, they
spoke of some kind deed for another.

Each one seemed elated and anxious
to give a good account of himself,
except little Frank, who hung his head
and said nothing.

The teacher noticed it and asked,
"Have you nothing to tell, my boy?"
"No, ma'am; I've minded my little
brother, that's all."

Then, I am sorry to say, each little
boy, and each little girl, too, laughed
loudly, and it was some time before
the teacher could restore order, but,
when she did, she looked quite sad,
and said gently, to little Frank:

"And is not minding your little
brother doing something?"

"But I do that every day," answered
the child.

Miss Smith had heard of his care of
his little brother, and she knew, too,
why the children laughed when he
spoke of him, and I will tell you why.

Frank's brother was not like other
little boys in intelligence. He was
six years old, but never had talked,
and he had a strange face, with a very
queer, foolish expression. He made
very peculiar sounds. Perhaps, poor
boy, he was trying to speak. People
called him an idiot, but his mother
always spoke of him to Frank as "your
poor little brother."

Long ago she had told him to watch
the little afflicted boy carefully, and
keep him from the street, for fear he
might be run over by the horses.

It was not an easy matter to do
this, for the little foolish brother
would persist in running into the
street, and even before the horses.
For these reasons, it required almost
constant watching on the part of little
Frank, which left him little time for
play and his own enjoyment.

He knew that his mother worked
very hard, and that she waited
anxiously for his coming from school,
to relieve her of care, and she had
often told him what a comfort and
help he was to her.

One day he was amusing his little
brother out upon the sidewalk, in front
of the house, when his mother called
him to help her a minute in the house.
Another boy promised to care for the
little idiot while Frank was gone, but
other boys are not always so careful
with trusts as they should be, and
when he returned his little heart grew
sick as he saw his brother lying flat in
the road, and a pair of horses being
driven fast toward him. He knew
the gentleman who was driving did
not see the small object in the road,
as he was busy talking with some
ladies upon the back seat of the
carriage. He took in all this in just a
second's time, and rushed to snatch
the boy from the coming danger. But
he was too late. The horses knocked
him down and trampled upon both of
them.

When the two were taken up the
little foolish mind of one had departed.
Life was gone from the uncouth body.
Little Frank lived a few hours, long
enough to receive his mother's blessing
for his little faithful life, and long
enough to hear, from his teacher's
lips:

"My boy, you have done all that
could be done for others. You have
given your life."

When the Sunday-school class passed
the coffins in which lay the two forms,
that of the little, weak, foolish brother,
and, by its side, the form of little
Frank, on whose pale face was an
expression of peace and beauty that
heaven only could have lent, they felt
how small their own deeds were.

HE LOVED HIS MOTHER'S
BIBLE.

SOME years ago a small boy came
into the office of a steamboat company
in Albany, New York, and seeing a
gentleman busy writing, he took off
his hat and approached him, waiting
to be spoken to.

"What do you want, boy?" soon
said the gentleman.

"I am a poor boy, sir, and have
walked much of the way from Can-
andaigua on my way to New York, to
my aunt's; my money is nearly all
gone, and I have come to see if you
won't please to send me on one of your
steamers."

"Have you run away?"

"No, sir; my mother is dead, and I
promised her I would go to my aunt
in New York, sir, and I am going if I
have to walk all the way there."

"What is in that bundle under
your arm, that you hold so close?"

"It is something I value very much,
sir, and I would sooner walk to New
York and back again than part with
it."

"Let me see it."

"You will give it to me again, sir,
if I let you take it?"

After unrolling it from a dirty cloth,
it proved to be a small Bible which his
dying mother had given him, with her
blessing, on the promise to read it and
go to his aunt.

"Have you read it much?"

"Yes, sir, when tired and hungry
I have often sat down by the roadside
and read my mother's Bible, and it
seemed to feed and rest me."

"I will give you enough for it to
pay your passage."

"I cannot tell it, sir, indeed I can
not, even if I have to walk to New
York."

The kind gentleman gave him a line

to the captain to take the boy free to
New York, and, when there, to place
him in the care of a policeman to find
his aunt, and also to see that he went
to a good school, and follow him up to
higher schools, and he would pay all
his bills for schooling, books, etc. A
short time since, at a Sabbath-school
convention out West, one of the best
addresses was made by that boy—now
a man—who loved his Bible so.—*Bible
Society Record.*

THE MINCE-PIE THROWN
AWAY.

A poor bricklayer was very busy
during the Christmas holidays in re-
pairing an oven for a baker. The
bricklayer loved rum. Indeed, he was
an habitual drunkard. He had
brought his bottle with him to the
bake-house, and almost every time he
completed a layer of bricks he took a
draught of the fire-water.

Now it happened that the baker had
two little daughters, as bright-eyed,
cherry-cheeked, laughing young crea-
tures as you ever saw. They were
temperance girls too. In their play
they wandered into the bake-house.
There they saw the bricklayer stopping
every little while to take a drop from
his fiery bottle. This was too much
for temperance girls to endure, so they
said: "Ain't you ashamed of yourself,
Mr. Murray, to be drinking whiskey?"
Shortly after they came into the bake-
house again eating mince-pie. It was
now the brick-layer's turn to speak.
Looking at them, therefore, very
sharply, he said: "Now ain't you
ashamed to be eating brandy at that
rate?"

"We ain't," said they.
"Yes, you are," he replied. "There
is brandy in that pie."

The little girls, without tasting an-
other mouthful, ran into the house.
"Mother!" said they, with great ear-
nestness, "is there any brandy in this
pie?"

"Yes, my dears, there is," she
replied.

"Then we will eat no more of it,"
said they spitting out what was in
their mouths and throwing the rest
into the fire.

This was more than the bricklayer
could bear. He said: "Well, if these
little girls can give up their pies from
principle, I can give up my dram;" so
off he went and signed the pledge.

The next time I meet the Cold-
Water Army I mean to ask them to
give three cheers for these little girls
who threw away their mince-pie be-
cause there was brandy in it. Don't
you think they deserve them, children?

"TELL THE BOYS."

In a sermon recently delivered by
Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage he gave the
following account of a Sabbath desec-
ration, which ended in a tragedy:

"In the door of this church, summer
before last, this scene occurred: Sab-
bath morning a young man was enter-
ing here for divine worship. A friend
passing along the street said, 'Joe,
come along with me, I am going down
to Coney Island, and we'll have a gay
Sunday.' 'No,' replied Joe, 'I have
started to go here to church, and I am
going to attend service here.' 'O
Joe,' said his friend, 'you can go to
church any time, the day is bright,
and we'll go to Coney Island, and
we'll have a splendid time.' The

temptation was too great, and the
twin went to the beach and spent the
day in drunkenness and riot. The
evening train started up from Brighton,
the young men were on it. Joe, in
his intoxication, when the train was
in full speed, tried to pass around
from one car to another, and fell and
was crushed. Under the lantern, as
Joe lay bleeding his life away on the
grass, he said to his comrade, 'John,
that was a bad business, your tab'ug
me away from church; it was a very
bad business. You ought not to have
done that, John. I want you to tell
the boys to-morrow, when you see
them, that rum and Sabbath-breaking
did this for me, and John, while you
are telling them, I will be in hell, and
it will be your fault.'—*Exchange.*

THREE KITES.

THREE kites went sailing into the air,
Higher, and higher, and higher.
"Mine is the best," cried Johnnie Stout,
"And mine the finest flyer."

"But mine will go," cried Neddie Day,
"Up to the great church-steeple!"
"And mine," cried tiny Tim, "will rise
Beyond the eyes of people."

Alas! for boys as well as men
Who set such kites a flying!
They lodged all three in a high-topped tree,
And the boys went home a-crying.

A SINGULAR CEMETERY.

In the city of Rome, underneath
one of its ancient churches, is one of
the most singular burial-places you
can imagine. The church is called the
Church of the Capuchins, so named
from the order of Capuchin monks.
When one of these monks dies he is
buried in this cemetery in his robes,
and without a coffin. After several
years have passed, the grave is opened,
and the bones taken out and arranged
in all sorts of fantastic figures—the
sides and ceilings of the vaults or
recesses of the burial-place. All
around are to be seen skulls and bones
of various kinds.

Sometimes a body is found which,
instead of decaying, has dried up. In
such cases the dried body is carefully
removed and clad in the garments be-
longing to the Capuchin monks, and
placed in a niche, either standing or
lying at full length.

The day we visited this ghastly
place we saw in an ante-room the body
of a monk who had died the day be-
fore, and who was laid out for burial,
which was to take place the next day.
He seemed to be asleep rather than
dead, as he lay there in his russet
coloured robes, and unclothed.

It is not a pleasant place to visit,
yet the old monk who led us through
these vaults, and let the light of his
torch fall upon their ghastliness, seemed
healthy and cheerful, though he spends
the most of his time there, and expects,
one day, to be buried among his
brethren.

It was a relief to come out again
into the pure air and the bright
sunshine.

In all the towns and countries I
have seen, I never saw a city or a
village yet, whose miseries were not
in proportion to the number of its
public-houses. . . . Alehouses are
ever an occasion of debauchery and
excess, and either in a political or
religious light, it would be our highest
interest to have them suppressed.
Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.

WHAT

WHAT was it that Charlie saw to-day,
Down in the pool where the cattle lie,
A shoal of spotted trout at play,
Or a sheeny dragon-fly?

The fly and the fish were there, indeed;
But as for the puzzle—guess again!
It was neither a shell, nor flower, nor reed,
Nor the nest of a last year's wren.

Some willows droop to the brooklet's bed,—
Who knows but a bee had fallen down;
Or a spider, swung from his broken thread,
Was learning the way to drown!

You have not read me the riddle yet;
Not even the wing of a wounded bee,
Nor the web of a spider, torn and wet,
Did Charlie this morning see.

Now answer, you have grown so wise,
What could the wonderful sight have been
But the dimpled face and great blue eyes
Of the rogne who was looking in!

WHAT TO DO WITH A BAD TEMPER.

STARVE it. Give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry, do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself, but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. The person who can and does control tongue, hands, heart, in the face of great provocation, is a hero. The world may not own him or her as such, but God does. The Bible says that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

What is gained by yielding to temper! For a moment there is a feeling of relief, but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper; trouble is caused by it, and pain given to others as well as to self. That pain too often lasts for days, even years: sometimes for life. An outbreak of temper is like the bursting of a steam-boiler: it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.—*Forward.*

WHAT KILLED THE OYSTER.

PICK up that oyster-shell. Do you see a little hole in the hard roof of the oyster's house! That explains why there is a shell but no oyster. A little creature called the whelk, living in a spiral shell, dropped one day on the roof of the oyster's house. "The little innocents," some one has called the whelks. "The little villains!" an oyster would call them; for the whelk has an augur, and bores and bores and bores until he reaches the oyster itself, and the poor oyster finds it is going up through its own roof. It goes up, but never comes down.

A writer speaks of noticing on the shores of Brittany great numbers of the shells of oysters which had been bored by their enemy—both burglar and murderer, we should call it.

"A little sin, a little sin!" cries a boy who may have been caught saying a profane word, or strolling with a bad associate, or reading a bad book, or sipping a glass of beer. "Don't make too much of it," he says.

Young friend, that is the whelk on the oyster's back. You have given the tempter a chance to use his auger,

and he will bore and bore till he reaches the centre of all moral worth in the soul, and draws your very life away.

GREEDY TOM.

Tom had four brothers, and they all loved apples. "How strange!" you say; but it is true. One day Tom went out to the orchard. Apples were just getting ripe, and there were some bright golden ones on the ground. Tom filled his pockets and went to the house.

"Give me an apple," said Ben.
"No; I haven't any more than I want for myself," said Tom.

"I want an apple," whined little Will.

"An' so do I," said Bob
"Oh, you keep still; I want 'em all myself," growled Tom.

"Now, Tom," said his mother, "you give your brothers some apples right away; you shall not be so selfish."

Poor Tom! He looked first at one, and then at another, and at last he whined, "O mother, they're all too ripe!"

That is just like some boys and girls whom I know. They want all the good things for themselves, and cannot be happy if they think anybody else has something nice. It is a bad, selfish spirit; and if I were a boy I'd never be willing to be like greedy Tom. I'd rather be a spendthrift, and throw away everything I had, than to cramp my heart up to the size of a pin-head.

NEVER despair of the mercy of God, for you never can be where it cannot reach you.

"HURRY, mamma!" said the little innocent with his cut finger; "it's leaking."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Sept. 26.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

Lesson I. Jesus and the Blind Man. John 9. 1-17.—What unfortunate man did Jesus meet by the way? What help did he give him? What command did he say upon him? What was the result of his obedience? What was the blind man's testimony? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

Lesson II. Jesus the Good Shepherd. John 10. 1-18.—Of whom is Jesus the shepherd? Why does his flock follow him? Who are his flock? What is the mark of a good shepherd? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

Lesson III. The Death of Lazarus. John 11. 1-16.—What message of sorrow was sent to Jesus? What did Jesus say of the news? How long did he wait before seeking his friends? What did he then say to his disciples? (GOLDEN TEXT.) What explanation did he give them?

Lesson IV. The Resurrection of Lazarus. John 11. 17-44.—How long after the death of Lazarus before Jesus came to Bethany? What did Martha and Mary say to him? What was his comforting assurance? (GOLDEN TEXT.) How did Jesus show his love for Lazarus? What command did he give his dead friend? What followed this command?

Lesson V. Jesus Honoured. John 12. 1-16.—Who made a feast to Jesus? What special honour did Mary show him? What did Jesus say of this honour? What honour was given him on his way to Jerusalem? What was the song of the people? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

Lesson VI. Gentiles Seeking Jesus. John 12. 20-36.—Who besides Jesus was at the passover? What was their request? What was the prayer of Jesus? What answer did he receive? What did Jesus say of his own death? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

Lesson VII. Jesus Teaching Humility. John 13. 1-17.—What service did Jesus render to his disciples? At what feast was this done? What disciples made objection at first? What reason did Jesus give for this service? How were they to benefit by his example? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

Lesson VIII. Warning to Judas and Peter. John 13. 21-28.—What did Jesus foretell of one of his disciples? By what sign was the betrayer revealed? What was Jesus' warning to Judas? What offer did Peter make? What did Jesus prophesy of him? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

Lesson IX. Jesus Comforting his Disciples. John 14. 1-14.—How did Jesus comfort his disciples? (GOLDEN TEXT.) Where did he promise them a home? Whom has the Son revealed to the world? By what was this revelation confirmed? What privilege was granted the praying believer?

Lesson X. Jesus the True Vine. John 15. 1-16.—Who are the branches of the vine? (GOLDEN TEXT.) What is expected of them? How may men become fruitful? What is the end of the barren branches? What will secure our abiding in Christ?

Lesson XI. The Mission of the Spirit. John 16. 5-20.—What did the ascension of Jesus secure to his disciples? What is the mission of the Spirit to believers? (GOLDEN TEXT.) What is his office with unbelievers? Whom will he glorify?

Lesson XII. Jesus Interceding. John 17. 1-20.—With whom did Jesus intercede? For whom? What had Jesus manifested to the disciples? What did he ask for them? Who besides were included in his prayer? What intercession is still continued? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A. D. 80.] LESSON I. [Oct. 3.

JESUS BETRAYED.

John 13. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 4-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Mark 14 41.

OUTLINE.

1. The Approach of Judas, v. 1-9.
2. The Defence of Peter, v. 10-11.
3. The Arrest of Jesus, v. 12-14.

TIME. The same night as in Lessons VII to XI. of Third Quarter.

PLACE.—A garden over the brook Kidron. The name not given by John. Gethsemane. Oil-press. A place of frequent resort for Jesus when at Jerusalem. Across the brook and a little up the hill-side.

EXPLANATIONS.—A garden—Gethsemane: an inclosure on the side of the Mount of Olives—a favourite retreat of Jesus; not only a garden as our flower gardens, but a park. A band of men—A guard of Roman soldiers and a rabble of Jews. Lanterns and torches and weapons—The old olive-trees in the garden made it dark, and they must not fail now to find and seize Jesus. Went backward—Jesus was fearless and composed. His appearance and boldness abashed these wicked men. Let him go—He does not forget his disciples but secures their release. The cup . . . shall I not drink—Not a real cup of wine, but the terrible ordeal he was to pass through for sin.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where, in this lesson, are we shown—
1. The treachery of a false disciple?
 2. The love of a true teacher?
 3. Perfect submission to the Divine will?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus and the disciples go after the last supper? To the garden of Gethsemane.
2. Who sought for him there? Judas and a band of men.
3. What did they do to Jesus? They seized him and bound him.
4. Before what two rulers did the band take Jesus? Before Annas and Caiaphas, the high-priests.
5. What did Jesus say of their conduct in the GOLDEN TEXT? "The Son," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The dominion of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

49. How was man the chief creature on earth? Because the Creator made man in his own image.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.—Genesis 1. 27.

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