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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, JULY 25, 1885.

No. 15.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

The picture on this page gives a charming bit of Old World scenery. It is such as can be seen in many an English village. We saw one such where the quaint old church, with its ivy-mantled tower, dated back nearly a thousand years. These monuments of our forefathers, "speaking of the past unto the present," are extremely impressive. The stone pavement was almost worn away by the feet of generations of worshippers who had passed through the old crumbling porch. What tales those stones could tell, had they but tongues, of the joys and sorrows of those successive generations!

The quaint old thatched roof in the foreground, and the timbered front in middle distance, are very characteristic of English villages. In the fall of the year great flocks of swallows may be seen soaring and circling around the church towers, as if holding a convention to arrange for their distant flight across the channel, across the broad fair fields of France, across the broad Mediterranean, to their far-off native Africa. You remember Mrs. Hemans' beautiful poem on the Birds of Passage. In answer to her question, they report the sad changes they have everywhere met.

"A change we have found and many a change,
Faces and footsteps and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care.
And the place is hushed where the children played—
Naught looks the same, save the nest we made."

To which the poet replies, and let us each lay the sacred lesson to heart:

"Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'er sweep it in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a guide and shall not despair!
Ye over desert and deep have passed,
So may we reach our bright home at last."

A FAITHFUL DOG.

An interesting story of a dog has been told by a gentleman who was travelling in France during the late war with Germany. He met one day some wounded soldiers returning to their regiments, and observed one of them who had a little dog, an iron-gray terrier, following at his heels, but

only on three legs. In an earnest manner the told him how the dog had been the means of saving his master's life. He had been struck by a ball in the chest when fighting near Ham, and lay on the ground for six hours after the battle was over. He had not lost consciousness, but the blood was flowing freely, and he was getting weaker and weaker. There were none but the dead near him, and his only companion was the terrier, who prowled

denly, when it had come to the worst, he heard a bark, which he knew belonged to only one little dog in the world; he felt something lick his face, and saw the glare of lanterns. The dog had wandered for miles, till he reached a roadside inn. The people had heard the cannon all day, and seen the kepi in the dog's mouth, and noticing his restless movements, followed him. He took them straight to the spot, faster than they could



WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

restlessly round him, with its master's kepi (military cap) in its mouth. At last the dog set off at a trot, and the wounded soldier felt sure that his only friend had deserted him.

The night grew dark, and the cold intense, and he had not even the strength to touch his wounds, which every instant grew more and more painful. His limbs grew cold, and feeling a sickly faintness stealing over him, he gave up all hope of life, and recommended himself to God. Sud-

denly, when it had come to the worst, he heard a bark, which he knew belonged to only one little dog in the world; he felt something lick his face, and saw the glare of lanterns. The dog had wandered for miles, till he reached a roadside inn. The people had heard the cannon all day, and seen the kepi in the dog's mouth, and noticing his restless movements, followed him. He took them straight to the spot, faster than they could

"CAN you tell me what time it is?" asked a lady while waiting in a bank. "No, no; I am not the teller. Next window, please."

TRYING A WITCH.

The time has long gone by, with its story of cruel persecution; and only that the record has passed into history we might forget that the blood of the innocent had ever been spilled. For centuries the witch-craft mania raged in different parts of Europe, being first instigated by Catholic priests, and afterward followed up by Protestant ministers. Especially in Scotland, the belief and persecution raged to excess. Finally, the British colonies became imbued with this fearful spirit, and in 1692 the awful tragedies of Salem, Massachusetts, were enacted.

As a general thing the suspected person was poor, old, and retiring, living in some remote spot, and generally living alone. If the person had some peculiarity of feature, face, or form, she was sure to be thought possessed of an evil spirit. If a cow refused to give milk, or a horse became lame, or a child was taken sick, or a hay-rick burned, suspicion fell upon one of these innocent ones, who was suspected of having the "evil eye," and who, after long persecution, was brought to a so-called trial.

Such a trial was simply a farce, as the accused knew that she had been pre-doomed, and that the charges brought against her were utterly false. When a witch was about to be tried, the crowd surrounded her humble abode, dragged her forth, and with curses and abuses led her to trial.

The suspected one was generally a frail, old woman, who, if she had any friends among the rabble, knew that they dare not attempt to defend or succor her. In the anguish of her soul she could only strive to fix her thoughts upon her Master, who was once also led out by the mob, stoned, hooted at, falsely tried, and cruelly put to death.

The death of a witch was often terrible to think of. Some were tied to a tail of a cart, and dragged about the town until life was extinct, and the form unrecognizable. Some were thrown into the river and stoned by the blood-thirsty mob, until the gray heads sank to rise no more. Some were tied to a stake and burned. Occasionally, the victim, by some rare good chance, was allowed to escape death, but only to live a life of persecution. Is it not occasion for gratitude to God, that in this, our day, the old, the friendless, the poor, the peculiar, are objects of love and care?

A LITTLE MOTHER.

HE sat in the miner's cabin,
In a little rocking chair,
A mite of a busy woman,
Tender and sweet and fair,
With a laugh like a ripple of silver,
For all her burden of care.

A tiny scrap of a mother,
Just turned of five years old;
Cheeks that were dancing with dimples,
Hair a tangle of gold,
And fat arms cradling a bundle,
Large for such arms to hold.

"She loves to take care of the baby,"
Said her mother with smiling pride,
A woman so worn and faded,
Pallid and weary-eyed,
To whom life had brought its troubles,
Its comfort and ease denied.

"She loves to take care of the baby,
And the baby loves her best;
You see that my children are crowded,
Close as birds in the nest—
Four of them; she's the biggest,
And she's helped with all the rest."

You beautiful little darling,
Away on the Western slope,
Whose life in its early dawning
Seems darkly indeed to ope!
What that is rich and stately,
For your childish heart may I hope!

When others with dolls are playing,
Undimmed by a thought of care,
You are rocking a tiny brother
In your dear little swinging chair,
And crooning a sleepy song, dear,
And calling him sweet and fair.

I trust that the baby brother,
And the other children, too,
Grown tall and strong and clever,
One day may take thought for you,
And prize at her worth the sister
So gentle and fond and true.

Who began in life's gray dawning,
Her woman's lot to bear,
To sweeten the sad with singing,
And lighten the load with prayer,
And laugh in merriest cadence
At the menace of grim despair.

A tiny scrap of a mother,
Just turned of five years old;
With cheeks aglow and dimpled,
And hair a tangle of gold,
And round arms cradling a bundle,
Large for such arms to hold!
—Mrs. Sangster, in *Good Cheer*.

GRANDPA'S SCHOOL.

ALTHOUGH Grandpa Brown was nearly seventy years of age, still he was not too old to teach a queer little school for the benefit of his grandchildren.

At precisely three o'clock every Saturday afternoon, grandpa tinkled his little handbell, and in five minutes there were seated in a row before him five wideawake grandchildren, three girls and two boys.

The pupils brought no books to study, but before taking their seats they deposited slips of paper in grandpa's hat, on which were written certain questions that he was to answer. These questions were upon many subjects the children might select, but they usually had reference to something heard, seen or read of during the week, and the children were always on the alert for a puzzling question. Perhaps a description of the exercise upon one afternoon may prove interesting.

As soon as the children were all seated, grandpa put on his spectacles, took his hat from the table, and opening the first paper he read as follows:—

"Dear Grandpa, The past week we have been learning from an old sailor how to tie the various kinds of knots, such as reef knots, loop knots, figure-eight knots, etc.; now this sailor says he can teach how to tie all kinds of

knots but the 'Gordian knot.' Can you tell me what that is and how to tie it?"

"FRANK."

"Ah," said grandpa, when he had finished reading, "that is a hard question, indeed; I could tell you better how the 'Gordian knot' was severed than how it was made."

"That will do just as well," replied the boy.

"Well," said grandpa, "the Gordian knot was made by a rustic king of Phrygia, named Gordius. The cord was made from the fibrous bark of the cornel tree, and the knot fastened the ox yoke to the pole of a waggon which King Gordius had used. The knot proved so intricate that no one could untie it, or even find where it began or ended.

"The oracle had declared that he who should untie the knot should be master of Asia. Alexander the Great was resting his army after the battle in the city of Gordium, about the year 333 before Christ, and he determined to untie this celebrated knot, but not being successful, he became impatient, and striking with his sword he severed the knot with one blow."

"That is a good story, grandpa," replied Frank; "the next time I see the sailor I must tell him all about it."

The second slip was taken from the hat, and the question was this:—

"Grandpa, is it right to throw stones at frogs?—JULIA."

When this question was read, Willie and Frank looked troubled as though guilty of such conduct. Grandpa did not appear to notice this, but remarked that frogs were quite sensitive to pain, and he thought that no pupil of his would be guilty of pelting frogs. Then turning to Frank, he said: "I wish you would bring a frog to school next Saturday, for I want you to see what a peculiar tongue it has."

"Is it forked like a snake's tongue?" inquired Frank.

"No, my son, but you know that the tongue of most animals lies with the tip pointing towards the lips; now, the base or large portion of the frog's tongue is joined to the point of the lower jaw and the tip points down the throat. So, whenever the frog catches an insect, it is quickly thrust back into the throat by the tongue, and its fate is sealed."

The third question was from Emily. It was this:—

"Grandpa, can the people on the moon see the earth?"

"It is not known," replied grandpa, "whether the moon is inhabited; but if so, the earth must present to them all the phases that the moon presents to us, only in a reverse order. For instance, when we have a new moon they have a full moon. Only one side of the moon is turned toward us, therefore the moon's inhabitants upon the other side might have to take long journeys to take a peep at our planet, but it would, doubtless, well repay them, for the earth would look, when full, fourteen times as large as our full moon."

"Wouldn't it be a grand sight! I wish I could see such a large moon as that," said Emily.

Mamie's question was in regard to echoes. She had been in the woods with some of her friends the day before, and when they shouted the sounds were repeated sometimes in one syllable, at other times in two. Her question was this:—

"Can more than two syllables ever be heard as an echo?"

Grandpa replied that "When several parallel surfaces are properly suited the echo may repeat backward and forward many times. For instance, in Virginia there is an echo which is said to return twenty notes played upon a flute, and at Woodstock, England, there is one which repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. When the exclamation 'ha!' is quickly and sharply spoken, there returns back a 'ha, ha, ha.'"

The last question was from Willie. He was a growing, hungry boy, and could not believe that persons might suffer more from thirst than from hunger. He writes:—

"Grandpa, is water more important to life than food? I have eaten five meals since yesterday morning, and I haven't drank a drop of water; now I'm not thirsty one bit, but I feel that I could eat two meals at one time."

"You may not have drank clear water," replied grandpa, "for two days, but do you not take milk with every meal? and haven't you eaten apples, melons, potatoes, and turnips since yesterday morning?"

"Yes, sir," replied Willie.

"Well, said grandpa, "all of these things contain a great amount of water, and that accounts for your not being thirsty. Our bodies are composed mostly of water, and will suffer extremely if not supplied in some manner. Water is so plentiful that we do not realize its worth. Eliza Cook well says:—

"Traverse the desert and then you can tell
What treasures exist in the cold, deep well?
Sink in despair on the red parched earth,
And then you may reckon what water is worth."

God has made water very abundant because he knows our need of it from day to day. Did you ever notice how often water is spoken of in the Bible? Moses brought it from a rock, Samuel from a jawbone; Elijah, by prayer to God, brought water from the clouds."

The tall clock in the hall now struck the hour of four, and, after grandpa had repeated his requests in regard to bringing the frog upon the next Saturday, he dismissed his school.—*New York Observer*.

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

THE day before he was to start for college, Herbert Drake went to say good-bye to his old friend, Dennis Carter. Dennis had for years been gardener for Herbert's father, and when rheumatism unfitted him for work his faithful service was still remembered by the family. Herbert was his especial favourite. As soon as the boy could walk alone it became his delight to follow Dennis wherever he went, and as he grew older Herbert was equally fascinated by the gardener's stories of his long and somewhat eventful life.

On the occasion of his farewell call, at his request, Dennis had again been indulging in reminiscences of the past.

"Yes," he concluded, "my path has been a crooked one. 'Twas my own fault. I was a wayward lad; I wouldn't listen to those who knew more than I did. 'Experience is a hard school,' but it was the only one I'd learn at. It's mostly so with young folks. Well, owing to that fact, I stumbled along in the dark a good many years. Then one day I found a

wonderful lamp—a wonderful lamp;" and as Dennis said this he laid his hand upon his Bible.

"You know where it says, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' I remember as if it was yesterday the day I first saw that light. I didn't want to see it; I liked the dark better, or thought I did; so I kept my eyes shut to my own good in this world and the next.

"One day I went with a lot of wild boys to rob an orchard. Just as we had filled our pockets and turned away a hand was placed upon my shoulder. I thought we were caught sure, but it was only a young man, who handed me a card. On it was printed in large letters:

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion."

"The light shone full on two paths then—the one I was taking, and the one where I should have been walking. I had no longer even the poor excuse of thoughtlessness, for that verbe haunted me. I despised a coward, yet those words proved me one; and I knew it. It wasn't then, though, that I took advantage of the light. It was a baby's hand that beckoned me to it at last. When my little Bilde died, and I knew I should never see her again unless I altered my course completely, I turned my back on the darkness and came out into this glorious light.

"The best thing about this lamp is that it throws brilliant light on every step you take. It is not like a street lamp, that only brightens a fixed spot; it is like a coach-lamp, that goes wherever you go and sheds its rays always a little in advance of you. Yes, Mr. Herbert, you can't take a better guide than this with you; and if you follow where it points, you will never go wrong. God bless you!"

BROOKLYN'S DAY.

THE happiest day of all the year for the children of Brooklyn is the day on which the annual Sunday-school celebration and parade occurs. It was observed on Wednesday of last week with the usual exercises of marching, singing anniversary hymns, and listening to addresser. Along many of the streets where the children marched the houses were gaily decorated with flags and bunting in honour of the occasion. One division of twenty-two schools had 14,000 children in line; another division of twenty schools had 8,000, another 6,000. In all about 55,000 children took part in the parade. This annual turn-out of the children is a sight which brings to Brooklyn strangers even from distant parts, and it is worth a long journey to see it and to share in the delight expressed by the fifty-five thousand paraders.

IN TROUBLE.

THE boy or the man who does wrong always gets into trouble. No matter whether he drinks whiskey, or tells lies, or swears, or steals,—no matter what it is,—there is always a fierce dog at his heels ready to tear him in pieces. In other words, those who sin must suffer. Sin is represented in the Bible as a fierce lion crouching as in the act of leaping on his prey. Do not do wrong if you do not wish to suffer. There is never but one safe thing to do, and that is the right thing.

OUR BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.*

God bless the brave boys, whom we miss
from the hearthstone,
As we rest from our toil at the close of the
day;
And the one vacant place speaks to us so
plainly
Of the dear and the loved ones, who've
gone far away.

Sad were our hearts, yes, well-nigh to break-
ing,
As we gathered to bid them a, tearful
adieu,
Fearing never again on this side of death a
river,
Should we meet with those brave hearts, so
faithful and true.

They've gone far away from the home of their
childhood,
Far away from the loved on Ontario's
strand,
To fight for the homes that are now made
desolate
By the strong band of rebels who're scourg-
ing our land.

How we watch for the papers and eagerly
scan them,
For tidings of battle, for names of the
dead,
Fearing lest each be the name of our loved
one,
Knowing that at each name some mother's
heart bled.

And we earnestly pray that the time's not far
distant,
When the cruel war ended, we'll away
with our fears,
And tears changed to joy, our country re-
joicing,
We'll welcome them home, the brave
volunteers.

When loudly shall echo from hill-top and
valley,
Glad tidings of peace over mountain and
glen;
While strains of triumph swell louder and
louder,
With songs of thanksgiving we'll greet them
again.

And God bless the homes, where the place is
still vacant,
As they mourn for the dear ones at rest
'neath the sod;
And may all who've fallen in defence of their
country,
Find life everlasting in the home of their
God.

HAVE YOU DECIDED?

Who can help admiring the noble
character of Joshua? He had such a
courageous spirit; he made up his
mind as to what was true and right,
and then he stuck to it, and no one
could turn him. See him, the old
gray-headed warrior, gathering to-
gether the elders of Israel at Shechem,
and calling on them all, princes, judges
and rulers, to hesitate no longer, be-
tween the strange gods of Canaan and
the one true God—"Choose ye this
day whom ye will serve." But, whate-
ver their choice, it will make no
difference to Joshua—"As for me and
my house, we will serve the Lord."
Josh. 24. 15.

Sometimes you see a lad in a school
or a workshop following this noble
example and letting his companions
know and see that he has decided for
Christ. I wish there were more such.
But I find so many who want to wait
a little longer—they can't make up
their mind just yet.

"There is plenty of time for me,"
says a young girl as she comes away
from the Bible-class on Sunday after-

By the time that these verses shall appear,
most of our volunteers, we trust, shall have
returned home. But the verses are so
creditable to the head and heart of the young
lady who wrote them that we have pleasure
in printing them.—Ed.

noon. "Teacher wants us to decide
at once, but surely there is no such
hurry—I must think about it some
day, I know, but not now—I can't
decide."

Take care, young people! Take
care, boys and girls! Your life is just
like that falling raindrop—just like
that rushing stream. You can't decide
which way your life shall go, but all
the time it is going on. Is it going
towards heaven or towards hell? Do
you not know? Haven't you decided
yet which way it shall go? If you
don't choose now, suppose the time
should come when you can't choose!

Ho would be a foolish captain who
should start on a voyage without mak-
ing up his mind where to go to. Sup-
pose another vessel meets him, "What,
ho! captain, whither bound?" "Don't
know." "Well, but do you know
where you are steering for?" "Don't
care." "Why, if you don't look out,
you will be among the icebergs pres-
ently." "Oh, never mind, perhaps I
shall change my course." Absurd as
this seems, isn't it a true picture?

"Out on an ocean, all boundless, we ride,
Borne on the waves of a rough, restless tide,"

but, whether we are going east, or
west, or north, or south, or going to
the bottom, we cannot tell. We have
not decided.

I can't think what you young people
are waiting for. Do you expect your
hearts to get softer? I fear you will
find the world a hard place, and the
longer you are in it the harder your
hearts will get. Do you expect it to
be easier, by and by, to become a
Christian than it is now? Is it easier
to bend the sapling or the oak tree?
Just ask any of your friends who were
converted late in life and see what
they say. You won't find so very
many, for comparatively few are
brought to Christ in old age. Or, do
you only mean to wait a little longer?
But what right have you to think that
God will wait any longer at all?—
T. B. Bishop.

If we were to venture a prophecy,
it would be, in spite of its seeming
boldness, that the time is not far
distant when the smoking-habit will be
on the decline, and that the generation
is near at hand which will be free
from the tobacco scourge. In the
Northern States women no longer
smoke; snuff has passed almost out of
use, though within the memory of
many now living its use was quite
common; the habit of tobacco-chewing
has rapidly declined within twenty
years; and even among men the tide
of enlightened public sentiment is
setting in strongly against the habit of
smoking. Already the respectability
of the cigar is discredited in the minds
of the boys of our best communities by
the example of Christian ministers
generally, and by the instructions given
to the young. Its use even by fathers
is in thousands of instances considered
a mark of weakness to be excused,
rather than of manliness to be copied.
The Bands of Hope in our Sunday-
schools have sown good seed which is
already yielding fruit, and the move-
ment for temperance instruction in our
public schools promises far greater
results. The temperance reform will
sweep away tobacco before it destroys
the saloon, and when tobacco is out of
the way, the overthrow of the saloon
will be comparatively easy.

LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

THOUGH President Lincoln's mother
died when he was only ten years of
age, yet she lived long enough to in-
spire him with a noble ambition, to
train him to love truth and justice,
and to reverence God and goodness.
Years after, when men were looking
to him as one who might become a
national leader, he said,—

"All that I am, or hope to be, I
owe to my mother."

The wife of a pioneer, she shared
the privations and hardships of life in
a wilderness. The struggle for exist-
ence familiarized her not only with
the distaff and the spinning-wheel, but
with the axe, the hoe, and the rifle.
She helped her husband to clear and
break up the soil, to kill wild turkeys,
as well as deer and bears, whose flesh
she cooked and whose skins she dressed
and made into clothes.

When she married, her husband
could neither read nor write, but she
found time, toilsome as was her life,
to teach both rudiments to him and to
her son. She was unusually intelli-
gent and refined for a pioneer's wife.
Her taste and love of beauty made her
log-house an exceptional home in a
wilderness, where the people were
rugged and lived so far apart that they
could hardly see the smoke from each
other's cabins.

When Abraham Lincoln had gained
the people's ear, men noticed that he
scarcely made a speech or wrote a
State paper in which there was not an
illustration or a quotation from the
Bible. "Abe Lincoln," his friends
used to say, "is more familiar with
the Bible than most ministers."

He had been thoroughly instructed
in it by his mother. It was the one
book always found in the pioneer's
cabin, and to it she, being a woman of
deep religious feeling, turned for sym-
pathy and refreshment. Out of it she
taught her boy to spell and read, and
with its poetry, histories and principles
she so familiarized him that they
always influenced his subsequent life.

She was fond of books, and read all
she could beg or borrow from the
pioneers far and near. Her boy early
imbibed his mother's passion for books.
Here and there could be found in the
cabin Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress,"
Weems' "Life of Washington," and
Burns' poems. Young Abe read these
over and over again, until he knew
them as he knew the alphabet.

When his mother died, the son had
already received a good education—
he told the truth, he loved justice, he
reverenced God, he respected goodness,
he was fond of reading, he could swing
the axe, shoot the rifle, and take more
than a boy's part in subduing the
wilderness and building up a home.

She selected the place for her burial.
It was under a majestic sycamore, on
the top of a forest-covered hill that
stretched above her log-cabin home.
No clergyman could be found to bury
her, and neighbours took part in the
simple, solemn rites. Months after, a
preacher, who had been written to,
travelled hundreds of miles through
the forest to preach a funeral sermon
under the great sycamore.

The boy of ten years never forgot
those sad, plain services, nor the
mother whose memory they honoured.
She ever remained to him the incarna-
tion of tenderness, love, self-sacrifice
and devotion to duty. When he was
President he honoured her training by
the thought, "She placed me here!"

LOVE'S BEACON.

BY BERN K. HENFORD.

THE twilight gloom is in the room.
The children cry, "Soon father'll
come!"
And to the door they run, once more
To watch, as many an eve before.

The kettle sings of happy things
That evening's coming always brings;
The fire burns bright, because, each night,
The hearts about it are so light.

'Tis time to trim my lamp for him
Who never lets love's light grow dim,
That he may see how anxiously
I wait him coming home to me.

Shine out, dear light, across the night,
And guide my good man's feet aright,
Love's beacon star, shines out afar,
And lead him where his dear ones are!

DAILY BREAD.

A LITTLE girl in a wretched attic,
whose sick mother had no bread, knelt
down by the bedside, and said, slowly:
"Give us this day our daily bread."
Then she went into the street, and
began to wonder where God kept his
bread. She turned round the corner,
and saw a large, well-filled baker's
shop.

"This," thought Nettie, "is the
place." So she entered confidently,
and said to the stout baker, "I've come
for it."

"Come for what?"
"My daily bread," she said pointing
to the tempting loaves. "I'll take
two, if you please—one for my mother
and one for me."

"All right," said he, putting them
into a bag, and giving them to his
little customer, who started at once
into the street.

"Stop, you little rogue!" he said,
roughly; "where is your money?"
"I haven't any," she said simply.

"Haven't any!" he repeated angrily;
"you little thief, who brought you
here, then?"

The hard words frightened the little
girl, who, bursting into tears, said:
"Mother is sick, and I am so hungry.
In my prayers I said, 'Give us this
day our daily bread,' and then I
thought God meant me to fetch it, and
so I came."

The rough but kind-hearted baker
was softened by the child's simple tale,
and he sent her back to her mother
with a well-filled basket.

Nettie had faith in God; she asked
and expected to receive.

Perhaps if some older persons had
more faith in their asking, they would
have more joy in receiving. God is
ready to fulfil his promises, but we
must be in the appointed attitude of
trusting expectation.

THE HOT SAW.

"O FRANK! come and see how hot
my saw gets when I rub it."

"That's the friction," said Frank,
with the wisdom of two years more
than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was
passing, "it's the friction; and it
makes me think of two boys who were
quarrelling over a trifle this morning,
and the more they talked the hotter
their tempers grew, until there was no
knowing what might have happened if
mother had not thrown cold water on
the fire by sending them into separate
rooms."

DON'T DESPISE THE CHILDREN.

BY W. A. KATON.

DON'T despise the little children! They are flowers bright and fair—Flowers in the world's great garden; Train them, then, with tender care. Let the sunshine of your kindness And the showers of your love Rain upon them and prepare them For the blooming time above.

Don't despise the little children! Do not call them useless toys; Many a noble, glorious spirit Dwells in little girls and boys, Teach them, then, to follow after— Noble deeds and glorious ways— Do not check their childish laughter Do not hush their hymns of praise.

Don't despise the little children! Let them have their fill of joy, For the greatest man amongst us Once was but a tiny boy Children will be men and women When we all have passed away, They will have to fight life's battle, As we're fighting it to-day!

Do not, then despise the children— They have souls as well as you! Help to train them up for heaven; 'Tis a glorious work to do He who came from heaven to save us Took the young ones on His knee, And His bright example gave us, Saying sweetly, "Follow Me!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, JULY 25, 1885.

MANY of our friends, when renewing their subscriptions for periodicals, write their orders as follows:—"Please forward the periodicals we are now taking for another term." It then devolves on us to go back on all the previous orders that we have received from that particular person during the preceding term. This is a matter of great difficulty, in consequence of the number and size of our different lists. Very often the order was received from a different person, and then it becomes a matter of impossibility for us to recognize it at all, and we have to write for the particulars. If our friends would always repeat their order in full, giving names and numbers of the periodicals to be continued, and also the length of time we are to continue them, they would save us a considerable amount of time, and ensure correctness and promptness in having their orders filled.

THE CONFERENCES.

THE leafy month of June is a most delightful time at which to hold the annual ecclesiastical gatherings of the land. There is so much of inspiration and buoyancy in the bursting buds and blossoming trees that one would think the deliberations of these grave and reverend bodies must catch therefrom much of the joyous and hopeful tone by which they are characterized. Glad are the greetings and pleasant the intercourse of the brethren beloved, many of whom see each other but once a year. Old companions in arms renew their youth and fight their battles o'er again in sweet converse on the past. The religious services are seasons of great spiritual blessings—especially the Conference love feasts. The memorial service for the fallen heroes is one of deep and tender pathos. The voices of strong men falter and tears fall as they pay their tribute of love to those whom they shall see on earth no more. The Conference Anniversaries, Missionary, Educational, Temperance, and Sunday-school, are exhibitions of a high order of sacred eloquence; and the Friday night meeting, where the young knights of this holy war gird on their armour to receive the accolade of ordination, is a service of thrilling power. It is a joy to visit the Conferences and to realize that the Methodist ministry is a brotherhood—a fellowship no less chivalric and brave than that of "King Arthur's table round."

—Dr. Withrow, in *Methodist Magazine*.

AN OBJECT IN LIFE.

WE all require an object in life, something to live for, to work for, to aim after; something that will arouse our ambition, awaken our dormant energies, inspire love, and so keep mind, body, and heart in healthy exercise. The most miserable people in the world are those who have little or nothing to do. Busy folks have no time to nurse small grievances; and there is no medicine like work to heal the wounds that disappointment or sorrow have made.

Boys and girls who start out with no object in life but "to have a good time," will soon come to the end of their career, and die as the fool dieth. We should all aspire to have some worthy object on which to expend our talents; something that will elevate us and improve our moral and physical condition.

Our main object in life should be to do the will of our heavenly Father. We are put into the world for that purpose, and if we pursue evil instead of good we need not expect to go unpunished. Having set out with the determination to be a Christian, we find our eyes and our understanding opened as we go along, and are never at a loss for something to do. An idle Christian is a contradiction in terms.

Having put on this armour, we are next to study the occupation for which we are best fitted, and to prepare ourselves daily for the position we hope to fill. It may be our lot to serve in lowly places, and in some way our ambition may be thwarted so that we cannot carry out the desire of our heart. Well, all this is known to God, and if we look around we find something to live for, something that will give wholesome occupation to the mind, and prevent the thoughts from dwelling too much upon self.

It is easy to distinguish those who

have an object in life, from those who have nothing particular to do, and who expend their energies in an effort to kill time.

"Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavour, Let the great meaning ennoble it ever; Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain; Work, as believing that labour is gain."

FLOWERS FOR THE KING.

Who will raise flowers for the King? "For the king?" asks one whose garden privileges may be squeezed down to the narrow little back yard of a city house. "I have not room for so high an office."

It is not yard room but heart room that is needed for the bed whose delightful task it is to raise flowers for the great King. There will be homes in the country that with all the wealth of many acres have no room for this bed, while within the contracted premises of the city space may be found for the King's flowers. Who will furnish heart-room? This bed is to carry the seed of patience, love, peace, honesty, temperance, and purity. What garlands for the adorning of the King's palace these blossoms will make!

"Ah," cries one, "I can cultivate some other bed, but can I raise flowers for the King? Bleached will be their petals and odorless their cups."

But is there not a heavenly Gardener who will come to our help? With Christ can be done that which is impossible without him. Out of poor soil he will bring such sweet, rich flowers for the King! Who will open the heart to Christ to-day? Do not put the thought aside. We would press it home as a personal duty. It is time to begin a new life of prayer and consecration. This day, this day, now! O heavenly Gardener come into all our hearts, possess them, till them, and let them bear, and bud, and blossom to the King's praise!

THE verses by "Comus" are of a very high order of merit, but rather abstract and subjective in their method for use in any of the periodicals such as this under the management of the present writer. They will be returned, with thanks for the courtesy of submitting them, to any address furnished.

WE are glad to add to the increase in the membership of the Western Conferences, as reported last week, an increase in the Manitoba Conference of 1,286, which swells the total for the seven Western Conferences to 18,604. We do not know to what extent the increase in Manitoba is due to immigration, but in any case an increase of a little more than forty per cent. in one year must be very gratifying to our Manitoba brethren.—*Guardian*.

WE have received the following from the Dudswell Methodist Sabbath-school, Marlton Mission, Que.: "Resolved,—That the sincere and hearty thanks of the teachers and scholars of this Sunday-school is hereby given to the Sunday-school Board, also to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Secretary, for the kind and prompt assistance given us in our time of need at the opening of our Sunday-school. Carried unanimously."

"I have much pleasure," writes the superintendent, "in forwarding to you this resolution of thanks, hoping the blessing of God will also be given to

your gift of books and papers, and that our Sunday-school may be successful in bringing souls to Christ."

A BOUQUET FOR MAMMA.

(See next page.)

ETHEL makes a sweet picture as she stands waiting to present her floral offering to mamma. It is her daily custom to do this, her favourite flowers being daisies and roses.

As I look at her my heart is very sore, for I am reminded of one who was ever trotting in and out of our home in the summer-time with a bouquet for grandma or aunties. How she loved the daisies! I can see her now as I have seen her many, many times coming to me with her little hands filled with them, her golden curls forming a halo about her sunshiny face as she says: "Aunt Mame, here's a bouquet for you." But oh! I shall never see her again on earth. She was snatched from us in an instant, full of life and beauty, at a moment when she never looked more lovely. Crossing the street with her papa and mamma, how, they never can tell, it was so sudden and so dreadful, she was struck down and the cruel car wheels mangled her little body.

Only just five years old, and yet she knew that she was going to God and Heaven. One day last summer, as she was picking the daisies, she said to her auntie: "Ain't God good to make all the flowers, Aunt Jennie?" Her auntie, wishing to hear what she would say, said: "What makes you think that God made the flowers, dear?"

"Why, Aunt Jennie, everybody knows that God makes the flowers and everything."

What a rebuke to those who pretend to deny the existence of the Creator. If such could have stood by that beautiful, little dying bed in the hospital their hearts would have been hard indeed not to have believed in God and Heaven.

Her's was such a happy little life, ever sunshiny and bright. Baby as she was, she ever tried to please others, and we have the secret of her loveliness from her own, now doubly precious words. She always loved to watch the clouds, and one evening shortly before her death she said to a very dear friend:

"Uncle Jim, do you know why Edie loves to look at the clouds, and why I love you and papa and mamma and everybody? God makes me."

Ah! how many of us, who are older and think ourselves wiser, are scattering love and brightness around us and loving everybody because "God makes us!" If your life were cut off in an instant, my reader, are you sure of entering Heaven?

Not long ago she said to another auntie, as she was again watching the clouds: "Aunt Frances, some day soon, Edie's going up in the clouds." Was it only childish talk? I believe not. God was teaching her and through her teaching us. Have you her child-like faith? Remember the Father says that except we become as little children we cannot enter the kingdom. Will you trust him?

Dear little Edith, she is plucking fairer flowers than any earthly ones, for the Father has taken her where

"Everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."
M. K. H.



A BOUQUET FOR MAMMA.

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THE HARP.

BY ROSEA G. BLAKE.

IN the stormy days that marked the reign of the iron monarch, Charlemagne, When, whereso'er the traveller went Over the war-worn continent, A lofty castle with stony frown From every commanding hill looked down; At that time of terror, a Christian knight, Across the valley from height to height Stretched a cord of iron, a mighty wire Anvil-hammered and tried with fire. He hoped, he said, that the gentle hand Of summer winds in the iron strand Would wake a music diviner, higher, Than the sound of warfare that filled the land.

Over the wire the breezes swept, But the soul of music within it slept; It felt the north wind's fiercer stroke, But still the touch no answer woke, No throbbing sweetness the silence broke. Loud the people laughed, and said: "This is no harp, but a wire instead; And he who made it, how little he knows!"

But once at midnight a storm arose. As the terrible rush of the angry blast By turn and tower swept hurrying past, The harp awoke! and above the beat Of the roaring tempest, sublimely sweet, The sound of its music swelled and rose, Till the people cried in the valley below, "Surely the trumpets of angels blow; The sky above us are tempest-riven, For we hear the songs of the saved in heaven!"

O'er harp-string or heart-string, the storm must break Before its divinest notes awake; Not gentle breezes, but winds that smite, Not the baby's breath, but the whirlwind's might. Not joy, but chastening, strikes the tone Sweet as the notes the ransomed raise, Who live forever their songs of praise Through the spaces around the Throne!

BOOK NOTICE.

Valerius: The Martyr of the Catacombs. A Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome. By Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D. Cloth, 12mo, 243 pp., price \$1. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Canadian Edition, 75 cents.

The New York Methodist Book Concern has brought in very handsome style this book, which has also been republished with original illustrations by the Wesleyan Conference Office, London. We express no opinion of its merits, but quote the following by an American reviewer: "We have here a story laid in a period and place which makes it of intense interest to every student of Christian history, while the form of the narrative makes it more attractive to the average reader than an abstract treatise on the Catacombs. The author has previously written an elaborate work (published by the Book Concern) on the Catacombs of Rome. He has made a thorough study of his subject, and in this work has preserved historical accuracy, while he has filled in the details in an entertaining popular story of the persecutions of the early Christians in Rome, under the Emperor Diocletian. The book should be read by all our young people, who will be interested in this description of those weird underground caverns where lie buried the countless multitudes of the early Christians. The book is freely illustrated with views of the Catacombs."

"What do the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way and make other people do the same," was the reply.

THE BOY WHO KNEW BEST

JACK BRAYTON took his hat from the peg behind the kitchen door and went out, slamming the door after him. A frown disfigured his forehead, and more disfiguring anger was in his heart. His mother had just told him he could not go fishing with some of the village boys, and he was going to tell them that he could not accompany them. They were bad boys, and he knew that was her reason for not allowing him to go; she feared if he associated with them he would become like them. He thought he knew better than she did; that he would not be like them; that he never would smoke or swear, though he could see no harm in the former.

He ran up the street to where they waited for him.

"Can't go," he informed them.

"Why not?" demanded a tall boy, who was smoking vigorously.

Jack had not the manly courage to say, "Mother will not allow it;" he had a foolish idea that it would appear babyish.

While he hesitated a smaller boy cried, "His mother won't let him; I know, Tom."

The other boys laughed. It had been a long time since any of them had minded their mother.

Jack clinched his fists angrily.

"Come on, boys," cried another, "we can't stand here all day talking to mamma's baby."

"Go, anyway," advised Tom, "I cut loose from that government long ago."

Any one would know that without his saying so. His language, manners, and even looks, told the story of a youth who long ago, trampling on the fifth commandment, was learning fast to trample on the others.

"Yes, come on," the boys urged.

"Break through and let her see you're a man to do as you please, then she'll let you alone," said Tom.

Jack did not care, if he had told his secret feelings, to have his mother let him alone, but he did want to be his own master, and there seemed to be a great deal of wisdom in Tom's remarks. He was tired of being controlled; none of these boys were. Indeed they were not, and Jack knew they were the worst boys in the village.

"All right, come on," said he.

"Good for you!" they applauded.

"Just let her find out," Tom said to him as they walked on, "that you're going to be your own master, going and coming without questioning, and she'll give up."

They all, excepting Jack, smoked, talking noisily, their conversation plentifully sprinkled with oaths. He felt like a mere baby not to be smoking, and if he had not known it would make him sick so he could not fish, he would have tried it. When he began to go with those boys their profanity shocked him, but he was so accustomed to it now he did not notice it. He had several times found an oath at the end of his own tongue, but checked himself in time, for he really did not want to swear.

They caught great quantities of fish, the lunch brought was good, the boys told funny stories, so the day was voted a success by all but Jack. The habit of regarding his mother's wishes was more firmly fixed than he realized. But after this he felt sure that neither she nor his conscience would trouble

him any more; for the rest of his life he would have fun when he wanted it. One of the boys had an extra pipe, and after dinner Jack was prevailed upon to try it, assured it would not make him sick. Tom was lighting a fresh one for himself; the matches were damp and would not strike, so he swore at them, as if that would aid him.

Jack failed to light one at the same time, and, before he knew what he said, echoed Tom's words. The boys were so used to such language that they did not heed it, but Jack turned really pale, and the pipe dropped from his hand.

"I don't believe I'll smoke to-day," he said. He wanted to get away from them.

"Go on," cried Tom. "You'll never regret it. What's the use of being a baby all your life?"

"Here's one," said another boy, giving him a lighted pipe.

He tried to refuse, but they all insisted, and, caring little what he did, he took it. Not long after the pipe lay shattered on a stone, and Jack, very sick, lay extended on the ground.

"Let me alone," was all the reply made to remarks, comforting or tormenting. He was sicker at heart than at stomach. He had done just what his mother had said he would do, and what he knew he would not do; he thought he knew best, but he found she did.

"Get up," cried Tom, "we're going for beer."

"Beer," echoed the boys.

"Let me alone," he repeated.

They left him alone, going for beer. He lay there an hour and that hour was the turning point in his life. He reviewed the past two weeks—every downward step. He saw, if he had kept on where he begun, where he would land. He saw that his mother was right, and looked on his late comrades with her eyes. He stumbled up, and made his way home, still sick, and very weak and pale when he entered the kitchen. His mother was there alone.

"Are you sick?" she asked kindly.

Then sitting on the lounge together, his head on her lap, he told her all. "I found you was right," he said when he was through, "that in breaking the fifth commandment I cracked them all."

"Dear Jack," she returned, "there are not many drunkards in this land who would be what they are if they had honoured and obeyed their parents when young. Breaking that commandment is like breaking down a fence which keeps out all wrong-doing; there is no safety for the youth who disregards it."

NOT TOO YOUNG.

Do you say you are too young to be a Christian? O no! that cannot be. You are not too young to love mamma and papa. Then why are you too young to love Jesus? Listen while I tell you of some people who began to love Jesus when very young. Polycarp, who was a scholar of the beloved John, began to love Jesus when only four years old. Lady Huntingdon was a Christian when nine years old. Bishop Hedding sought Jesus when he was only four years old. Alfred Cookman sought him when ten years old. Jesus will hear and answer the cry of the youngest child for salvation.

A PILLOW PRAYER.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine;
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and
Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can
shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

THE ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE were greatly pleased during our brief visit to the Niagara Conference in the beautiful city of Brantford, by a hurried inspection of the Institution for the Blind. The building is large, airy and healthful, of handsome architecture, and commands a magnificent prospect over a broad and beautiful country. But alas! for the one hundred and forty inmates this glorious panorama is a sealed book. Yet it was pleasant to see them sauntering about the spacious grounds in pairs, inhaling the fragrance of the lilacs and roses, and breathing the pure, fresh, invigorating air. There is no more beautiful illustration of Christian philanthropy than the education of mind and heart and hand of those afflicted children who dwell, as it were, beneath the shadow of God's hand. All that loving ministration can do is done to mitigate their suffering, to illumine the perpetual gloom in which they walk. A copious literature exists in the embossed raised letters which they read with their finger-tips almost as readily as we read with our eyes. Their books are, however, very large and very costly. The Bible fills eight huge volumes and costs \$20. A single play of Shakespeare fills a large volume, and Scott's "Ivanhoe" fills three volumes. But the classics of the language in prose and verse are printed in these books, and the blind are exempted from the flood of frivolous or pernicious reading which occupy so many hours of those who can see. Raised maps and models give instruction in geography, physics, etc. A magazine for the blind is also published, as well as Sunday-school lessons of the International Series.

A most important feature of the institution is the instruction in manual industries, by which the blind may earn a livelihood. The defect in one sense seems to be accompanied by the increased efficiency of the others. The pupils have a special aptitude for music, and several of them have learned the art of piano tuning. Others work with great skill at basket weaving and cane chair making, broom making, mattress making, etc.; and among the girls, machine and hand sewing, and knitting, and crochet and bead work give profitable employment. The institution is open to all blind or partially blind persons in Ontario, and no charge is made for board or instruction of pupils.

"How old are you, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a tot who was less than four years of age. "I'm not old," was the indignant reply; "I am almost new."

ADAM'S ALE.

SING about a boy who dwelt some fifty years ago
 Where forests spread for mile on mile, and
 mighty rivers flow:
 He laboured on his father's farm on Mis-
 sissippi's shore.
 With sturdy arm he swung the axe and plied
 the bounding oar;
 None better knew to guide the plough or
 wield the rattling flail,
 And when athirst or faint he drank a draught
 of "Adam's ale."

There is no drink like Adam's ale, so
 sparkling pure, and free;
 It cheers the heart of bird and beast, it
 gladdens flower and tree;
 It brings no pang unto the breast, it makes
 no cheek grow pale.
 Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink!
 Hurrah for "Adam's ale!"

For many years this noble boy gave all his
 strength and might
 To help his parents and to make their heavy
 labours light.
 His food was of the homeliest kind, but it was
 ever sweet,
 For toil and industry give zest to anything
 we eat;
 And while he ate his humble meal in forest,
 field, or dale
 He freely took from stream and brook a
 Draught of "Adam's ale."

Oh! what is like to Adam's ale, so spark-
 ling, pure, and free?
 The cornfields drink it till they wave in
 gold along the lea;
 It makes the grass and flowers grow fair on
 mountain and in vale.
 Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink!
 Hurrah for "Adam's ale!"

Years passed; this boy from home at last
 resolved he should depart.
 With many blessings, prayers, and tears his
 parents saw him start;
 But yet they did not sorrow long, nor sorely,
 for they knew
 Heaven's promise unto all who give their
 parents honour due.
 They knew temptation's many wiles not
 easily prevail
 'Gainst him or her whose strongest drink is
 "Adam's good old ale."

There is no drink like Adam's ale, so
 sparkling, pure, and free;
 The sunbeams drink it from the lake, the
 river, and the sea.
 It feeds the dappled clouds that drift before
 the summer gale;
 Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink!
 Hurrah for "Adam's ale!"

The once poor boy rose step by step, until he
 came to be
 The ruler of a mighty realm beyond the west-
 ern sea;
 And when men said, where feasts were spread,
 "Come pledge us in the wine,"
 He answered: "Nay! for fifty years it
 ne'er touched lips of mine.
 Water alone has been my drink, and kept me
 strong and hale,
 And I owe half my rise in life to drinking
 Adam's ale."

What drink is like to Adam's ale, so
 sparkling, pure, and free?
 Where'er it goes, where'er it flows, it
 breathes health and glee;
 Although we travel every land, o'er every
 ocean sail,
 We'll find no drink so wonderful, so old as
 "Adam's ale."

Let all who wish through life to keep a bright
 and stainless name,
 Who'd rise, by dint of steady toil, to honour
 and to fame,
 Shun every drink of man's device that steals
 the brains away,
 And drags its victim to the brink of ruin day
 by day;
 Good resolution in the end is certain to pre-
 vail,
 Then make a firm resolve to drink no drink
 but "Adam's ale."

Oh! what is like to Adam's ale, so spark-
 ling, pure, and free?
 While clouds shall gather in the skies and
 rivers seek the sea,
 While day and night divide the light, the
 store shall never fail
 Of that, the oldest, best of drinks, the far-
 famed "Adam's ale."
 —Able Sunnyside.

GOUGH'S IDEA OF THE LIQUOR-TRAFFIC.

"I WILL tell you my idea of the liquor-
 traffic very briefly" said Mr. Gough:
 "God forgive me, I do not speak of it
 boastfully, for my sin is ever before
 me—seven years of my life was a dark
 blank. I know what the burning
 appetite for stimulants is; I know all
 about it. As I have sat by the bed-
 side of dying drunkards, and have held
 their hands in mine, I have tried to
 lead them at the last gasp to the
 Saviour who never turned away any
 that came to him; and yet in the light
 of my own experience and the experi-
 ence of others that I have received
 through my own observation, I could
 say, Father in heaven, if it be thy
 will that man shall suffer, whatsoever
 seemeth good in thy sight of temporal
 evil, impose it on me. Let the bread
 of affliction be given me to eat; take
 from me the friends of my old age;
 let the hut of poverty be my dwelling-
 place; let the wasting hand of disease
 be laid upon me; let me walk in the
 whirlwind, live in the storm; let the
 passing away of welfare be like the
 flowing of a stream, and the shouts of
 mine enemies like rain on the waters;
 when I speak good, let evil come on
 me—do all this, but save me, merciful
 God, save me from the bed of a drunk-
 ard! And yet, as I shall answer to
 thee in the day of judgment, I had
 rather be the vilest sot that ever
 reeled through your streets than I
 would be the man who sold him his
 liquor a month.—*Independent.*"

THE CAMPAIGN OVER.

THE news of the rescue of the
 McLean family and all the captives
 made by Big Bear who have not before
 been brought in will be received with
 joy, modified only by the absence of
 any statement regarding their health
 or the treatment they have undergone.
 The best may, however, be hoped for,
 as they have been brought in by a
 band of Wood Crees who are said to
 have had charge of them. There are
 eleven members of the McLean family,
 Mr. and Mrs. McLean, three young
 women, four boys, a little girl of three
 and a baby. They have been in cap-
 tivity for over two months, having
 gone into Big Bear's camp, at Fort
 Pitt, on April 15th. All the captives
 having now been released the necessity
 of keeping a large force of volunteers
 in the North-West for the purpose of
 hunting Big Bear is gone, and the
 campaign may therefore be regarded as
 over. Big Bear, if he has not already
 fallen into the clutches of Colonel
 Irvine at Green Lake, may be safely
 left to be run down by the regulars
 and the police force. His force has
 been broken up into a dozen or two
 small bands, and one by one these are
 coming in or are being captured.
 Band after band of Wood Crees have
 come in, bringing in the captives.
 Yellow Sky's band, one of the largest
 of those that were with Big Bear, has
 been captured by five of Boulton's
 band of scouts who have so distin-
 guished themselves during this whole
 campaign. Already our correspond-
 ents at all points state that prepara-
 tions for the return are being made.
 General Strange's column, which in-
 cludes the majority of the 65th, have
 begun the march back from the Beaver
 River to Fort Pitt. The 90th, which
 has fought through the whole cam-
 paign and which is at Fort Pitt, are

about to return from there to Battle-
 ford on their way to Winnipeg. The
 volunteers have shown themselves to
 be possessed of endurance as well as of
 courage. They have been willing, nay
 anxious, to go on as long as there was
 any work to do, but now that the fight-
 ing is over they want to get back to
 their homes and to their business.
 They do not like life in the barracks.
 Like their forefathers before them they
 are warlike but they are not military.
 They have lived on fat pork and hard
 tack—as biscuits are called—most of
 the time, and have worn their clothes
 to rags. Their letters have not been
 forwarded to them regularly; the
 delays have appeared inexcusable, and
 there has been some grumbling. They
 are glad to come back and with reason,
 and their relatives and friends, that is
 to say, all their country men and women
 will be glad to welcome them back,
 and this also with abundant reason.
 They have made Canadians proud of
 the valor, the dash, the endurance,
 the discipline and fine conduct of their
 citizen soldiers.—*Witness.*

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

IN a small village an elderly lady,
 who is a diligent and faithful worker
 in the church, distributes tracts on
 Sunday afternoon, and frequently takes
 her little grandson with her. In going
 her rounds she sometimes meets several
 young men on the sidewalks smoking
 their cigars or pipes, to whom she
 always gave tracts. One Sunday the
 little boy gave one of them, with the
 following advice: "Don't throw it
 away, nor light your pipe with it, but
 read it." Some time after a young
 man arose in the fellowship meeting,
 and said he was converted by reading
 a tract given to him on the street by
 an elderly lady, or rather by a little
 boy she had with her. By small
 means God sometimes accomplishes
 great results. "In the morning sow
 thy seed, in the evening withhold not
 thy hand, for thou knowest not
 whether shall prosper this or that, or
 both may be alike prosperous; trying
 all means, if by any we may save
 some."

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

ONE of the simplest and best illus-
 trations of "faith" which I remember
 to have seen is a story told by M.
 Theodore Monod. A Sunday-school
 teacher, when teaching his class on one
 occasion, left his seat and went around
 among his scholars with his watch in
 his hand. Holding it out to the first
 child, he said:
 "I give you this watch."
 The boy stared at it and stood still.
 He then went to the next and repeated:
 "I give you that watch."
 The boy blushed, but that was all.
 One by one the teacher repeated the
 words and the action to each. Some
 stared, some blushed, some smiled in-
 credulously, but none took the watch.
 But when he came nearly to the bottom
 of the class a small boy put out his
 hand and took the watch which the
 teacher handed to him. As the latter
 returned to his seat the little fellow
 said, gently:
 "Then, if you please, sir, the watch
 is mine!"
 "Yes, it is yours."
 The elder boys were fairly roused
 by this time.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that he
 may keep the watch?"
 "Certainly; I gave it to any boy
 who would have it."
 "Oh, if I had known that," ex-
 claimed one of them, "I would have
 taken it."
 "Did I not tell you I gave it to
 you?"
 "Oh, yes; but I did not believe
 you were in earnest."
 "So much the worse for you; he
 believed me, and he has the watch."
 Saving faith is as simple as this.
 It just takes God at his word and
 trusts him. Though it sounds too
 good to be true, Christ is the gift of
 God, freely and fully offered (John iii.
 19) "His unspeakable gift."

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright!
 On thee the high and lowly
 Before the eternal throne
 Sing, holy, holy, holy,
 To God the three in one.

On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee for our salvation
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

A REMARKABLE NEST.

THE cow-bunting of New England
 never builds a nest. The female lays
 her eggs in the nests of those birds
 whose young feed like her own, on
 insects and worms, taking care to
 deposit but one egg in a nest. A cow-
 bunting deposited an egg in the nest
 of a sparrow, in which was one egg of
 the latter. On the sparrow's return
 what was to be done? She could not
 get out the egg which belonged to her,
 neither did she wish to desert her nest,
 so nicely prepared for her young.
 What did she do? After consultation
 with her husband, she fixed on their
 mode of procedure. They built a
 bridge of straw and hair directly over
 the two eggs, making a second story
 in the home, thus leaving the two eggs
 below out of the reach of the warmth
 of the body. In the upper department
 she laid four eggs, and reared here her
 four children. In the museum at
 Salem, Mass., may be seen this nest,
 with two eggs imprisoned below.

PRAYING FOR HER ENEMIES.

A LITTLE girl in an Italian Sunday-
 school complained that some of the
 children had hissed at her.
 "Why did you not do your best to
 defend yourself, or complain to the
 master?" inquired the mother.
 The child hung down her head and
 was silent.
 "What did you do," added the
 mother, "when they were seeking
 their pleasure in tormenting you?"
 "I remembered what Jesus did for
 his enemies," replied the child; "I
 prayed for them."

THE MASTER AND THE BAIRNS.

BY WILLIAM THOMSON.

THE Maister sat in a wee cot hoose,
Tae the Jordan's waters near,
An' the fisher-folk crushed and crooded round
The Maister's words tae hear.

An' even the bairns frae the near haun' streets
War mixen' in wi' the thrang,
Laddies an' lassies wi' wee bare feet,
Jinkin' the crood amang.

An' ane o' the Twal' at the Maister's side,
Rase up an' cry aloud—
"Come, come, bairns, this is nae place for
you,
Rin awa' hame oot the crood."

But the Maister said, as they turned awa',
"Let the wee bairns come tae Me,"
An' He gathered them roon Him whar He sat,
An' lifted ano up on His knee.

Ay, He gathered them roon Him whar He
sat,
An' straitit their curly hair,
An' He said tae the wou'ering fisher folk,
That croodit roon Him there,—

"Senna the weans awa' frae Me.
But rather this lesson learn,
That nae'll win in at heaven's gate
That isna pure as a bairn."

An' He that wasna oor kith and kin,
But a Prince of the Far Awa',
Gathered the wee anes in His arms
An' blessed them ano an' a'.

Oh, Thou, who watches the ways o' men,
Keep our feet in the heavenly airt,
An' bring us all tae Thy hame abune,
As pure as bairns in hairt.

HOW TO BREATHE.

ONE of Philadelphia's leading physicians, a specialist in diseases of the lungs, says that imperfect respiration is at the bottom of much trouble. In such a case he shows the patient how to swell out the whole chest full and round by a deep inspiration, elevating and throwing back the shoulders; and then, when he has gotten into his lungs the last atom of air possible, to hold it in tightly for a little time, and then let it off slowly, blowing out every atom of it if he possibly can by forcible expiration, drawing the shoulders forward and pressing in the chest to the smallest possible compass, thus throwing out almost all of the residual air, and all this through the nose, with mouth tightly closed. "Let him take a half dozen or more such forced respirations a dozen times a day," says the doctor, "and he will soon double his vital capacity and relieve himself of most of his supposed chest trouble. Such forced respiration will compel every air cell possible to freely admit wholesome air into the little spaces and to expel it also, and some air cells that do not often perform their functions healthily will be compelled to do so."

"FEELS SO MISERABLE!"

ALICE "feels so miserable!"
Is it any wonder? There is a poison-plant growing in her soul, one poison-stalk and five poison-branches. It is enough to make the strongest feel most miserable, send them to bed, and move their friends to send for the doctor.

The five poison-branches, let us name them: discontent, greed, mortification, dislike, disparagement. These all grow out of one parent stalk, envy.

Alice is a poor singer, and this poverty leads to discontent. Jennie is a good singer, and what a greed Alice has for that superior voice! There is mortification when her nipped

voice makes it squeak beside Jennie's rich, full tones. What a dislike Alice has for the owner of that fine voice, and what disparagement of Jennie as a singer Alice shows in her comments on that voice!

Five poison-branches out of one stalk; and if there is not strychnine enough in them, we may be able to trace another poisonous outshoot; but there is enough to vitiate any character. You may know of a singer thus poisoned. "Send for the doctor at once," do you say?

No; the best remedy is a grip of Christian love and common sense on that poisonous old plant; then, tugging at it vigorously, pull it up by the roots! If Jennie is a canary, and you are not, then be thankful that the world is richer for that one sweet voice, and that you have such resources in the love of Christ that you can be contented to be just what he has made you. No matter how destitute of gifts you may be, if the King will only let you stand in his presence and will crown you with his love. In his ears your satisfaction with him will make a music constant, even if inaudible to the world.

PEACE AGAIN.

THANK God, the dove of peace once more broods over the fair regions of our far North-West, but late ravaged by the ill-omened vulture of war. It is with a thrill of patriotic pride that we read the stirring story of our brave boys, summoned at a moment from their homes to travel two thousand miles—or three thousand miles, in the case of the Halifax volunteers—to encounter a savage and truculent foe, and marching to danger and to death with the valour of veterans. With our pride is mingled mourning for the unreturning brave, over whose prairie graves the bluebell and the wild rose already bloom. Our New Canada has had its baptism of blood. Its broad area is made sacred to liberty, to law, to justice forever, by the blood of our slain soldiers, martyrs for their country and their Queen.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 907.] LESSON V. [Aug. 2.

ELIJAH MEETING AHAB.

1 Kings 18. 1-18. Commit to mem. vs. 15-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim. 1 Kings 18. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Ahab and Obadiah, v. 1-6.
2. Obadiah and Elijah, v. 7-18.
3. Elijah and Ahab, v. 17, 18.

TIME.—B.C. 907.

PLACE.—In Israel, the precise locality unknown.

EXPLANATIONS.—In the third year—The form of expression in Hebrew means after the third year, that is, some time between the third and fourth years. Show thyself unto—Appear before. The governor of his house—Literally over his house. Feared the Lord greatly—Means that he was pre-eminently godly. When Jezebel cut off—Attempted to destroy. Was in the way—Went on his journey. What have I sinned—What evil have I done? Into the hand of Ahab—In his power. The Spirit shall... carry thee—Obadiah feared that Elijah would vanish while he was seeking the king, and that Ahab would imagine, when brought to the spot, that Obadiah had trifled with him, and would, therefore, put him to death. Feared the Lord from my youth—He sought to show that he had no part in Ahab's sins. As the Lord of

hosts liveth—A strong assurance that the prophet would fulfil his word. Troubleth Israel—The king ascribes the famine to Elijah, but the prophet ascribes it to Ahab's wickedness.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That good men sometimes shrink from duty through fear?
2. That good men will care for God's distressed servants?
3. That a people's true enemies are its wicked men?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. In what year of the drought did the Lord tell Elijah to show himself to Ahab? "In the third year." 2. What did Obadiah do when Jezebel cut off the prophets of the Lord? Hid a hundred in a cave. 3. In order to save the horses and the mules what did Ahab propose to Obadiah to do? To search the land for grass. 4. While doing this what happened to Obadiah in the way? "Elijah met him." 5. What did Elijah say Ahab and his house had done? "Forsaken the commandments of the Lord."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The trouble of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

23. But might you not obtain forgiveness by repenting, and keeping the law of God in future?

I am not at all repent and obey without the grace of Christ; and if I could repent and keep the law for the future, that would not answer for my past sins. [Romans viii. 8; Psalm cxxx. 3, 4.]

B.C. 907.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 9.

THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

1 Kings 8. 19-29. Commit to mem. vs. 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. 1 Kings 18. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. An Assembly, v. 19-21.
2. A Test, v. 22-25.
3. A Failure, v. 26-29.

TIME.—B.C. 907, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—Mount Carmel, on the Mediterranean Sea.

EXPLANATIONS.—Gather to me all Israel—Referring to the ten tribes over which Ahab ruled. Prophets of the groves—The word here translated "groves" probably means the idol Asherah or Astarte, the Syrian Venus. Which eat at Jezebel's table—At Jezebel's expense—her chaplains in heathen worship. Unto Mount Carmel—Because that there an altar had been built to the true God. How long halt ye—How long will ye be undecided? Opinions—Literally, thoughts. But if Baal—That is, if Baal be God. I only, remain a prophet—Meaning I am the only prophet among you. Answereth by fire—Burns unto sacrifice. It is well spoken—Literally, the word is good. Dress it—Prepare it for the altar. Nor any that answered—Literally, nor any that heard. Leaped upon the altar—May be otherwise translated, leaped up and down at the altar. He is talking—Hebrew, he meditated. Midday—As it is supposed that they worshipped the sun in Baal they expected the fervent heat of noon to bring the fire from heaven. Time of... evening sacrifice—At sundown.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. Perfect faith in God?
2. Boldness for the right?
3. Failure of a false trust?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Elijah tell Ahab to do? To gather all Israel unto Mount Carmel. 2. How many prophets of Baal were opposed to Elijah, the one prophet of the Lord? Four hundred and fifty. 3. What did Elijah propose each party should do? Prepare a bullock for sacrifice. 4. What was each party then to do? Call upon the name of his God. 5. How long did the prophets of Baal call upon their God in vain? From the morning till the evening sacrifice.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The folly of idolatry

CATECHISM QUESTION.

24. What, then, is your hope for the pardon of past sins?

That, trusting in the merits of Christ, as a helpless, guilty, and undone sinner, I shall obtain the remission of all my past offences. [Acts xiii. 38, 39; Luke vii. 42.]

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