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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 4, 1884.

No. 20.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

THE picture shows the present appearance of this sacred spot—one of the most hallowed in its associations in the whole world. The monks under whose control it is, are seen carefully tending its flowers. A few ancient olives, probably the lineal descendants of those under whose shade our Saviour agonized, still remain. His heart must be callous, indeed, who is not stirred to deep emotion by the surroundings of the spot and the holy memories which it suggests. This picture is one of about thirty which illustrate a series of three articles in the *Methodist Magazine* on "The Lord's Land," by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, of the Metropolitan Church, who a short time ago visited these sacred scenes. The whole series will be of special interest to Sunday-school workers, and indeed to all Bible readers.

LEARN A TRADE.

HARDLY a day passes by but we see evidence of the folly of our young men scattered here and there. They are in quest of something to do. They are willing to work for about the pay they should be receiving. If you ask them what is their trade, they will reply that they have none, and in these days when skilled labour is in demand, it is a shame and outrage for so many promising young men to be loitering the time away, either looking for work, or, if they have it, in a position where their pay is nothing. We have seen too many such men who expect to climb up the ladder of fame and fortune without working for it. They are looking around for pins to pick up, and then to be folded in the embrace of some wealthy bank president or philanthropic merchant, made a partner, and finally marry in the family. Such cases are not to be found every day in the present time. We read *Munchausen* tales, in the years gone by, that had an ending like this. But to-

day the merchant who wants a young man, wants one of character and ability. Learn a trade, young man; first become proficient in some industry, so when you go forth to pastures new, you'll know within yourself that you have something to fall back on for a living.

A LITTLE bit of a girl living near one of the cities ran into her mother from the roadside with some early spring blossoms in her hands, and, full of the outside glow, exclaimed: "O, mamma, how nice it is to live where somebody doesn't own everything."

miles on the other side until they got to a town on the shores of Lake Huron,—or rather Georgian Bay—named Collingwood, my home that I left four years ago to go and tell the little Indian boys and girls about Jesus.

I wondered what my little ones in Collingwood were doing, for I had an infant class in the Sabbath-school when I left of about 70 or 80 dear little boys and girls, and I thought: "Now, if I should write a letter to PLEASANT HOURS, perhaps they would see it, for I was sure they took the paper, as every Sunday-school ought, and the letter would be for them as well as for those whom I have never seen." So

downs; a board taken off the roof lets in all the light we have except what comes in through the cracks. But then, this is not our best schoolhouse. We have two villages, one for the winter, and another about six miles away, on a river where the people go in the spring to fish. Our winter schoolhouse is very nice. I was going to say that for about a week it rained almost all the time, and the rain came pouring down on our heads. Poor little things, they would move from one place to another to try and find a dry spot, their little bare feet paddling in the water. But they were just as happy as if they had every comfort;

never looked cross all the time of the storm.

Some of my boys and girls learn very quickly. There is one girl about ten years old, named Kate Starr. She has not attended school very long, but she will soon be in the "third book," and she writes very prettily; she understands a little English, and sometimes interprets for me, and often goes with me to visit the sick. She is a very wise little girl, and I think will be a teacher some day. Some white girls might learn a lesson from her; she is diligent in her studies, and so clean and neat in her dress.

Then there is a boy named Simon Young; he is not as far advanced as Kate, but he also understands a little English and helps me some-

times. He is a very good boy, and I hope in a few years he will be a missionary. There are quite a number of very clever boys and girls. One, a little girl about four years old, is a pretty little thing with bright black eyes and rosy cheeks.

After the Sunday morning service most of the people remain behind to learn the text, both old and young. They repeat it over and over in their own language until they know it; then I will call on different ones to repeat it, sometimes very old men and women, then a young person, and again a little child. Nearly every Sunday I will say, "Now Louisa," and she repeats it word for word, and very seldom makes a mistake.



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

LETTER FROM MISS LAWRENCE, METHODIST MISSIONARY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MY dear Young Friends,—Today I picked up a number of PLEASANT HOURS and read one or two stories, and I thought: "How I would like to have a little talk with the children." Something whispered, "Why not write them a letter?" I answered, "Yes, I would like to very much, but I have not time." And I thought of the great pile of unanswered letters I had just been looking at.

But still I could not get the little folks out of my mind, and my thoughts went wandering away across the Rocky Mountains, and over thousands of

I made up my mind I would write just a short letter even if some of the letters to the big folks were left unanswered, because I like to talk to little people best.

Now I suppose you would like to hear something about the Indian boys and girls. I wish you could just take a peep into the school some day and see for yourselves. I am afraid, though, you would be almost inclined to laugh, for instead of the nice hats and jackets worn by the little white girls, you would see bright coloured handkerchiefs and shawls or blankets. I think you would have felt sorry for them if you had been here the last week. We have not a nice warm schoolhouse like you have; no win-

I wonder if many of our "four-year-old girls" in Canada can repeat the text every Sunday morning. Let them try it. And little Louisa is not the only little child who learns the text.

On Sunday afternoon we have a service in the church; all attend, both old and young. I hang up on the wall the "Bere. Leaf Cluster," like you have in your infant classes, though ours are old numbers that kind friends send us, and I wish you would tell your "Superintendent" not to forget us, for we are using our last "Cluster" now. I show the people the picture and talk to them about it, and explain the lesson. After the service we have our Sunday-school; a great many remain for the school. We give a ticket to all who know the morning's text. When they have ten small tickets we give them a large one; and when they have five large ones we give them a book. The old men and women like to get their tickets as well as the children.

But I promised to tell you about two little children. Well, the other is a little boy about five; his name is Alfred Amos. He cannot read yet, but knows all his A B C's, and he knows where to find several texts of Scripture. He will take his father's Bible, find a text, and point to the words; read it first in English, and then repeat in his own language. Little Alfred is very sick now, I fear he will die. I go to see him very often; he says he wants to see me every day. I said to him, "Alfred, do you pray to Jesus to make you well?" He answered, "Yes, I pray every day." He loves to look at pictures; his father says it makes him forget his pain.

I fancy I can hear some of you saying, "When I am a man," or "When I am a woman I will be a missionary." My dear little one, do not wait until you are men or women. God wants every little Christian boy and girl to be a missionary. Of course, you cannot leave papa and mamma, and go away off to some strange land to tell the heathen about Jesus. But you can be little missionaries at home. Do you never see any poor little children on the street? Perhaps they have no kind mamma to take care of them, as you have. Many times, no doubt, they go to bed hungry and cold; no one to teach them to pray, no one to kiss them "good-night." They want some little missionary to carry them part of their nice warm dinner, some one to take them by the hand and lead them to Sunday-school, and to give them a seat, not off in some corner but close beside themselves (the little missionary I mean). Jesus wants some one to speak kind, loving words to the sorrowful, to visit the sick, to take them a little bunch of flowers, to sing for them, or to repeat a little verse or text. He wants the little children to go to the poor drunkards, and to tell them that Jesus loves them, and to ask them not to drink any more.

And Jesus wants little missionaries to help papa and mamma. Sometimes they are very tired, and how glad they would be to have some little feet to run messages for them. And then there are grandmamas and grandpapas; they are old now and need some kind hand to help them along, some one to find their glasses or slippers. And that makes me think of an old Indian grandma I saw the

other day. I had been to visit some sick persons, and was on my way home when a woman who was with me said, pointing to a house, "I want to go in here to see an old woman." There was a large stone rolled up against the door, and I supposed all the family were away. I followed the woman into the house, and there lay an old blind woman, some sticks of wood near her, and a few dried fish hanging over her head. Her friends had gone away to stay two or three weeks and left her alone.

I wonder, dear children, how you would feel if you thought your dear grandmama was shut up alone in an old house, with no one to care for her.

And now, my dear young friends, I must close my letter. I think it is a very long one instead of the short one I promised. Do not forget to pray for the missionaries; sometimes they are very lonely, for they have left all their friends and loved ones. Ask God to send them the "Holy Ghost the Comforter." And pray to God to give you new hearts that you may be able to work for Him.

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

"DON'T like Grandma at all," said Fred—

I don't like Grandma at all;
And he drew his face in a queer grimace,
The tears were ready to fall,
As he gave his kitten a loving hug,
And disturbed her nap on the soft warm rug.

"Why, what has your Grandma done," I asked,

"To trouble the little boy?
Oh, what has she done, the cruel one,
To scatter the smiles of joy!"
Through quivering lips the answer came,
"She-called-my-kitty-a-horrid-name."

"She did? are you sure?" and I kissed the tears

Away from the eyelids wet.
I can scarce believe that Grandma would

grieve
The feelings of either pet.

"What did she say?" "Boo-hoo!" cried Fred,

"She-called-my-kitty-a-'Quadruped!'"
—Harper's Young People.

AVALANCHES.

HARDLY a season passes in Switzerland that lives are not lost and property destroyed by avalanches. Avalanches fall more or less all the year round, but the Grundlawinen of winter and early spring are the most fatal and destructive. The records of such disasters go far back. On the 24th of January, 1458, the church of St. Plaisida, at Dissentis, and the manor-house of Gastion were destroyed and sixteen persons killed. A few days thereafter, two avalanches broke simultaneous above Tirus (between Dissentis and Chur). Coming together in the Puntaiglasthal, they formed one lawine, and flew over wood and wild, leaving death and destruction in their wake, as far as the valley of the Voder Rhein.

In 1695, two goatherds of Churwalden, going home after milking their goats, with their milk tins on their backs, were struck down by an avalanche. The tins of one of them broke, and running over his head and down his neck, melted the snow from his mouth and nostrils, so that he could breathe. When disinterred, a few hours later, he was alive, while his companion, whose tin had not broken, was dead. In 1695, a peasant

of Soglio (Graubunde), hearing the roar of a coming avalanche, threw himself under the lee of a wall. The wall saved him from being suffocated or crushed, and he succeeded in freeing himself; but in the struggle his garments got filled with snow, and the snow outside freezing that inside, he was encased in a panoply of ice, and had the greatest difficulty in getting home. Before undressing he had to be thawed.

In 1709, when Leukorbad was swept by an avalanche, whereby fifty-five of its inhabitants lost their lives, a youth by the name of Stephen Roth took refuge in a cellar and remained there eight days without food or drink. He had quite given himself up for lost, when he thought he heard a sound as of spades shovelling away snow. At this Roth struck up a psalm, and went on singing until he attracted the attention of the rescue party, who thereupon dug down to the cellar and set him free.

Avalanches play strange pranks sometimes. In 1806, an avalanche at Calancathal, in the Grisons, carried a wood bodily from one side of the valley to the other, and left it standing there; a pine tree was planted on the roof of the parsonage; and the villagers were provided with firewood for many a year without the trouble of fetching it.

In 1824, fifty-two sledges, while journeying through the Scaletta Pass to Davos, were buried under a schneeschild, and the wind of it sent the drivers and passengers spinning through the air as if they had been shot from a mortar. The snow being fortunately loose and powdery, and the alighting soft, nobody was much hurt.

Cattle drovers, in their journeys over the Alps, often fall victims to avalanches. At certain times of the year they literally carry their lives in their hands.

A TALK TO BUSINESS BOYS.

A BOY'S first position in a commercial house is usually at the foot of the ladder; his duties are plain, his place is insignificant and his salary is small. He is expected to familiarize himself with the business, and as he becomes more intelligent in regard to it he is advanced to a more responsible place. His first duty, then, is to work. He must cultivate day by day habits of fidelity, accuracy neatness, and despatch, and these qualities will tell in his favor as surely as the world revolves. Though he may work unnoticed and uncommended for months, such conduct always meets its reward.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house which employed as entry clerks, shipping clerks, buyers, book-keepers, and salesmen, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers, and truckmen; and this boy of seventeen felt that amid such a crowd he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded. Nevertheless, he did his duty; every morning at 8 o'clock he was promptly in his place, and every power that he possessed was brought to bear upon his work. After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask a week's leave of absence during the busy season. "That" was the response, "is an unusual request, and one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant;

but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask." "I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they know a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them." They had, indeed, watched him, and had selected him for advancement, for shortly after he was promoted to a position of trust with appropriate increase of salary. It must be so, sooner or later, for there is always a demand for excellent work. A boy who intends to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind, but he who thinks to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race.

NEW YORK FIRE-ENGINES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Herald thus describes the movements of men and horses connected with the fire-engines of New York when an alarm of fire has been struck:

"The engine stands ready for the road. So does the tender. The horses are in their stalls. The men are lounging about or sleeping. The alarm strikes. In a moment all are at their post. By a curious contrivance the hammer that strikes the warning gong sets in operation a system of cords and levers that unfasten the horses. The men come down from their sleeping or sitting rooms, not by stairways, but by a pole, to the lower floor. They are all ready in a twinkling. And what of the horses? They generally outstrip the bipeds in responding to the call. The hammer which releases them and strikes the gong sends them an alarm they at once interpret.

"Standing or lying, they are out at once and beside the engine pole. There is no harnessing, no adjusting of belly-bands and squeezing of collars and fastening of reins. The new "swing" harness used in the department is a complete caparison, which is suspended by an ingenious apparatus above the spot where the horses take their places. Close the open collar with a snap, pull a rope which lifts the suspending apparatus, and they are equipped and ready for the road. The door swings open, every man is in his place, and away goes the engine."

A GENTLE REMINDER.

A N old man and a young man were riding in a stage coach. The old man was grave but sprightly, short of stature, spare, with a smooth forehead, a fresh complexion, and a bright and piercing eye. The young man swore a great deal until once, when they stopped to change horses, the old man said to him, "I perceive by the registry books that you and I are going to travel together a long distance in this coach. I have a favour to ask of you. I am getting to be an old man, and if I should so far forget myself as to swear, you will oblige me if you will caution me about it." The young man instantly apologized, and there was no more swearing heard from him during that journey. The old man was John Wesley.

AUTUMN.

SHORTER and shorter now the twilight clips
The days, as through the sunset gates they crowd,
And Summer through her golden collar slips
And strays through stubble fields and moans aloud;

Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.

The wind, whose tender whisper in the May
Set all the young blooms listening through the grove,
Sits rustling in the faded boughs to-day,
And makes his cold and unsuccessful love.

The rose has taken off her tire of red;
The mullein-stalk its yellow stars has lost,
And the proud meadow-pink hangs down her head
Against earth's chilly bosom, withered with the frost.

The robin that was busy all the June
Before the sun had kissed the topmost bough,
Catching our hearts up in his golden tune,
Has given place to the barn cricket now.

The very cock crows lonesomely at morn;
Each flag and fern the shrinking stream divides;
Uneasy cattle low and lambs forlorn
Creep to their strawy sheds with noddled sides.

Shut up the door: who loves me must not look
Upon the withered world, but haste to bring
His lighted candle and his story book,
And love with me the poetry of spring.
—Alice Cary.

LADY PROFESSORS OF LONG
AGO.

IT is of the University of Bologna that we speak. The names of several ladies—wise Portias well learned in law—are inscribed in the records of the university as having been invested with the title and the badge of Doctors of Law. Space will not allow us to enter into details about them further than to notice the piquant account of the fair Novella, daughter of Giovanni d'Andrea, the most famous jurisconsult of the fourteenth century, given by Christine de Pisan in "La Cite des Dames." The quaint old manuscript does not record whether Novella stood the public examination or was received a doctor; but it tells how she excelled in legal lore, so that when the wise Giovanni could not attend to his students he sent his daughter to take his place at the university. "And so fair was she," it goes on to relate, "that a little curtain had to be drawn in front of her, lest her beauty should cause the thoughts of her listeners to wander, and her instruction be of no avail to them."

The fame of the legal schools of Bologna threw into the shade those of the other branches of learning pursued in the university; but they, too, had their share of celebrity. In medicine the ladies won full degrees; some were professors of anatomy. There is a portrait of Giorgione of one of these in the fifteenth century. The slight figure stands upright clad in doctor's gown, skull in hand, as it must have stood many times before the assembled students. The grave, beautiful, somewhat weary countenance rises pale above the dark and flowing draperies of the professional robe. Later in the eighteenth century, the wax casts, modelled by another lady professor of anatomy to illustrate her lectures, are

still among the ornaments of the museum at Bologna.

In art, there was Samberini, the assistant of Raphael. If Prospero Rossi was not an art professor in the university, her name must not yet be omitted. Her fame as a sculptress reached far beyond Italy, and Vasari recorded it in his lives of the eminent artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

In more modern times Laura Bassi was professor of philosophy in 1783. This lady's learning won for her on the day of her public examination, that took place with all the pageantry of the middle ages, not only her doctor's degree, but the unanimous vote of the senate to crown her with a wreath of silver leaves. Maria Gaetana Agnese succeeded her father in the chair of mathematics in 1750. She was the Mrs. Somerville of Italy. Her works were translated into French and English, and, after her death, her eulogy was pronounced in the French Academy. In 1784 the beautiful Clotilde Tambroni was professor of Greek. The warmth of her loving heart and the noble use she made of her intellectual gifts have been recorded by Mr. Augustus Haro in the "Memories of a Quiet Life."—*The Queen.*

A TERRIBLE MAIL SERVICE.

IN the *Century* appears the first of a series of illustrated papers on the mainland and islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, entitled "The Orbits of the *Alice May*." The papers are the record of an expedition in the interest of the magazine. S. G. W. Benjamin, now United States Minister to Persia, contributes the text, and M. J. Burns supplies the pictures. Of the winter mail service between the mainland and Prince Edward Island Mr. Benjamin says: "From January until May, at least, Northumberland Strait is frozen over. The mails are carried across at the narrowest part, near Cape Tormentine, or Jourimain, a distance of nine miles. The carriers drag a boat over the hummocks of ice, which is provided with runners like a double keel. When they come to open water they cross in the boat. It is a dangerous and arduous journey, and few undertake it beside the hardy mail-carriers. For two or three winters past the passage has been made sometimes by the steamer *Northern Light*, constructed especially for this service. She has a frame of enormous strength, somewhat of a wedge form, with a solid shoe of iron at the bow; everything about her was planned to enable her to crush her way through the ice, which is often from two to four feet thick. Her course is from Pictou to Georgetown, a distance of some eighty miles, although she often has to go over two or three times that distance to reach her port. In all the annals of steam navigation there is no such packet service recorded as this of the *Northern Light*. Sometimes the ice is so dense that she can make no headway, but is jammed fast for days and weeks, and is carried to and fro by the combined fury of ice and storms. The passenger who starts in her for Prince Edward Island in March has before him the horrors of polar solitude and hazard. In the spring of 1882 the *Northern Light* was three weeks making this brief passage, fast locked in the ice-

packs. Sometimes she was carried close to the shore, but no one could bring aid to the starving passengers, owing to the threatening condition of the ice. It was only after burning all the woodwork in the cabin for fuel and being reduced to the last biscuit, that the worn-out and hopeless passengers reached the destined port. Think of a civilized and enlightened people, in this age, shut off from the rest of the world by such a frightful siege of ice and tempest and snow! Nor is this an occasional thing. As regularly as the winter comes around the islanders look forward to this long hibernation and isolation. Were it not for this drawback the island might be a paradise."

THE LOST CHILD.

"**I**M losted. Could you find me, please! Poor little frightened baby!"
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees.
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "May be."

"Tell me your name, my pretty maid?
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last!" she shook her head.
"Up to my house they never said
A single fmg about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came.
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—it's just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"Cept when I've been a frowning stone,
And then she says (the culprit owns),
Mehitabel Sapphira Jones
What has you been a-doing?"

PRINCESSES PEELING
POTATOES.

AN incident in the early life of the Grand Duchess Marie has been narrated in the German papers, in illustration of the great simplicity of manners which used to characterize the Russian and Prussian courts. Her parents, Czar Nicholas and Empress Alexandra, used annually to visit the Prussian king, taking their children with them. On one occasion, while they were at Potsdam, in the autumn manoeuvres were going on in the neighbourhood, and the whole party went out to see the soldiers. The latter were at the time preparing dinner. The two young grand duchesses, Marie and Olga, went up to a group of soldiers who were peeling potatoes, and admired the skill with which they performed the operation. "Can you do that, children?" asked the king. They had never tried. "How, not yet tried? The sooner the better. No one can be a clever housewife without learning to peel potatoes. Let us see how you could do it." The two princesses at once knelt before the fire, received a couple of knives, and began their task, the king, the Czar and Empress, Prince William of Prussia, and Prince Alexander, all standing around. A Pomeranian, who had given up his knife, soon interrupted: "But, young ladies, you must not cut so deep. You cut away most of the potato, and we shall have nothing left to eat. Do all Russians cut potatoes in that way?" "Right, Ahlmann," said the king—he had before spoken to the man, and never forgot a soldier's name—"teach them to do it in the Prussian way." Ahlmann accordingly showed them

how to hold the potato and how to hold the knife, and exactly how much ought to be taken off; "and soon," the story goes, "the potato skins really fell more delicately from the delicate hands of the princesses."—*Good Cheer.*

THE ROMAN SLAVE.

BLANDINA was a Roman slave girl—one of a despised, down-trodden race, for whom life held little of love and less of pleasure. What marvel, then, when to her was made known the story of Jesus' love, that it filled her heart to overflowing with gratitude? Was it possible the Incarnate God himself loved her? that he had stooped to a slave's death to redeem and bless the slave? Matchless grace! To her heart the name of Christ became exceedingly precious; but her fidelity was to be sorely tried. A fierce persecution of the Christians was then raging in Rome. Blandina was arrested.

The delicate girl of sixteen was racked, scourged, and her flesh torn with iron hooks, to induce her to deny her Redeemer. In vain. All that torture could wring from her was the repeated declaration: "I am a Christian!" "I am a Christian!"—words which seemed to support her wonderfully. When exposed at last to be torn by wild beasts, a calm, sweet smile rested upon her face; and with the name of Christ upon her lips, the poor slave passed home to the glory-land. Dear young reader, the Bible speaks of all who are not yet God's children as being slaves to sin. What a dreadful fact! But the Lord Jesus died a slave's death to redeem the slave. Has he redeemed you? Are you one of the redeemed? Is his name precious to you as it was to this poor child, who could rejoice amid the bitterest suffering that she was "counted worthy to suffer shame for his name?" Are you ashamed of Jesus, or have you courage to confess his name by living a holy life to his honour and glory?

OBEYING ORDERS.

A YOUNG man who was solicited to go to a drinking and gambling saloon answered his companions, "No, boys, I cannot do it. I have positive orders not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey."

"Oh! come along! Don't be so womanish; come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, boys, I can't do it. I must obey orders."

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them, if you can," shouted the crowd.

He took a neat little book from his pocket and read: "'Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall.' Don't you see," he continued, "these are God's orders? and shall I dare disobey him?"

Oh, if all our young men would obey God's Word, they would be truly kept from temptation, and "delivered from evil."—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

HERE sat a crow on a lofty tree,
Watching the world go by;
He saw a throng that swept along
With laughter loud and high.
"In and out through the motley rout"
Pale ghosts stole on unseen,
The hearts were longing for one sweet word
Of the love that once had been,
But never a lip there spoke their names,
Never a tear was shed;
The crow looked down from his lofty tree,
"Tis the way of the world," he said.

A singer stood in the market-place,
Singing a tender lay,
But no one heeded his sorrowful face,
No one had time to stay.
He turned away, he sang no more,
How could he sing in vain?
And then the world came to his door,
Bidding him sing again.
But he recked not whether they came or went,
He in his garret dead.
The crow looked down from his lofty tree,
"Tis the way of the world," he said.

There sat a queen by a cottage bed,
Spake to the widow there;
Did she not know the same hard blow
The peasant had to bear?
And she kissed the humble peasant's brow
And then she bent her knee;
"God of the widow, help her now,
As Thou hast helped me."
"Now, God be thanked," said the old, old
crow,
As he from his lofty bough;
"The times are ill, but there's much good
still!
In the way of the world, I trow."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 4, 1884.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

THE Executive Committee beg to announce that the nineteenth annual Provincial Convention will be held in the First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of October, 1884.

A cordial invitation is extended to the Convention by the christian people of Brockville, and it is expected that from its favourable location to the Ottawa Valley, its nearness to the boundaries of the Province of Ontario and Quebec, and its railway facilities from all points, that it will be largely attended.

The Executive Committee have left nothing undone to make it a season of great helpfulness to all the delegates who may be present.



FORT EDMONTON, N. W. T.—(See next page.)

In addition to the Minister, each Sabbath School in Ontario and Quebec is entitled to send one Delegate, and one additional for every fifty pupils over one hundred.

Arrangements have been made with the various Railways, by which, on presenting a Certificate, signed by the General S. S. Secretary, all Delegates will be furnished with a Ticket entitling them to journey to Brockville and return to their homes for one fare and a third. The Railway Certificates will be furnished on application to the Rev. John McEwen, 163 Huron Street, Toronto. The applicant should state by what line or lines he proposes to travel.

The expenses of the ensuing year are estimated at two thousand dollars. County and township organizations, Sabbath Schools, and individuals are solicited to assist in making up this sum.

The executive are pleased to be able to announce that in addition to the distinguished Canadian gentlemen, whose names are on the Programme, they have secured the services of the Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D., of Boston, who conducts the largest Teacher's Meeting in the world, also Professor E. O. Excell, of Chicago, who is so favourably known as a Soloist and Leader of Sacred Songs at Chautauqua, and who was so highly appreciated at the International Convention, Louisville, will take charge of the Music.

Among other features of the Programme will be the following: Retiring President's Address. Address by the President-elect. Address of Welcome, by Rev. Geo. Burnfield, B.D. Reply, by D. McLean, Esq. Address, "Christ's Spirit and Methods as a Teacher," by Rev. Principal Grant, D.D., of Queen's University. "Sabbath-School Work among the Lowly," Rev. S. B. Barnitz, Superintendent of Missions, in the Evangelical Lutheran Church, Des Moines, Iowa. Institute Exercises, led by Rev. John McEwen, Toronto. "The Bible Lines of Presenting and Propagating Gospel Truth," Rev. R.R. Meredith, D.D., of Boston.

Conference on the Three Conditions of Successful Presentation of the Truth:—Personal Character—Personal Preparation—Personal Fidelity. Rev. S. B. Barnitz, Des Moines, Iowa.

"The late International Convention," Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C., Toronto. The Work of the Association, Rev. J. McEwen. The Treasurer's Report, W. B. McMurrich, Esq. Action on Reports and Consideration of Organization and Extension of the Work. Reports from Counties. "John Wycliffe and his Work," Rev. Principal Sheraton, D.D., Wycliffe College, Toronto. "The Bible the World's Light and Guide," Rev. J. Wood, Ottawa. "The Bible the Teacher's Text-Book," Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D., of Boston. "Home Life, its Hindrances and Helps," Rev. H. F. Bland, Kingston. "Parental Responsibility and how to meet it," Rev. Dr. O'Meara, Port Hope. "Christ's Precedent for the highest life and usefulness," Rev. F. H. Wallace, B. D., Cobourg. "The Responsibility of the Church to equip young men and women for Sabbath-School Work," Rev. William J. Dey, M.A., Dean of Residence, Presbyterian College, Montreal. "The Responsibility of the Home and the School in securing a higher standard of Christian Manhood," Rev. A. Carman, D.D., Belleville, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. "The past and future of S. S. Conventions," Rev. A. H. Munro, Peterboro'. "The Workers Consecrated and sent forth," Hon. S. H. Blake, Q. C., Toronto.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT HOURS.

IN one day are twenty-four hours. In seven days are one hundred and sixty-eight hours. So many hours in one week, and hours of influence at that. Hours of sleep and hours of working; hours of dreams and hours of experience among the realities of life; hours of doing and hours of idling; hours of reverie and hours of thinking; hours in which the life goes on steadily, and in which the soul grows on steadily—life becoming loftier or baser; the soul improving or deteriorating. O the power of the passing hours!

Sunday-school teacher: You have less than one hour a week for direct labour in the Sunday-school in behalf of your pupils. Only one hour out of one hundred and sixty-eight! And

all the other hours full of power for your hour or against your hour.

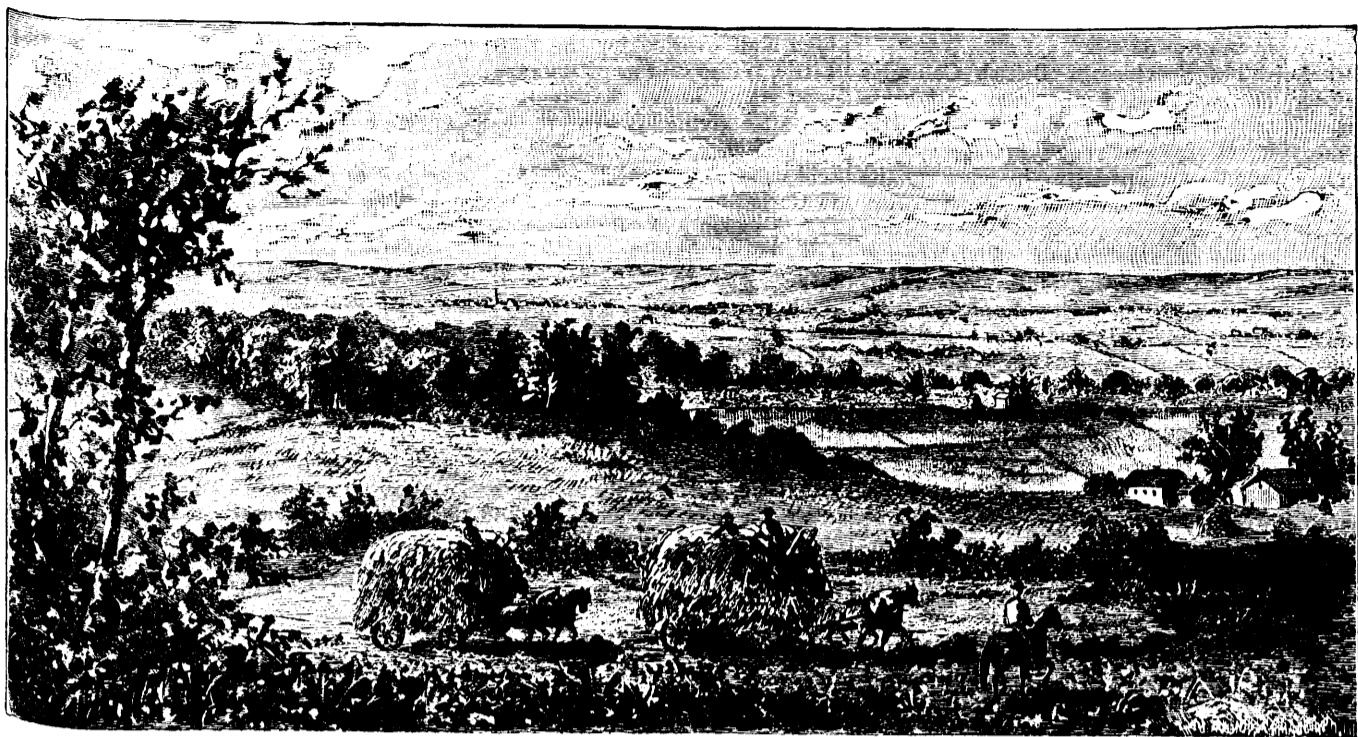
What shall you do? You may well ask that question. Much depends upon the answer and your use of the answer.

First of all, put so much energy of truth into that one hour you have, that out of it may sweep, as rays of fire out of the sun, light and force to illuminate and dominate the other hours of the week. Adjust the carbon-point in the Sunday hour that the most remote hours of the secular week may shine because of its special glory.

Teach well. Teach essentials. Teach the heart. Teach with the heart. Illustrate the Sunday lesson by the week-day life, so that Wednesday and Saturday experiences in street or shop may suggest the truth so wisely and effectually spoken at the point of Sunday contact—when God's truth filled an hour with divine light and strength. Teach with a prayerful spirit. Teach with a practical aim. No one can begin to tell how much week-day influence can be packed into a Sunday hour of wise teaching.

Do not rest from your labour of loving care during the one hundred and sixty-seven hours that follow.

The ten long furrows across the field drawn by your busy plough will not guarantee a harvest. More furrows must follow. And then more furrows. And after furrows fill the field—harrow and planter, hand and hoe, keen eye and good care must keep on the work begun in the beginning; and after many a day of waiting will come golden fruits as your reward. So keep up your Sunday solicitude and prayer, and work seven full days, and seven times seven, and seventy times seven, nor even then must you grow negligent. Think of your pupils; pray for them; write to them; visit them; guard the books they read; keep a vigilant care concerning the company they keep. Live for them all the time, and thus will one hour's work at Sunday-school on Sunday touch all the intermediate hours with light, and make radiant the passage from Sunday to Sunday across the sea of secular life as, one of these days, electric lights will mark the steamer's pathway across the Atlantic from shore to shore.—S. S. Journal.



QU'APPELLE VALLEY.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

JUST to trust, and yet to ask
 Guidance still:
 Take the training or the task
 As He will:
 Just to take the loss or gain
 As He sends it:
 Just to take the joy or pain
 As He lends it.
 He who formed thee for his praise
 Will not miss the gracious aim;
 So to-day and all thy days
 Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in his dear hands
 Little things;
 All we cannot understand,
 All that stings;
 Just to let him take the care
 Sorely pressing,
 Finding all we let him bear
 Changed to blessing.
 This is all! and yet the way
 Marked by him who loves thee best,
 Secret of a happy day,
 Secret of his promised rest.

THE TEACHER'S PERSONAL CHARACTER.

SAYS Rowland Hill: "That man is a bad preacher in the pulpit who is not a good one out of it. . . . We should preach by what we are, as well as by what we say." This is an apt statement of a very important truth. A high standard of religious and moral character is properly demanded of those who stand before the people as teachers of God's truth. Any one who cannot meet this requirement ought to step down out of the ministry.

But does not all this apply with as much force to the Sunday-school teacher, as it does to the preacher of the gospel? If not, why so? Their work is essentially the same. Both are teachers of God's truths. One is as really a preacher of the gospel as the other. Neither can instruct others into the ways of truth, successfully, without walking therein himself.

The importance of the teacher's personal character has not been lost sight of altogether by Sunday-school workers; but the standard of it has not been high enough, nor has the insistence upon it been as vigorous as it ought to be. Many persons are allowed to occupy the position of teacher in the Sunday-school whose

religious character and life are not what they ought to be. Many are in this position who are not even Christians. This is wrong, even if it is the best that can be done in some cases. The teacher teaches by his personal influence, by his manner of life, by the general flavour of his character. Unless these are right, he is wrong. The best of teaching in the class—as teaching is often judged—will be more than neutralized by a bad influence and example away from it.—Anon.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA—THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

II.

THE North-West is destined to become one of the finest stock-raising countries in the world. Its boundless prairies, covered with luxuriant grasses—the usual yield of which, when cut into hay, being from three to four tons per acre—and the cool nights for which Manitoba is famous, are most beneficial features in regard to stock; and the remarkable dryness and healthfulness of the winter tend to make cattle fat and well-conditioned. The easy access to fine water, which exists in nearly every part of the Province, is another advantage in stock-raising. The abundance of hay everywhere makes it an easy matter for farmers to winter their stock; and in addition to this there is, and always will be, a ready home market for beef.

The cattle ranches established at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains have proved wonderfully successful, some of them having as many as 20,000 head of stock. Cattle winter well in the Canadian North-West, and, if properly stabled at night and carefully attended to, will come out fat in the spring.

Apiculture is successfully carried on in the North-West, as bees require a clear, dry atmosphere, and a rich harvest of flowers; if the air is damp, or the weather cloudy, they will not work so well. Another reason why they work less in a warm climate is, that the honey gathered remains fluid for sealing a longer time, and, if gathered faster, then it thickens, it

sours and spoils. Our clear, bright skies, dry air, and rich flora are well adapted to the bee culture.

Small centres of trade are continually springing into existence wherever settlements take place, and these contain generally one or more stores where farmers can find a ready market for their produce. The stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway are not more than eight or ten miles apart, and as it is the intention of the Company to facilitate the erection of elevators for the storage of wheat, etc., farmers will be enabled to dispose of their grain at good prices almost at their doors. A glance at the map demonstrates that Manitoba, via the Canadian Pacific Railway, will have closer connection with the seaboard than Minnesota, Dakota, or any of the more Western States now have with New York; so that the export of grain from the Canadian North-West at remunerative prices is assured. The very large influx of people, and the prosecution of railways and public works will, however, cause a great home demand for some years, and for a time limit the quantity for export.

In illustration of the manner in which new missions are organized in the North-West we quote the following from the letter of a Methodist missionary in that region:—"Permit me to address you a few words of soberness and truth anent my first visit to Crescent City. I accompanied the mail on Saturday 18th. The lakelets by the way, hovered over by various fowl, were a source of interest, added to the animation of the constant sight of grasses and flowers, while animal life was on foot or wing everywhere. The soil impressed us as being rich and capable of great yield. The wooded bluffs were cool to pass through, and were met every few miles. As we neared the settlement we passed two families and three young men, just arriving from England, to secure homes. They impressed me as being a worthy addition to the community. I enjoyed my arrival among the people. The prospect of the place is encouraging, and I think will be realized. The Sabbath was rainy, but we filled it up with happy service.

Bible-class in the morning, conducted by a layman. We preached afternoon and evening, and formed a class of the Methodists, numbering fourteen, which will soon grow larger. A Presbyterian and an Episcopalian, laymen, as well as our local preachers, have service when no minister is present. I find the people anxious for a church. We are building here in Broadview; but I cannot do at Crescent City what I can do here, namely, go among a number of railway men, transient in their stay, yet giving from one to ten dollars toward our church. The people will do as much as they can, but outside help is needed."

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Province of British Columbia forms the western face of the Dominion of Canada; and in view of its great importance for the Dominion, it would be difficult to say whether its geographical posi-

tions or its great resources were of more value. It has a coast line of about 500 miles on the Pacific Ocean, with innumerable bays, harbours and inlets. It has an area of 341,305 square miles, and if it be described from the characteristics of its climate and great mineral wealth, it might be said to be the Great Britain and California of the Dominion.

The Province is divided into two parts—the Island of Vancouver and the mainland. The island is about 300 miles in length, with an average breadth of 60 miles, containing an area of about 20,000 square miles.

First among the resources of British Columbia may be classed its mineral wealth. The exploratory surveys in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, have established the existence of gold over the whole extent of the Province. Large values have already been taken from the gold mines which have been worked. This precious metal is found all along the Fraser and Thompson Rivers, and on Vancouver Island.

Want of roads to reach them and want of capital seem to have been the obstacles in the way of more generally working the gold mines in the past. These obstacles are, however, in the way of being overcome. Copper is found in abundance in British Columbia; and silver mines have been found in the Fraser Valley. The coal mines of British Columbia are probably even more valuable than its gold mines. Bituminous coal is found in Vancouver Island in several places; and anthracite coal, of very excellent quality, on Queen Charlotte's Island. This is said to be superior to Pennsylvania anthracite, and although coal is found in California, that which is mined in British Columbia commands the highest price of \$16 in San Francisco. His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne said respecting it in a speech at Victoria, British Columbia:—"The coal from the Nanaimo mines now leads the markets at San Francisco. Nowhere else in these countries is such coal to be found, and it is now being worked with an energy that bids fair to make Nanaimo one of the chief mining stations on the continent. It is of incalculable importance, not only

to this Province of the Dominion, but also to the interests of the Empire, that our fleets and mercantile marine, as well as the continental markets, should be supplied from this source."

The forest lands are of great extent, and the timber most valuable. They are found throughout nearly the whole extent of the Province. The principal trees are the Douglas pine, Menzies fir, yellow fir, balsam, hemlock, white pine, cedar, yellow cypress, arbutus, oak, yew, white maple, arbutus, alder, dogwood, aspen and cherry. The Douglas pine is almost universal on the sea coast, and up to the Cascade range. It yields spars from 90 to 100 feet in length, can often be obtained 150 feet free from knots, and has squared forty-five inches for ninety feet. It is thought to be the strongest pine or fir in existence. Broken in a gale, the stem is splintered to a height of at least twenty feet, and it is astonishing to see how small a portion of the trunk will withstand the leverage of the whole tree. The timber contains a great deal of resin, and is exceedingly durable. The bark resembles cork, is often eight or nine inches thick, and makes splendid fuel.

The white pine is common everywhere. The Scotch fir is found on the bottom lands with the willow and cottonwood. The cedar abounds in all parts of the country, and attains an enormous growth. Hemlock spruce is very common. The maple is universal. The arbutus grows very large, and the wood in colour and texture resembles box. There are two kinds of oak, much of it of good size and quality. There are few lumbering establishments, the trade being hardly developed. The value of timber exports in 1881 was \$162,747.

The Fraser River and its tributaries, with the numerous lakes communicating with them, furnish great facilities for the conveyance of timber. The Lower Fraser country especially is densely wooded. Smaller streams and the numerous inlets and arms of the sea furnish facilities for the region further north.

His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne said in his recent speech at Victoria:—"Every stick in these wonderful forests, which so amply and generously clothe the Sierras from the Cascade range to the distant Rocky Mountains, will be of value as communication opens up. The great arch of timber lands beginning on the west of Lake Manitoba circles round to Edmonton, comes down among the mountains, so as to include the whole of your Province. Poplar alone, for many years, must be the staple wood of the lands to the south of the Saskatchewan, and your great opportunity lies in this, that you can give the settlers of the whole of that region as much of the finest timber in the world as they can desire. Your forests are hardly tapped, and there are plenty more logs, like one I saw cut the other day, at Burrard Inlet, forty inches square, and ninety and one hundred feet in length. The business which has assumed such large proportions along the Pacific shore of the canning of salmon, great as it is, is as yet only in its infancy, for there is many a river swarming with fish from the time of the first run of salmon in spring to the last run of other varieties in the autumn, on which many a cannery is sure to be established."

The fisheries are probably the richest in the world.

The Province of British Columbia cannot be called an agricultural country throughout its whole extent. But it yet possesses very great agricultural resources, especially in view of its mineral and other sources of wealth, as well as its position. It possesses tracts of arable land of very great extent. A portion of these, however, require artificial irrigation. This is easily obtained, and not expensive, and lands so irrigated are of very great fertility. Land 1,700 feet above the level of the sea, thus irrigated, yielded last year as high as forty bushels of wheat per acre.

The tracts of lands suitable for grazing purposes are of almost endless extent, and the climate very favourable, shelter being only required for sheep, and even this not in ordinary seasons. On the Cariboo road there is a plain 150 miles long, and sixty or eighty wide, and between the Thompson and Fraser rivers there is an immense tract of arable and grazing land. The hills and plains are covered with bunch grass, on which the cattle and horses live all winter, and its nutritive qualities are said to exceed the celebrated blue grass and clover of Virginia.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will be, when completed, the shortest trans-continental line in America. It will also be the shortest route between Great Britain and India, China and Japan, and will therefore assuredly secure a large proportion of that trade.

The valuable fisheries, forests and mines on the extreme western end of the road, the agricultural produce of the great prairie region, and the mines, timber, lumber and minerals of the eastern section, will be more than sufficient to ensure an immense local and through traffic over the Canadian Pacific Railway. In addition to this, the trade flowing from ocean to ocean, from east to west and from west to east, will undoubtedly make the great Canadian highway one of the most important trunk lines in America. Already branch and independent railways are being projected and built through the prairie region, to act as feeders to the main line.

INFLUENCE OF A CHILD.

THUGHTLESS people sometimes imagine that children are burdens in a family, and only serve the purpose of creating additional expense for food, clothing and education. Properly cared for, they are of value to their parents equal to all the toil and anxiety caused by infancy and childhood. My judgment is that children under Christian training are worth as much to parents as parents are to children. After all that is said of man, his emotional nature is the best part of him, and the child that he loves draws out the tender feelings of his heart. The more the kindly feelings of our nature are brought out, the better citizens and the better Christians we are.

In the great camp-meeting at Belton, just closed, a little boy nine years old, presented himself, asking baptism. He had never been forward for prayer, and hence there was some surprise. When asked if he thought he was a Christian, he answered affirmatively

and positively. His father lives on a high bluff overlooking the Leon river. Little Willie told us of a day when he went alone under that bluff to pray, and after giving his heart to God, said, "I believe he forgave my sins." He told us as only a child can, of his trust in Christ, his love for God and Christian people, and his desire for the salvation of sinners. His gray-headed father, who up to that time had not publicly professed conversion, rose in the great audience, when asked if he wished to say anything, and stated that he believed the boy knew what he was doing, and hoped we would proceed. The next day the sister, a little older, was received for baptism, and then the other brother a little older than she, was received, and then the mother of the children asked for baptism, and at last, the gray-haired father came, and this family of five were baptized together the following Sunday evening, in the presence of about five thousand people. Who can estimate the value of the influence of a Christian child on a family and on a community?

THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

A JUBILEE HYMN.

THE Gospel train is coming,
I hear it just at hand,
I hear the car wheels moving
Its rumbling through the land.

CHORUS.—Get on board children,
Get on board children,
Get on board children,
For there is room for many more.

I hear the bell and whistle.
She is coming round the curve,
She is playing all her steam and power,
And straining every nerve.

No signal for another train,
To follow on the line,
Oh, sinner, you are forever lost,
If once you are left behind.

This is the Christian banner,
The motto new and old,
Salvation and Repentance,
Are burnished there in gold.

She is nearing now the station,
Oh, sinner, don't be vain,
But come and get your ticket,
Get ready for the train.

The fare is cheap, and all can go,
The rich and poor are there,
No second class on board the line,
No difference in the fare.

We will shout over all our sorrows,
And sing for ever more,
With Christ and all his Army,
On that Celestial shore.

QUEER CONVEYANCES.

SOME birds are known to fly long distances carrying their young on their backs. Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean sea on the backs of larger and stronger ones. They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out, and they would drop in the water. Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, these little birds assemble to wait for the coming of cranes from the north, as people wait for the train at a railroad station. With the first cold blast the cranes arrive, flock after flock. They utter a peculiar cry, as of warning or calling. It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start. The small birds understand it. They get excited. They hasten abroad, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats. If

the passengers are too many, some will have to flit back to the hedges till the next train. How they chatter good-bye—those who go and those who stay. No tickets have they, but all the same they are conveyed safely. Doubtless these great birds like this warm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare; and it is these last who must be out in the wet if it storms. The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans, and Chinese, travelling together in cars or steamships. Their journey takes them through the air, high above the wide sweep of waters. They are close companions on the way. By-and-bye they reach the beautiful south country. There they build nests and sing sweetly, as they build here and sing for us in the happy summer time. Indeed God cares for the sparrows.

A BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

DOCTOR, is I got to go?"
"Aunt 'Liza, there is no hope for you."
"Bress the Great Master for His goodness. I'se ready."

The doctor gave a few directions to the coloured women that sat around 'Liza's bed, and started to leave, when he was recalled by the old woman, who was drifting out with the tide.

"Marse John, stay wid me till it's ober. I want to talk ob the old times. I knowed you when a boy, long 'fore you went and been a doctor. I called you Marse John den; and I call you the same now. Take yo' ole mammy's hand, honey, and hold it. I'se lived a long, long life. Ole marster and ole missus hab gone before, and de chillun from de old place is scattered ober de world. I'd like see 'em 'fore I starts on de journey to-night. My ole man gone, and all de chillun I nussed at dis breast has gone too. Dey's waiting for der mudder on de golden shore. I bress de Lord, Marse John, for takin' me to meet 'em, dar. I'se fought de good fight, and I'se not afraid to meet de Saviour. No mo' wo'k for poor ole mammy, no mo' trials and tribulations—hold my hand tighter, Marse John—fadder, mudder—marster—missus—chillun—I'se gwine home."

The soul, while pluming its wings for its flight to the Great Beyond, rested on the dusky face of the sleeper, and the watchers, with bowed heads, wept silently. She was dead.

HOW COFFEE IS CULTIVATED.

THE manner of cultivating the coffee-plant varies but little in the several Central American States.

The coffee-beans are first planted in hot-beds, from which they sprout, and shoot up five or six inches high, when they are removed singly and taken to the fields which have been prepared to receive them. There the young sprouts are planted anew, in rows, with a space of from four to six feet between the plants. For two years they need no more care, except an occasional ploughing out of the weeds which spring up around them. The third year the plant is from three to four feet high, and commences to bear, producing about a pound of coffee fruit. Each year adds to the size and productiveness of the tree, till it reaches about ten feet in height, after which it gives a product of from twenty to thirty pounds of green fruit.

AUTUMNAL DREAM.

WHEN the maple turns to crimson,
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow,
And the aster on the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty-cold;

When the chestnut burrs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail—
With the drumming of the partridge,
And the whistle of the quail,

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her who is still dear;
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary winds are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can hear her on the hill,
In the splendour of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill;

For the shores of earth and heaven
Meet and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew,
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

So I think, when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometimes steal upon me
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom,
And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to meet her, Ah! to meet her,
And to hold her gently fast
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me—
That were happiness at last;
That were bliss beyond our meetings
In the autumns of the past!

—Bayard Taylor.

THE STORY OF A GOLD EAGLE.

A GOOD many years ago a merchant missed from his cash-drawer a gold eagle, which is worth twenty dollars. No one had been to the drawer, it was proved, except a young clerk whose name was Weston. The merchant had sent him there change for a customer, and the next time the drawer was opened the gold eagle had disappeared. Naturally, Weston was suspected of having stolen it, and more especially as he appeared a few days after the occurrence in a new suit of clothes. Being asked where he had bought the clothes, he gave the name of the tailor without hesitation; and the merchant, going privately to make inquiries, discovered that Weston had paid for the suit with a twenty-dollar gold-piece.

That afternoon the young clerk was called into the merchant's private room and charged with the theft.

"It is useless to deny it," the merchant said. "You have betrayed yourself with these new clothes, and now the only thing that you can do is to make a full confession of your fault."

Weston listened with amazement; he could hardly believe at first that such an accusation could be brought against him, but when he saw that his employer was in earnest, he denied it indignantly, and declared that the money he had spent for the clothes was his own, given him as a Christmas gift a year ago. The merchant sneered at such an explanation, and asked for the proof.

"Who was the person that gave it to you? Produce him," he demanded. "It was a lady," answered Weston,

"and I can't produce her, for she died last spring. I can tell you her name." Can you bring me anybody that saw her give you the money or knew of your having it?" asked the merchant.

"No, I can't do that," Weston had to answer. "I never told any one about the gift, for she did not wish me to. But I have a letter from her somewhere, if I haven't lost it, that she sent with the money, and in which she speaks of it."

"I daresay you have lost it," the merchant sneered. "When you have found it, sir, you can bring it to me, and then I will believe your story."

Weston went home with a heavy heart. He had no idea where the letter was; he could not be sure that he had not destroyed it; and it was the only means of proving his innocence. Unless he could produce it, his character was ruined, for he saw that the merchant was fully convinced of his guilt, and appearances, indeed, were sadly against him. He went to work, however, in the right way. He knelt down and prayed to God for help to prove that he was innocent, and then he began to overhaul the contents of his desk and trunk and closet.

He kept his papers neatly, and it did not take long to see that the letter was not among them. He sat down with a sense of despair when he was convinced of this. What else could he do? Nothing, but pray again for help and guidance and strength to endure whatever trouble God might choose to send upon him.

Sceptics may sneer at such prayers as this, but Weston (who is a middle-aged man now, prosperous, respected by all men, and deserving of respect) would smile and say, "Let them sneer."

"When I rose from my knees," he said, telling me the story years afterwards, "I happened to catch my foot in an old rug that I had nailed down to the carpet, because it was always curling at the edges. The nail at the corner had come out, and, stooping down to straighten the rug, I saw a bit of paper peeping out. I pulled it from its hiding-place, and it was the letter."

"How it got there I don't know. The fact that I had found it was enough for me, and if I hadn't gone on my knees again to give thanks for such a deliverance, I should be ashamed to tell you the story now."

"I brought that letter to my employer. It proved my innocence, and he apologized. A month afterwards the gold-piece was found in Mr. Finche's overcoat pocket. He had never put it in the cash-drawer at all, though he thought he had. He raised my salary on the spot to pay for his unjust suspicions; and I have never yet repented of trusting the Lord in my trouble."—*Young Reaper.*

BE THOROUGH.

NEVER do a thing thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I only read my composition once after I wrote it, and I never practised it in the chapel at all."

She was naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and rewrote

her essay, and practised it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered and the other forgot that truth so trite, but so aptly put by Carlyle, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble."

One by patient, persistent efforts obtained what the other relied upon her natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do, whether you sweep a room, or make a cake, or write an essay, or trim a hat, or read a book, do it thoroughly. Have a high standard for everything. Not alone because only thus can you win honour and distinction, but because this is the only honest, right Christian way to use the gifts God has bestowed upon you. To be honest before him we must be thorough.

FAMOUS DUNCES.

IT is somewhat discouraging for a boy of moderate abilities, who aims to do his best, to be told that others accomplished in childhood what he can only do by hard study the best years of his youth. But such a boy should not relax his efforts. He will succeed if he gives his heart and mind to the work. Sir Isaac Newton was pronounced a dunce in his early school-days. He stood low in his classes, and seemed to have no relish for study. One day the "bright boy" of the school gave him a kick in the stomach, which caused him severe pain.

The insult stung young Newton to the quick, and he resolved to make himself felt and respected by improved scholarship. Newton owed his pre-eminence in his philosophical studies more to perseverance and application than to any marvellous natural endowments.

Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no boy could appear more stupid, was the butt of ridicule. A school-dame, after wonderful patience and perseverance, taught him the alphabet—a thing which she deemed creditable to her school, and which she lived to mention with pride when her pupil became famous.

Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and when attending the University at Edinburgh he went by the name of "the great blockhead." But he wasted no time on trifles, and in pursuing a study that he loved he was persevering and methodical.

Sheridan found it hard to acquire the elements of learning. His mother deemed it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys. Adam Clarke was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce," and Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his teacher an "incorrigible" one. Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who, finding himself unable to teach him anything in a satisfactory manner, settled it that the boy was a fool.

MAN will not be forced to enjoy a happiness for which he has chosen to render himself incapable. In our life here begins our Paradise or our Inferno. —*Annie L. King.*

THAT BOY.

HE has come. He cries, he blows his whistle, he hangs around your table and chair when you are tired and thoughtful and nervous. He teases the other children in the family. He upsets the chairs and spreads confusion generally among cats and dogs and poultry.

You are tempted to send him to the woods, to see a neighbour boy, to school, or somewhere to get rid of him.

But remember, should he die, you would give more to hear that cry, that whistle, the falling of those chairs, and the confusion in the yard at his hands than all the gold of California. Fathers, mothers, quiet your nerves and think before you send him hastily away.

He will be a man presently. As you treat him he will be inclined to treat his children. Your influence through many generations will meet you at the judgment.

He needs employment. He is compelled to do something. He cannot be still. He does not know what is best to do. He does not care. He is thoughtless. There is a pressure on him like steam pent up in an engine. He wants to move and he will move in some direction. To send him away, to turn him loose, is as foolish as to put an engine on track with a full head of steam and no one to guide it. As you know that flying engine will wreck other trains and finally be wrecked itself, so you ought to know, in the case of your boy, he will injure others and finally destroy himself.

He needs employment suited to his taste. He wants a knife, a whip, a hammer and some nails. Better get these things and put him to work under your eye at home. His disposition and his well-being demand employment, and these or something similar will give it.

It is economy for you to spend a little money in buying tools, and a little time in showing him how to use them. If you will educate him a little in this way, in a few years he will gladly do you some work in the place of a hired mechanic. Besides, in after years, he will bless the day that you taught him how to use the hammer, axe and saw. Buy tools, nails and lumber, and keep him at home. When he is fatigued out-doors he will be quiet in the house, reading a book suited to his years and comprehension.

Put all the responsibility on him he can bear. Never do anything yourself that you can get him to do. Let him drive the vehicle you ride in, as soon as you can risk him, under your nose. You hold the plank and let him drive the nail. Pursuing this course, pretty soon you can risk him to mend the fence, hang the gate and drive the team alone. Our boys need independence of thought and action, under parental authority and encouragement.

THERE are queer corners and nooks left in England yet. A country parson lately went to preach in an old and remote parish one Sunday. The old sexton in taking him to the chapel, deprecatingly said: "I hope your reverence won't mind preachin' from the chancel. Ye see, chapel's a quiet place, an' I've got a duck settin' on fourteen eggs in the pulpit."

TO-DAY.

DON'T tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the boy who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
"Let's do the deed to-day."
We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of a past that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
There is much to do to-day
That can never be accomplished
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty;
Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow
What to-day can do as well?

PROTECT THE BOYS.

IN making a plea for Prohibition for the protection of the boys, Governor St. John uses the following illustrations: "A statute of the United States says you shall not sell intoxicating drinks to Indians. Remember that the white man is as good as an Indian, and is there a single reason why we should give the protection of Prohibition to the wild savages of the plains and withhold it from the civilized white man? If it is good for one it is good for the other. You cannot, under our laws, cruelly kick your own dog, because we have a statute prohibiting cruelty to animals. You cannot get a license to kick dogs, it makes no difference how much money you may offer; you cannot get a license for any such purpose. Just a little further over in this statute-book it tells you that at all seasons of the year you are prohibited from killing turkey-buzzards. Is it not high time we were giving as great protection to the boys of Kansas as we give to the dogs and the turkey-buzzards of the state? We protect the buzzards, we protect the dogs, but we have been licensing the destruction of the boys. In the triangular fight between the buzzard, the dog, and the boy, I am for the boy all the time."—*Y. T. Banner.*

VARIETIES.

ADVERSITY borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

THEY that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

HE who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.—*Rousseau.*

PROVERBS are somewhat analogous to those medical formulas which, being in frequent use, are kept ready made up in chemists' shops, and which often save the framing of a distinct prescription.—*Bishop Whately*

THOSE who cannot find blessing when walking in the good old ways of industry and cheerful charity, will not be upborne by angels when they fling themselves into the black depths of chance.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A COUNTRY curate complained to old Dr. South that he received only five pounds for preaching a certain sermon at Oxford. "Five pounds!" said the Doctor; "I wouldn't have preached that sermon for fifty!"

A FLATTERER is said to be a beast that biteth smiling. But it is hard to know them from friends, they are so obsequious and full of protestations; for, as a wolf resembles a dog, so doth a flatterer a friend.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

MEN who are perpetually engaged in accumulating wealth, without ever allowing themselves time to enjoy it, are like hungry folks who are always cooking without ever sitting down to dine.

I DON'T often ask riddles, but wot do you think a family is likely to have for dinner wen the old man earns 8 dollars a week, spends 4 dollars for beer, 2 dollars for cigars, and buys a raffle ticket?

"**WHAT** is the most forcible line that Grattan ever uttered, Calhoun?" said Daniel Webster. "This," said Calhoun, quickly: "Short-lived, indeed, was Irish independence. I sat by her cradle; I followed her hearse."

A WAG said to one of his friends: "If my employer does not take back what he said to me this morning, I shall leave." "Why, what did he say?" "He told me that I could look for another place."

A LITTLE girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside the other evening. "Papa," said his little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice." "Well, my dear, what is it about?" "What do you think it will be best to give me on my birthday?"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON II. [Oct. 12.

DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON.

1 Chron. 22. 6-19. Commit to memory vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Arise therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee. 1 Chron. 22. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Lord's House, v. 6-13.
2. The Preparation, v. 14-16.
3. The Command, v. 17-19.

TIME.—B.C. 1015.

EXPLANATIONS.—Then he called—David, though in age and feebleness, held a public assembly in which he charged Solomon to build the temple. *An house for the Lord*—A house which should represent God's dwelling among his people. *Unto the name*—The name here means the Lord who was known by his name. *Thou hast shed blood*—David's wars were just and necessary, and in them he was doing the Lord's work; but the building of God's house was more appropriate in a time of peace and rest. *A man of rest*—Solomon had no wars during his reign. His name meant "peaceable." *Forever*—This was a prophecy of Christ, the greater than Solomon, the only King whose throne is forever. *Statutes and judgments*—The laws of God. *In my trouble*—Among the wars and burdens of David's reign. *A hundred thousand talents of gold*—An immense sum more than a thousand millions of dollars. *Workmen*—Men trained for the building of the temple. *Princes of Israel*—The rulers over the tribes. *The sanctuary*—The dwelling-place of God. *Holy vessels*—The candlestick and other articles used in the service.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. Obedience to God's law?
2. Love for God's house?
3. The need of a pure heart?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was David's charge to Solomon? To build a house for the Lord. 2. Why did the Lord forbid David to build him a house? Because he had shed much blood. 3. What sort of man was David's son to be? A man of rest. 4. What did David enjoin upon Solomon? "Be strong and of good courage." 5. Who were commanded to help Solomon in building the temple? All the princes of Israel.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The presence of God with his people.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

104. Does the death of Christ then prove both the justice and the mercy of God? Yes; in a most wonderful way the [cross

shows us God's hatred of sin and love towards the sinner. Isaiah liii. 10; Psalm lxxxv. 10; Romans iii. 26; Ephesians i. 7.

[Romans v. 6-10, viii. 32; Ephesians ii. 4-8.]

105. And what further lesson should we learn?

Our infinite debt to the Redeemer Himself, who in His love laid down His life for us. John x. 11; John xv. 13; Revelations i. 5, 6.

106. What do you mean by Christ's exaltation?

I mean the honour put upon Him by the Father because of His obedience even unto death. Philippians ii. 9.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON III. [Oct. 19.

SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

1 Kings 3. 5-15. Commit to memory vs. 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom. Prov. 4. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. A Prayer, v. 5-9.
2. An Answer, v. 10-14.
3. An Offering, v. 15.

TIME.—B.C. 1015.

PLACE.—Gibeon, in the tribe of Benjamin. **EXPLANATIONS.**—*The Lord appeared*—It was a visible appearance in a dream. *Ask what I shall give thee*—Every young man, like Solomon, makes his own choice in life. *A son to sit upon his throne*—The privilege of a son to succeed him was the great hope of an Israelite. *But a little child*—Solomon was not more than twenty years old and felt his own youth a lack of experience. *A great people that cannot be numbered*—This may not have been literally true, but shows the great growth of the Israelite people. *An understanding heart*—Solomon asked for wisdom to rule over the kingdom. *Pleased the Lord*—God was pleased that one so young should choose so wisely. *Long life*—Which many desire. *Life of thine enemies*—That is, to have his enemies in his power. *None like thee*—Solomon has been ever regarded as the wisest among all the kings. *If thou wilt walk*—This charge Solomon failed to fulfil, and hence failed to receive the promise of long life. *It was a dream*—Yet it expressed the desires of Solomon's heart. *Came to Jerusalem*—To offer sacrifices before the ark of God. *Peace-offerings*—Sacrifices showing the worshipper at peace with God.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God is a hearer of prayer?
2. That humility of heart is acceptable to God?
3. That God will supply all the needs of a prayerful heart?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did God say to Solomon in a dream by night? "Ask what I shall give thee." 2. For what did Solomon ask? An understanding heart. 3. How did God receive Solomon's reply? "The speech pleased the Lord." 4. What did God also give Solomon in addition to wisdom? Riches and honour. 5. What did Solomon do when he awoke? Offered sacrifices to God before the ark.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Communion with God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

107. How do you describe that exaltation? It was His victory over death; His rising again on the third day; His ascending into heaven and receiving power to send down the gift of the Holy Spirit; His sitting at the right hand of God the Father; and His appointment to judge the world at the last day.

108. How was our Lord exalted in His resurrection? Because His rising from the dead proved that He was the Son of God; that He had conquered death and had stoned for sin. Matthew xxviii. 18; Romans iv. 25; Romans vi. 9.

[Romans i. 4; Acts xiii. 32, 33.]

109. How was He exalted in the ascension? He was taken up into heaven, there to receive honour and glory from all creatures; and thence to send down the gift of the Holy Spirit. 1 Peter i. 21; Acts ii. 33; Acts iii. 13.

[Revelation i. 5; 1 Corinthians xv. 24; Philippians ii. 10, 11; 1 Timothy vi. 14, 15; 1 Peter, iii. 22.]

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