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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1888.

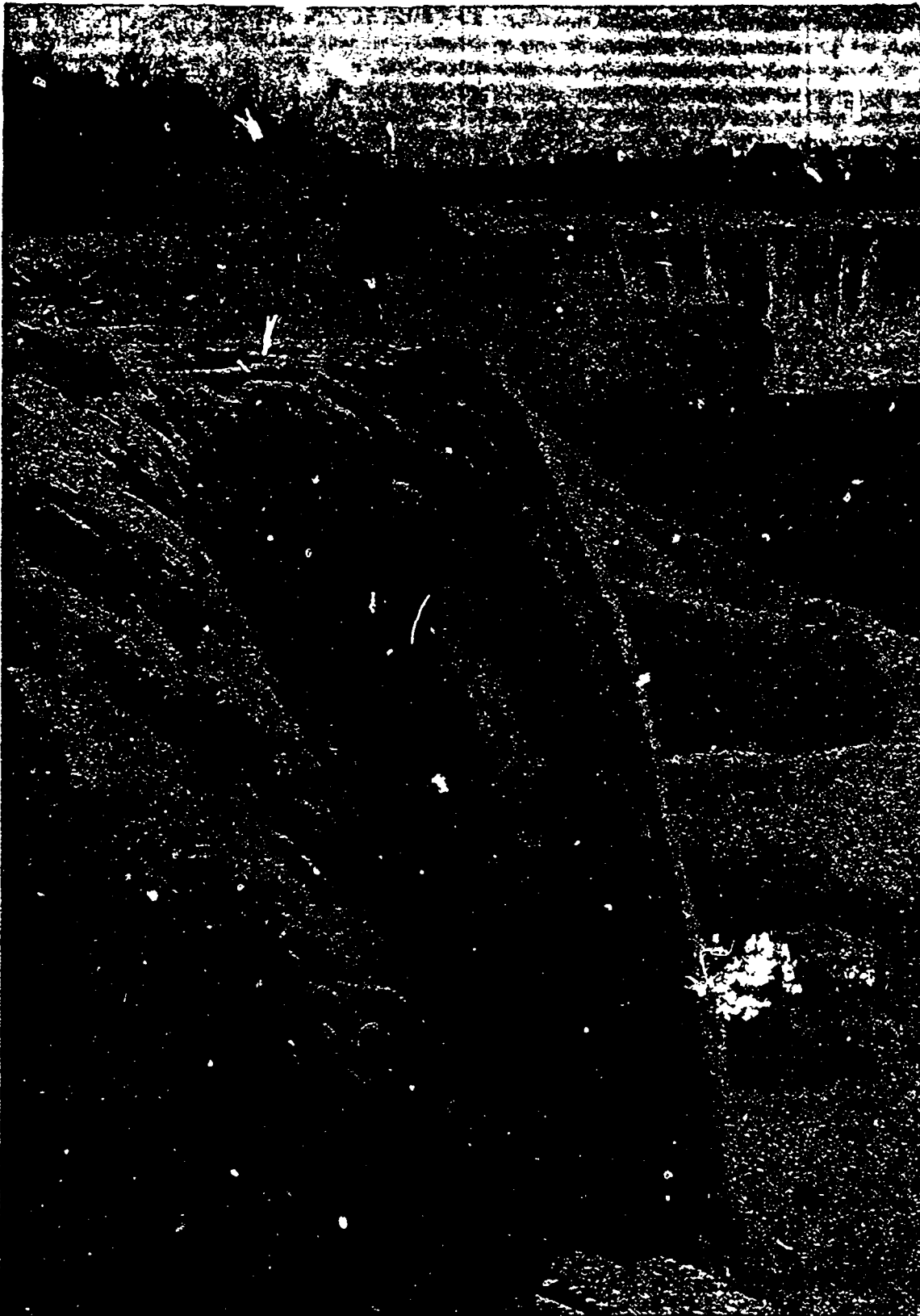
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## NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER.\*

UPON the occurrence of a thaw sufficient to break up the ice in Lake Erie, masses of floating ice, dis severed from the frozen lake and stream above, are precipitated over the Falls in blocks of several tons each. These remain at the foot of the cataract, from the stream being closed below, "and form a natura' bridge across it. As they accumulate, they get progressively piled up, like a Cyclopean wall built of huge blocks of ice instead of stone. This singular masonry of nature gets cemented by the spray, which, rising in clouds of mist as usual from the foot of the Falls, attaches itself in its upward progress to the icy wall, and soon gets frozen with the rest of the mass, helping to fill up the interstices between the larger blocks of which this architecture is composed."

This icy wall or mound rises up from the base of the torrent in a bulwark of pyramidal form, in front of the Falls, within a few feet of the edge of the precipice, to a height sometimes of from twenty to forty feet above the level of the upper stream. Scaling the mound is an exhilarating and laborious exercise; but

\*This cut is one of a series to be given in *The Methodist Magazine*, illustrating the Falls of Niagara more sumptuously than ever attempted in Canada before.



NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER, FROM PROSPECT PARK. (From Photograph by George Barker.)

the near sight of the maddened waters plunging into the depths of the vortex below, is a fitting reward for the adventurous undertaking.

The ice bridge generally extends from the Horse-Shoe Fall to a point near the railway bridge, lasts generally from two to three months, and is crossed by hundreds of foot passengers during the winter. The ice forming the bridge is ordinarily from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet thick, rising from fifty to sixty feet above the natural surface of the river. The tinge of the waters, from the dark green of summer, is changed to a muddy yellow; huge icicles, formed by an accumulation of frozen spray, hang perpendicularly from the rocks; the trees on Goat Island and Prospect Park seem partially buried; a mass of quaint and curious crystalline forms stands in lieu of the bushes; the buildings seem to sink under ponderous coverings of snow and ice; the tops of trees and points of rock on which the dazzling white frostwork does not lie, stand out in bold contrast, forming the deep shadows of the entrancing picture, the whole presents a wild, savage aspect, grand and imposing.

THE years write their record on human hearts, as they do on trees, in hidden, inner circles of growth which no eye can see.

## A Song for Spring.

BY META B. B. THORNE.

She is coming, coming, coming;  
Soon the wild bees will be humming  
Down among the clover blossoms, swing-  
ing

In the sunny meadows;  
And among the young leaves springing  
Blithe birds gaily will be singing,  
While above cloud-shallops, fairy like, will  
Cast their floating shadows.

Down among the reeds and sedges,  
Set along the brooklet's edges,  
Whose sweet tongue by chains of crystal  
Fine and strong so late was holden,  
To and fro with fitful flashing  
Tiny speckled trout are dashing;  
All things feel with joy her presence—'tis  
A story sweet and olden.

There are blossoms in the wildwood;  
Little songs of happy childhood  
Greet the ear from vale and coppice, and  
The breezy hill-side yonder.  
Just to breathe the breath of heaven  
Is delight to mortals given;  
Why doth rapture thrill the hearts of  
those  
Who in the spring-tide wander?

Whence this joy within us springing,  
That, perforce, we join the singing?  
Whence this sweetly strange, mysterious  
Sense of bird-like wings a-growing?  
Is the spirit spring tide nearer?  
Ay! its sunlight shineth clearer;  
While within the soul unending founts of  
Song are overflowing.

## BRAINS ON FOUR LEGS.

A SCRANTON gentleman has a cat that is very fond of some kinds of music, and very much exasperated whenever her master plays on his violin. She will lie on the sofa and purr approvingly whenever one of the young ladies performs a waltz or other lively piece on the piano, and she will listen attentively to the children's songs, but as soon as her owner begins to tune up his violin she becomes very uneasy. The moment he starts to play a tune the cat darts at him as if she had suddenly been seized with a fit, scratches viciously at the lower part of his trousers leg and squalls as though she were in great pain. If he continues to play after this demonstration of her disapproval of that kind of music, the cat jumps up and tries to snatch the noisy instrument out of his hands, and when she finds that she cannot do that she runs around the room and mews piteously. As soon as the gentleman lays the violin down on the piano and speaks kindly to the cat, she seems pacified at once, trots over to where he is standing, rubs her head and back lovingly against his ankles, and purrs contentedly, looking up to and acting as if she wanted to tell him that she would always be a good cat if he would never make any more of those hateful sounds. But, so sure as he undertakes to resume playing, the cat begins her tantrums and refuses to be quiet until he puts down the violin again. She is fond of organ music, but she cannot be taught to like the noise made by the violin strings. She will tolerate the guitar, but the violin never. The gentleman, who is an excellent amateur violinist,

prizes pussy very highly, and, whenever he wishes to entertain his friends with a little music from his favourite instrument, he has a servant take the cat to her little house in the back-yard and fasten her in. As soon as the guests have departed, puss is allowed to come into the house, when she scampers from one member of the family to the other and purr-fully expresses her gratitude at being permitted to be where they are once more.

Two tame gray squirrels are the favourite pets of an animal lover on Franklin Avenue. The squirrels run about the house like two kittens, and are obedient to their master every time he tells them to go to their cage. He often takes them about town with him, to their apparent pleasure and satisfaction. Whenever he tells them that they can go along, they skip up his legs and crawl into the pockets of his sack coat, where they nestle down until he enters a store or saloon. Then he orders them to come out, and they hurry from his pockets and caper about the room until he gets ready to leave. Their antics and their perfect obedience interest and amuse everybody who sees them. Each squirrel has his own particular pocket to get into, and they have been so well trained that neither ever tries to get into the pocket that belongs to the other. When the gentleman wears a heavy overcoat he sometimes permits both of them to cuddle down together, when they appear to be very happy indeed.—*New York Tribune.*

## TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

HE was always and forever getting into trouble of one sort or another. He had a talent for climbing, and for tumbling, and for bumping his head, and for hurting his feet, and coming to grief generally. On this Friday evening he sat on the side of his little white bed, "one shoe off and one shoe on," and thought sorrowfully about the day; it had been an unlucky one. In the first place he had broken grandma's spectacles; then he had lost mother's scissors, the pair that she always "cut out" with; and his new summer pants were not cut out. Then he had tumbled from the hay mow and bumped his nose and broken his tooth; but the last thing was to get himself caught by a hook in the barn, and could not get loose unless he swung off without regard to the box by which he had climbed up, in which case he would be likely to drop several feet on to a hard floor. Tommy didn't like that, so he hung there.

"I might yell," said he to himself, but nobody would hear me, they are all too far away. I might hang here until they came to feed the horse, but I can't, that will be hours, and I'm getting pretty dizzy, now."

The baby trotted out to the barn door, said "da! da!" and a few other words that she understood better than others did; baby could walk better

than talk. Tommy looked at her and said, "Oh, baby, I wish you had sense!" Then he hung still. At last he heard his mother's voice in the yard, a long way off. Then, oh! how Tommy yelled! His voice seemed to pierce right through the mother's ears. She fairly flew over the ground to the barn. In a twinkling the step-ladder was brought and arranged, and mother climbed up and unwound his sleeve from the hook, and she and Tommy came down. Someway, he doesn't know how, he twisted his foot and to-night it aches.

"But Tommy isn't thinking of his foot, he is thinking of the troubles he has, and the mischief he does, and how impossible it seems to do any better.

"Praying don't do no good," he says disconsolately to his mother. "I pray to be a good boy every day, and I ain't never a good boy—so there!"

"Tommy," said his mother, "Why didn't you call on baby to help you to-day? Didn't you want to get down!"

"Course," said Tommy, "but what was the use? I knew she couldn't help me."

"And what made you call on me?"

"Cause I wanted to get down right straight off; and I knew you could help me, and I knew you would help me, so I yelled."

"Well, Tommy, if you remember that of God, that he can and will; and if you truly want help, and will call to him, he is just as sure. Oh, surer than I can be. Because, you know Tommy, you are likely to get into places where mother can't reach; but he can reach everywhere. Remember that."—*The Pansy.*

## MECCA.

MECCA, the holy city of the Mahometans, is one of the oldest towns in Arabia, and derives additional interest from the fact that it has been considered a holy city from very remote ages. As the birthplace of Mahomet, its holiness was enhanced, and the events of his stirring history make it a spot of some interest to others beside his followers.

It has broad, unpaved streets, which furnish ample supplies of dust in summer and mud in winter. Its houses, of brick and stone, are several stories high, and are embellished with paintings. The only public building of any note is the Mosque, in the centre of which is the Caaba, highly venerated by the Mahometans from remote antiquity. Around this ancient relic cluster time-honoured legends, dear to the Moslem heart; none of these traditions being too wild to stagger the faith of a true follower of the Prophet. A large number of persons are employed about the Mosque in a variety of ecclesiastical capacities.

Hundreds of thousands make the annual pilgrimage to Mecca, and if the concourse falls short of a certain number, invisible but adoring angels are declared to fill the places of recreant

believers. No profane foot is allowed to enter Mecca. There is a room in the holy city, entrance into which endows the visitor with absolute veracity, making the individual forevermore a strictly truthful member of society.

Pilgrims to this holy city do not acquire a reputation for sanctity, although they enjoy such rare advantages.

## Two Lives.

Two babes were born in the self-same town,  
On the very same bright day;  
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms,

In the very self-same way;  
And both seemed pure and innocent  
As falling flakes of snow,  
But one of them lived in the terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,  
And the children both were fair;  
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,  
The other had tangled hair.  
The children both grew up apace,  
As other children grow;  
But one of them lived in the terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,  
And one was wedded and loved;  
The other saw thro' the curtain's part,  
The world where her sister moved.  
And one was smiling a happy bride,  
The other knew care and woe;  
For one of them lived in the terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,  
And one had tender care,  
The other was left to die alone,  
On her pallet so thin and bare.  
One had many to mourn her loss,  
For the other few tears would flow;  
For one had lived in the terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

If the Lord, who died for rich and poor,  
In wondrous, holy love,  
Took both the sisters in his arms,  
And carried them above,  
Then all the difference vanished quite:  
For, in heaven, none would know  
Which of them lived in the terraced house,  
And which in the street below.

## THE MAHOGANY TREE.

FULL GROWN, the mahogany tree is one of the monarchs of tropical America. Its vast trunk and massive arms rising to a lofty height and spreading with graceful sweep over immense spaces, covered with beautiful foliage, bright, glossy, and airy, clinging so long to the spray as to make it almost an evergreen, present a rare combination of loveliness and grandeur. The leaves are very small, delicate, and polished like those of the laurel. The flowers are small and white or greenish yellow. The mahogany lumbermen, having selected a tree, surround it with a platform about twelve feet above the ground, and cut it above the platform. Some dozen or fifteen feet of the largest part of the trunk are thus lost; yet a single log not unfrequently weighs from six or seven to fifteen tons, and sometimes measures as much as seventeen feet in length and four and a half to five and a half in diameter, one tree furnishing two, three, or four such logs. Some trees have yielded twelve thousand superficial feet.

Saturday Night.

PLACING the little hats all in a row,  
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;  
Washing wee faces and little black fists,  
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;  
Putting them into clean garments and white,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,  
Laying by shoes that are worn thro' the toes,  
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—  
Who but a mother knows where to begin?  
Changing a button to make it look right,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair,  
Hearing them lip forth their soft evening prayer,  
Telling them over that story of old,  
How the dear Lord would gather the lambs to his fold,  
Watching, they listen with childish delight,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,  
After the little ones all are asleep;  
Anxious to know if the children are warm,  
Tucking the blankets round each little form;  
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,  
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,  
Praying, as only a mother can pray,  
"God guide and keep them from going astray."

ON THE WAY HOME.

A SHORT time ago a Christian gentleman, accompanied by a friend, was driving home from a mission meeting—one of a series that had been held at a village some miles distant. The evening was well advanced, and, after they had driven some little distance, they overtook a youth, walking slowly, and with an air of utter weariness and dejection. The gentleman pulled up, and asked:

"Where are you going?"  
"I am on my way home, sir."  
"Have you far to go?"  
"No, sir, just to B—."

"Well, it is not worth while giving you a lift for that short distance," said the gentleman, to which the young man replied:

"Oh, no, thank you, sir, I'll easily walk." And so the gentleman drove on.

But he was impelled, surely by the Holy Spirit, to stop after he had gone on some little distance, and, looking round, he found the lad running close behind. Waiting until he came alongside, and feeling sure he was dejected and sorrowful because he was not sure of heaven being his home, the gentleman said:

"Are you really and truly on your way home?"

"No, sir, I am not," was the honest confession; and then, as he was asked to get into the trap, he added, in a tone of anguish, "I must get saved; my sister was saved last night, my brother the night before, and I am left out!"

"Well, said the gentleman, "if you are willing to be saved, Christ is far more willing to save you. You have but to go to him just as you are."

Without another word the lad fell on his knees and cried, "Lord, Jesus,

take me as I am. I am unworthy; but Jesus died—Jesus died."

The plea was sufficient, the prayer was heard and answered. After a few minutes' silence he said to the two Christians:

"I am saved; won't you praise the Lord with me?"

And they did praise the Lord; for, making a halt, they knelt by the wayside, and beneath the star-lit sky their praises re-echoed in the courts above. After they had exchanged farewells, the lad cried:

"I am on my way home now. I'll go praising him."

Reader, there are two ways—one to the home above, the other where there is weeping and wailing. On which are you going? Jesus died for you. God is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Pet. 3: 9.)

THE OFFICER'S DOG.

MANY stories have been told of dogs seeking the assistance of neighbour-dogs to punish others for injuries they have received from them, which shows that these animals possess some means of communicating their wishes to each other. Of these stories the following strikingly illustrates the fact:

In the neighbourhood of the city of St. Andrews, in Scotland, and about a mile distant from each other, lived a retired officer, a farmer, and a miller, each of whom possessed a powerful dog. These dogs, whenever they met, growled and snarled at each other, and sometimes fights took place. The officer's dog, besides guarding his master's residence, went every forenoon to the village, a distance of half a mile, to purchase bread, carrying with him a towel in which the requisite money was tied up.

Each time on his return he was immediately served with his dinner, after which he mounted guard over the house for the rest of the day. In the village were a number of idle curs—bullies, and, of course, cowards—who banded themselves together to attack peaceably-disposed dogs. One day, on the outskirts of the village, they assaulted the officer's dog on his way to the baker's shop. In the struggle the towel was torn from his mouth and the money was scattered on the road. The curs then retreated. The dog picked up the money, executed his message, and returned home; but instead of eating his dinner, which, as usual, was placed before him, he, after laying down his burden, trotted off straight across the valley to the farmer's house. The labourers, on seeing him, thought he had come to quarrel and fight with their master's mastiff, and were much surprised at seeing the two old enemies meet not only in a most friendly manner, but trot off, after a short consultation together, side by side, along the road that led to the mill. If the men at the farm were greatly astonished, the

miller was more so when he saw his bull-dog receive the four-footed visitors as if they were his most intimate companions. The three held a brief council, and then set off in the direction of the officer's residence, followed at a distance by the miller, where, instead of taking the road which led to the village, they entered it by a circuitous route, and put to the tooth every cur they came across. They then separated, and each dog returned to its master's abode, to be once more, strange to say, as bad friends as formerly.

Heart of Jesus.

Heart of Jesus—meek and lowly,  
Beating in thy infant breast,  
Teach me to be pure and holy,  
That I may within thee rest.

Heart of Jesus—ever pleading,  
Through thy childhood's silent years,  
For my soul, sin-soiled and bleeding,  
Now accept my contrite tears.

Heart of Jesus—peaceful dwelling,  
Far away from worldly strife,  
Love of vain ambition quelling,  
Let me live a hidden life.

Heart of Jesus—sunk in sorrow,  
I, too, caused thy bitter pain  
On the eve of that dread morrow,  
When thou wert for sinners slain.

Heart of Jesus—wounded, broken;  
All thy blood for me was shed;  
Art thou not a deathless token,  
That thy grace is round me spread?

Heart of Jesus—full of gladness,  
In thy glorious risen life,  
Cheer me when, o'erflowed with sadness,  
I grow weary of the strife.

Heart of Jesus—yet abiding,  
Pilgrim, guest and prisoner here,  
In our very hearts residing,  
Be to me each day more dear.

Heart of Jesus—still pursuing  
Sinners with a restless love,  
May my soul, thy mercies viewing,  
Nevermore ungrateful prove.

"THANK YOU' WITH THAT."

PEOPLE generally are only glad when they have things given them, and that is quite different from being thankful. A poor converted African I have heard of would set an example to many in Christian lands. He had been very sick, but he came one day after his recovery to the missionary and laid down the sum of two pounds for the Lord.

"I want," he said very earnestly, "to tell God 'Thank you' with that." He had expected his yams to turn out very poorly, he had been able to give them so little care, but God had taken care of them for him, and he had an excellent crop. It had yielded him fully two pounds more than he expected, and so he brought that as a thank-offering to the Lord. It was not a common thing to do, but it was a right thing. People would prosper more in riches of the soul, and in earthly riches too, if they would oftener bring in their thank-offerings.—*Children's Record.*

He must needs go that the devil drives.

SOUND CHRISTIANS.

BY FLORA B. HYDE.

GOING up town to-day, I overtook two little boys. The largest boy had a basket on his arm containing a few apples. The other little fellow was asking for one, and the boy with the apples handed him one, which the little one refused, saying, "I don't want that, it's half rotten." The other boy then gave him another, which was not rotten, but the little fellow still seemed dissatisfied.

"What's the matter now?" said the big boy, "don't that suit you either?"

"No, Willie, it don't, 'cause you said you'd give me a real, good, nice apple, and this one ain't sound, for it's got two specks in it; 'tain't rotten, but there is specks, so it ain't sound."

"Oh, Eddie, them specks don't hurt it,—they are only kind of dry rots; the apple is just as good."

"Well," answered the little fellow, "I think when apples ain't all over sound they're not nice, anyway, if they are called good."

Dear young Christians, these little fellows, by their talk, set me to thinking. I thought, what a good illustration was this, taken spiritually. We, as God's children, must be sound Christians, if we would be good and nice. We need a Christian experience that is all over sound.

Let us think of this every day, and try to keep the specks out of our Christianity. Remember, if we get angry, that is a nasty speck upon us. Our friends cannot think us nice if we get provoked at every little thing that don't suit us. Every time we speak unkind that is a speck upon us. If we speak a word wrongly against any one, that is a very ugly speck upon our religion. If we indulge in light, trifling talk, we shall thus bring many specks upon ourselves. Whatever we do that is wrong, is a speck upon our Christian character; and when we leave our duty undone we do wrong, and therefore are not sound in our Christian experience.

When we stay away from the means of grace with only a slight excuse; when we neglect secret prayer, and reading God's word, we stain our Christianity.

Oh, my young friends, how easy for us to become full of specks or flaws, for every wrong act is a flaw in our religion, and if we have these flaws we are not good Christians.

Let us examine ourselves and see if we have any now, and if we find little specks of unkindness, or ill feeling, or anything wrong in us, oh, let us not rest until we have them all washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and feel we are cleansed and made perfectly whole. And then let us watch daily that our religion is not stained by little specks. Oh, let us endeavour to live day by day under the blood, that we may ever keep a sound, Christian character.



**The Angels' Ladder.**

If there were a ladder, mother,  
Between the earth and sky,  
As in the days so long ago,  
I would bid you all good-by,  
And go through every country,  
And search from town to town,  
Till I had found the ladder,  
With angels coming down.

"Then I would wait, quite softly,  
Beside the lowest round,  
Till the sweetest looking angel  
Had stepped upon the ground;  
I would pull his dazzling garment,  
And speak out very plain:  
'Will you take me, please, to heaven  
When you go back again?'"

"Ah, darling," said the mother,  
"You need not wander so  
To find the golden ladder  
Where angels come and go.  
Wherever gentle kindness  
Or pitying love abounds,  
There is the wondrous ladder,  
With angels on the rounds."

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1883.

**TO WHAT DOES THAT ROAD LEAD?**

We are speaking to young people who are just forming their habits of life. The road on which you are is a well-beaten one. Thousands of feet have pressed it before yours, and thousands will after your feet are cold in death. You will pass over the road but once, and every step will be new until the end is reached.

You may be facing the wrong way. In that case there is no real honour or happiness before you. These are behind you because God is behind you. It is not wise to travel away from the place you wish to reach at last. And then the road may not be as long as you expect. All roads lead to some place, and the one you are on is not an exception. You may be tempted to leave the Sunday-school, but had better think a moment as to where that will lead. You may be nearer right and heaven than you ever will

be again if you leave the Sunday-school and drift down into the world with others who have left this place of good people.

**DEEDS OR WORDS?**

At a meeting in Japan, where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was, "How to glorify Christ by our lives." One of the girls said: "It seems to me like this. One spring my mother got some flower-seeds, little, ugly black things, and planted them; they grew and blossomed beautifully. One day a neighbour coming in and seeing these flowers said, 'Oh, how beautiful! I must have some too. Won't you please give me some seed?' Now, if this neighbour had only just seen the flower-seeds she wouldn't have called for them; 'twas only when she saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed."

And so with Christianity; when we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible, they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say, "We don't care to hear about these things; they are not as interesting as our own stories." But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say, "How beautiful are these lives! What makes them different from other lives?" When they hear that it is Jesus' teaching, then they say, "We must have it too!"

And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends.

**LIFEBOATS.**

As I was one day walking along on the sea-shore I came to a house or building standing close to the water's edge. I said to the man, "What is that?" He said, "That is where they keep the lifeboats. This is a station." So there are stations all along the coast wherever there is a dangerous place. When a storm comes up on the ocean there are men who walk along the shore day and night to see if any ships are in danger. If a ship is driven on the rocks the lifeboat goes out to take away the poor sailors and the little children and their mothers. During the past year more than three thousand lives have been saved in this way. It is a noble work. But there never was such a thing until Jesus came to our world. Men were hard and cruel, and sought to destroy each other. Jesus said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." So now the nations are beginning to learn of Jesus, and are doing good to each other instead of evil. They are following his example, for he died to save men. His whole life was spent in doing good, and I know he will save us if we trust in him.—*Exchange*.

"GLORY to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!"



THE KINKAJOU.

**A STRANGE MISSIONARY.**

THE Emperor of China has just ordered a magic lantern for the Imperial Palace at Peking, with scriptural scenes such as the missionaries there are exhibiting, for the instruction of his household. Miss Gordon Cumming tells us about it, and says that this, in connection with the fact "that one of the officers of the palace has recently become a zealous Christian (the first known convert within the imperial city), may possibly prove the thin edge of the wedge whereby a ray of light may even reach the little emperor himself, on whom as yet no European has been privileged even to look. Another of these very suggestive magic lanterns has been ordered by a Mongolian prince to help in whiling away the long, dark winter nights."

**THE "THY-WILL-BE-DONE" SPIRIT.**

SUSIE wanted to join a picnic; she wanted very much indeed to go. Her mother knew it. She was sorry not to let her go; but there were good reasons for refusing. Susie asked her mother, and she said:

"No, Susie, you cannot go."

Mrs. Barnes expected to see a sorrowful disappointment in her daughter's face; instead of which she bounded away, singing merrily as she went.

"I was afraid of seeing you grievously disappointed," said her mother, much relieved at her daughter's behaviour.

"I have got the 'Thy-will-be-done' spirit in my heart, dear mother," said the child sweetly.

**THE KINKAJOU.**

THE Kinkajou is an animal somewhat resembling the racoon. It has a yellowish woolly fur, climbs trees, and feeds on fruits, honey, etc., as well as on small animals. It is particularly delighted when it finds the nest of wild bees. It abounds in Central and South America, where the negroes call it Potto, after a somewhat similar animal in Africa. It is very easy to tame.

*Zion's Herald* says:—The *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, published at Toronto (two dollars a year), has just completed its twenty-sixth volume, and is meeting with greatly increased patronage. We always turn to it with pleasure, and are sure of finding something pertinent to this department of our paper. It says the Canada Methodists raised \$200,000 missionary money the past year, which is \$12,062 increase over the preceding year. This is a very creditable showing. Canada itself is largely a mission field. Except Russia, Canada is the largest country in the world, stretching 3,500 miles one way, and 1,400 miles the other. Ontario is only one of its provinces, but it is larger than Spain, nearly as large as France or the German empire. Put Norway, Holland, Portugal and Switzerland together and they only equal Quebec. France, Norway and Belgium would only equal British Columbia. It is a land of vast possibilities, like our own, and we should have sympathy in all moral and religious efforts for it, in it, or by it.



ZEBRAS.

**The Seed and the Sower.**

EVER so little the seed may be,  
Ever so little the hand,  
But when it is sown it must grow, you see,  
And develop its nature, weed, flower or tree;  
The sunshine, the air, and the dew are free  
At its command.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope  
Of the harvest it will yield;  
We wait and watch for its springing up,  
Admire its growth, and count on the crop  
That will come from the little seeds we drop  
In the great wide field.

But if we heedlessly scatter wide  
Seeds we may happen to find,  
We care not for culture, or what may betide,  
We sow here and there on the highway side;  
Whether they've lived or whether they've  
died,  
We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap  
Fruit from the seed he has sown;  
How carefully then it becomes us to keep  
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek  
To sow what is good, that we may not weep  
To receive our own.

**WORK IF YOU WOULD RISE.**

Soon after the great Edmund Burke had been making one of his powerful speeches in Parliament, his brother Richard was found sitting silent in reverie, and when asked by a friend what he was thinking about, he replied; "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of our family. But then I remember that when we were doing nothing or at play he was always at work." And the force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was always considered by those who knew him best to be superior in natural talent to his brother; yet the one rose

to greatness, while the other lived and died in comparative obscurity. The lesson to all is, if you would succeed in life, be diligent; improve your time; work. "Seest thou a man," says Solomon, "diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before"—that is, shall not be ranked with—"mean men."

**ZEBRAS.**

THESE are graceful and elegant looking animals, but they are so untamable as to be quite useless to man. They live in small herds in the most secluded parts of South Africa. They are exceedingly swift and very timid—so much so that it is almost impossible to capture one.

**LIFE A FAILURE.**

A GENTLEMAN of high standing—a lawyer, a politician, a man of talents, and, as the world estimates, a man who was successful in all his undertakings—was suddenly arrested by disease, and soon brought to the close of life. As it was evident that he could not live but a few days, he was asked by a friend how he felt, as he looked back upon his past life. And the answer, coming from a man of sense and thought, with eternity full in his view, was striking and memorable. "With all its success, I now see and feel that my life has been a failure! I have not gained one of the great ends for which life was given, and now it is too late to gain them!"

What a thought, what a feeling, what a prospect for the hour when life is closing, and eternity is to be

entered, and character, and destiny, and state, are to be forever fixed! What a lesson to impress on all right views of the great ends for which life was given, and to lead every one so to live here prepared for the life beyond this world.

**The King's Messenger;**

OR,

**Lawrence Temple's Probation.\***

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

**CHAPTER I.**

**TWO PARTINGS.**

The parting word must still be spoken,  
Though the anguished heart be broken;  
But in yonder bright forever  
Pain and parting can come never.

"My son, how can I give you up!"  
"You will have brother Tom and the girls, mother; and you know it is better that I should go."  
"Yes, my boy; but that does not make it any easier to lose you. You seemed almost to fill your father's place. You grow more like him every day."

"Well, that is not much of a compliment to his beauty, mother, dear."  
"Handsome is that handsome does, my boy. I am sure that God's smile and your father's blessing will follow you wherever you go, for no son was ever kinder to his mother."

"I should be unworthy of the name I bear if I did not do all I could for the best mother in the world. But Tom is now old enough to look after the out-of-door work, and Mary, the trustees have promised me, shall have my school, and Nellie will help you in the house. I shall earn lots of money, mother, and be able to spare some for you and save enough for a few terms at college."

"It was your father's dying wish, my boy, and though it is like tearing out a piece of my heart to have you go, yet I will not oppose it. We shall get along nicely, I trust, without your help, although we shall miss you very much; but I fear you will suffer in those dreadful woods, and so far away too. It was your father's prayer for years my son, that you might become 'THE KING'S MESSENGER,' as he used to call it, and I am sure I have no loftier ambition than to see you a faithful preacher as your father was."

"If God should call me, mother, to that holy work, I am sure he will open a way for me. But now my duty

\*The writer of this story, illustrative of Canadian life and character, deems it right to say that, with scarce an exception, every incident therein recorded has come under his own experience or observation, or has been certified by credible testimony. In the dialect conversations almost every word and phrase have been repeatedly noted by himself as occurring in Canadian communities. For obvious reasons persons and places are presented under pseudonyms which in some cases will reveal as much as they conceal.

clearly is to earn all I can and learn all I can."

"God bless you, my boy," and the voice trembled a little as it spoke. "You were my first-born and you are the child of many prayers. The fondest hopes of a father passed into the skies were centered upon you. I feel sure that you will not disappoint them."

"Amen!" was the response, deeply and solemnly uttered as if it were a dedication, and after a pause the speaker continued, "Mother, I want you to give me father's Bible, the one he kept upon his study table. As I read the notes and references in his own writing, it seems as though he were speaking to me from the silent page."

"You shall have it, my boy; and may it be as a spell to keep you in the hour of temptation and trial."

"It will, mother, I am sure. I have only to read my father's Bible, and to think of my father's prayers, to be strengthened to endure any trial and to withstand any temptation."

Conversing in such a strain this mother and son sat long in the quiet dusk that gradually filled the little room. The after-glow of the sunset gleamed softly in the west, and as they sat side by side in the fading light they strikingly recalled the beautiful picture, by Ary Sheffer, of Monica and Augustine, that holy mother and heroic son whose memory has come down to us through fifteen centuries. On the face of this Canadian mother, though thin and wan and worn with care and marked with sorrow, was a look of unutterable peace. The deep calm brown eyes, which were not unused to tears, looked into the glowing west as though the heavens opened to her gaze. A rapt expression beamed upon her countenance as though she held communion with the loved and lost, whose feet, which had kept time with hers in the march of life, now walked the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. At such an hour as this

O very near seem the pearly gates,  
And sweetly the harpings fall,  
And the soul is restless to soar away,  
And longs for the angel's call.

The pure white brow seemed the home of holy thoughts, and the soft hair, streaked with silver threads, was brushed smoothly back beneath the pathetic widow's cap. The face of the boy was lighted up with an eager enthusiasm. The firm-set mouth indicated indomitable energy. The fire of youth sparkled in his eye, but a peculiar manly tenderness softened his countenance as he looked upon his mother. For a time they sat together in silence, then withdrawing her gaze from the sky in which the evening star was now brightly beaming, the mother turned a look of unspeakable affection on her boy and fervently kissed his forehead, with the admonition that he had better retire as he had to be up betimes in the morning to start upon his journey, which both

felt to be one of the most momentous events in his history.

Mary Temple was the widow of John Temple, a faithful Methodist minister, about twelve months deceased. In consequence of the long journeys, exposure to inclement weather, and the privation of comforts in the humble homes of the settlers among whom for years he had, zealously laboured, his health, never robust, gave way. On one of his extensive rounds of preaching and visitation he was put to sleep in a cold and damp room—a not uncommon event with a pioneer preacher. Before he reached home he was in a violent fever. On partial convalescence he again resumed his work, only to be permanently laid aside. It was the great grief of his life to give up his life-work. As with hectic flush on his cheek and interrupted by a racking cough he "stated his case" before his brethren at the Conference, his emotions almost overcame him; but with the unquestioning faith of a Christian he bowed to the will of God.

He retired to Thornville, a village on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence, where he had invested his meagre savings in a few acres of land. It had been his first circuit. Here he had wood and won and wedded the noble wife who had been such a faithful helpmate during the years of his itinerant toil—never flinching from trial, never repining at privation, ever cheering and supporting his own somewhat despondent spirit by her buoyancy of soul, her cheerful courage, her saintly piety, and her unfaltering faith.

As John Temple wrung, with an eager and feverish pressure but with speechless lips, the hands of his old companions in toil and travel as he left the Conference, few expected that they would ever see him again in the flesh. Yet for two years longer he survived, devoting himself chiefly to the education of his four children, and, with the help of his boys, to the cultivation of his few acres, too small to be called a farm and rather large for a garden. As health permitted he preached in the neighbourhood, and always with great acceptance, for his character was beloved and revered, although his abilities were not brilliant and he was no longer in his prime.

The chief dependence of this family of six was the annual grant from the Superannuated Fund of their Church. The amount was not much—less than three hundred dollars in all,—but to those who had almost nothing else it was of inestimable value. Without its aid they would have suffered from abject poverty. Sometimes the expected grant—all too small at best—was subject to a considerable reduction. Then there was keen disappointment but no complaining. The wife's faded dress was turned and worn over again. The thread-bare coat was made to do longer service. With patient loving industry the

father's cast-off clothes were cut down and made over for the boys, the mother's for the girls. The coveted new book—a rarely purchased luxury, although the invalid was a man of studious tastes—was altogether dispensed with.

But growing, healthy, active boys and girls must have boots and shoes; their clothing, unlike that of the Israelites during their wanderings in the Wilderness, would "wax old" and wear out; and they were blessed with appetites of keenest zest. The energy and skill of the wise and loving house-mother were therefore taxed to the utmost to make ends meet; and though she often had an anxious heart, she always wore a cheerful face, and no murmurings or repinings escaped her patient lips. The children were brought up in habits of thrift, economy, and self-denial, which are worth more than a fortune; and a spirit of mutual helpfulness was fostered which made even poverty a blessing.

Still, the flour sometimes got low in the barrel, and the little stock of money very small in the purse, and sometimes it altogether failed. At such times the mother remained longer than usual in the little chamber, on whose table lay the well-used Bible which was the daily food of her spiritual life; "Wesley's Hymns," with which, singing as she worked, she beguiled her daily household tasks; Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, the Lives of Mrs. Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers, and other religious biographies and devotional works with which she occupied her scanty leisure. She always came out of this chamber with a deepened serenity upon her countenance; sometimes there were marks of tears on her face, but more often it shone with a holy light as if, like Moses, she had been talking with God face to face.

Although the family was sometimes reduced to the last loaf and the last dollar, it never suffered actual want. In some unforeseen way their more pressing necessities were met. Sometimes a bag of flour, or of potatoes, or a ham was left at nightfall in the porch; and more than once a five dollar bill came in a letter without any name attached. Evidently among the sick pastor's friends were some who

Did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame.

These anonymous gifts were accepted without any sense of humiliation as if they came direct from God himself. While they formed a slight ground of dependence, they fostered the faith of the inmates of the little cottage. Kindly neighbours, too, in that generous spirit which pervades almost all Canadian rural communities, after the first snow-fall made a "bee" and with much shouting and "haw-geeing," hauled a great pile of logs into the yard for fuel. Many of these, however, were of such huge proportions as

to employ most of the spare energies of the boys during the winter to reduce them to a usable size, thus developing at once their muscles and their industrial habits. At Christmas and New Year's, too, more than one fat goose or turkey found its way in some mysterious manner to the minister's larder.

At one time, indeed, the faith of the heroic wife was sorely tried. For months her husband's health had been rapidly failing. At length he was confined entirely to bed, suffering much, and requiring constant medical attendance. The extra comforts his condition required had used up all the money available. The winter came on early and severe. Every resource but prayer was exhausted; and with increased fervour the faithful wife addressed herself to the throne of Grace. When things seemed at their uttermost extremity relief came. In the dusk of one bleak evening a wagon drove up to the back-door of the humble cottage, loaded with an abundant supply of meat, flour, vegetables, a web of cloth to make dresses for the girls and their mother, and a sufficient quantity of stouter material for the boys. A kind note expressed the sympathies of the neighbours for the sick minister, accompanied by the sum of twenty dollars in money and a receipt in full of the doctor's and druggist's account. The good doctor was evidently the moving spirit in the generous and thoughtful donation. It was not the first time that he had ministered to the necessities of those of his patients who were poor in this world's goods. Like a chestnut burr, beneath a rugged exterior he concealed a sweet and mellow heart.

It would have more than compensated the kind donors of these gifts if they could have seen the rapt expression of gratitude on the face of the worn and weary wife, and heard the invalid faintly falter out the words of Holy Writ, "I have been young and now am old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

At length the last scene came. The sick man sank lower and lower till he could scarce articulate. Although leaving his wife and children almost without a dollar in the world, his mind seemed undisturbed by doubt or anxiety on their behalf.

"Be careful for nothing," he whispered in the ear of his sorrow-stricken wife, who sat by his bedside, "but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

Again, she heard him softly whispering to himself the blessed promises, "Leave thy fatherless children. I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me;" "In thee the fatherless findeth mercy;" and "A father of the fatherless and a judge of the widow is God in his holy habitation."

"O wife!" he whispered, when he

saw her beside him, "God never shows his fatherliness so much as when he promises to be a husband of the widow and a father to the fatherless. I leave you and the dear children in his hands. He will do more and better for you than you can either ask or think. Cast all your care on him. 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

The weeping children he called to his side and placing his weak hands on their heads, gave them his blessing. He bade them love their mother, love their Saviour, and prepare to meet him—their father—in heaven.

"Lawrence, my boy," he whispered, gazing with a look of ineffable affection on the face of his first-born, "you are consecrated from your birth. If God calls you to walk in my footsteps he will be all to you that he has been to me. My dying prayer is that you may be the King's Messenger to dying men—that our house may never want a man to stand before the Lord."

"It won't be long," he whispered after a pause, "till we shall all be gathered home. I know, I feel certain," he continued in the full assurance of faith, "that not one shall be left behind—that we shall all be bound up in the bundle of life, an unbroken family in heaven. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all'—but the remainder of the doxology was uttered in heaven. His face grew radiant, he half rose from his pillow, Sweet was the light of his eyes, but it suddenly sank into darkness

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

He fell back on the arm of his weeping wife. On his countenance rested a look of ineffable peace as if he had indeed seen the King in his beauty and the land that is very far off. He was not, for God had taken him.

That parting scene Lawrence Temple never forgot. Often in dreams he lived that hour over again, and as he woke from sleep he seemed to feel his father's hand laid in blessing on his head and to hear his father's voice summoning him to be the King's Messenger to dying men. A sense of responsibility rested upon him. He became almost a father to his brother and sisters, and to his widowed mother, more than a son.

Never were the benefits of Christian sympathy more marked than in the kind and generous assistance of the neighbours on the death of the minister. The income of the widow from the Superannuated Fund was a good deal lessened, but loving hearts and kind hands provided for the immediate wants of the family. For Lawrence was procured the village school, of which he proved a highly successful teacher. His mother, whose courageous soul had sustained her husband during his long illness, now seemed to lean on the brave heart and strong will of her first-born. A look of manly gravity settled on his countenance.



ance, but a chivalric deference, an almost lover-like tenderness marked his every act and word toward his mother.

While he taught others in the school, an unquenchable thirst for knowledge possessed his own soul. He nourished the project in his mind of going to college, although there seemed no possibility of the accomplishment of his desire. He found, however, that he could earn more by the labour of his hands than by the labour of his brain. He therefore, with the consent of the school trustees, transferred his office of teacher to his sister Mary, two years younger than himself, whom he had diligently "coached" for the duties of the office. Through the interest of a friend of his fathers at Montreal, he procured the promise of a place in a "crew" of lumbermen operating on the upper waters of the Ottawa. Our story opens on the eve of his departure. His little hand-valise was already packed. It contained, beside his slender stock of underclothing—every stitch of which was enfibred with a mother's love—his father's Bible and Greek Testament, a Latin Psalter, and his mother's copy of "Wesley's Hymns." His sister Mary had given him her favourite and almost her only book of poetry, a tiny copy of Keble's "Christian Year." His brother Tom gave him a handsome knife, earned by running errands after school hours for the village store. And little Nellie, the curly-headed pet of the household, had knitted for him a purse, which was more than sufficiently large for his slender stock of money—only a few shillings—with which he was leaving home to win his fortune in the world. The love-gifts of the poor, often procured with much self-denial and sacrifice, may be intrinsically of little worth, but they convey a world of affection, which the easily-purchased presents of the rich cannot always express.

The household were up early in the morning. The coffee, prepared by the mother's loving hands, never had a richer aroma, nor the wheaten cakes a finer flavour. The girls tried to disguise their feelings by sundry admonitions to their brother concerning the fascinations of some Indian Minnehaha, whose subtle wiles they seemed to fear; and Tom exhorted him to be sure and bring him home a bearskin rug. The mother said little, but wistfully watched through gathering tears the face of her son as he ostentatiously seemed to be eagerly eating the breakfast for which he had, in truth, little appetite. At length the stage horn blew and the lumbering vehicle rattled up to the door. Hurried leave-taking followed—except a lingering embrace between mother and son—and he was soon whirled away from their midst. The mother that day remained longer than usual in her chamber, and when she came out the marks of secret tears was on her face.

Our young knight was now fairly in the saddle, metaphorically, that is, and in quest of fortune. His prospects were not very brilliant; but he had a brave heart and a noble purpose within—two things that will take a man anywhere and enable him to do anything. They are akin to the faith that will remove mountains. He had first a long and weary stage ride to the town of Ottawa (it was before the time of railways in that part of Canada of which we write). At the close of the second day the stage toiled slowly up the long hill on which the town is situated, threw off its mail bags at the post office, and drew up at a noisy tavern before which creaked and groaned in the wind a swinging sign bearing the effigy of the Sheaf and Crown. The place reeked with tobacco smoke and the fumes of liquor, and loud and profane talking filled the air. Lawrence tried to close his senses to the vile sights and sounds and smells, and modestly asked for supper and a bed.

"What'll you have to drink?" asked the red-faced bar-tender of whom he made the enquiry, expectorating a discharge of tobacco juice into the huge spittoon in the middle of the floor.

"Thank you, I don't drink," replied Lawrence.

"Oh! you won't take nothin', won't yer? You're one of the pious sort, I 'low," answered the bar-tender with a contemptuous sneer on his vulgar face, and, turning away to mix drinks for two burly fellows in red flannel shirts, he tossed his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the way to the dining-room.

Lawrence sat down at a table covered with a crumpled and gravy-stained cloth, supping a rickety cruet and some chipped and cracked dishes, when a bold-faced girl with great gilt ear-rings and with a stare that made him blush to the tips of his ears, asked him what he would have? Unused to ordering his meals, he modestly replied that he would take whatever was convenient. With an ill-bred giggle she brought him a meal which only his keen hunger enabled him to eat. Presently the red-shirted fellows came from the bar-room and familiarly ordered their supper. From their rough talk Lawrence discovered that they were lumberers on their way, like himself, to the lumber camps. He made some casual enquiry as to the distance to the Mattawa River, on which the camp to which he was bound was situated.

"A matter of two hundred miles or so," replied one of the men.

"Be you goin' thar, stranger?" asked the other.

Lawrence replied that he was, when he of the red shirt continued, in an accent that indicated that he was from the forests of Maine,

"Wal now, want fer know! Be you clerkin' it?"

Our hero replied that he was going

as either axeman or teamster, with both of which employments he said he was familiar. Indeed he had acquired considerable dexterity in both at home.

"What on 'arth be the like o' ye goin' to do up thar?" exclaimed the man, as he started at the thin white hands and slender well-dressed person of the boy.

"Oh, I'll make my way as others have done before me," said Lawrence.

"Wal, ye've got pluck, any way; and thet's all a man wants to get on enywhere, so fer's I sec," said the good-natured fellow, as Lawrence bowed politely and rose from the table.

"Gentlemanly sort o' eoot, isn't he?" continued the lumberman *sotto voce* to his comrade.

"He'll soon git enough of the camp, or I'm mistaken," answered that worthy; which remark, overheard by Lawrence, did not prove particularly inspiring.

In order to escape the unsavoury odours and uncongenial company of the bar, which seemed to be the only public sitting-room in the house, Lawrence retired to the small, close, and stuffy chamber assigned him. Opening the window for fresh air, he saw in the distance, gleaming in the moonlight, the shining reaches of the river.

"There lies my destiny," he said to himself as he gazed up the majestic stream which seemed to beckon him onward to the mysterious unknown regions beyond. He thought of the brave explorer Champlain, who, first of white men, had traversed that gleaming track and penetrated the far recesses of the Canadian wilderness; and of Brebeuf, and Lalouant, and Davost, and Daniel, the intrepid Jesuit missionaries who, two hundred years before, for the love of souls, had toiled up the tortuous stream, sleeping on the bare rock, carrying their burdens over the frequent and rugged portages, till they reached their far-off Indian mission on the shores of the "Sweet Water Sea," as they called the vast and billowy expanse of Lake Huron. There three of these four had suffered a cruel martyrdom; rejoicing that they were counted worthy to confess Christ among the heathen and to glorify God by their sufferings and death. The memory of the faith and patience of these early Canadian martyrs, although of an alien race and creed, enbraved the heart of this Canadian youth, two centuries after their death, to pursue the path of duty in the face of whatever obstacles might rise.

Then his eye fell upon the evening star, beaming with a lambent flame low down in the sky, still warm with the after-glow of the departed sun, and gentler thoughts rose within his breast.

Only two nights before he had gazed upon it by his mother's side. She was probably gazing on it now and, he was certain, thinking of him and praying for him. The steady glow of the star seemed like the light of his mother's eyes beaming in blessing upon him,

and in the sense of spiritual communion with home and the loved ones there, he forgot his squalid surroundings and their contrast with the sweet clean comforts of his mother's roof. Praying to his Father, who seeth in secret, he felt that he was not alone, for God was with him.

(To be continued.)

Our Father Knoweth.

"Oh! papa," cried little Daisy, With a sadness in her eye, As she saw the kernels scattered 'Neath the heavy turf to lie;

"Oh! pa," cried little Daisy, "D not throw the wheat away; It must be wrong, I think, to waste it, It is good for food, you say."

Did the father cease from sowing? No, he kissed her tears away, Bade her wait until the autumn, Showed her then the harvest gay.

Thus do we like little children Raise our foolish, human cries, When the wisdom of our Father Some fond hope our heart denies.

Thus may God, in heaven's garner, Show us treasures manifold, That, were all our prayers granted, We might never there behold.

So we pray in trustful accents, As we journey day by day, That his will may be accomplished And his wisdom point the way.

THE BROKEN BAND.

SNAP went the india-rubber ring that held Charlie's papers together. He was late already, and had no time to go back for another, but ran on as fast as he could, while the broken ring lay on the wet grass at the side of the path.

"A new sort of worm, I declare!" said a young blackbird. "It looks very delicate." And she hopped around it, not quite sure whether to taste it or not. While she delayed, another blackbird flew down and seized the band by one end.

"Excuse me, madam," said the first. "That is my worm. I saw it before you."

"But I caught it," said the second, "so it is mine."

"Nothing of the sort," said the first. "I was standing over it."

The second said nothing, but hopped away with the ring hanging from her beak.

"You're a thief!" shrieked the first, giving chase, and seizing it by the other end.

Then followed a desperate struggle. Each held firmly to the end she had taken, and pulled with all her might. Snap went the ring again, and the combatants rolled over and over.

"Bah!" said the first blackbird, when she had regained her feet, and shaken her bruised wings. "What a nasty taste! One's rights are not always worth fighting for."—Selected

TEACHERS! Strive to enlist your scholars in a loyal and loving support of your pastor.



## A Spinning-Song.

BY ALICE M. GUERNSKY.

"And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen."—Ex. xxxv. 25.

No gold for the altar's adorning,  
No jewels have I to bring,  
And men with but whispers of scorning  
May look at my offering;  
But he who is purer, diviner,  
Than altar or shrine can be,  
Who dwells in the mystic Shechinah,  
Accepteth and blesseth me.

The knots not the tangles concealing,  
I come with the gift I've wrought,  
I know in his perfect revealing  
With fallows the work is fraught,  
I know there are spots in its brightness,  
The colours are pale and dim,  
And suited the snow of its whiteness  
Which fain I would bring to him.

It may be the threads of my spinning  
The wish of my heart may tell,  
That longs to be free from its spinning  
And ever in peace to dwell.  
Perhaps through the service of duty  
My work may be rendered meet  
For weaving in marvellous beauty  
The veil of the morey seat.

The heart's willing service approving,  
He maketh my toil so sweet  
That my work, with its burden of loving,  
I lay at his blessed feet.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A D 30 ] LESSON VIII [May 20.

## JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

Matt. 26. 36-46. Commit to mem. vs. 36-39.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered. Heb. 5. 8.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Suffering Saviour
2. The Sleeping Disciples.

TIME.—The same night.

PLACE.—On the slope of Olivet, in Gethsemane.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Sit ye here*—This was spoken to eight of the disciples. *I go and pray*—Just see how the Saviour has given us an example. *Let our hearts of sorrow*. *Sorrowful*—unto death—So sorrowful that death could bring no greater—adly sorrow. *Let this cup pass*—The ordeal of trial through which he has then begun to go. *Not as I will*—Here is perfect submission to the heavenly will.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That sin means sorrow and death?
2. That prayer is a support under trial?
3. That God's will is our highest goal?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus go after the last supper? To the garden of Gethsemane. 2. Why did he go there? For an hour of prayer. 3. What did he pray for? That the cup might pass from him. 4. What lesson of submission did his prayer contain? Thy will be done. 5. In what great principle of life did he lead us in this last hour of his mission? "Though he were a Son, yet," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Obedience.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

27. What is an eternal Spirit? One who is without beginning and without end. Psalm xc. 2. From everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

28. What do you mean by saying that God is infinite? I mean that his nature and attributes are high above all understanding, and without any limit.

Job xi. 7. Canst thou by searching find out God?

Psalm cxlvii. 5. His understanding is infinite.

1 Kings viii. 27. Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee.

Job xxvi. 14; Psalm cxvii. 2; 1 Corinthians ii. 11.

A.D. 30.] LESSON IX. [May 27.

## PETER'S DENIAL.

Matt. 26. 67-75. Commit to mem. vs. 73-75.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1 Cor. 10. 12.

## OUTLINE.

1. Denying.
2. Repenting.

TIME.—30 A.D. The same night.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. The high-priest's palace.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Sat without*—He was in the quadrangular courtyard within the palace, to which there was a passage from the front of the house. *A damsel*—That is, one of the female slaves belonging to the palace. *When he was gone*—As he went out, he was beginning to see that he was in an uncomfortable position. *After awhile*—they that stood by. His two denials drew attention to him; the slaves repeated the matter to others, and a group collected about him. *His speech betrayeth*—Betrayeth or discovereth thee. The pronunciation of the people of Galilee was different from that of Jerusalem. The Galilean could not pronounce "e" three gutturals so they could be distinguished from each other, and they pronounced "sh" as if it were "th."

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we warned—

1. Against boastfulness?
2. Against untruthfulness?
3. Against profanity?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was Peter when he denied Jesus? In the high priest's palace. 2. What was the cause of his first denial? The charge that he was a disciple. 3. What was there about Peter himself that proved he was false? His speech proved he was from Galilee. 4. What caused Peter to remember Christ's prophecy? The crowing of the cock. 5. What caused him to weep bitterly? The look of the Lord. 6. What is the lesson for each of us? "Wherefore let him," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Human weakness.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. Are there more gods than one? There is one God only, the living and true God. Deuteronomy vi. 4. Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord. Psalm lxxxvi. 10. Thou art great and dost wondrous things: Thou art God alone. Isaiah xlv. 22. I am God, and there is none else.

## MISS HOPKINS.

BY WESLEY ADAMS.

THAT'S our teacher's name. She is assistant in the high school. I am quite a big boy now and go to high school, but I have not forgotten all about the troubles of little fellows.

One thing that has always troubled me is when a teacher is partial. You know what I mean—when she lets one boy whisper and won't let another, or when she gives one boy all the easy problems and another the hard ones. I was the one who never could whisper or do anything, and had all the hard questions, especially if company was in.

I complained about it some at home, and mother told about a jeweller grinding and polishing a diamond a hundred times as much as he did a piece of glass, because it was worth so much more. And as for being called upon before company, she said I ought to

consider it a compliment. She always gives the best she has to visitors.

Grandpa laughed. "That isn't the only way of looking at the matter," he said.

I didn't know what he meant then; but I do now.

Two or three weeks ago a map gave me two puppies. They were such bright little fellows I thought I would teach them some tricks. One of them will do just what I tell him. It seems as if he tried to please me. I meant to treat them both alike, but I tell you I can't, and it isn't my fault either. The other one will not do as I want him to. He knows enough. He looks at me and winks his eyes in such a sly way, but obey he will not. So I have to be cross and sometimes punish him.

Perhaps you think I'm not writing about Miss Hopkins. Well, I am. She is the teacher that I used to think partial; but those puppies have taught me a lesson. I believe if a teacher is partial to any one it will be to the boy that tries hardest to get his lessons and to keep the rules, and that boy might just as well be you or I as anybody else.

This is a secret I have lately found out, and somehow it has made a wonderful change in Miss Hopkins.

## A DRINK OF WATER.

A LITTLE five-year-old boy left his seat in church one Sabbath morning, and walked up the pulpit steps and stood by the side of the minister.

"What do you want, my little man?" said the pastor, stopping in the midst of his sermon.

"A drink of water," the child innocently replied.

The good man poured out a glass of water, the child drank it and left the platform, but seeing the amused faces of the audience, he thought some mistake had been made, and remembered he had not expressed his thanks, so turning to the minister he made a bow and said, "Thank you, sir," and went to his seat, perfectly satisfied that all was right.

## THE VALUE OF A MINUTE.

A SMALL vessel was nearing the shores of the Bristol Channel in a storm, and was in imminent danger of being dashed upon the rocks. Every one seemed to have lost all hope, and expected every moment that the ship would strike and founder. The captain stood on the deck, his watch in hand, and his eye fixed on it. Suddenly he cried out, as he glanced across the water, "Thank God, we are saved—the tide has turned; in one minute more we should have been on the rocks!"

Both captain and crew felt then, as perhaps they never felt before, the value of a minute.

A WORD once spoken, four horses cannot catch it.

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