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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 19, 1887.

[No. 6.]

## MAPLE SUGAR.

BY UNCLE HENDERSON.

Our company in sugar-making was made up largely of young folks. Fathers and mothers who had begun to feel the infirmities of age very prudently stayed at home and attended to the affairs of the house and barn-yard, while all the younger members of the family went to the sugar camp. After we had boiled the sap down to a thin syrup, it was then clarified with milk or eggs, and put away to settle for a day or two. This process we called "syruping off," and was very important in order to have clear, clean sugar. After a sufficient amount had been collected to fill a large kettle came the happy, long-looked-for day for "sugaring off." The boys and girls from neighbouring camps were invited to participate in the joyful occasion. A lump of ice, a heap of snow, or a pail of ice-cold water was provided, in order that a good supply of wax might be had. At the proper time, when the sugar was on the verge of crystallizing, or "graining" as we called it, a quantity would be poured upon the ice, snow, or into the water, and was thus made into a wax—very sweet and nice, but very hard on the teeth. Sometimes the sugar would be stirred off, and was then something similar to the coarse brown sugar to be found in the stores at the present time, except more pleasant to the taste. But usually—and in our camp always—the sugar, at a time when it was well grained, but not yet dried, was poured into tin pans and allowed to form into cakes of various sizes. When dried, these were taken from the pans and laid on shelves overhead in the cabin, to be used when needed. They became very hard, and whenever a bowl of molasses was needed for our buckwheat griddle-cakes the housewife



MAPLE SUGAR.

would take down a cake of sugar and break off a pound or two and dissolve it.

Our confectionery of those days consisted of lumps of sugar, instead of sticks of candy. It was sweeter, purer, and healthier than modern sweetmeats.

Quite a quantity of the sugar was bartered for goods at the country stores; and at a time when money was scarce, it was considered very lucky if we had sugar enough to buy

our blue drilling pantaloons, and other necessary wearing apparel, and to lay in a few pounds of coffee or tea.

But the old sugar-making is a thing of the past. New methods and new surroundings have taken away much of the pleasure of the camp and the merry fireside where we worked forty years ago.—*Morning Guide.*

He that seeketh forgetfulness of God in this life will reap the reward of being forgotten in the life to come.

## A QUEER CHAPEL.

It is a small chapel, having only one room, and that about the size of a common sitting-room, but it is said to be worth over three hundred thousand dollars!

Now, I will tell you where this chapel is, and why it is so valuable. Over three hundred years ago, Queen Anne, of Russia, caused an enormous bell to be made. So large was it that it took twenty-four men to ring it, and they could only ring it by pulling the clapper. Twice this great bell was broken in pieces by falling, and twice was re-cast. There is a story told that the rich nobles threw their gold and plate in with the melted metal, so that a large proportion of the bell is of gold and silver. It has a shining white appearance; but whether there be any precious metal in it or not, its value is very great. After being re-cast the second time it was named, "Tsar Kolo-kol," which means "King of bells."

For over a hundred years it lay in a deep pit. During this time some falling timbers in a fire broke a piece from its side which has never been replaced.

The people of Russia almost worshipped it, coming from far and near as they would to a church.

Finally it was taken from its pit and placed on huge blocks of granite, a door was fitted to the broken place, and it was consecrated as a chapel.

And there it stands to-day, and Moscow can boast of the largest bell in the world, it being about twenty feet in diameter and the same in height, and weighing over four tons.

So you see a very small chapel may be a very large bell.

EXPERIENCE, says the *Electrician*, has shown that the life of a submarine telegraph cable is from ten to twelve years.

## One by One.

One by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall,  
Some are coming, some are going—  
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one the duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each  
Let no future dreams class thee;  
Learn thou first what those can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)  
Joys are sent thee here below;  
Take them readily, when given—  
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one the griefs shall meet thee,  
Do not fear an armed band;  
One will fade, while others greet thee,  
Shadows passing though the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,  
See how small each moment's pain,  
God will help thee for to-morrow—  
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,  
Has its task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passion's hour despond;  
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,  
Reaching heaven, but one by one  
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

## JACK.

"GOD BLESS HIM."

"GREENS! Greens! Dand'lion greens!" shouts a child's voice.

And I heard the quick steps of small bare feet pattering up the lane.

Presently a face appeared at the open window of my kitchen, where I was busy superintending the Saturday's baking.

"Please, ma'am, don't you want a basket of fresh greens, all picked with the dew on 'em? They make a good dinner, and only cost five cents."

Poor little manikin! I thought, to work so long, and to trudge so far, all for five cents. My dinner was provided, and dandelion greens were not included in the bill of fare—but how could I refuse him?

"Yes, Jack, come in here and eat a doughnut while I empty your basket."

He was not slow to accept the invitation, and chattered like a magpie every minute while he eagerly devoured several doughnuts, and looked longingly at a pan of cookies just taken from the oven.

"Thank you, ma'am! You see, it makes a feller awful hungry—this dand'lion business does. I like to get 'em when they're fresh and cool, before the sun has been on 'em long, so I start at five o'clock, and sometimes earlier, and of course I don't have any breakfast first, and when it happens that a feller hasn't had any supper the night before, it makes him feel kind o' empty like."

All this was said without a moment's pause, and swinging his bare heels together, as he sat perched up on the window, he laughed the merriest laugh in the world, which brought to the

surface a great dimple hidden away in each sunburned cheek, and showed all his pretty white teeth.

"But you had your supper last night, hadn't you?"

"No, ma'am. You see there was only two potatoes to go round, and the round they had to go was mother, Susie, and me—a big round for two small potatoes, don't you think so, ma'am?"

And again he laughed, as if it was the funniest thing he had ever heard of, instead of a most pathetic story.

"How did you manage?" I asked.

"Well, you see, ma'am, I haven't been to school long enough to learn how to divide two potatoes between three people so that each shall have a whole one. So says I to mother, 'You take this one, and Susie and I'll handy-spandy for the other.' Then I held it behind me, and said to Susie:

"Handy-spandy, Jack-dandy, upper hand or lower!"

"Lower," says Susie.

"And lower it was, to be sure, 'cause I held both hands even till she answered and then dropped the one with the potato in it lower; which wasn't cheatin', ma'am, now was it?"

"No, my brave little Jack; it surely was not cheating," I answered, turning away, that he might not see the tears in my eyes.

"Well, Sue, you see, didn't like to take it, for she's awful generous, if she is poor, and she tried to get it back on me by saying the thought upper, and 'twas only her lips that said lower—she meant upper all the time. She isn't well—Sue isn't."

"She's little and white, and one potato ain't much of a supper for the like of her, anyway. And at last I made her eat the whole of it. I told her that we'd have a good dinner to-day, 'cause I knowed somebody would buy my greens, and I'm going to spend the whole five cents for one dinner. What do you think of that? I'm going to get three herrings, at a cent apiece, and the rest in potatoes."

And he smacked his lips as he thought of the treat in store for them all.

"I think," he continued, "that you've paid me pretty well for my greens in doughnuts, without any five cents at all. Still, as I look at it," he added, with a sly twinkle in his great blue eyes, "doughnuts is doughnuts, and cents is cents, and the doughnuts is a present, and the cents is pay."

I laughed aloud at his reasoning, which certainly was most sensible and true, and then said:

"Now, Jack, I want you to keep your five cents till some night when you haven't any supper, and let me fill your basket with something that I know will go around. I want Susie to have a glass of fresh milk. So you must carry this tin pail besides the basket. Do you think you can manage them both?"

"Well, ma'am, I guess you'll see

whether I can manage 'em or not. But do you think I can dig greens enough to pay for all them things you're putting in?"

"No, Jack, I don't; for they are not to be paid for. I want to send these to your mother—that's all; and as you said yourself, doughnuts is doughnuts, and cents is cents."

"To be sure," he answered, merrily.

"Well, ma'am, I just wish you could see 'em when I tell 'em how good you have been to me. Some folks ain't good, you know," he added, with a sigh.

While I filled the basket he told me their little history, never realizing how full it was of the deepest pathos—the struggles of the poor mother to keep her family together after the death of her husband, a good, kind man, who had left her one morning, full of life and strength, to go to his work in the great iron factory, and was brought back to her a few hours later, having met his death while toiling for those he loved.

He did not realize, either, how his own self-sacrificing spirit shone out through his words, proving to me the strength and sweetness of his character. What a hero he was, this little twelve-year-old Jack!

"Mother has worked so hard for Sue and me that she hasn't much strength left. And don't you think," he added, straightening himself up proudly, "don't you think I'm big enough to take care of us three? Leastways, I've been lucky this morning, for I've sold my greens and found you."

The gratitude in his heart was plainly visible in his little face as he turned it up to me.

I told him that henceforth we would be the very best and warmest of friends, and that happier days were in store for him and for those at home; that I could find work for him to do which would certainly help toward the support of all three.

Such a happy Jack as he was when I sent him home that April morning, with the heavy basket on one arm and a pail of milk on the other! And I wish I could tell you—for I am sure you would like to hear—what pleasant days followed for Jack and those dear to him; but it would make such a long story we should never come to the end of it.

Indeed, there is no end to it. It is a story which is being lived through now, and it grows more interesting and more beautiful, more tender and true with every chapter.

Jack is proving himself the hero I knew him to be.

He works early and late on a small piece of ground, which we allow him to cultivate on our farm, and he carries his produce to town in a basket, strapped on his back, and he is as happy as a king—happier than many kings, I am sure.

Little pale Susie is not half so pale as she was before; and she, too, had the chance given her to "help."

She has free range in my flower garden, and makes up the daintiest "button-hole bouquets," with which she fills her small basket every morning for Jack to take with him.

He never finds the least difficulty in disposing of them all, and a proud little lass she is when he drops the pennies into her hands at night.

The mother, we think, is growing strong and well again—happy in her boy's thoughtful care and cheery, light-hearted ways.

He is not yet thirteen years old, but his mother calls him the head of the house, and he truly deserves the title.

Brave little man, God bless him.—  
*Golden Days.*

## MAKING ODD MOMENTS PAY.

A BOY was employed in a lawyer's office, and he had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He began to study French and at the little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper, and taking up something not so amusing but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the "Eclogues" of Virgil, but could not read it, so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading. "Only a bit of 'Virgil,' my lady." "What! do you read Latin?" "A little, my lady." She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

## NOT LEAD AT ALL.

DID you think the lead in your pencil was lead? Not so; it is graphite—at least, graphite and clay. Graphite is the softest mineral dug out of the earth. It is first pulverized—a long process; then mixed with clay—a clay from Germany—to the consistency of cream. It is then ground over and over again, forced into little molds the size of a lead in your pencil, heated in a crucible, and baked. Afterwards the pine or cedar case for the pencil is made and sawed in little strips the length of six pencils. They are passed under a cutter which makes the grooves for the leads. Then the leads are placed in the cases by girls, and lastly a revolving cutter clips them off to the required length.

The graphite is pulverized under water, and the finer qualities float off into a succession of hoppers. The deposit in the last tub makes the finer pencils. The cheaper grades are made from the coarser dust.

The Last Hymn.

THE Sabbath day was ending in a "blaze by the sea,  
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,  
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing lighted west,  
And then hasten to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.  
But they looked across the waters and a storm was raging there.  
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air.  
And it lashed, and shook, and tore them till they thundered, groaned, and boomed,  
But alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed  
Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,  
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,  
When the sea had spent its passion and should cast upon the shore  
Bits of wrecks, and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.  
With the rough winds blowing round her and a lone woman stam'd her eyes,  
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.  
Oh! it did not need a prophet to toll what the end must be,  
For no ship could ride in safety near the shore on such a sea.  
Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach.  
Oh, for power to cross the waters, and the perishing to reach!  
Helpless hands were wrung in terror, tender hearts grew cold with dread,  
And the ship urged by the tempest to the fatal rock-shore sped.  
She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!  
God have mercy! Is his heaven far to seek for those who drown?  
So when next the white, shocked face looked with terror on the sea,  
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.  
Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,  
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.  
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet, shout away!"  
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wond'ring what to say.  
Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no.  
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe.  
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"  
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.  
Then they listened, "He is singing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,'"  
And the wind brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll."  
Strange indeed it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past,"  
Singing bravely o'er the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last."  
He could have no other refuge, "Hangs my helpless soul on thee."  
"Leave, oh, leave me not!"—the singer dropped at last into the sea.  
And the watchers looking homeward, through their eyes by tears made dim,  
Said, "He passed to Lo with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."  
—*Marianne Farningham.*

As long as the monster intemperance has a bodyguard of three or four thousand grave and disciplined legislators to defend him, how can the friends of humanity, of morality and religion, follow up the work they have so auspiciously begun, and rid the land of his carcass!—*Heman Humphrey, D.D.*

PRINCIPAL GRANT ON CANADA AND CANADIAN PATRIOTISM.

"CANADIANS are engaged in the work of building up a colossal state. Our special work is to lay a foundation, and we know that the solidity of any construction is in proportion to the sum of virtue, of sacrifice, of self-love which has been built into the foundation. We begin this work with every advantage. We are the heirs of all the ages. More fortunate than our neighbours to the south of us, there has been no break in the continuity of our national life. An ocean can no more interfere with the flow of national life through the veins of the same people than can a river, a desert, or a range of mountains. We look back to Alfred and to Edward the Confessor, to St. Patrick and St. Columba, to Bede and Abbot Sampson, to Wallace and to Bruce, to Wickliffe and to William of Wykeham; to Reformers and martyrs, alike from the ranks of the nobles and the huts of the peasants; to the men who chased the Armada and smote the devildom of Spain; to the Ironsides and the Covenanters, to Puritans and Parliamentarians; to the scaffolds, prisons and torture chambers turned into thrones and palaces by the memories of Russel and Sidney, of Leighton, Rutherford and Bunyan; to those who sailed in the *Mayflower* and those who climbed the Heights of Abraham; to the men who colonized the United States and Canada, Australia and South Africa; who have given peace and hope to India; who have carried the flag that represents justice to all, freedom to all, into every corner of the wide world, and planted it securely where freedom was never known before. These, then, are our fathers. They have encircled the whole earth with the aureole of their fame. The winds on every sea sing requiems to their hallowed memories. And what of our environments? Placed in a land goodly and wide, under the influences of an atmosphere and a climate frosty but kindly, and with a political constitution that implies that man is free and master of his fate, what position more full of promise could be conceived? In Jerusalem the people could blame kings for the evils which befel the State. In Rome the responsibility could be thrown on the emperor or the pretorians; but there are no crowned or armed middlemen between us and our destiny. The reins are in our own hands. We are not burdened with the grievous entail of misery and hereditary vice under which an ancient and complicated civilization staggers. It should be easy for us to be virtuous, easy to keep on the right track, easy to develop the highest form of society that the world has yet seen. Never was there a people with such an inheritance and such an arena; never a people with so direct and inspiring a responsibility; never a people so free to avail itself of all the lights of history, of all the inspiration that God

gives to true seers in every generation. Our rulers should be unselfish men, men of truth and men of honour. Righteousness should run down our streets like a mighty stream.

Have we Canadians any patriotism? If we have, on what is it based? We ought to know. Certainly we have a country big enough to gratify the wildest ambition. But mere material size will not inspire a true man. Thirty-seven millions of square miles are on this planet, and of this one-ninth belongs to Canada—a great deal of it too cold, doubtless, but a great deal of other countries is far too hot for healthy life. But everyone that knows the separate Provinces that constitute the Dominion knows that it has features sufficient to inspire its children with love for their own dear native soil, and those who come close to the people and can feel the throbbing of their heart from east to west, will learn something of the life that they do not reveal to strangers. What is the essence of this common Canadian life which the uprising of two years ago showed to exist when they gladly offered themselves from every Province and every race to put down rebellion? It is—it must be—in one word, British American. American because the atmosphere, the soil, the climate and other physical conditions under which a people grows up determine to a great extent its character and place in history. But British also, because we have inherited from Britain not merely that which our neighbours have inherited—language, literature, laws, blood and religion—but also continuity of national life; in other words, the same traditions, the same history, the same political and constitutional forms, the same sentiments and affections, and these are the deepest things, a common language, a common flag, a common allegiance, and a common citizenship. I fondly hope that it is the destiny of Canada to be the living link that shall unite the great Motherland and great colonies and the great daughter to the south of us. Surely such a future is worth living for, but it will only be brought about by loyalty to our place in history and to the place and position we now occupy."

FAGGING AT ETON.

FAGGING is not easy work at Eton. Fags not only have to wait on their fag-masters at almost all hours, to bring them water and to look out for their rooms, but they even have to cook for them. All the boys of a house take their dinner together, but excepting in two or three houses where a new rule has been made, every one has his breakfast and tea in his own room. And for these meals the poor fags are cooks and waiters. There is even a kitchen provided for their special use where they boil water, brew tea, and toast bread. Many heartaches have there been in those

little kitchens. Fancy a youngster just out of the home nursery, you might say, being set to making toast, when he knows as little about it as he does about Latin verses! And yet, if it is not all right, his fastidious master will take him to task with all the indignation of disappointed hunger and then send him off to do his work over again. But he grows hardened by degrees to this work, just as he does to verse-making, and in time can joke and laugh as he cooks. And if while he talks he forgets his toast and lets it burn, what matter? With a little experience he learns to scrape off the black with a knife.—*From "A Visit to Eton," in St. Nicholas.*

"He Knoweth the Way that I Take."

I know not the way is so misty,  
The joys or the griefs it shall bring,  
What clouds are o'erhanging the future,  
What flowers by the roadside shall spring;  
But there's One who will journey beside me,  
Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;  
And this is my solace and comfort,  
"He knoweth the way that I take."

I stand where the cross-roads are meeting,  
And know not the right from the wrong,  
No beckoning fingers direct me,  
No welcome floats to me in song;  
But my guide will soon give me a token  
By wilderness, mountain or lake;  
Whatever the darkness about me,  
"He knoweth the way that I take."

And I know the way leadeth homeward,  
To the land of the pure and the blest,  
To the country of ever fair summer,  
To the city of peace and of rest;  
And there shall be healing for sickness,  
And fountains, life's fever to slake;  
What matters beside I go homeward,  
"He knoweth the way that I take."  
—*Selected.*

BEER-DRINKING DOGS.

THE *Irish Temperance League Journal* prints the following:

"A Warwickshire labourer was recently summoned for keeping a savage dog. His defence was that the 'dog's all right until the people give him drink. On the day he bit the man some one had given him a quart of beer, and when he's drunk he's always savaga.' Magistrate: 'Do you mean to say the dog gets drunk?' Defendant: 'Yes, sir. People are always making him drunk. He's very fond of a drop of beer.' The bench held the labourer responsible, strange to say, and ordered him to 'keep his dog under control, and to pay costs.' The only way of controlling the dog is to keep the drink from him either by Act of Parliament or by some other method. It is curious to find that dogs, like men, grow riotous when they get liquor, yet it only shows the evil of the drink and the amount of hidden riot lurking in the beer-bottle. And yet men are regarded as public benefactors who make beer and whiskey, and they receive titles and honours, as if they had done great service to the state. If dogs and men are to be free and at large, we must see to it that they do not get drunk; would it not be well for legislators to study this question more fully?"

**Only a Word.**

ONLY a word, but, oh! how sweet  
It falls upon the ear,  
With cadences soft, with love replete,  
The name of "Mother" dear.

Only a word, yet full of joy  
To the weary absent one,  
Whom busy cares and toil annoy,  
Sweet "Home" where life begun.

Only a word, a little word,  
Yet souls upon it feed;  
And in its tones a song is heard  
Of "Love" divine, indeed.

Only a word, but happily blest  
With peace, eternal peace;  
A heaven where the soul may rest  
In "Heaven's" blissful case.

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

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**\$250,000**  
**FOR MISSIONS**  
**FOR THE YEAR 1887.**

**MY FATHER'S BUSINESS.**

ARE you "about your Father's business?" Very likely you would say, "I do not know how I can be about my Father's business, I do not know what it means." See what it meant for the Lord Jesus, and then you will see what it means for you. When he said these words he was in the temple "hearing and asking questions." You are going to God's temple to-day; will you do as Jesus did? Not sit thinking about all sorts of things, and watching the people and wondering when it will be over, but really hearing and watching to see what your heavenly Father will say to you. There is sure to be some message from him to you to-day, if you will only listen for it. Do you not wonder what it will be? and will it not be a pity if you do not hear it; but miss it because you forget to listen to it? And have you not any questions to ask? Not of learned doctors,

but of Jesus Christ himself! He who once asked questions in the Jewish temple, now answers many a question in his own temple. Think what you would like to ask him about, and if they are right questions he will answer them. Might you not ask him to-day to tell you how you too can be about his Father's business? When St. Paul said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" the Lord told him one thing at a time, and promised to tell him what else as soon as he had done that. So if you go this day to God's house, and thus do one thing which he wants you to do, you are sure, if you listen, to hear something else which he wants you to do, when you come away.

**HOW HE FOUND GOD.**

MORE than a hundred years have passed since a young lad in England, who belonged to a pious family, but was himself far from God, was to find God by a strange means. He had been the child of many prayers, but to all the entreaties of his pious mother and others, he answered by inwardly resolving not to become a Christian.

In the good providence of God, however, it happened to his mother and himself to be on a visit to Ireland, and on the Lord's Day they went to a place where a good man was going to preach. This good man was that day very earnest in his sermon; he put the question to the unsaved present, whether they would give themselves to Christ or remain rebels! Every time the preacher repeated the question, the young man said in his own heart, "I will not yield, I will not yield." His heart was hardened against God's grace. And at the close of the sermon it seemed to be harder than ever it had been. But when the sermon was finished, the minister gave out a hymn. It begins:

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

The congregation, stirred by the earnest sermon, sung the hymn with their whole heart. And what the sermon could not do, the singing of the hymn did. It broke the hard, unyielding heart. It forced a way into the very centre of the heart. It was the voice of God calling him through the hundreds of voices that day praising God. His pride, his hardness of heart, everything that stood in his way to God, gave way. And that very day the son who was in the far land found God, and gave himself to be a loyal soldier for God forevermore. And he lived to be himself an honoured preacher of the Gospel, and the writer of a hymn that has opened the way to God in a thousand hearts. He was Augustus Toplady, the author of the great hymn,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

REMEMBER the Sabbath day to keep it holy.



WATER-PEDDLERS.

**WATER-PEDDLERS.**

IN many of the towns on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande del Norte ("the Grand River of the North"), which separates Texas from Mexico, water is scarce, although a river flows beside them. They have few cisterns for rain-water, and no springs, hydrants or pumps. Quite a number of men make their living by selling water. The city of Matamoras refused to allow a company to erect water-works to supply the city, because it would deprive the water-peddlers of their business.

Every peddler has a barrel with a piece of plank or scantling nailed across each end. In the middle of the plank is a stout spike or iron pin, to which is attached a piece of chain reaching beyond the edge of the barrel, and to the ends of the chain are attached rawhide or other kinds of rope. The barrel has at one end two large wooden plugs. To fill it, the Mexican goes up to his knees, or deeper, in the water, pulls out both plugs, and the water rushes in at one hole, while the air in the barrel goes out at the other. When the barrel is filled, the peddler turns it over on its side, steps inside the rope, and walks through the town seeking a customer.

The peddlers are queer-looking men, with dark complexion and long, straight black hair, like Indians. They wear wide-brimmed, low-crowned "sombreros" (hats), trousers rolled up to the knees, or higher, and are almost always smoking a cigarette. Sometimes a peddler saves his money and buys a "burro"—a donkey not much higher than a table—and, either tying the rope of his barrel to the saddle or putting the rope around the burro's neck, gets astride the little animal, and enjoys a ride while going around with his barrel of water.

Just imagine a man wearing a hat with a brim as wide as a small parlour centre-table, with no shoes, with trousers rolled above his knees, riding a donkey so small that he has to hold his knees up to keep his feet from dragging on the ground, and with a

barrel of water rolling over the ground after him?

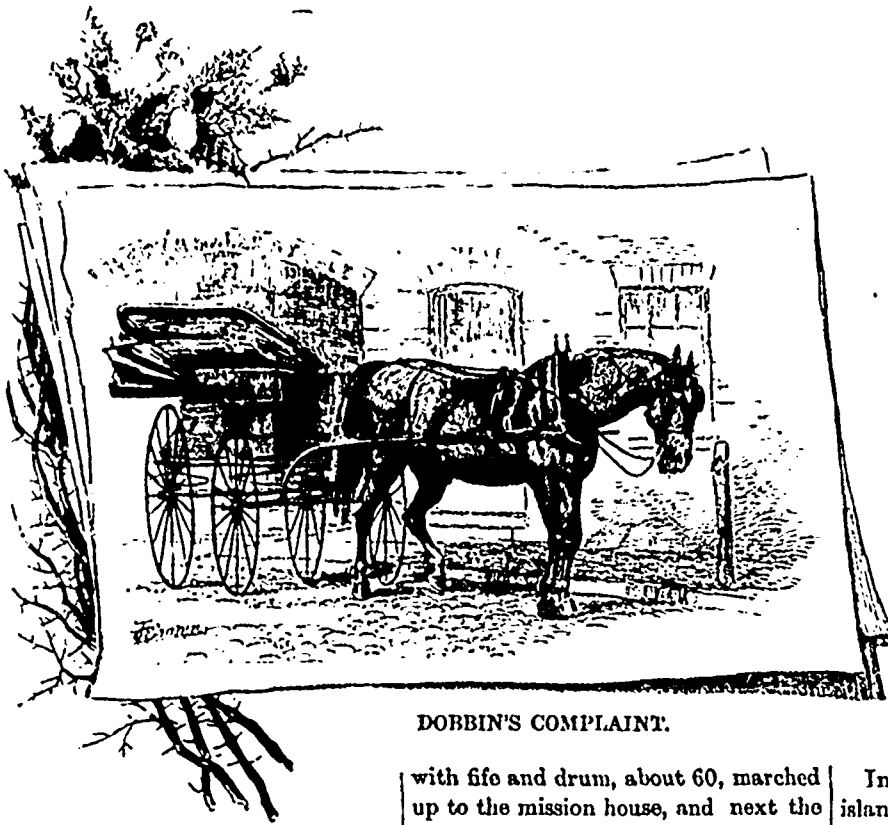
A little more enterprise and intelligence would soon give them water for household purposes in a decidedly better way than this. But the people are ignorant, for the most part, with little taste for improvement.

This will not last forever. Our missionaries are giving the Gospel to the people of Mexico, and the result will be forward steps in economy as well as in spiritual life.

**THE MAN THE MASTER.**

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH said:—"I know a man in America who undertook to give up the habit of chewing tobacco. He put his hand into his pocket, took out his plug of tobacco and threw it away, saying as he did so, 'That is the end of it.' But that was the beginning of it. Oh, how he did want it! He would lick his lips, he would chew camomile, he would chew toothpicks, quills—anything to keep the jaws going. No use: he suffered intensely. After enduring the craving for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, he made up his mind: 'Now, it's no use suffering for a bit of tobacco; I'll go and get some.' So he went and bought another plug and put it in his pocket. 'Now,' he said, 'when I want it awfully, I'll take some.' Well, he did want it awfully, and he said he believed it was God's good Spirit who was striving with him as he held the tobacco in his hand. Looking at it, he said: 'I love you, but are you my master, or am I yours? You are a weed, and I am a man. I'll master you if I die for it.' Every time he wanted it he would take it out and talk to it. It was six or eight weeks before he could throw it away and feel easy, but he said the glory of the victory paid him for his trouble."

GOVERNMENT should surely come in to court with clean hands; for how can they safely condemn a poor wretch to be hanged for a crime committed in the raging drunkenness to which they have themselves ministered.—*Rev. Dr. Edgar, of Belfast, Ireland.*



DOBBIN'S COMPLAINT.

**Dobbin's Complaint.**

"Mr master, my master! why does he stay  
So long at the tavern across the way?  
I've waited and watched an hour and more,  
And there he stands at the tavern door.

"I've stamped my foot and champed my  
bit;  
And this musty post, I've gnawed at it;  
I've pawed the ground, I've shaken my  
mane,  
And neighed and snorted again and again.

"I'm tired and dusty, and hungry too;  
I want my dinner! I'm getting blue!  
It's ten long miles we have yet to go,  
And that my master must surely know.

**LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.**

PORT SIMPSON,  
January 13th, 1887.

DEAR DE. WITHROW,—As the holi-  
days are past, and we are started on  
another year, your readers might like  
to hear a word from us. Christmas  
came in with a very cold snap, but  
no snow. The singers, who had been  
preparing for some time under the  
direction of Messrs. William and Henry  
Tate, did well on Christmas Eve.

The church had been decorated by  
some of the people with evergreens  
and mottoes. Christmas, cold as it was  
at 11 a.m., we had a good turn out,  
and I trust good was done. The day  
passed off with a Christmas tea at the  
Orphanage, while the people were busy  
feasting with each other. The Sab-  
bath was a good day, and on Wednes-  
day following we had a Christmas-tree  
for the school children, when every  
child got something, and there were  
addresses by several of our local  
preachers and teachers. There were  
over 150 children present.

By New Years some snow had fallen,  
and the weather was milder. Watch-  
meeting was a time when the Word  
took hold in power. Next day all the  
companies turned out, though it rained  
a little. First, the Rifle Company

with fife and drum, about 60, marched  
up to the mission house, and next the  
Fire Company with brass band, fol-  
lowed by the Band of Hope with  
about 100 school children, and the  
Temperance Society brought up the  
rear. After this some other amuse-  
ments were taken up which did not  
look so well.

There was nothing to disturb the  
peace and happiness of this happy  
Christian village, with the exception of  
some cases of drunken half-castes and  
whites.

Liquor is brought here by legal  
license among about 800 Indians and  
a half-dozen whites. Shame on the  
Government!

We are glad to tell you of a blessed  
work of grace which has been going on  
for over a month, and all through the  
holidays it was delightful to see how  
the people turned out; many have  
been blessed, and the good work still  
goes on with two meetings daily, and  
it is spreading much among the chil-  
dren. Last Sabbath was a day long  
to be remembered, at the Sacrament of  
the Lord's Supper.

We pray that this blessed work may  
spread all along the coast to all the  
missions.

**GOD'S WATER SUPPLY.**

BY REV. C. H. SMITH.

"As free as water," is an old and  
very common saying, yet settlers in  
parts of our western country find  
water is not free, but has to be pur-  
chased or gotten by considerable exer-  
tion and cost of time and labour. As  
the Rocky Mountains are neared in  
western Nebraska and Dakota, the  
country reaches an altitude where  
water cannot be had except at a  
considerable depth. The boring of  
these wells is too expensive for most  
homesteaders, and the results are often  
uncertain.

Yet it may be observed that God  
has so arranged the water supply that

man seldom dies of thirst.  
Some of the methods he has  
adopted to supply the thirst of  
man are worthy of our admir-  
ation. Amid the burning sands  
of Africa is found a plant  
whose leaf, twisted around like  
a cruet, is always filled with  
a large glassful of fresh water.  
The gullet of this cruet is  
closed by the extremity of the  
leaf itself, so as to effectually  
prevent the water from evapor-  
ating.

In some other districts of the  
same country the Creator has  
planted a great tree called by  
the Negroes, *Boa*. The trunk  
of the tree is of prodigious  
bulk, and is naturally hollowed  
like a cistern. In the rainy  
season this "cistern" is filled  
with water, which continues  
fresh and cool in the greatest  
heats by reasons of the tufted  
foliage which crowns its summit.

In some of the parched, rocky  
islands of the West Indies there is  
found a tree called the *Water Lianno*,  
so full of sap that if you cut a single  
branch of it as much water is immedi-  
ately discharged as a man can drink  
at a draught, and it is perfectly pure  
and limpid.

**READING ON HIS PLATE.**

BY REV. ARMAN WHITING, D.D.

LITTLE Blue-eyes came to visit  
grandpa during the summer. Her  
papa was a kind, good-natured man,  
but he had never believed on Jesus  
and confessed him before men. His  
little Abbie was very much of a take-  
notice child, and when every time they  
sat down to the table all the talking  
stopped and grandpa, in his slow,  
solemn way, bowed his face over his  
plate and set his big farmer hand up  
edgewise on the table and in deep,  
reverent tones spoke thanks to God,  
it went deeply into her heart. The  
visit ended, and she went home, loving  
her grandpa more than ever because  
of these table prayers.

The first time they sat down to eat  
after her return, she stopped her  
prattle, folded her tiny hands, and,  
putting her blue eyes right into her  
papa's a moment, said, "Papa, why  
don't you read on your plate as  
grandpa does!"

The question went into his heart.  
After a time prayer was set up in the  
house, both at the table and around a  
family altar. That question doubtless  
was one of the helps to it. The man  
of the story died in Christian hope  
and true joy. He was eighty-six  
years old. And the once little Blue-  
eyes, now a devoted teacher at the  
South, has sent me tidings of his last  
hours.

OUR revenue may derive some un-  
holy benefit from the sale of alcohol,  
but the entire trade is nevertheless a  
covenant with sin and death.—*London  
Telegraph.*

**A CROWN FOR THE YOUNG.**

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A TOUCHING incident was related to  
me the other day of a little girl's faith  
in God's promises. She had always  
been very precocious, loving the  
Saviour from the time she was taught  
to lisp his name.

When she was just six years old, a  
malignant disease broke out in the  
neighbourhood where she lived, and  
her dearest playmate and friend fell  
an early victim to its ravages. For a  
long time she was inconsolable at her  
loss, feeling that she wanted to die  
too, that she might go to be with Jesus  
and her little friend.

Fearing the consequences of such  
violent grief, her friends took her  
away for a visit, and one day after her  
return, as she sat deep in thought, her  
mother proposed her finishing a  
motto, "No Cross, no Crown," that  
she had been working for a present  
for her papa, thinking that busy  
fingers might divert her mind.

She worked a few moments; then,  
bursting into tears, exclaimed, "I  
can't work that motto to-day."

"Why not, my child?" the mother  
asked, holding the dear one in her  
arms.

"Because, mamma dear, it makes  
me think so much of Jennie. When  
I look at the cross I think of Jesus,  
and when I look at the crown I think  
of Jennie, for of course, mamma, she  
has now a crown of life, and is happy  
with Jesus."

She had recently learned the beau-  
tiful promise, "Be thou faithful  
unto death, and I will give thee a  
crown of life," and showed by the  
application of it that she understood  
its meaning, and that the truth had  
sunk deep into her heart.—*L. Y. N.*

**SHOWERS OF GOLD.**

TRADITION has it that many thou-  
sands of years ago the emperor of  
China, perceiving the wretchedness  
and destitution brought upon his peo-  
ple by the use of intoxicating bever-  
ages, issued a decree which closed  
every liquor shop in the empire. And  
the strangest thing about it was that  
for three days after the decree went  
into effect the heavens rained gold.  
It came down like manna from the  
skies, and the people being in posses-  
sion of their senses were able to gather  
enough to make them rich and happy  
for years thereafter. While the latter  
part of this story can hardly be  
accepted as literally true, we have no  
doubt the results of a general closing  
up of the dram-shops were better even  
than a shower of gold upon the land.  
An abundance of wealth is not so sure  
to bring peace, joy, and contentment  
to the homes of the people as virtuous  
and temperate living. If the \$900,-  
000,000 annually wasted on drink in  
this country could be saved to the  
people the golden age would surely be  
upon us.

**Nobody Knows but Mother.**

Nobody knows of the work it takes  
To keep the home together;  
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,  
Which kisses only smother;  
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless cares  
Bestowed on baby brother;  
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught  
Of loving one another;  
Nobody knows of the patience sought,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,  
Less darling may not weather  
The storm of life in after years,  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above  
To thank the heavenly Father  
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love;  
Nobody can—but mother.

**THE STORY OF AFRICA.**

"WELL, I used to think no one could do two things well at once, but that boy seems to have managed it, and no mistake."

So spoke an English traveller, who was inspecting one of the great cotton mills in the West of Scotland, not far from Glasgow. And well might he say so. The lad whom he was watching—a pale, thin, bright-eyed boy, employed in the mill as a "piecer"—had fixed a small book to the spinning-jenny, and seemed to snatch a brief sentence from its pages every time he passed it in the course of his work.

"Ay, he's jist a wonder, yon laddie," answered the Scotch foreman, to whom the visitor had addressed himself. "We ca' him 'Busy Davie' here, for he's aye read-readin' like ony minister; but he does his work weel for a' that." "And does he really understand what he reads?" asked the Englishman, looking wonderingly at the young student's book, which was a treatise on medicine and surgery that would have puzzled most lads four or five years older than himself.

"Is warrant he does that," replied the Scot, with an emphatic nod. "There's no a quicker chiel than Davie i' the haul mill."

And then the visitor passed on to look at another part of the works, and forgot all about "Busy Davie" for the time being.

But he was suddenly reminded of him two hours later, when the mill hands "knocked off" for dinner. Coming back across the yard when his tour of inspection was over, the traveller caught sight of a small figure in a corner by itself, which he thought he recognized.

A second glance showed him that he was not mistaken. There sat "Busy Davie," holding in one hand the big oatmeal "bannock" that represented his dinner, and in the other a soiled and tattered book without a cover, which he was devouring so eagerly that his food remained almost untouched.

The Englishman stole softly up behind the absorbed boy, and glancing over his shoulder at the book saw that it was one written by himself a few years before, describing the most perilous of all his journeys through the wild region beyond the Orange River, in South Africa.

Just as the visitor came up the little student, quite unaware that the author of the book was standing beside him, read half aloud one of the more exciting passages, following the lines with his roughened forefinger:

"The progress of our party was necessarily very slow, as we could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the waggons often sank up to the very axle in the loose sand. In some places, the heat was so great that the grass actually crumbled to dust in our fingers. More than once our water supply ran out altogether, and men and beasts staggered onward over the hot, dusty, never-ending plain, with parched tongues and bloodshot eyes, silent and despairing."

At the thought of these difficulties, which he himself was one day to meet and overcome, as few men have ever done before or after him, the boy's thin face hardened into the look of indomitable firmness which was its habitual expression in after life. But it softened into a smile the next moment, as he read as follows:

"In several of the places where we camped, our chief food was a species of large frog, called by the natives "mattemetto," which was kind enough to assist us in our hunts for it by setting up such a tremendous croaking that we could easily find it, even in the dark."

Here the boy turned over a leaf and came suddenly upon a startling picture of a man lying prostrate on the ground, with a lion's forepaw planted on his chest, and its teeth fastened in his shoulder, while several negroes, with terrified faces, were seen making off as fast as possible in the background.

"How would you like to travel through a country like that, my lad?" asked the explorer. "It would be rough work, wouldn't it?"

"I wad like weel to gang there, for a' that," answered the boy, "for there's muckle to be done there yet."

"There is, indeed, and it's just fellows of your sort that we need to do it," said the traveller, clapping him on the shoulder. "If you ever do go to Africa, I'll be bound it will take more than one lion in your way to stop you."

The whole world now knows how strangely those lightly spoken words were fulfilled twenty years later, when that boy did actually come alive out of the jaws of the hungry African lion, which had broken his arm with its teeth, to finish those wonderful explorations that filled the civilized world with the fame of Dr. David Livingstone.

When men close their hearts against you, God opens his to receive you.

**HOW TO SAVE BOYS.**

WOMEN who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associations, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vain ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that your homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them into the society that cannot in any measure supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public-house, at first, for the love of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they find does much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in their attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires by night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your table. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends on you. Do not blame miserable barkeepers if your sons miscarry. Believe it possible that with exertion and right means a mother may have more control of the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—*Christian Standard.*

**THE COUNTRY BOY.**

THE country lad who is trained to simple ways and homely virtues, and who learns what a dollar is worth by actually earning it, under the laws of imperative necessity, has a tremendous advantage over the town boy. The country schools are far inferior to the town or city school, but this is counterbalanced by the fact that the country boy is trained to work from the time he can pick up corn-cobs to run the kitchen stove until he goes out to his own home. The country boy has a mile or so of walk to and from school, which give him vigorous appetite and health. The country boy or girl is face to face with practical realities. He sees how slowly money is made on the farm; he is taught from youth up the need of economy; he has the nature of saving first explained to him every day in the week; he is not exposed to the temptation of the saloon, or the ball-room; he is not tempted so much to be a ladies' man before he has occasion to use a razor on his downy cheeks. He may be a trifle rude, he may not feel easy in company, but in the long, closely contested race of life, it is the

chap that trudges to school barefooted in summer and in stogus in winter, whose mother cuts his hair with the sheep-shears, that leads the chap that goes to the city school with the starched shirt front and fancy slippers, and whose head is shaved with the lawn-mower in the barber-shops. Such has been our observation, and we think we know what we are talking about. Speaking from experience, we never read any books with such avidity as those we devoured while the horse-were resting at the end of the plough land. The boys we envied forty years ago because they wore cassimere and laughed at our jeans, have dropped so far back in the race that we have almost forgotten them. The chaps who had plenty of money at college, and the city-bred fellows, have not been, as a rule, heard from much since; while the country boys, who wore plain clothes and kept close to their books in the old college, are leading the thought in Iowa and other States today.—*Iowa Homestead.*

**The Secret of a Happy Day.**

Just to let thy Father do  
What he will;  
Just to know that he is true,  
And be still.  
Just to follow hour by hour  
As he leadeth;  
Just to draw the moment's power  
As it needeth.  
Just to trust him, that is all;  
Then the day will surely be  
Peaceful, whatsoever befall,  
Bright and blessed, calm and free.  
—Selected.

**INJURIOUS HELP.**

AN exchange, in protesting against the habit of unduly aiding children, says: A girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her, and put on her until she is ten, twelve, fifteen or eighteen years of age, is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her.

The true idea of self-restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than no mistakes, because, when a child makes mistakes, and has to correct them, it is on the way toward knowing something.

A child that is waked up every morning, and never wakes himself up; and is dressed, and never makes mistakes in dressing himself; and is washed, and never makes mistakes about being clean; and is fed, and has nothing to do with his food; and is watched, and never watches himself; and is cared for, and kept all day from doing wrong—such a child might as well be a tallow candle, perfectly straight and solid and comely and unvital, and good for nothing but to be burned up.

It is estimated that one pair of herrings, if unchecked, would in a few years stock the Atlantic Ocean so that there would not be room to move.

**Lost on the Prairie.**

Oh, my baby, my child, my darling!  
Lost and gone in the prairie wild;  
Mad gray wolves from the forest snarling—  
Snarling for thee, my child!

Lost, lost! gone forever!  
Gay snakes rattled and charmed and sung:  
On thy head the sun's fierce fever,  
Dews of death on thy white lip hung!

Dead and pale in the moonlight's glory,  
Cold and dead by the black oak tree;  
Only a small shoe stained and gory,  
Blood-red, tattered, comes home to me.

Over the grass that rolls, like ocean,  
On and on to the blue, bent sky,  
Something comes with a hurried motion,  
Something calls with a choking cry!

"Here, here I not dead, but living!"  
God! thy goodness—what can I pray?  
Blessed more is this second giving  
Laid in happier arms to-day!

Oh, my baby, my child, my darling!  
Wolf and snake and the lonely tree  
Still are rustling, hissing, snarling;  
Here's my baby come back to me.  
—Rose Terry.

**STAR WONDERS.**

It would require sixty millions of years for a locomotive, moving at thirty-eight miles an hour to go from the planet Neptune to the nearest fixed star. It requires fifty years for light to fly from the Polar Star to the earth. This star is equal in size to eighty-three of our suns. Vega, now almost overhead at ten o'clock, is equal to three hundred and forty-four of our suns, and is nearing the earth at the rate of fifty miles every second.

Not more than 2,700 stars are visible in each hemisphere, on a single night, to the unaided eye. When William Herschell turned his great telescope to the heavens, with its lens, four feet in diameter, and its barrel, thirty feet long—eighteen millions of starry worlds, and fiery suns blazed upon his eye. Some of these, it was estimated, were 25,000 "light years" away. A light year is a measure of the distance light would fly in a year, at the rate of about eleven millions of miles in a minute; which would amount to about six trillions of miles in a year. So if we divide the trillions of miles by six we shall have the "light years" of any fixed star.

Lord Rosse built a telescope with a lens of seven feet, so bulky it could scarcely be moved from a perpendicular position. It is said to have revealed 5,000 millions of suns beyond the Milky Way. The blowing out of one of these suns would be like the plucking of a leaf out of a forest. Proctor says "not more than one world in a million is exhibited; nevertheless there may be millions of inhabited worlds." Says another, "God is richer in suns than any chieftain of the desert in grains of sand."

Our earth is turning on its axis one and a half times faster than a cannon ball which moves a mile in five seconds, and is moving around the sun a hundred times more swiftly than such a ball. If a lamp were placed at

every mile's distance, we would pass eighteen lamps every second, a rim of five circling the sun. Our sun—in fact the whole solar system—would seem but a small star, even through a telescope, from the distance of Polaris; and could scarcely be seen at all from Vega or Alcyone. And yet the sun is so large that 1,300,000 earths could be packed within it, as grains of dust in a suck-out egg-shell; and so brilliant that it can afford to lose two billion times more light than falls upon the earth, without apparent diminution of intensity. But there is a little doubt that not only the sun, but all suns and systems are losing their lustre; and unless their light is rekindled, they shall "wax old as a garment." But the heaven of heavens shall abide forever.—*Peninsula Methodist.*

**IN AN AUSTRALIAN FOREST.**

MORNING and evening the Australian forest is awake; at noon it is asleep. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the morning hours and those at mid-day. In the former, the very flowers seem to possess an active existence. Myriads of these, larger and more brilliant than those under English skies, load the air with the sweetest scents; magnificent tree-ferns wave their fronds or branches in the light breeze; on old stumps of trees great green and yellow lizards lie watching for their prey; the magpie throws its voice from the wattles, and possibly the lyre-bird in the denser scrub; and in the tall gums numberless paroquets, parrots, rosellas, cockatoos, butcher-birds, love-birds, etc., are screaming and darting to and fro. But by and by the intense heat will silence all these, and nothing will be heard but the chirp of the grasshopper and the shrill sound of some unseen insect. At twilight again there is a revival of life, but not of so cheerful a description. The cicadas shriek by myriads their deafening "p-r-r-r-r-r;" drowsy opossums snarl in the gum-holes, flocks of cockatoos scream as some great gray kangaroo bounds past them like a belated ghost. If there is marshy ground near, the deep boom of the bittern, the wail of the curlew, and the harsh cry of the crane, mingling possibly with the cries of a returning or passing flock of black swans, will add to the concert. In a moment of silence one may be startled by the mocking laughter of the jackass-bird, or the melancholy "mo-poke" or ("more-pork") of the bird of that name. The dead of night is not so still as the universal hush of the burning noon.—*Chambers' Journal.*

"WHAT'S the bar?" asked a dirty-looking stranger of a waiter at a hotel, the other day. "What kind of a bar?" asked the latter. "Why, a liquor bar, of course: what do you suppose I mean?" "Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap."

**WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?**

I WAS walking along a narrow, dirty street in a large town about thirty years ago, when I saw a crowd of boys and girls laughing and jeering at an old man who was feebly tottering along, leaning on a thick stick for support. I had just made my way through the crowd when a poor, thin, ill-looking boy stepped from it, and going up to the old man took a piece of paper off his back, on which was written: "Who'll bid for the saint?" He had no sooner done this than a rough lad caught him by the arm saying: "Hallo, sneak, you'll get something for that!" When their leader uttered these words several other lads came up and joined in tormenting the poor boy.

I then went up and made them let him alone, while I took his hand and commended his conduct in taking the paper off the old man's back.

"Sir, do you know what made me do it?" he asked.

"No, what was it?" I asked carelessly.

"Well, sir, that old man, they call him 'Saint Willie'; he comes to our house every week to read and talk to mother. One day he came, and said to me, after telling me all about Jesus, 'If ever you're a-going to do anything that ain't right, say to yourself, What would Jesus do? (and he'd always go right) then you do it;' and that's what made me do it," he cried triumphantly.

If every reader of this little story would ask themselves whenever they are in difficulty as to what they should do, or are tempted to do anything wrong, "What would Jesus do?" they would find it would be a great help to them in their daily life.

**"IN THE DARK."**

BESSIE'S mamma had left her alone for a little while to amuse herself; but Bessie, like a great many little children, was afraid to be left alone in the dark, and before her mamma came back the sun had said good-night, and it got darker and darker till she could hardly see anything in the room.

Now what do you suppose she did? Do you think she cried and screamed like some other little people?

No. Bessie knew her mamma would come back as soon as she could; but she thought, if she could only have some one to speak to, she would not be quite so much afraid, and she remembered that her mamma had told her God was everywhere, and she thought, perhaps, if she tried to talk to him, she would feel better. So she shut her little eyes, and said very softly, "Dear, good God, won't you stay close by little Bessie, please, and not let her be afraid till mamma comes! For Jesus' sake. Amen."

When she opened her eyes a bright little star was peeping at her out of the sky, and she climbed up to the window and saw ever so many more little stars looking at her, and she thought God

had sent them there to keep her company. She was not afraid any longer; and when her mamma came back she found her happy little Bessie singing one of her Sunday-school hymns.

**The Storm.**

THE snow and sleet  
On the windows beat,  
And the winds of the icy breath  
Whistle and shriek  
Through the branches bleak,  
Like fiends in the jaws of death.

The shutters moan,  
And shiver and groan,  
As they wrestle the icy gale,  
And the fire goes through  
The shuddering flue  
With a weird and mournful wail.

God pity the poor,  
Who in garrets obscure  
And hovels of mold and blight,  
Hide a shivering form  
From this pitiless storm—  
God pity the poor to-night!

**THE TOBACCO FIEND.**

"WHAT! slaves now!" inquired little Harry.

"Yes, Harry, there are slaves now. I saw one yesterday who was completely under the control of his master."

"Not in Canada?"

"Yes! in the cars; his master kept him away from the rest of the company, in a car provided for slaves. Although not an old man, his face had a sallow, dried-up look, with sleepy, watery eyes."

"He wasn't black, then?"

"No; he would have been as white as you are, if he hadn't such a smoky look."

"Oh! I think I know what you mean. Was he a slave to smoking?"

"Yes, Harry, that is what I mean. His master is a little, black, dirty cigar. And he is as much under its control as the veriest slave down South was ever under the control of his master."

"He is lively, social, and likes society; but as he is not admitted into the company of refined ladies and gentlemen, if his master is with him he prefers lower associates, where he can enjoy his master's presence, in smoke rooms and dram shops."

"Is it not a kind of slavery that is enjoyable, then?"

"It is only that kind of enjoyment, when the lowest animal part of his nature says to the higher or heavenly part, 'Get down here, and let me trample on you, and crush you under my feet.'

"No boy is born a slave to smoking or drinking, or any of those bad masters. Every man who is steeping his brain in tobacco smoke or liquor, walks right straight into slavery himself, and is a slave."

"It does make a man look so foolish, to go along through the world puffing tobacco smoke into people's faces, and poisoning the sweet air, that I think when I see one, of the old saying, 'A cigar is a roll of tobacco, with fire at one end, and a fool at the other.'"



**He Knoweth All.**

The twilight falls, the night is near,  
I fold my work away,  
And kneel to one who bends to hear  
The story of the day.

The old, old story yet I kneel  
To tell it at thy call,  
And cares grow lighter as I feel  
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night;  
The joy, the grief, the loss,  
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,  
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,  
My weary eyelids close;  
Content, and glad awhile to tread  
This path since Jesus knows.

And he has loved me; all my heart  
With answering love is stirred,  
And every anguish, pain and smart  
Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,  
As mighty shadows fall,  
And lean, confiding, on his breast,  
Who knows and pities all.

**MANLY BOYS.**

I AM by no means an old man, but I have lived long enough to be thankful that I was one of the boys of whom rude boys speak as "led by a mother's apron strings." I was reared in a large city and in a neighbourhood where there was a large number of boys. Many of these seemed to have or to take their own way; a few of us were kept under parental guidance and control. I confess that there were times when it seemed hard, because I was not permitted to go and come just as some boys were doing whom I knew. But now when I think of the after-results in different cases, I feel that I cannot be too grateful for the home influences which I had, and to which I yielded in youth. Of the boys whom I knew, those who lived and attained and honourably filled positions of trust were, without exception, those who were known as the "home boys," the "mother boys," the "babies;" and all because they did not think it manly to swear and smoke or chew tobacco and fight and play truant from school, and be a nuisance in general. They were by no means "goody-goody" boys, they were not angels; they loved, and had their fun; they had games; but they were loving and kind to their parents, and truthful and honest and well-behaved everywhere.

And, although thus nick named, many of them were strong enough to withstand the temptations of the camp and to endure severe hardships, and brave enough to fall on the field of battle with their face to the foe. Others of them have been able to keep themselves pure, and to make for themselves a good record in the midst of the tests and struggles of life. In the meantime, as I have had opportunity to learn, the sad news has come to me of the moral wreck of one after another of those who preferred a street education, or who hated and rebelled against everything like a wholesome restraint, and who considered themselves manly.

**DOING.**

DOING, not dreaming, is the secret of success. Thinking out plans will not amount to anything unless the thought be followed by a determined will to execute.

Not the faithful talker, but the faithful toiler, leaves the broad mark of work accomplished—"not he that saith, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth my Father's will." Not the son that promised, but he that went, was the one who received the reward.

"This one thing," not "This one thing I think," saith a Paul. "Whosoever ye do, do it heartily." Going about continually doing good was the example left by Christ, and the promise is given "to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life."—*Selected.*

**THE TETOTALER.**

MY father said: "I became a temperance man in early life because I noticed in the harvest-field that, though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants, I took none."

A brickmaker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation: "The beer-drinker who made the fewest bricks made 659,000; the abstainer, who made the fewest bricks, 746,000. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, 87,000."

There came a very exhausting time in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until nearly all the members got sick or worn out. Out of 652 members, only two went through undamaged. They were tetotalers.—*Selected.*

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**

B.C. 2318.] [March 27.]

**TEMPERANCE LESSON.**

Gen. 9. 18-27. Commit to mem. vs. 24, 25.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine. Isa. 5. 22.

**OUTLINE.**

1. A Father's Shame.
2. A Father's Curse.

TIME.—2318 B.C. Soon after Noah's exit from the ark.

PLACE.—Somewhere in the highlands of Armenia.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The whole earth over-spread*—The dispersion of races sent Japheth to Europe, Shem peopled Asia, and Ham peopled Africa. *A husbandman*—One who binds his house together, that is, supports his family by the produce of the earth. *Was drunken*—The first record of drunkenness. *Awoke from his wine*—Filled with remorse and angry at himself, as every man is who wakes from a debauch. *Shall dwell in the tents of Shem*—Commentators seem to think that this means the descendants of Japheth should receive a knowledge of the true God from the Shemitic people.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

- Where, in this lesson, do we learn—
1. That liquor makes men foolish?
  2. That liquor brings a curse?
  3. That liquor divides families?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. Who is the first one recorded to have made wine? "Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard." 2. What was the end of the first experience with wine? "He drank of the wine and was drunken." 3. What experience of Solomon coincides with this of Noah? "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." 4. How did Noah vent his wrath to relieve his remorse? "And he said, Cursed be Canaan." 5. What is the only safe rule for human conduct? "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red."

**SECOND QUARTER.**

B.C. 1728.] LESSON I. [April 3.]

**JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.**

Gen. 37. 23-36. Commit to mem. vs. 26-28.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy. Gen. 39. 21.

**OUTLINE.**

1. A Brother.
2. A Bondman.

TIME.—1728 B.C.

PLACES.—Dothan. Egypt. Hebron.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Coat of many colours*—Pictures from Egyptian discovery seem to indicate that this was a garment made of different pieces, sewn together, of varied colour. *Pit was empty*—This was a cistern or well dug to catch and preserve the rain-water, and, at this season, was dry. *Company of Ishmaelites*—A travelling company, or caravan, on their way to Egypt. One of the indications of the early developments of commercial pursuits. *Spicery and balm and myrrh*—Gums from the trees in the mountains of Gilead, highly prized by the Egyptians for their uses in the arts. *Twenty pieces of silver*—Probably not coin: but bars or cut pieces of silver. As there were ten brothers there would be two bars each. *Reuben returned unto the pit*—This shows that considerable time had elapsed since the beginning of this story, and Reuben, being away with the flocks, did not know of the caravan and the sale. But he seems to have joined the rest in the story to his father, and probably took his two bars of silver. *Rent his clothes*—Tore down toward the lower hem of his skirt. A common sign of grief. *Sackcloth*—The customary sign of mourning. *All his daughters*—Dinah is the only daughter whose birth is mentioned: but there may have been more, or the wives of the sons may be meant.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, are we shown—

1. The evil of partiality?
2. The wrong of jealousy?
3. That sin is progressive?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. Who was Joseph? The favourite son of Jacob. 2. How was he regarded by his older brothers? He was envied and hated. 3. What did his brothers do to him? They sold him as a slave. 4. Where was Joseph taken? To Egypt. 5. What did he do in the GOLDEN TEXT of Joseph in Egypt? "But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy." 6. Of what is Joseph an example? Of faithfulness and trust in God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of sin.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

16. What was the sin by which our first parents fell from their holy and happy state? Eating of the fruit of the tree of which God had forbidden them to eat. [Genesis ii. 16. 17; iii. 6.]

MIND the little things. A word, a look, a frown are little things, yet powerful for good or for evil. Acts deemed unimportant may be the foundation of inveterate and powerful habits. Great things compel attention; but little matters are too easily overlooked.

THE managers of large stables, where several hundred horses are kept, say a horse must have one day's rest in seven or he will break down. One day's rest in ten, or nine, or even eight days will not keep him in working condition.

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