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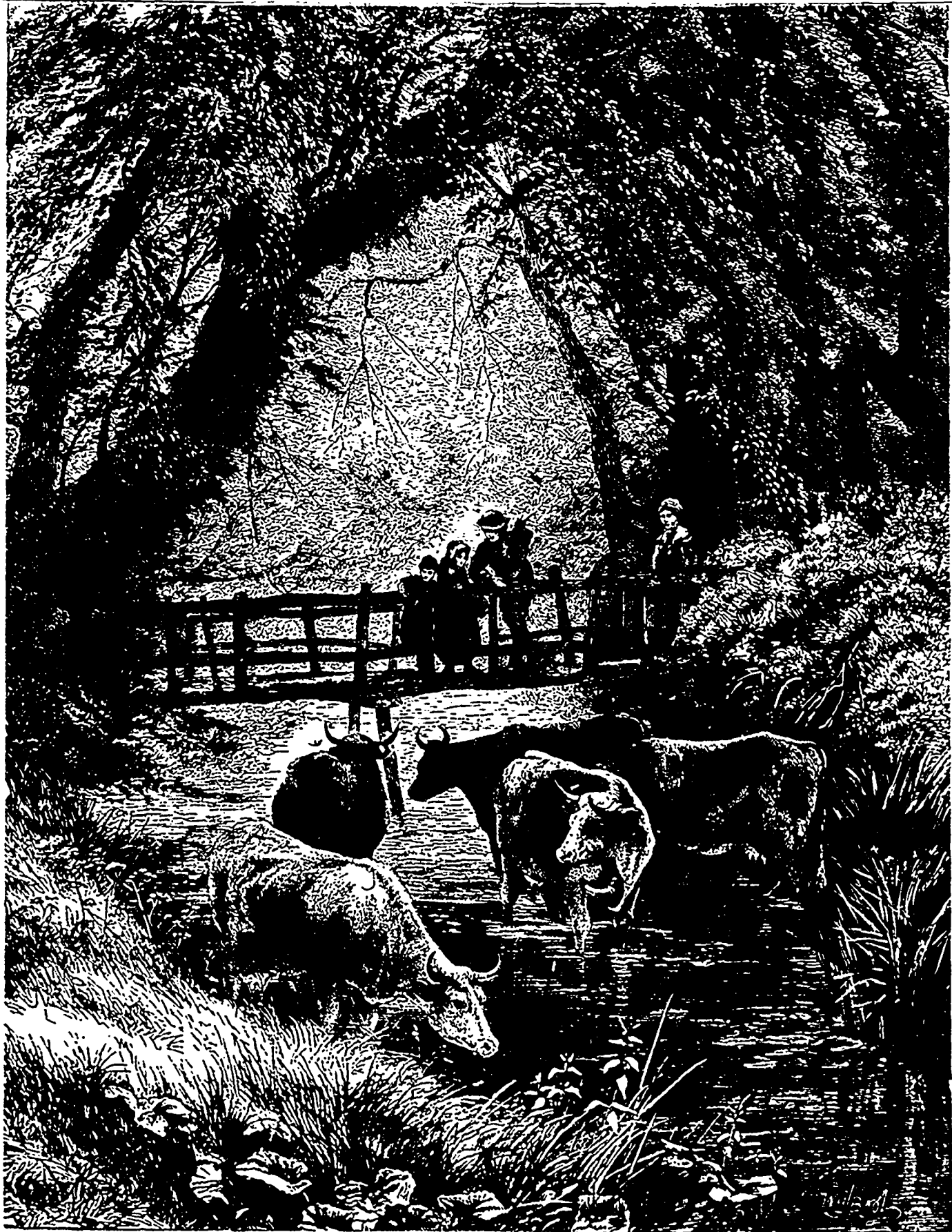
THE SASSY HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, JULY 26, 1884.

No. 15



A MIDSUMMER SCENE.—(See next page.)

This number mailed post free at 81 per 100.

A MIDSUMMER SCENE.

HOW delightfully cool it looks under the shadow of those over-arching trees! How the soft winds wave the swaying branches and fan the fevered brow? What deep content fills the dark brown eyes of the cattle as they stand in the crystal stream, and how sweet the water lilies smell, and how gay the crimson cardinal flowers look in the margin of the rivulet. This peaceful summer scene makes us think of Mary Howitt's charming legend of the midsummer farms, which we give on another page, and of Mr. Arce's sweet midsummer song which runs as follows:

A MIDSUMMER SONG.

'Till, once I was a little girl,
A-dwelling far away;
My mother made the butter,
And my father made the hay.

And I—I wandered, out of school,
Amid the woodlands wild,
And scorned the teacher's measured rule—
A harum-scarum child.

Of thorny lane, and meadow fair,
My frock bore token still;
The wind would catch my yellow hair,
And braid it at its will.

The sun was busy with my face—
And still it shows it some;
And, on my neck, I know how high
My dresses used to come.

And I was smart, and all the springs
On all the hills could show;
And, if there were some grammar things
I didn't care to know,

I knew, beside the swollen rill,
What flowers to bloom would burst;
And where, upon the south-sloped hill,
The berries ripened first.

Each violet tuft, each cowslip green,
Each daisy on the lea,
I counted one by one—for they
Were kith and kin to me.

I knew the moles that dared to claim
The vanished beavers' huts;
And sat on mossy logs to watch
The squirrels crack their nuts:

And they winked slyly at me, to,
But never fled away,
For in their little hearts they knew
That I was wild as they.

My mother saw my garments soiled,
And thought it hardly right;
But, when I wished to go again,
My father said I might.

And now I am a woman grown,
And strive to keep my hair
Beneath the guidance of my comb,
And bind my dress with care.

I thread the world's unchanging maze,
Through all life's fettered span,
And seek to be in all my ways
As "proper" as I can.

I never liked the ways of men,
Or wished more old to grow,
For life was wondrous curious then,
And isn't curious now.

I know not how it seemed to me,
Or what my father thought,
But mother said I'd never be
A woman, as I ought.

I know 'tis hard such children wild
In polished rules to train;
And, if I were once more a child,
I'd—do just so again.

Don't let us be afraid of enthusiasm. There is more lack of heart than brain. The world is not starving for need of education half as much as for warm, earnest interest of soul for soul. We agree with the Indian who, when talked to about having to much zeal, said, "I think it is better for the pot to boil over than not to boil at all."

HIS MESSENGER.—A STORY OF THE OHIO FLOODS.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.



"It seems to me, wife, I never saw the river so high before. I've got the cattle out of the shed, and sent 'em up to Mr. Balderston's on the hill; and if it keeps on raising much more, we'll have to go ourselves, I'm thinking."

But, John, do you think it could possibly come up as high as this? You know last year it stopped a dozen rods away."

The honest farmer shook his head thoughtfully. "I don't know, Bess. People from up the river say there's no signs of lowering yet: and there's a heavy rain to-night, I'm afraid."

"Why, papa," broke in a little fellow of ten or a dozen years, sitting beside his father at table, "how can you be afraid? Don't you know, you said in meeting last Wednesday evening that the Lord's people needn't be 'fraid of anything? We're the Lord's people ain't we, papa?"

"Yes, dear, yes," said the man, hastily and heartily. "You're right, chicken. It's his river, and we're his children, and of course he'll take good care of us."

His wife listened with a pleased smile at this. Mr. Frano was a deacon in their church, and he had only needed to be reminded by the boy, to settle himself firmly in his faith once more.

The supper was finished merrily enough, afterward Mr. Frano took down an old leather-covered Bible from the shelf where it was always kept, and turned to the ninety-first psalm. They all gathered around the open fire while he read.

Little Roger, the boy, listened attentively, smoothing the fur of the gray kitten, and looking hard into the fire all the while.

When his father reached the eleventh verse the little fellow looked up with a perplexed air.

"Well, Roger, what is it?" asked Mr. Frano pleasantly.

What does it mean, papa? Are there real angels?"

"Angels are 'messengers,' my son. Perhaps there may sometimes be real white-winged angels about us, like those at Bethlehem; and sometimes God just sends somebody or something—the first thing he can find—as a messenger to tell us that danger is near."

Roger sat pondering, but said no more during the remainder of the chapter, and soon afterwards was tucked away snugly in bed.

"I'm going to be looking out for messengers, mamma," he whispered, as she kissed him good-night. "I would be too bad if we didn't know them when they came, wouldn't it?"

All the night the mighty Ohio rose higher and higher, bearing on its bosom huge, heaving cakes of ice, uprooted trees, floating cattle, and fragments of houses. All that night the water crept up nearer and nearer the house, putting down its soft feet closer and closer, as a cat does when she watches a bird.

The next morning the family were surprised to see how near their front

yard the water was running. Immediately after breakfast Mr. Frano started off to help his less fortunate neighbours. He still thought himself absolutely safe. The broken fragments of houses in the river increased. Once or twice people were seen helplessly waving their hands as half a roof or an outbuilding was swept bodily down stream, with the poor creatures clinging to them and screaming for help. Still the river put its feet down softly, advancing inch by inch.

At Deacon Frano's supper table that night but little was said except by Roger, who chattered as cheerfully as usual.

"Of course we're not afraid," he remarked to his father. "We'll just leave the door unlocked, and then the angels or the messengers could come in and tell us, couldn't they?" And again he stroked the kitty, who seemed rather more nervous than any of the rest of the family. She refused to touch her saucer of milk, and walked to and fro between the door and the warm hearth where she was accustomed to be in the long winter evenings. Now and then she would start and bristle up as if she heard an enemy near. Perhaps, being a cat herself, she understood the soft approach of the river better than the others.

"By tomorrow afternoon, Bess," said Deacon Frano, "I shall begin to move our furniture, unless the river reaches high-water mark. At the rate it's rising it will strike our front door before sunset to-morrow."

Little Rogers listened, and stroked the cat comfortably, not in the least concerned—unless, perhaps, by a lingering anxiety lest the angels should wet the tips of their drooping wings before the door.

At ten o'clock the house was dark and still. The Deacon and his wife, worn out with the labor and worry of the day, were fast asleep. And of course Roger was as usual, dreaming the happiest of dreams.

Midnight, one, two, three o'clock. Night dark and river still creeping up softly. No, not so softly now; as if it were sure of its prey, it was a little noisier in its approach.

Strangely enough, Roger awoke with a start, "Hark!" he said to himself; "what a rumbling the river makes!"

Just then he heard a sound of soft footsteps on the bare floor of his room.

"A messenger!" he thought; and his heart leaped to his throat.

Then he listened again.

"Mei-a-ow!" said the messenger, piteously.

"Why, kitty, is that you?" whispered Roger, rather disappointed. "You ought to be asleep downstairs. Jump up here, if you want to."

Kitty needed no second invitation, but jumped at once.

Her feet struck wet on the boy's hands. Trying to stroke her, he found her back bristling, her eyes gleaming, and her pretty fur dripping from ears to tail.

Meanwhile Mrs. Frano had heard the slight noise, and came running to see if her boy was sick.

"Mamma," said Roger, "please drive kitty downstairs. She's all wet."

"Why Roger—you don't mean—why—" all the doors were shut tight and locked!

She ran down to the foot of the

stairs, and gave a little shriek. Just before her half a dozen sticks of wood she had left piled up by the fireplace were floating quietly about over the carpet.

In five minutes more the family were escaping by the back door, and shortly after were safe in the home of their kind friends, far up on the hill out of the water's reach.

Deacon Frano did not stop to find out how he had made such a mistake in his calculations, until morning he and his neighbours worked hard, carrying furniture and valuables from the house. Long before sunset on the next day people on the river-banks miles below watched the remnant of his house float past, tossed to and fro in the white and cruel paws of the river.

"Mamma," said Roger, quietly, "I guess I believe that angel verse now, don't you?"

"Why, my dear, there wasn't any—"

"Oh, yes, mamma—the kitty, you know!"—*Children's Friend.*

CAN CROWS COUNT?

A FARMER had planted a field of corn; and when the corn had come up and begun to grow nicely, the crows came in great numbers and pulled up a great deal of it. The farmer made an immense scare-crow in the shape of a man and hung it up in the field. But this did not alarm them very much. Indeed, after they got used to it they would light upon the head and arms of the scare-crow and there sit and "caw" triumphantly, to show their utter disregard and contempt for it.

One day the farmer shot one of the crows and hung it up in the field as a warning to the rest. No doubt the crows were sorry for their unfortunate companion. But they soon became reconciled to their loss, and went on stealing corn as bad as ever. But they were very cautious after this, and never let the farmer get near them again. While some of them would fly down to pull the corn, others would be on guard; and when the farmer approached these would give the alarm, and away all would go.

At last the man became very angry. There was a shed in the field, and he hid himself in this, determined to kill his black enemies when they came near. But when he was in the shed not a crow appeared. Yet the farmer thought he could outwit them. He took his two sons with him into the shed, and presently sent one out, expecting that the crows would be deceived. But not so; they all kept at a distance. After awhile the other son went out, but still they kept away. But so soon as the farmer went out, they flew down into the corn-field. So it seems that crows can count three, anyhow.

The farmer was obliged to watch his corn-field all the time, until the corn grew so large that the troublesome crows could not injure it.

A LITTLE negro waiter was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, and found him using a tooth-brush. "Well," said the landlady, when the boy returned, "is he coming?" "Yes, mistress, d'rectly; he's jes sharpenin' his teeth."

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldron-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldron-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldron-Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that over you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldron-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies dance last night,
And the harpers they were nine."

"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And the dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way!"

"And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
"And this," they said, "shall speedily turn,
The poor old miller's mill!"

"For there has been no water,
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!"

"And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill:—

"And there," said they, "the merry winds
go,
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew bank
From the blind old widow's corn."

"Oh, the poor, blind old widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's
gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!"

"And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the low—
"And this," said they, "by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow!"

"Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax field,
All full of flowers by night!"

"And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of Caldron-Low
There was no one left but me."

"And all, on the top of Caldron-Low,
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay."

"But as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!"

"And I peeped into the widow's field;
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green."

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax was high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!"

"Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be!"

CENTENARY CAMEOS.

JOHN WESLEY.

HERE he stands—the most masterful, the serene, the most benignant figure in the religious history of the last hundred years. In the perspective of a century he rounds out with still increasing beauty, symmetry, and grandeur of character. His work abides, and his personality abides with it. He still leads the ever-swelling ranks of the Methodist host. Among his successors a greater hath not yet risen, nor is likely to rise hereafter. He did not merely "blaze" the path that led back to New Testament doctrine, polity, and usage, but he conducted the march across the Red Sea of early persecution and the wilderness of conflicting opinion. He was a general whose genius originated the tactics by which his victories were won. Launched upon stormy waters, he held the rudder with a hand always steady, a vision always clear, a heart always brave, a faith always strong.

There he stands—a marvel of energy and patience, moving with directness of aim and the momentum of a mighty will, and yet with that reserve-force which is the mark of highest greatness. He was not a comet sweeping through the heavens, leaving a transient trail of fire, but a star that swings and shines in its orbit unchanged through the circling years. Power and repose, velocity and steadiness of movement, intensity and equipoise, are commingled wonderfully in this man with a mission from God.

There he stands—a preacher whose words stirred vast masses of men and women as the winds stir the ocean, but who is himself calm, ruling the storm he has raised. His words send a thrill of new life into the heart of a kingdom, and rouse the wrath of a sleeping hierarchy, but they are words wisely weighed, hitting the mark, with no rebound. Illuminated, called, commissioned, anointed from on high, he speaks as the oracles of God—not as the ecclesiastical scribes of his day, but like his Master, as one having authority. A scholar, with the ancient and modern learning at his command, he preaches to the common people in language so simple that they hear him gladly, and yet with a diction so pure and classic that his printed sermons are to this day the envy and admiration of the learned.

There he stands—the most prolific writer of his generation, whose busy brain and tireless pen sowed the British kingdom broadcast with Christian reading adapted to the wants of mankind, and leaving behind him a body of theological literature making a library in itself, books that are among the recognized standards of belief for millions of Christian men and women in all parts of the world.

There he stands—a traveller who felt within him the spring of perpetual motion—love for souls he longed to save—whose parish was the world. When we read of the number of miles he rode, in connection with the number of books he wrote, the record seems almost miraculous, if not incredible.

There he stands—a living embodiment of positive conviction and catholicity of spirit, contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and yet ready to clasp hands with every man who loves truth and

follows Christ. A stickler for order, a man of method, an organizer of first quality, he broke through all conventionalities that stood in the way of the work of saving souls. All Christendom claims kinship with him now, and the Church that thrust him forth from her pulpits fondly insists that he lived and died in her Communion. In contact with him all devout souls feel the throb of a heart that loved every saint and pitied every sinner on earth.

There he stands—a compact, erect figure, with a face ruddy and clear in complexion, aquiline nose, eyes clear blue and penetrating, mouth firm, yet persuasive, a positive chin hinting power and tenacity, forehead sloping gently upward until it touches the white hair that crowns a noble head, and falling back behind his ears heightens the impression of apostolic simplicity, dignity, power, gentleness, and sanctity. This is John Wesley, the chosen instrument of the Lord for the revival of New Testament Christianity.

ROOF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

PROGRESSIVE architects have again and again suggested that the roofs of high buildings should be utilized for the benefit of the occupants, by turning them into gardens and play-grounds.

A London architect has said that in the house of the future the kitchen will be in the highest storey and on the roof will be a "sass" garden, which will furnish fresh vegetables for the family table. A correspondent of the *New York Times*, in describing the queer lives led by janitor's families, indirectly shows that the architect's idea may be realized some day. He says:

I know a janitor who has charge of a big building down Broadway, who has four little tots of children; and they don't get down into the street more than once a week or so.

Two of them were born in the seventh storey of an immense iron building, just under the roof. One of them to my certain knowledge has never been down in the street at all. That's a fact. It will be down some day. It was born only last week.

Where do you think the children's play-ground is? It is the roof; and a rare, good yard it is, too, with flowers growing on it, and everything just like a good, big, paved yard.

There is a high ledge around the four sides, so there is no danger of the youngsters falling off. And there are clothes-lines there, and tubs standing about, and clothes-pins lying on the ground,—everything so natural you might easily imagine yourself in somebody's backyard.

Those children seldom see anything of the world down below; and their mother hardly ever does, for she has her hands full taking care of the youngsters.

There is a nice secluded life for you, with no danger of annoyance from prying neighbours. There is something attractive about it, too.

Just think of the janitor, at dark, shutting up the whole place, and barring the big iron doors with himself inside. There he is, with his family about him, and all the world securely locked out.

It is as good as living in a castle with the bridge drawn up and the moat full of water.

But even when the outer doors are locked, the janitors are not always shut in from the world. There is a block of buildings in one of the principal business centres of the city all about the same height.

Each building has its janitor, and each janitor has his family. When the outer doors are shut and locked and no outsider can by any possibility make his way in, the janitor's families begin to visit.

The roofs form their avenues and boulevards, their grand promenade. There is something slightly curious about that way of living, isn't there?—having your neighbour dropping in through the roof instead of coming through the door.

It is something like the way of living of the old cave dwellers in the south-west.

SLEEP.

THINK the intellectual and moral connections of sleeping have not been sufficiently appreciated. Men and boys have been praised for "burning the midnight oil." Now this "midnight oil" is a delusion and a snare. The student who is fast asleep at eleven o'clock every night and wide awake at seven every morning is going to surpass another student of the same intellectual ability, who goes to bed after twelve and rises before five. In sleep, the plate on which the picture is to be taken is receiving its chemical preparation; and it is plain that that which is the best prepared will take the best picture.

Men who are the fastest asleep when they are asleep are the widest awake when they are awake. Great workers must be great resters.

Every man who has clerks in his employ ought to know what their sleeping habits are. The young man who is up till two, three and four in the morning and must put in an appearance at the bank or the store at nine or ten o'clock and work all day, cannot repeat this process many days without a certain shakiness coming into his system, which he will endeavour to steady by some delusive stimulus. It is in this way that many a young man begins his course to ruin. He need not necessarily have been in bad company. He has lost his sleep and losing sleep is losing strength and grace.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

THE LEMONS AND THE SODA.

"I COULD soon finish you up," said some lemons to a bottle of carbonate of soda.

"I could soon take the taste out of you," answered the soda.

"Let us try our strength," said the lemons.

"With all my heart," said the soda; and to work they went, trying with all their might to extinguish each other; fizz—went the lemons; fizz—went the soda; and they went on fizzing, till there was nothing of either of them left, and only a nauseous puddle showed where the fight had been.

An old farmer, when he saw his son on a spree, exclaimed: "There goes down his throat an acre of land, trees and all."

A LITTLE fellow three years old, who had never eaten frosted cake, asked at the table for a piece of that "cake with plastering on it."

TO-DAY.

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

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

Don't tell me of to-morrow,
If we look up in the past,
How much we have let to do
We cannot do at last,
To-day! it is the only time
For all on this frail earth,
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JULY 26, 1884.

HELP FOR POOR SCHOOLS.

WE have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of \$10 from James Hord Esq., London, to send Sunday-school papers to some poor Indian schools; also \$2 from "A Friend," Colong, to help schools needing assistance.

All such sums are put in a special fund by means of which we send back numbers of the papers at one-fourth of the cost price. For this sum of \$12 we can thus send \$48 worth of S. S. papers as good as new. We will be glad to receive other contributions to this fund. Address Rev. W. H. Withrow, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

An Indian Missionary writes as follows: I can't carry on our school without our beautiful papers. The Indian people, old and young, prize them so much; they are delighted to receive them every Sabbath; it is all the literature they most of them can have access to, and it does them good.

THANKS for the S. S. papers for poor schools from Crivson's Corners School.

MORNING PRAYER.

THERE is a sweetness, a beauty, and a charm associated with the morning which is in appearance like a fragment of heaven let down to the bosom of our earth.

When the beauteous stars are fading from the calm azure sky, and the glorious king of day comes forth in his majesty to crown the mountain's brow with glory, and the morning zephyrs soft as the passage of an angel's wing unite in praise to nature's king, how delightful, more than we can express. The birds sing a welcome to rising morn, and all nature joins in praise to the universal king.

How appropriate, then, is private prayer in the morning when the spirit is calm and thought is clear. Is it not of the utmost importance that we should offer our earnest prayer to the Father of our spirits the first thing in the morning asking specially for His blessing during the day. If spiritual life comes to the soul in answer to prayer, does the light of Christian experience shine in the heart that neglects private prayer in the morning as it would if that duty were faithfully performed? Will some favoured Christian who lives in the fragrant atmosphere of entire sanctification please answer the question?

We believe private prayer to be scriptural, and especially a duty of the morning. "Enter into thy closet," etc. And if private prayer be scriptural, it is certainly a Christian duty, which, if we neglect, we cannot reasonably expect to grow in grace, which should be the chief object of our daily life. We make it a point every morning to partake of breakfast as a necessity to physical nourishment, and shall we as professing Christians refuse to become the recipients of spiritual refreshment through the neglect of private prayer?

Our heavenly Father extends a kindly invitation to private prayer, and, as those who profess Christ-likeness, are we prepared to assume the responsibility of rejecting the precious invitation of the glorious Trinity in unity by refusing to kneel in prayer before leaving our place of retirement during the night? We think it not safe to leave our room in the morning before committing ourself in prayer to the safe keeping of Him who is able to save to the very uttermost. If we use private prayer in the evening as a luck of protection for the night, is it not of equal importance in the morning as a safeguard during the day? Physical health is prized in general, and the pure atmosphere of the morning is sought for in its promotion, and private prayer is just as essential to spiritual health as pure air is to the physical. If a devoted Christian sister who is kind and loving have a brother who may not pray for himself, can she leave her room in the morning without kneeling in prayer to her heavenly Father that He may breathe upon him the spirit of prayer and save him by His grace?

I wish that some sweet angel of kindness would prompt those whom we sincerely love as professing Christians not to neglect this very important and heaven-assigned duty.



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LEFT BEHIND.

Would you rejoice in the assurance of Divine favor, repose in the secret of the Lord's presence, breathe the pure atmosphere of spiritual prosperity, shine as a way-mark to the kingdom of immortal, and live forever a companion of the most glorious beings in the universe? Then walk the shining path of morning prayer, radiant with the sunlight of heaven, which leads the redeemed spirit into eternal association with the angels and the glorious Trinity in unity.

If we neglect morning prayer, how can we expect to run the even tenor of our course in the enjoyment of spiritual prosperity? It is the best offering of the heart to the Lord. Why, then, withhold from our heavenly Father that in which He so much delights?

It is certainly a privilege beyond human estimate to lay up treasure in heaven, and prayer is the means by which it is daily increased, and by its faithful use we may become millionaires in glory.

If we would drink from life's sweetest stream in our association with the Church militant and sing forever in the Church triumphant, our affections through the influence of fervent prayer must be spiritualized by the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit.

PHILOS.

Good luck is good sense and good courage with industry, inspired by noble impulses, guided by intelligence and forethought. Bad luck is laziness, stupidity, carelessness, recklessness. It is but another name for the penalty for bad management.

LEFT BEHIND.

Poor Carlo is in a sad predicament. Amid the confusion and bustle on the wharf when the steamer was leaving, while his master was looking after the big box and the little box and the hand-box and the bundle, without which, they say, ladies never travel, the poor dog got left behind. How wistfully he looks after the retreating vessel, on which his kind mistress' face grows fainter and fainter every minute. You can almost hear him whine. I hope some one will take good care of him till he can be restored to his owner.

A NEW USE FOR A BARREL.

HUNT up on your map the Straits of Magellan; look at the mountains hanging over; imagine the point of rock that leans the farthest out, and think of a barrel hung by a heavy chain swinging there. That is a post-office! The postmaster doesn't stay up there to deliver the mails, and no postman unlocks it; in fact, it has no key. Yet it is a grand old post-office. Ships coming along that way stop and fish out packages of precious letters that have been dropped therein, see if they can find any that want to travel their way, and, if so, they take them on; in their place they leave a package which wants to go in another direction, and some day a ship comes along, studies the direction of that package, says, "Ah, I can take that," and away she sails. And the barrel swings, doing its duty day by day without being watched, sending joy to many hearts.—*Ex.*



CHERRY BOB.

CHERRY BOB.

WHIO does not like cherries? It would be hard to tell. It is much easier to tell who does like them.

The birds like them. Robin Redbreast watches them as they begin to redden, and, as soon as they soften a little, in goes Mr. Robin's bill, and he takes a taste. It is said, however, that he cares less for the cherry than for the little worm which is eating it, and that he never eats a sound cherry. So, if it is a choice between having the cherry eaten by a worm or by Robin, I am sure everybody would say, "Let Robin have it." But even if he does now and then get a good sound cherry, I think he earns it by his cheery song, his amusing hop, and his beautiful plumage.

Boys and girls like cherries as much as birds do. They don't like the worms in them, however, but are perfectly willing to leave them for the birds who eat them and get fat.

Bob Merton was as fond of cherries as any little fellow you ever saw, and so was his sister Emily. They were not only fond of cherries but they were fond of each other, as all brothers and sisters should be. She sometimes called him "Cherry Bob."

One day they went out into the field where stood an old cherry-tree whose branches were heavy with fine large "ex-hearts." Bob climbed the tree, and filled his pockets, and shook some cherries down to Emily, who stood underneath to catch them. Bob tried

to sing like a robin, but I must confess that he did not succeed very well. However he had the fun of trying, and Emily had the pleasure of laughing at him.

When he came down from the tree he fastened two cherries on each side of his sister's head, and called them ear-drops—and very pretty ear drops they were too. Then they sat down on the grass and ate their fruit.

How much better it is for children to be kind, and good-tempered, and helpful to each other, than to scold, and wrangle, and indulge in bad tempers, and make everybody around them unhappy. I should think that cherries would almost turn sour when cross people eat them. They certainly seem to taste sweeter where love and good nature abound.

Solomon says: "Pleasant words are as a honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones." Prov. xvi. 24.

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

PORT SIMPSON, B. C.

IN writing to the PLEASANT HOURS some weeks ago, I spoke of the children, now a word about the grown people. We regret that the young men since they have gone to work at the canneries, and on the C. P. R., etc, are not as earnest in the study of God's Word as they used to be. But we trust that in some cases, at least, the word preached is having a saving effect. A young man rose in the prayer meeting the other

Sunday night and said, "I had given myself to the devil and his work, but God of love would not let me alone, so he laid me low by sickness, and now I do thank God he has saved me."

A number of baptisms took place a short time ago. Among the candidates were old and young, and not only people of our own village, but we had several from Alaska, and one away from the south end of Queen Charlotte Island.

The older people are more and more desirous to commit to memory the text of the Sabbath morning. An old man came up the other day; he is very lame and not able to get out every Sunday, and repeated ten texts in his own language so as to refresh his memory, and be sure he did not misse. I have promised a large Family Bible to the one that can repeat the whole of the 52 texts of the Sabbath mornings of this year.

There are many of them starting for it. I find they repeat the texts to one another at their own houses, and they often speak of the illustrated lessons with worder, and have said more than once that they would like to thank the kind friends who sent them, for now they could see much of God's word illustrated, and can understand it better. Any Sunday-schools which have the illustrations of the lessons for the last two years, and have ceased to use them, would do us a great kindness by sending them for use in our schools.

Two weeks ago, besides our regular services, we had one in Chinook—a sort of trading jargon understood more or less by all the tribes of the coast, as we had with us nearly a whole tribe from a place far away in Alaska. They seemed glad to hear, as one man expressed it in the only words of English he seemed to know, "You bet dats goot." I told him he should not say "You bet."

I am very desirous to get about and see the tribes more than I have been able of late to do. I need the mission boat. Well, it is on the way building now, and we hope to have it running before the end of the summer. But I must have more money. I hope the friends who have promised to help us will do so without delay, and those who have not promised anything will do so soon as they can, as our mission boat, the *Glad Tidings* must not have any debt on her. The friends are still sending in a little, showing that it is not forgotten.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

AS the result of the article in a late number of PLEASANT HOURS on this interesting institution, we have received the following contributions for its maintenance:

- From "A Lover of Children," Mariposa, "hoping that the money may prove a blessing, for it is given as unto the Lord".....\$10 00
- For the Children's Home on the Island, from the Friends' Bible School, Tecumseth, per B. Hughes, Schomberg..... 7 80
- For the same, from James McDewitt for Corbitt's Union S.S..... 4 00

- From W. H. Cross, for a little girl at Swan Lake \$0 85
 - From C. S. Banting for Cookstown, Methodist Sunday-school..... 2 25
- \$24 00

We publish the letter from the secretary of the Cookstown Sunday-school in full, and will be glad to receive many such.

Dear Sir,—Acting on the suggestion given by you in PLEASANT HOURS, our church and Sabbath-school united in celebrating Sunday, June 1st, in commemoration of the centennial of Methodism and the consummation of Methodist union in Canada. Being unable to secure your valuable services, our pastor, Rev. H. McDowell, gave a suitable address on the occasion, and about 75 of the members of our Sabbath-school acted as choir and rendered a number of appropriate hymns, using among others the Centennial Hymn, as published in PLEASANT HOURS. Enclosed please find \$2 05 S. S. collection to be given to the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

I'M one day nearer my home to-night;
Nearer than ever before;
I'm one day nearer the fields of light,
Away on the other shore.
I'm one day nearer to wearing my crown,
Nearer than ever before;
Nearer to laying my burden down
Safe on the empty sea shore.

I'm one day nearer the pearly gates,
Which the angels left ajar;
In the golden city a harp awaits
My coming from afar.
I'm one day nearer my Father's house,
Where the shining angels be;
I'm nearer the great white throne,
And the beautiful crystal sea.

I'm one day nearer the shining host
On the fadeless golden shore;
They crossed the mystic stream of death,
And will come to us no more.
Yet I listen—I wait for a phantom barge,
To bear me to their side;
I watch for the boatman's noiseless oar,
To sweep the silvery tide.

The boatman pale will come for me,
And grasp my wasted hand;
Together we'll cross the unknown sea,
This side the golden strand,
And when we reach the other shore,
I shall meet the angel band,
Who wait to deck my youthful brow
With flowers of the fadeless land.

NO BAD HABIT BROKEN TO-MORROW.

WHY should men delay to break any bad habit? Everybody knows that it grows stronger by each repetition. Nothing is more foolish than to say, "I know I ought to stop, and I will next New Year's day." The man who cannot stop to-day cannot stop to-morrow. The drunkard never reforms to-morrow; the spendthrift never saves to-morrow. The boaster who says, "I can if I will," is the one who cannot will, and therefore never does. There is but one remedy for a bad habit, and that is to stop the thing now. He who says, "I will not do it for three months," is not grappling the habit at all. He only fights the battle who says, "Never more; the thing is wrong." The only infallible cure for an absorbing bad habit is put an absorbing good one in its place. A love of bad company is not cured by no company, but by good company; bad reading gives way not to no reading, but to good reading. Dissipated men must become earnest Christians, not mere professors, to make their reformation sure.

GRANDMOTHER READING THE BIBLE.

MUSH, little feet! go softly
Over the echoing floor,
Grandmother's reading the Bible
There by the open door.
All of its pages are dearer still,
Now she is almost down the hill.

Mellow September sunshine
Round her is gently shed—
Gold and silver together
Crowning her bended head—
While she follows where saints have trod,
Reading the blessed Book of God.

Grandmother's past the morning,
Past the noonday sun,
And she is reading and resting
After her work is done;
Now in the quiet autumn eves
She has only to bind her sheaves.

Almost through with trial,
Almost done with care,
And the discipline of sorrow
Hallowed by trust and prayer,
Waiting to lay her armour down
To go up higher and take the crown.

No little feet to follow
Over this weary road,
No little hand to lighten
Of many a weary load;
Children standing in honoured prime,
Bless her now in her evening time.

Grandma has closed the volume,
And by her saintly look
Peace I know she has gathered
Out of the sacred book;
Maybe she catches through that door
Glimpses of heaven's eternal shore.
—Selected.

TRUTH.

LOST your situation! How
did it happen, my boy?
"Well, mother, you'll
say it was all my old
carelessness, I suppose.
I was dusting the shelves
in the store, and trying
to hurry up matters,
sent a lot of fruit-jars smashing to the
floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said
he would not stand my blundering
ways any longer, so I packed up and
left."

His mother looked troubled.
"Don't mind, mother, I can get
another situation soon, I know. But
what shall I say if they ask me why I
left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, James, of course;
you wouldn't think of telling any-
thing else?"

"No, I only thought I'd keep it to
myself, if I can. I'm afraid it may
stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do
right, James, even though it may seem
to sometimes."

He found it harder than he had
expected to get a situation. He
walked and inquired till he felt almost
discouraged, till one day something
seemed to be waiting for him. A
young-looking man in a clean, bright
store, newly started, was in want of an
assistant. Things looked very attrac-
tive, so neat and dainty that James,
fearing that a boy who had a record
for carelessness might not be wanted
there, felt sorely tempted to conceal
the truth. It was a long distance from
the place from which he had been dis-
missed, and the chances were slight of
a new employer ever hearing the truth.
But he thought better of it, and frankly
told exactly the circumstances which
had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great prefer-
ence for having neat-handed, careful
people about me," said the man, good-
humoredly, "but I have heard that

those who know their faults, and are
honest enough to own them, are likely
to mend them. Perhaps the very luck
you have had may help you to learn
to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard,"
said James, earnestly.

"Well, I always think a boy who
tells the truth, even though it may
seem to go against him—'Good morn-
ing, uncle. Come in, sir.'"

He spoke to an elderly man who
was entering the door, and James
turning, found himself face to face with
his late employer.

"O, ho!" he said, looking at the
boy, "are you hiring this young chap,
Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him.
If you can only," he added, laughing,
"keeping him from spilling all the
wet goods and smashing all the dry
ones, you will find him reliable in
everything else. If you find you
don't like him I'll be willing to give
him another trial myself."

"If you think that well of him,"
said the younger man, "I think I
shall keep him myself."

"O, mother," said James, going
home after having made an agreement
with his new employer, after such a
recommendation from his old one,
"you were right, as you always are.
It was telling the truth that got it for
me. What if Mr. Barton had come
in there just after I had been telling
something that was not exactly so!"

"The truth is always best," said his
mother, "the truth, the whole truth,
and nothing but the truth."—*The
Standard.*

THE FIRST ICE-PALACE.

IN the construction of this work
the simplest means were used.
First, the purest and most
transparent ice was selected.

This was cut into large blocks, squared
with rule and compass, and carved
with all the regular architectural em-
bellishments. No cement was used.
Each block when ready was raised to
its destined place by cranes and pulleys,
and just before it was let down upon
the block which was to support it,
water was poured between the two;
the upper block was immediately
lowered, and as the water froze almost
instantly, in that intensely cold climate,
the two blocks became literally one.
In fact, the whole building appeared
to be, and really was, a single mass of
ice. The effect it produced must have
been infinitely more beautiful than if
it had been of the most costly marble
—its transparency and bluish tint
giving it rather the appearance of a
precious stone.

In dimensions, the structure was
fifty-six feet long, eighteen feet wide,
twenty-one feet high, and with walls
three feet in thickness. At each
corner of the palace was a pyramid of
the same height as the roof, of course
built of ice, and around the whole was
a low palisade of the same material.
The actual length of the front view,
including the pyramids, was one hun-
dred and fourteen feet.

The palace was built in the usual
style of Russian architecture. The
facade was plain, being merely divided
into compartments by pilasters. There
was a window in each division, which
was painted in imitation of green
marble. The window-panes were
formed of slabs of ice, as transparent

and smooth as sheets of plate-glass.
At night, when the palace was lighted,
the windows were curtained by canvas
screens, on which grotesque figures
were painted. Owing to the trans-
parency of the whole material, the
general effect of the illumination must
have been fine, the whole palace
seemingly being filled with a delicate
pearly light. The central division pro-
jected, and appeared to be a door, but
was, in fact, a large window, and was
illuminated like the others. Sur-
mounting the *facade* of the building
was an ornamental balustrade, and at
each end of the sloping roof was a
huge chimney. The entrance was at
the rear. At each side of the door
stood ice-imitations of orange-trees, in
leaf and flower, with ice-birds perched
on the branches.—*St. Nicholas.*

SPELL IT OUT.

- A was a monarch, who lived in the East.
—Esther i. 1.
B was a Chaldee, who made a great feast.
—Daniel v. 1-4.
C was veracious, when others told lies.
—Numbers xiii. 30-33.
D was a woman, heroic and wise.
—Judges iv. 4-14.
E was a refuge, where David spared Saul.
—1 Samuel xxiv. 1-7.
F was a Roman, accused of Paul.
—Acts xxvi. 24.
G was a garden, a frequent resort.
—John xviii. 1, 2; Matt. xxvi. 36.
H was a city, where David held court.
—2 Samuel ii. 11.
I was a mocker, a very bad boy.
—Genesis xvi. 16.
J was a city, preferred as a joy.
—Psalm cxxxii. 6.
K was the father, whose son was quite tall.
—1 Samuel ix. 1, 2.
L was a proud one, who had a great fall.
—Isaiah xiv. 12.
M was a nephew, whose uncle was good.
—Colossians iv. 10; Acts xi. 24.
N was a city, long hid where it stood.
—Zachariah ii. 13.
O was a servant, acknowledged a brother.
—Philemon i. 16.
P was a Christian, greeting another.
—2 Timothy iv. 21.
R was a damsel, who knew a man's voice.
—1 Kings xi. 4-11.
T was a seaport, where preaching was long.
—Acts xx. 6, 7.
U was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong.
—2 Samuel vi. 7.
V was a cast-off, and never restored.
—Esther i. 19.
Z was a ruin, with sorrow deplored.
—Psalm cxxxvii.

DEATH IN THE PALACE.

THE President of the Wes-
leyan Conference, in preach-
ing in Glasgow, gave beau-
tiful expression to the national
sympathy. He said: "I need scarcely
ask, dear brethren, for your sympa-
thies and prayers on behalf of our
beloved sovereign—our greatly afflicted
Queen—and the newly-made widow,
the Duchess of Albany. When you
heard the unexpected tidings that the
Royal family was suddenly bereaved
of one of its choicest members, I am
sure that, after the first shock caused
by the almost incredible news, your
sympathies ran unbidden to the palace
and the throne. One has heard in
connection with this sad event the
strange exclamation, "The poor
Queen!" Strange, indeed, that the
greatest potentate on earth, the sover-
eign ruler of an empire upon which the
sun never sets, the Empress of India,
the mistress of conquering legions on
the Ganges and the White Nile, should
be spoken of pityingly as an object of
commiseration. But in the presence
of death all distinctions are levelled—
the rich are poor, the strong are weak,

the great are little. Her Majesty the
Queen is worthy of the loving sympa-
thies of her loyal subjects. There is
no truer woman in her dominions than
this first lady of the land, faithful as a
wife, devoted as a widow, and as affec-
tionate a mother as God ever blessed
with children. Some of us remem-
ber the 14th of December, 1861,
when the great bell of St. Paul's
sounded forth the death of the Prince
Consort, and then on the same date a
few years ago the Princess Alice passed
away; and now the Royal mourner on
the throne is overwhelmed with this
new grief, caused by the decease of her
favourite son. If David the King
could say of a wicked, undutiful child,
"O my son, Absalom, my son, my son
Absalom! would God I had died for
three; O Absalom, my son, my son!"
how must Queen Victoria feel in
sorrowing for a child, greatly endeared
by his noble qualities of mind, his
intellectual pursuits, and additionally
endeared, alas! by his delicacy of con-
stitution. The Queen's bereavement
and the Duchess of Albany's bereave-
ment is the nation's bereavement.
From the pursuits of peace and of in-
tellectual and social improvement, to
which the young Prince was devoting
himself, following in the footsteps of
his father Albert the Good, much
benefit to the country might be ex-
pected in the future. It was my
happiness to hear the last, or one of
the last, public addresses of the Duke
of Albany, delivered at Liverpool two
months ago. The superior qualities
of mind, the practical good sense, and
the kindly interest in the poor, which
the address displayed, greatly raised
his Royal Highness in the estimation
of all who heard him. But our antici-
pations of his future career of use-
fulness are soon ended.—*Halifax
Wesleyan.*

A MAN OF HONOUR.

A CLERK in the Treasury De-
partment at Washington
often knows an official secret
which is of such pecuniary value that
he could make himself a rich man by
telling it. It is said that when the
Ways and Means Committee decided
to increase the tax on whiskey, a
small circle of men made their fortunes
by becoming possessed of the official
secret. *The Manhattan* tells the fol-
lowing anecdote of an honourable
clerk:

In the dark days of '64 a Treasury
clerk kept for twenty-four hours a
secret known only to President Lincoln
and Secretary Chase besides himself.
When it became officially known it
sent gold flying up, and the country
was in dismay.

It was a secret, too, that could have
been passed on without harming the
Union cause. It was simply a ques-
tion of keeping faith till the time
came.

An hour after the news broke the
clerk fairly staggered under a terrific
slap on his shoulder. He heard and
saw a banker whom he knew well.

"You miserable fool!" cried the
banker. "I'd have given you one
hundred thousand dollars to have
known this twenty-four hours ago!"

And the banker could have well
afforded to do it. But the clerk had
the satisfaction of knowing that he
had done his duty, as many another
Government officer has done under
circumstances of temptation.

LIFE-SCULPTURE.

HISEL in hand stood a sculptor-boy
With his marble block before him—
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.

He carved the dream on that shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision,
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught the angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life-dream passes o'er us.

If we carve it then on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,—
Our lives that angel-vision.

A SON'S FUTILE JOURNEY.

IT was an aged hack driver who
told the story, and the old man
spoke with such evident emotion
that it was plain the incident
had made a deep impression on his
mind.

"I was," he said, "on my hack at
the depot one day two years ago, look-
ing out for a fare when a young gentle-
man comes out of the cars, and, jump-
ing into my hack, ordered me to drive
as fast as I could to Rosemount Cot-
tage, Madison Road. I knew Madison
Road well enough, and drove off,
making sure I should find out Rose-
mount Cottage on the way. As we
approached it, my fare opened the door
himself, jumped out, and advanced to-
ward the gate. Suddenly he started
back and uttered a cry of pain as his
eye caught the notice-board in the front
garden, announcing that 'This house
is to be let or sold.'

"Where are they?" he exclaimed,
in a dreadful husky voice, his face as
white as a sheet. 'Where are my
father and mother, Mr. and Mrs.
Kenrick?'

"Well, I was quite taken aback for
a moment, and, not thinking much of
what I was saying, told him that I
believed Mr. Kenrick was dead, and
Mrs. Kenrick had gone into the poor-
house.

"Drive there," he cried, 'drive me
there, quick, oh, quick!' and he
jumped back into the hack. The way
was not long, and we were soon there.
With hurried steps the young man ran
up the stairs and asked for Mrs.
Kenrick.

"Mrs. Kenrick, Mrs. Kenrick,"
muttered the old clerk in the office,
'oh, yes, I remember, been dead and
buried these three weeks.'

"O mother! mother!" sobbed the
young man, 'and I not here to see
you, and close your eyes!' We com-
forted him as best we could, and after
visiting his mother's grave, he rode
back to the depot with me. He had
to wait some time for a train, and
while waiting he told me all about it.
His parents were well off. Rosemount
Cottage was their own, and his father,
an old civil servant, had a small pen-
sion. In his latter days he had given
way to drink, and he, the son, who
had been abroad, a clerk in the Odessa
branch of a merchant's business, knew
nothing of it, until he received a letter
from his mother urging him to come
home at once, and begging him to let
nothing delay him, as his father was
ill. It was not dangerous, the old
lady said, but—then there came the
old miserable tale of gradual giving
way to the fondness for liquor, until
he was scarcely ever sober. She

blushed to write it to her own son,
but the old man was down with
delirium tremens, and it was best the
boy should know. Travelling day and
night he reached his home to find it
empty and both his parents dead.

"Much cut up, sir? I should say
so. That young fellow, he wasn't
more than five-and-twenty, he went on
so as I never saw or heard. He asked
if I was a total abstainer, and I owned
I wasn't. Would you believe it, sir,
that young man, cut up as he was,
wouldn't leave me till I agreed to sign
the pledge, and he said he meant to
make everybody he met do the same.
Well, it tried me a bit at first, but I
soon got used to it, and I own the
house and lot now. I guess I shouldn't
have done that if I hadn't done as he
wanted me. So I've good reason to
remember driving to Rosemount Cot-
tage, and I don't think that young
man will forget the journey."

ON PRESENTATION OF A BIBLE.

LET this blest Book of sacred truth
Engage the fervour of your youth:
Peruse it still, from day to day;
Its holy precepts learn, obey:
Treasures of wisdom here lie hid,—
To those who seek within this lid
Shall be revealed,—and still unfold
Riches, while here on earth, untold;
And let it not forgotten be
In smiling bright prosperity,
When all in gay and youthful prime,
Is sparkling on the stream of time.
Should clouds obscure your shining skies,
Its bow of hope shall cheer your eyes;
Through grace to prove, mid toil and strife,
A peace-branch to the storms of life,
And lead where all serenely rest,
In happy mansions of the blest.

FLOORED BY A CATECHISM.

AN amusing episode occurred
in Judge Barnum's court room
during the hearing of an eject-
ment case, says the Chicago

Times. A boy of eight years was
presented by one side as a witness,
and the opposing counsel objected to
him on the probability that the child
was unaware of the nature of an oath.

"Do you know what an oath is,
Charlie?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir," answered Charlie, "It
is to ask God to help you tell the
truth."

"Where did you learn all this?"
frowned the opposing counsel.

"In the ten catechism," said Charlie,
not to be frowned down or sat upon
by the biggest lawyer in the business.

"In the catechism? What cate-
chism?"

"In the cent catechism, sir."

"Who told you to look into the
catechism for the definition of an oath?"

"My sister. She told me last night,
and I got it and studied it."

"Have you your catechism with
you?"

"Yes, sir. Here it is," and the
well-thumbed little pamphlet was
forthwith produced from the depths of
that mysterious receptacle for all odds
and ends, the trousers-pocket.

"You see the boy has his docu-
ments," interposed the court, with a
smile, and a quiet titter went around
the court room as it became evident
that the legal luminary was being
"downed" by the child.

"H'm! Let me see the book. I
wonder if you know anything more
that's in it? Who made you?"

"Why, God, o'course," was the
reply, as if the lad pooh-poohed the
idea of being asked such a simple

question, and wanted "somethin'
hard."

Several questions were asked, and
elicited ready replies. The lawyer
saw that he was in for it, and accepted
the defeat as gracefully as possible.
Turning to the court he said:

"Your honor, I guess we will accept
this witness, and for this little book, I
would submit it to my learned friend,
the counsel on the other side, and
recommend its careful perusal by him.
It will do him good."

AN INTERESTING BOOK.

WE have been favoured by
the Rev. W. R. Parker,
M.A., ex-President of the
London Conference, with
the reading of a very interesting book
by a blind lady living at Chatham.
Miss Snell—that is the writer's name
—became blind at the age of seven
years, while her father was lighthouse
keeper on the island of Campobello, in
the Bay of Fundy. She describes, with
touching simplicity, her child-life—in
the lonely lighthouse listening to the
screams of the sea-gulls, the dash of
the waves against the rocks, and the
throbbing of the wheels of the passing
steamers. Yet she learned to read the
embossed books for the blind, and to
play on a musical instrument, which
was a great delight. One day, when a
storm and high tide combined, the
lighthouse was nearly swept away.
One of the most touching scenes is
where the famous Boston oculist, to
whom she applied, told her that her
blindness was incurable. There are
other sketches, stories, and poems in
the book, ranging from grave to gay.
The afflicted author is, we believe, the
sole support of an aged mother, and it
would be doing her a great kindness to
purchase her book. It is a neat little
volume of 162 pages, and is sold for
the small sum of 35 cents. May be
ordered from the Rev. William Briggs,
Toronto. The following are some
verses written by the author after
losing her sight:

When summer spreads its beauty,
Though all by me unseen,
I know that trees and meadows
And fields are robed in green.
I know the beauteous flowers
Are opening into bloom,
When I, in passing near them,
Inhale their rich perfume.

The birds that sing so sweetly,
I know are very near,
When their soft strains of music
Fall on my list'ning ear.
And when the sun is sinking
Gently down to rest,
I know there's gold and crimson
Gleaming in the west.

I know the darkness gathers,
Silently around,
When the day is ended,
And the dew is found
In the moonbeams sparkling,
Gems of nature's store,
All from me are hidden,
Veiled for evermore.

Flowers brightly blooming,
Wild birds soaring high,
Verdure sweetly smiling,
Evening sunset sky.
All those charms of nature
I shall never see,
Twilight gently falling
Brings no change to me.

True, my life is saddened,
Yet in prayer I find,
At the throne of mercy,
Grace to be resigned.
When life's journey closes
I shall soar away,
From this vale of darkness,
To the realms of day.

A GREAT NATURALIST.

A GOOD story is told of Agassiz,
the great naturalist. His
father destined him for a com-
mercial life, and was impatient
at his devotion to frogs, snakes and
fishes. His vacations he spent in
making journeys on foot through
Europe, examining the different species
of fresh-water fishes. He came to
London with letters of introduction to
Sir Roderick Murchison. "You have
been studying nature," said the great
man bluntly. "What have you
learned?" The lad was timid, not
sure at that moment that he had
learned anything. "I think," he said
at last, "I know a little about fishes."

"Very well. There will be a meet-
ing of the Royal Society to-night. I
will take you with me there." All of
the great scientific savants of England
belonged to this Society. That even-
ing, toward its close, Sir Roderick rose
and said: "I have a young friend here
from Switzerland, who thinks he knows
something about fishes; how much I
have a fancy to try. There is under
this cloth a perfect skeleton of a fish
which existed long before man." He
then gave the precise locality in which
it had been found, with one or two
other facts concerning it. The species
to which the specimen belonged was of
course extinct. "Can you sketch for
me on that blackboard your idea of
this fish?" said Sir Roderick. Agassiz
took up the chalk, hesitated a moment,
and then sketched rapidly a skeleton
fish. Sir Roderick held up the speci-
men. The portrait was correct in
every bone and line. The grave old
doctors burst into loud applause.
"Sir," Agassiz said, on telling the
story, "that was the proudest moment
of my life—no, the happiest; for I
knew not my father would consent
that I should give my life to science."

A BUMPTIOUS HEAD.

A CHURCH in a Maryland
village was disturbed one Sun-
day morning by the entrance
of a small boy intent upon
saving his Sunday dinner:

It seems that a certain good woman
bought a calf's head and put it on to
boil, leaving her little boy to mind it
while she went to the church close by.

The minister had reached his fifthly,
when a small boy stuck his head in the
door, and whispered,

"Mamma!"

The good woman recognized her son
instantly, and began to make signs for
him to leave the door.

"Mamma!" again came the whis-
per—this time a little louder than
before.

The mother shook her finger at the
boy warningly, and indulged in other
familiar pantomime with which she
was accustomed to awe her son. But
it didn't work. The boy was excited
and in dead earnest, as the denoue-
ment will show. Raising his voice, he
shouted—

"Mamma, you needn't wink and
blink at me, but had better come home
right away, for the calf's head is
buttin' all the dumplings out of the
pot!"—*Youth's Companion*.

TEACHER to little boy. "What is a
reptile?" "Don't know." "Oh, yes,
you do; something that crawls." "Oh,
a baby."

THE SCHOOLBOY'S TURN.

YOU'VE quizzed me often and puzzled me long,
You've asked me to cipher and spell,
You've called me a luncie if I answered wrong,
Or a dolt if I failed to tell
Just when to say ho and when to say lay,
Or what nine sevens make.
Or the longitude of Kamschatka Bay.
Or the I-forget-what-its-name lake,
So I think it 'bout my turn, I do,
To ask a question or so of you.

Can you tell what "phen-dubs" means? I can.
Can you say all off by heart
The "onery tweety icky ann,"
Or tell "alleys" and "commons" apart?
Can you fling a top, I would like to know,
Till it hums like a bumble-bee?
Can you make a kite yourself that will go
'Most as high as the eye can see,
Till it sails and soars like a hawk on the wing,
And the little birds come and light on its string?

TO YOUNG MEN.

THE lesson to be learned by every young man is that if the brain of Robert Burns or the brain of Daniel Webster could not stand the wine-cup neither can theirs. If the scenery of the bottle overcame the mighty men, what chance is there for weaker ones? For the especial damage which alcohol works is wrought in that one vital spot—the human brain. That it is which makes all indulgence in intoxicants so dangerous and drunkenness to be so fearful a crime against God and our own lives. The only honest word to be applied to drunkenness is not misfortune or disease or infirmity; it is voluntary crime. It is a self-inflicted blow at the very seat and throne of manhood; it strikes the brain and overthrows the reason, and demolishes for the time that moral sense which lifts man above the brute. Alcohol is really that devil which has the power to "cast both soul and body into hell"—*Dr. Cuyler.*

BREVITIES.

A TEACHER asked his class, "How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-?" A smart boy stood up and said, "That depends a great deal on whether you mean to use it on a man or a wasp!"

AN inquiring man thrust his finger into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth it had, and the horse closed its mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

RESOLVE not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness. It certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER once said that he "would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarified to nothing by the pump-air of unbelief, in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath."

BACKBONE.—An old lady in Iowa, says one of our exchanges, was asked what she would do with all the corn if it could not be made into whiskey. She replied: "I would make it into starch to stiffen the backbone of many of our temperance people." The old lady in a very homely way expressed a great truth. What is wanted, and wanted most, in this great cause of temperance is not more friends but more courage.

ONE of Mr. Moody's favourite maxims is that "God cannot work through a discouraged man." It is as bad for a violinist to attempt a *sonata* on a discouraged violin, or for a pianist to try a *nocturne* on a discouraged pianoforte. There is a flatness, a lack of vigour and resonance, which will destroy the best of good intentions or of skill.—*Sunday School Times.*

"No," said Mrs. Homespun, "I haven't seen the 'Light of Asia,' nor I don't want to, either. I've just been bothered to death ever since I began keeping house, forty years ago, with your new-fangled lights, and lamps, and chimblies, and burners. Karry-sene's good enough for me. 'Light of Asia'! No, I don't want nothing to do with it."

ARTEMUS WARD told a story about reading one of his lectures to President Lincoln, and asking the President's opinion of it. According to the showman's version of the interview the Chief Magistrate answered, with grave deliberation, "For those that liked that kind of a lecture, I suppose it is just the kind of a lecture that such people would like."

"HERE'S a neat toast," said an old gentleman, as he read from a volume in his hand—"In ascending the hill of prosperity may we never meet a friend." "What is there neat about that?" asked his wife. "I don't see any point to it." "Don't see any point!" exclaimed the husband: "why, if you're going up the hill of prosperity and meet a friend, he must be going down, mustn't he—must be on the down-hill path, unprosperous—must, in short—" "I see, I see!" interrupted the old lady.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1034.] LESSON V. [Aug. 3.

DAVID'S REPENTANCE.

Psa. 51. 1-19. Commit to memory vs. 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My sin is ever before me. Psa. 51. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. A Confession, v. 1-5.
2. A Supplication, v. 6-19.

TIME.—B.C. 1034.
EXPLANATIONS.—This psalm was written by David after the prophet Nathan had rebuked him in God's name for a great crime. He had caused Uriah, a brave soldier, to be slain that he might obtain his wife, whom he wished to marry. When accused by Nathan he confessed his guilt, and sought forgiveness of God. This psalm is his prayer for mercy. *Loving-kindness*—God's love is our only hope for forgiveness. *Iniquity*—The guilt of sin, from which David longed to be made clean. *Against thee, thee only*—Not that he cared little for the wrong done to man, but all sin is really before God, and against God's law. *Justified*—That God's action in punishing sin may be shown to be right. *Shapen in iniquity*—Born a sinner, and a sinner from birth. *Hyssop*—A plant like the broom used to sprinkle the sacrifices and the people who offered them. *Create in me*—God only can create hearts anew. *Free Spirit*—God's Spirit, which gives the joy of freedom from sin. *Blood-guiltiness*—The guilt of shedding blood. *Desirest not sacrifice*—David felt that offerings of beasts could not take away his sin. *A broken spirit*—A heart sorry for its sins. *Walls of Jerusalem*—David had begun the city, and he feared that God's wrath for his crime would fall upon it. *Bullocks*—These were burned upon the altar at the sacrifice.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. The prayer of the penitent?
 2. The confession of the contrite?
 3. The acceptable sacrifice?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is David's prayer? "Have mercy upon me, O God." 2. What does David ask of God? "Cleans me from my sin." 3. What does God desire? "Truth in the inward parts." 4. What are the sacrifices of God? A broken spirit. 5. What does God not despise? A broken and a contrite heart.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—True repentance.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

77. By what means were our first parents led to commit so great a sin against God? By the subtlety of the devil, who made use of the serpent to beguile Eve. Genesis iii. 13; 2 Corinthians xi. 3.
78. Who is the devil or Satan? The chief of the fallen angels, who, before man's fall, sinned against God, and were cast out of heaven. 1 Peter v. 8. Jude 6.
79. What is the employment of the fallen angels? They tempt men to sin, and thus seek to bring them to their own place of misery. [Matthew xxv. 41. Ephesians vi. 12; 1 Thessalonians iii. 5; 1 Timothy iii. 7.]

B.C. 1023.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 10.

ABSALOM'S REBELLION.

2 Sam. 15. 1-14. Commit to memory vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that is the first commandment, which is the Lord thy God giveth thee. Exod. 20. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. A False Prince, v. 1-6.
2. Lying Son, v. 7-9.
3. A Foul Conspiracy, v. 10-14.

TIME.—B.C. 1023.

PLACES.—Jerusalem and Hebron.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Chariots and horses*—To make a great show and attract notice. *Men to run before*—Great men in the East have runners in advance to clear the way. *Rise up early*—In the East business is done early, while the morning is cool. *Way of the gate*—The gate leading to the palace, where the people came to see the king, who acted as judge. *Of what city*—He talked with the people to get their affection. *That I were made judge*—He pretended a deep interest in the people in order to make himself popular. *Do him obeisance*—Bowing before him as the prince. *Stole the hearts*—Made them forget all the brave deeds of David. *Forty years*—Probably this should be four years. *At Geshur*—He was there in exile for the murder of his brother. *Serve the Lord*—By offerings at Hebron. *Sent spies*—Men to organize the rebellion all through the land. *Went in their simplicity*—Nobles who would give honour to the cause, but did not know of the conspiracy. *Ahithophel*—Who was considered the wisest man of the time. *Let us flee*—David saw that the conspiracy was a punishment for his own sin, and bowed before the will of God.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we shown in this lesson—

1. That wicked ambition leads to crime?
2. That pride and ingratitude in a child are open gates to rebellion?
3. That a bad son makes a sad home?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Absalom do? "Stood beside the way of the gate." 2. What did he say to those who came to the king for judgment? "O that I were made judge!" 3. What was the effect of this? He stole the hearts of Israel. 4. Where was the rallying point of Absalom's rebellion? At Hebron. 5. What did David do when he heard that Absalom had rebelled? He fled.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Filial reverence.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

80. Can they do what they please? No; God controls their power, and will save from their malice and subtlety all who put their trust in Him. James iv. 7; Luke xxii. 31, 32; Romans xvi. 20. [1 Corinthians x. 13; Ephesians vi. 11.]
81. What is said concerning the power of Satan? Our Lord calls him "the prince of this world." (John xii. 31.) Ephesians ii. 2.
82. And what is said concerning the bondage of sin? Our Lord said: "Every one that committeth sin is the bondservant of sin." (John viii. 34.) [Romans vi. 16; 2 Peter ii. 19.]

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