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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, MARCH 6, 1886.

No. 5

## THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

BY THE REV WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

ORTH through the solemn street  
The sad procession swept,  
Pacing its mournful way with measured feet  
While inly wept

One mourner, in a grief  
Stern as the silent years,  
Which seemed to mock the common, weak  
relief  
Of outward tears.

They bore her only son  
Star of her evening, fled;  
Whose lesser light recalled the vanished  
one  
Now long since dead.

Desert her heart, and bare;  
Like lone house on a wild;  
No voice to make blithe music on the  
stair—  
No laughing child.

No solace from the past,  
No hope in days to come,  
She cowered, as if sorrow's second blast  
Had struck her dumb.

But, near the city's verge,  
A sudden silence came.  
The hired mourners swift forbore their  
dirge,  
As if in shame

To mourn a lifeless clod,  
With such despairing cry,  
While the Redeemer—"the strong Son  
of God"—  
Was passing by.

"He came and touched the bier."  
They wait, in curious pause:  
Haa He the power and will not interfere  
With Nature's laws!

He walked upon the waves!  
His word the thousand's fed!—  
Is He imperial in the place of graves  
Over the dead!

Then spake the royal word;  
And, quick with rushing throes,  
The red life in the clay obedient heard  
The dead arose!

The same through endless time,  
Thus Jesus healeth now,  
With "many crowns," for victories sub-  
lime,  
Upon his brow.

Conqueror in each stern fight  
O'er mortal sin and dread,  
And mighty, from corruption's foulest night,  
To raise the dead.

## FIDELITY OF THE STARS.

ONCE, as I entered the observatory of Harvard College at the close of the day, a friend who had left me there asked that I might be shown the new instrument that had just been introduced. The professor replied courteously, "Yes; I think there may be time enough yet for him to see a star if you will find one." My companion "found one" by looking in a little book of astronomical tables lying there

on the desk, and replied quietly, "There is one at 5.20." So in a hurried instant the covering was stripped off the great brass tube, and prone upon his back, under the eye-piece, lay the enthusiastic professor. While my friend stood by, with what seemed a tack-hammer in his hand, I noticed that he kept his eye on a tall chronometer clock near us. Suddenly two sounds broke the impressive stillness, we had been waiting for the stars. One was the word "there" spoken by the professor, the other was the tap of

miles away, one of God's stars, having no speech but rolling in on time, as he bade it ages ago!

Then I was invited to look in, and see the world of beauty as it swept by the next fibre in the tube. But afterwards I went curiously to the book, and found that it had been published ten years before, and that its calculations ran far away into the future, and that it had been based on calculations a thousand years old. And God's fidelity to the covenant of nature, here now almost three thousand years after

## HOW BOYS ARE SPOILED.

As a rule, the cause of the vicious or destructive habits of boys whose parents are in comfortable or affluent circumstances, is a fundamental one. The primary and painfully fruitful error is the common teaching in such families, either by precept or example, or both, that industry is discreditable. Boys are not trained or taught the necessity of usefulness; they are trained and taught only to enjoy the luxury of idleness, and vice comes as naturally as the night succeeds the day. Such boys, if they happen to worry through cigarettes and other enervating indulgences, to manhood, are ever distanced in the race for honour and usefulness by the alley boys or the mountain boys, whose physical vigour is not destroyed by luxury and indulgence. They are taught, not only in theory but in practice, that "hardness ever of hardness is mother," and they bring the highest physical vigour to the development of their mental powers. They forge to the front, while the city cigarette boy must be supported by his friends or lag in the rear of the race for a livelihood if dependent upon his own efforts.—*Philadelphia Times.*

## THE LARGE SNOWBALL.

It is an old saying that many hands make light work, and I think it is true in most cases. Willie has been making a large snowball, and now it is so large that he can roll it no further without help. Frankie has stopped shovelling snow into his wheel-barrow, and has thrown down his shovel, to come to the aid of his brother. Even the little girls have come to lend a helping hand in rolling the ball over. I think they will have to stop rolling it soon, it has grown so large. Grace and Willie are very ambitious, however, to have it larger, while Frankie and Amy, who cannot see over the top of it, think it is "most big enough."

Although there are so many hands employed in rolling it, I think they will not be able to make light work of it much longer. These children look as if they enjoyed their play together very much. I should not wonder if Master Willie finds occasion to call for the help of his sisters a great many times as he grows older. How pleasant it will be if they are always as ready to bestow it as they have been in this instance.—*Gretchen.*

The soul of the world is God, and its parts are true divinities.



THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

the hammer on the stone top of the table by my companion. Both occurred at the same instant—the same particle of the instant—they were positively simultaneous. But the man who spoke the word could not see the clock, he was looking at the star that came swinging along till it touched the spider web line in his instrument, and the other man who struck the hammer stroke could not see the star, he was looking at the second hand on the dial-plate. When the index in its simplicity of regular duty marked twenty minutes after five there fell the click on the stone, and then, too, there came on the heavens, millions of

David had made the nineteenth Psalm, had brought the glorious creature of the sky into the field of Harvard College's instrument just as that patient clock reached the second needed for the truth of the ancient prediction. Need I say that those two professors almost wondered (so used to such things were they, at the awe struck devotion—the hushed reverence, with which I left the room.—*Dr. C. Robinson.*

ALL the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as intemperance.

## THE DYING CHILD.\*

REV. JAMES LAWSON, CHURCH, ONT.

COME nearer to my bed, mother,  
Why sit you there and weep?  
Come sit down by my side, mother,  
Before I go to sleep;  
I want to talk to you awhile,  
(Dear mother, do not cry,  
Once more I want to see you smile,  
I think I'm going to die.

Then sit down by my side, mother,  
And list to what I say;  
My voice is growing very weak,  
But still I want to pray;  
Then mother, kiss me a good night,  
And if I wake no more,  
You'll know I'm with the angels bright,  
Safe on the golden shore.

Soon I must leave you, dear mother,  
No more on earth to meet;  
But in the world of endless bliss,  
We shall each other greet.  
The angels now are coming, mother,  
I see them in the room!  
They're waiting round my bed, mother,  
To take me to my home.

My body in the grave may lie,  
And moulder with the clay,  
Whilst far above the starry sky,  
My spirit soars away.  
To join the heavenly hosts above,  
With them my voice to raise,  
And sing of Jesus' dying love,  
In sweetest songs of praise.

Good-bye, dear mother, I must go,  
My Saviour bids me come,  
Farewell to all things here below,  
I see my heavenly home.  
Hark! hear you not the music swell  
In rapturous strains so sweet?  
Adieu to earth; dear friends, farewell,  
Till we in heaven shall meet.

HOW SURFMAN SAM PATROLLED  
THE BEACH.

BY EDWIN A. RAND.

"MAY I go with you?" asked Win Waters, who chanced to be calling at the Life Saving Station near Pebbly Beach, one evening.

"Oh, yes," replied Sam Williams, in his hearty way. "Plenty of room."

Sam was about leaving the kitchen, which was also the living room of the Life Saving Station. The clock on the wall had just blithely sung out, "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—t-t!" Some of the crew had sleepily stumbled up the short, narrow flight of stairs leading to their quarters for the night. Sims Towle, who, until the appointment of a keeper, was now acting as the head-man at the station, had gone into the boat-room adjoining the kitchen. It was a room about thirty feet long, with a big door-mouth in front, and a glass eye on each of two sides. This boat-room contained the big surf boat, warranted to be twenty-four feet in length and not to sink, as it was buoyed up by air chambers at each end. Then there was a cart, loaded with all kinds of apparatus needed for the relief of a wreck, and ready to be rolled out of the boat-room's "mouth" the very moment it was opened. In this room there were also coils of rope, a light line to be shot to a wreck and a mortar for shooting it, a breeches-buoy, a life-car, drawers packed with rockets and coston signals—how many things, indeed! The acting keeper now came out of the boat-room, swinging a lantern in his hand. He was a short, stout man with gray whiskers and blue eyes, and he was dressed in a blue flannel suit.

"You all ready, Sam?" inquired the acting keeper.

"Jest about."

Sam had put on a short, heavy fisherman's jacket and a "sou'wester," and had tucked his trousers into a pair of long rubber boots that an elephant (small one) could have walked in. Beneath the drooping caves of his "sou'wester" protruded a sharp red robe, and somewhere in the rear flashed two bright brown eyes. A long sandy beard fringed like a broom the lower part of his face.

"Here's your time-detector," called out the acting keeper.

"All right," said Sam, picking up a small leather case to which was attached a long leather shoulder-strap.

"And let me see! I b'lieve I have got my coston signal," exclaimed Sam, clapping his hand down on his pocket and proving its contents. The "signal" was a small black package, perhaps three inches long and an inch in diameter. It fitted into a brass socket furnished with a handle. When the handle was pressed down, this drove a sharp rod out of the socket into the signal, striking a percussion cap which ignited a fusee. "Come, Win!" called out Sam, snatching up a lantern.

"Time I was cut on that 'ore beat." He opened the door to let his companion out, closed it, and then halted a minute to get, as he affirmed, his "bearin's."

"There's a moon somewhere, and it isn't dark," he said, looking up to the stars that snapped like small coals on a big, black hearth. Then he looked off on the sea, which was an indefinite mass of darkness, but announced its presence by a steady and rather savage roar-r-r-r! There was a little snow that whitened the rocky rim of the beach along which they slowly trudged.

"What do you say they call you?" asked Win.

"I am a surfman, and that means, I s'pose, good at handlin' a craft in the surf; and then I go on these beats and am a patrolman," replied Sam.

"How many watches do you have at night?"

"Well, the first watch is from sunset till eight, and the second from eight till twelve, and from twelve till four is the third watch, and from four till sunrise, or at eight, is the fourth watch. Then comes the first watch again. We have to go in the daytime if the weather is so thick and hazy that we can't see two miles each way from the station. That's the lookout on top of the station is where we watch on clear days, and we put down each vessel that passes." On they stumbled, over the black, slippery rocks that the tide had lately washed, splashing now through dark pools, then stepping into a patch of soft gray sand, or hobbling over the uneasy pebbles that gave the beach its name. All the while Sam's lantern twinkled faithfully by the side of its master, and Win kept up a persevering fire of questions.

"Do you have many in your crew?"

"We have a keeper and seven surfmen, one bein' cook. I tell ye, Win, on a nowlin' night, it is tough goin' along shore. Once I was an hour and a half goin' a mile. You see, my lantern was blown out, and then I couldn't see."

"How many stations are there in the United States?"

"There were one hundred and eighty nine by the last official report, but there are more now. They are addin' all the time. Here, at this station, we go on the first of Septem-

ber and leave by the first of May, and each man has fifty dollars a month from Government. We have to find, though, our own rations."

"Now, Sam, what would you do if you should see wreck?"

"Wall, I should burn my signal, and hurry to the station, and rouse 'em."

"What then?"

"Wall, we should launch the surf-boat if it wasn't too rough, and if 'twas, we should get out the mortar and the Lyle gun, and fire a line to the wreck, if near enough."

"What then?"

"Wall, we should send 'em a life car or the breeches-buoy, and if they're sensible, they'll come ashore in a 'mazin' quick time."

They had now left the beach, and were crossing a snowy field.

"So quick!" said Sam. "Here we are at the house where I take out my detector."

"In that leather case you carry?"

"Yes. This is an ingenious way, I think, to make us faithful. Do you see that key?"

As Sam held up the lantern, Win caught the gleam of a brass chain that secured a key to the wall of a house. Sam took the key, inserted it in the time-detector, turned it till it clicked, and then, turning it back, withdrew, and replaced it in its niche.

"There, when you heard that click, a little dial inside was struck, and tomorrow mornin' the actin' keeper will take the dial out, look at it, and see the record of my faithfulness," said Sam, proudly.

The patrolman here turned, and, pointing his sharp nose toward the beach once more, followed it faithfully. With him went the battered old "sou'wester," time-detector, coston signal, and all, till, once more, Sam and his young companion were stumbling over the slippery rocks, among the dripping pools, the sand patches, and the ugly boulders and pebbles.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Sam, suddenly and excitedly. The patrolman, who had been slouching along, lazily swinging his lantern, apparently seeing nothing but his rubber boots, and yet in reality watching the dark, treacherous sea closely as a hound would eye an enemy's track, was a very different being now. His figure straightened; the old sou'wester went back as if struck by a big meteorite. Down he set his lantern, out came his coston signal, the rod in the handle was forced down, and up into the night flashed a red light. The rocks, the pools, the sand, the surf, were stained by this warning ray, while Sam danced along the sands, and then slipped down to the edge of the crimsoned, tumbling surf as if a gazelle and not a heavy patrolman were inside the big rubber boots.

"What is it?" asked the astonished Win, who thought Sam had gone crazy.

"Don't yer see?"

"Oh, yes! There it is!"

The "it" was a dark object that Sam pronounced a "coaster," its sails looming up against the starry sky, and moving dangerously near the rocky shore.

"All right!" exclaimed Sam. "She's doin' better! Didn't you hear 'em say, 'Hard up! Put your hel-um up!'"

"Why, no!"

"I tell ye, a patrolman is all ears at such a time."

"All legs, also, I should say."

"Ha, ha! she's all right! Next time, you land-lubbers, try and do better."

"Wonder who those are aboard?"

"Don't know. However, I'd signal if I knew it was my worst enemy."

"Have you any enemies?" asked Win, surprised to know that this good-natured patrolman had any enemy.

"I began to think I had one t'other day," said Sam, as the two slowly walked toward the station. "Our life-saving stations are set off in dees-tricks, and there's a superintendent over each one. Ours came down on me last week—his name's Myrich—'cause he said I'd been drinkin' at the village the night afore, and he could prove it. He said I'd left my name, 'Sam Williams,' chalked on the saloon counter. It wasn't me, for 'bout that time I was down here, as I ought to have been, but I couldn't prove what they called an *alibi*—or lallyby, as a man said—for nobody here saw me jest that hour, as I was outside the house, a-strollin' back of it. Myrich was down on me, and didn't drop me, but put me on probation. Me on probation! I'd scorn to tech the stuff up in the village! I felt pretty hard toward Myrich, I tell ye."

Sam fumed all the way to the station, and yet when Win asked him if he would have burnt that signal for Myrich, Sam's prompt answer was: "I'd have burnt it for a dog, and course I would for Myrich. Mustn't let your feelin's interiere with your duty."

The next day Sam was about entering the station after a walk down Pebbly Beach, when he halted in the door-way. There was the little living room. Between the two windows, eying the east, was the stove. Above it was a wooden frame for drying all kinds of wet things. A cupboard was in one corner, and opposite was a yellow dining-table. Over the table, on the wall, ticked a clock, and a barometer said "Fair." The surfmen were sitting about the stove. Were they all surfmen? Out from this group stepped Mr. Myrich, the superintendent of that life-saving station district. Advancing toward Sam, he said: "Williams, you know I felt obliged to put you on probation the other day, but I learn that I was mistaken in my man—that somebody else by the name of Sam Williams was the chap in that saloon at the village. I learn that you were the patrol who burnt his signal so promptly last night, and I happened to be in that very vessel. I came here to transfer the acting keeper to be the head of another station, and I shall write to Washington that they must appoint you keeper here."

And what could Sam Williams say? Imagine!

"THE dynamite party!" exclaimed Mrs. Shoddy, who was reading over the papers. "Dear me, Augusta, we'll have to give one right away before those Smiths hear it. I wonder what it's like!"

"ILLUSTRATED with cuts!" said a mischievous urchin as he drew his knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts!" repeated the teacher, as he laid his cane across the back of the mischievous urchin.

\* These verses, set to music, can be had at 5c per sheet, or 50c per dozen, by addressing the author.

THE WONDROUS STORY.

BY REV. I. L. KEPHART.

DOWN to earth, from his home in glory,  
Jesus came. Oh, wondrous story!  
Yes, he came—  
Came to earth to save us.  
Oh, he came to earth to save us all  
From the dreadful curse of Adam's fall;  
Yes, he came—came to earth to save us.

On the cross he purchased pardon;  
Matchless love! his life the ransom!  
Yes, he gave—  
Gave his life a ransom!  
Oh, he gave his life to save us all  
From the dreadful curse of Adam's fall!  
Yes, he gave—gave his life a ransom.

Children, sing this great redemption;  
Fathers, mothers, all make mention  
Of his love!  
Wondrous love of Jesus!  
Oh, the wondrous love that brought him  
down  
To give to us a righteous crown!  
Oh, the love—the wondrous love of Jesus.

Hear it, all ye heavy laden;  
Come to Christ and be forgiven.  
All may come—  
Come and be forgiven.  
Oh, may come to Christ, who died to save;  
For all his life a ransom gave.  
All may come—may come and be forgiven.

By and by he'll take us over,  
Through the golden streets to wander;  
Then we'll sing—  
Sing his praise forever!  
Oh, we'll sing his praise through endless days,  
And laud and magnify his grace;  
Then we'll sing—sing his praise forever!

RAGGED JACK.

I WAS once doing my best to interest the children of a mission school. The task was difficult, for they were a hard set, of rude and rough material, full of animal life, but small in religious development. My words and illustrations accomplish little. I was worried by the overflow of turbulent natures, here and there a shrill whistle, and once by an actual somersault in the aisle. In my despair I was on the point of giving up all attempt for their good, when I caught sight of a single face in the crowd aglow with interest. The face was that of an exceptionally ragged boy. I saw by his kindled eyes and earnest look that I had him fast; and, encouraged, made the most of my opportunity. The service closed, for a few moments I was occupied with the superintendent of the school upon details, and then looked for my boy. He was gone, but as I went out I found him at the door. Asking him in and sitting down, I drew him to my knees. At first he was very timid, but gradually and very soon he was at ease.

"Where do you live, my little fellow?"

"I lives nowhere," was the answer, "I just stays in Slingstone Alley. I has no father, no mother; but folks down there lets me stay with 'em. And I begs, I do."

"Slingstone Alley?" I said. "Where is that? I never heard of it."

"Oh!" was the reply, "it is a run place down by the river. We coves call it so coz we throw stones at each other and at the dogs and cats. Lots of 'em there."

"Did you hear what I said to-day about Jesus?"

"Yes, that I did, mister. Where does he live?"

"In heaven."

"What a jolly place it must be. Spose he would let such a feller as me live with him?"

And the little waif looked down upon his soiled and ragged clothing.

"I wants a place, mister. Nobody wants me down there. They kicks me and cuffs me hard. Look."

He rolled up his trousers and pointed to black and bruised legs.

"That's what they does with me. S'pose that Jesus would take me to live with him? I would try to be good and black his boots every morning, only the boys have stolen my kit. P'raps he would trust me to get a new one. Won't you speak to him, mister? Seems like you knows him. Tell him that Ragged Jack—that's my name—wants to live with him, and he'll be powerful good all the time."

Need I say that Jack was taken to my heart, that then and there a new life began for us both? How he went to live with Jesus, and what came of it, Jack is telling for himself out in the great world of thought and action to-day.—*F. B. Wheeler.*

"STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME, FATHER."

THERE is scarcely a man so hardened but that one tender spot may be found in his heart. If that is gently touched, the man responds. At a religious meeting in Scotland, some time ago, the following anecdote was told because it illustrated a drunkard's sensitiveness to the influence of a dead child whom he had tenderly loved. A fisherman, who habitually drank to excess, used to sail from a small cove on the Scotch coast to the fishing grounds, several miles out in the ocean. There was no light-house to guide him, not even a beacon-light, and the channel was intricate. When the fisherman had taken a drop too much and the night had fallen, it was dangerous work entering that cove. His little son used to watch his father's coming, and as soon as he saw him he would run down to the point, and cry out, "Steer straight for me father, and you'll get safe home!"

The boy died, and one evening the father was sitting at the lonely fireside. His conscience troubled him, for he had been thinking over the sins of his life. As the night settled down, he thought he heard the voice of his boy ring out through the darkness:

"Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!"

Springing to his feet, he called out "You're right this time, my son!"

From that moment he was a changed man, one whose sobriety and pious life attested the genuineness of his conviction of truth and his wise purpose.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

EVERY healthy, promising boy or girl is ambitious. They long to take a front rank among their fellows. The purpose to succeed must follow the desire. Decide carefully and prayerfully what your vocation shall be, and then determine that all your ability, strength and brain shall be exercised in the effort to succeed. Let nothing discourage you. Are you only a butcher's boy? So were Daniel Defoe and Cardinal Wolsey. A grocer boy? Howard, the great philanthropist, began his apprenticeship in that business. Are you so unfortunate as to have a whisky distiller for a father? Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer, and George Whitefield the son of an inn-keeper. You cannot begin lower in the social scale than many illustrious men began. John Bunyan was a tinker. Terence, and

Homer was a beggar. Never mind where you begin.

Be true to your love and your country  
The dastard wins never a prize;  
But the earnest are ever the victors,  
And he who on justice relies,  
Who wins the good guerdon by labor,  
Will garner sweet rest as his crop,  
And find, as the hills sink below him,  
That there's room enough on the top.

Oh! let not the evil disturb you,  
There a goal if you but search it out:  
Make pure thine own conscience, my brother,  
Nor mind what the rest are about.  
And whether your work may have fallen  
In sanctum, or office, or shop,  
Remember the low grounds are crowded,  
But there's always room at the top.

Room for you if you will earn the right to it. Be true. Be industrious. Be thorough. Be polite.

Do not seek honor, nor fame, nor wealth for its own sake. See that your motive is pure. Decide that whatever God gives you shall be used to his glory. There can be no true success which does not look further than the things of this world.—*Christian Advocate.*

A BOY'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

COME boys, what are we going to do? The new year has begun its work, now how are we going to begin ours? You know we are to be the men some day, and will have to take the place of our fathers, just as they took the place of our grandfathers, thirty years ago. You know men are just boys grown up, just the same as we are boys growing up. How should we spend our Sundays, is the first question? I think it would be best to keep away from taverns, and not to lounge around the corners of the streets, or in the back lanes, for these are the places where boys generally learn to chew tobacco and smoke. I don't mean that it is only on Sunday we are not to do these things, but every day and all the time. Instead of going to these places, let temperance boys and Sunday school boys. Let us all go to Sunday-school, we can help our teacher by paying attention to what he says.

If my story will not be too long for Mr. Editor's patience, I will tell you about some boys and young men in a town where we lived one summer. These boys just began by hanging around the street corners and back lanes, and planned schemes for thieving. Then they formed themselves into a band of robbers. They then began their work by entering people's houses at night, and taking anything they could find. One night they broke into the Presbyterian minister's house and took his coat and pants, also some canned fruit and pork. At last they quarrelled among themselves around a tavern, and one told on another. After this the people found they had a place where they stored all they stole, and in this place was found jars of fruit and many other things. A few days after they were all arrested and put in prison; this put an end to their work.

Now, boys, I'm sure we don't want to grow up like these fellows. I move we shun the back lanes and keep in the house at nights. Who accords the motion, and who votes on my side? Perhaps I'm saying too much. It used to be the rule that boys ought to be seen and not heard. Now, boys, I think we can surely be of some use in the world if we only put ourselves to work; for, you see, some of our best kings in Bible times were just boys. Some took

the throne at seven, eight, and twelve years old. Why, Samuel was only two or three years old when he was placed in the temple with Eli, and as he grew up his work was to look after the lamps and do chores in the temple. Eli was judge at that time, and after his death Samuel was judge. Then there is Jeremiah, the prophet, when the Lord first spoke to him and told him to go and speak to the people of Judah, Jeremiah answered and said, "Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am but a child;" and the Lord said, "Say not that I am a child, but go wherever I send thee, and speak whatever I tell thee," and told him not to be afraid of them, for he would be with him. Read for yourselves the first chapter of Jeremiah. And there is Josiah; he took the place of his father as king at eight years old, and see what he did. And there are others, but it would make my story too long to name them. Now, boys, it may be we can't be kings, prophets, or judges, but it may be we can light the lamps in the house of God.

JOSEPH E. FORSTER,  
Dovercourt, Ont.

THE FIRST OFFER.

Nor long since a clergyman was visiting one of his parishioners, who was a man of business, when the following conversation substantially occurred:

"It is true," said the merchant, "I am not satisfied with my present condition. I am not 'of a settled mind in religion,' as you express it. Still, I am not utterly hopeless; I may yet enter the vineyard, even at the eleventh hour."

"Ah! your allusion is to the Saviour's parable of the loitering labourers, who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you have overlooked the fact that these men accepted the first offer."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly. They said to the Lord of the vineyard, 'No man hath hired us.' They welcomed the first offer immediately."

"True; I had not thought of that before. But, then, the thief on the cross, even while dying, was saved."

"Yes; but is it likely that even he had ever rejected the offer of salvation, as preached by Christ and his apostles? Like Barabas, he had been a robber by profession. In the rescuer to which he had been accustomed the Gospel had never been preached. Is there not some reason to believe that he, too, accepted the first offer?"

"Why, you seem desirous to quench my last spark of hope."

"Why should I not? Such hope is an illusion. You have really no promise of acceptance at some future time. Now is the accepted time! Begin now!"

"How shall I begin?"

"Just as the poor leper did when he met Jesus by the way, and committed his body to the Great Physician, in order to be healed: so commit your soul to him as a present Saviour. Then serve him from love; the most common duty of life that you have to perform, do it as service to him. Will you accept the first offer? Your eyes are open to see your peril. Beware of delay. Beware!"

"You are right, may God help me! I fear I have been living in a kind of dreamy delusion on this subject."



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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 6, 1886

**\$250,000**

FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

WHAT GIRLS AND BOYS CAN DO FOR MISSIONS.

Looking through a missionary treasurer's report, I noticed this clause: "Miss Rags, 25 cents," and I said to myself, "That young lady has a queer name, and not a very pretty one, either." A little farther down the report I noticed again, "Miss Rags, 45 cents," and thought, why there is a family of Rags in that town also. But when I came to third "Miss Rags, 31 cents," I then noticed that there was a period after the Miss, and I saw that instead of it meaning a young lady, it was a short way of writing "missionary." I then understood that here and there some one had carefully put all the rags and waste paper, not into the fire, but into the rag-bag, and the money received from the rag-man had been sent to the missionary society. Here seemed to be one answer to the question, "What can boys and girls do for missionary money?" On further study of the subject I discovered that rags were not the only things to have the title missionary. I found Miss Patchwork, Miss Berries, Miss Flowerseeds, and even Miss Hens.

Two little girls in New England raised sage and sold enough to send \$3 to the missionary treasurer. One little girl gathers the eggs carefully and says: "Mother gives me one egg for every dozen I find, and when I have a dozen I sell them and put the money into the missionary box." All over the country, we find earnest, eager groups of boys and girls who have found that interest and enthusiasm belong to that strange class, of which the more you give away the more you have left. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

DON'T FORGET THE  
SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AID & EXTENSION FUND  
COLLECTION

REVIEW SUNDAY—MARCH 28.

It will be remembered that the General Conference directs that this collection be taken up in all the Sunday-schools of our Church on the Review Sunday either in September or March. Some schools, it is to be feared, neglected to take it up in September. That is the best time. For then all the schools are open. In March those schools that close in winter have not yet come out of winter quarters. But we specially request that the direction of the General Conference be carried out by all those schools which may have neglected it in September. The ministers are all asked at the May District Meeting if this collection has been taken up; and, if it has not, the ministers often pay it out of their own pockets. Now, no school desires this to be the case. The ministers cannot themselves take up the collection, for few of them can be in the schools. It is the duty of the superintendent of the school to see that it is duly taken up and handed to the minister of the circuit.

A LITTLE girl had been given some verses to commit to memory by her Sunday-school teacher. She told her mother about it on coming home, and said they were the first three verses of a chapter in St. John. Her little brother, who was in the room, at once exclaimed, "Papa, don't let her learn them! That's the man who beat Blaine!"



HIPPOCAMPUS OR SEA HORSE.

HIPPOCAMPUS OR SEA HORSE.

This "strange fish," for a fish he truly is, though belonging to a very odd family—the pipe-fishes—is not an entire stranger to our northern water, being found along the New Jersey coast, and quite far up the Hudson River. Some very fine specimens constituted one of the points of special attraction in the New York Aquarium.

The picture gives a striking portrait of the creature; and what a jumble of oddities—the head of a horse, fins of a fish, tail compounded of a crocodile's and a ring-tailed monkey's, and the ribbed body of a Chinese lantern! In general, he is found holding on to some sea-weed or fragment of shell, swaying backward and forward, with oft repeated and very rapid vibrations of the pectoral fin. If it is his pleasure to release his hold and change his location, he moves in the upright form seen in the engraving, using the large back fin for propulsion. His voyaging, however, is very short; as he generally adheres to the first object that lies in his way.

The Hippocampus is very docile, and easily tamed; and to one who is so fortunate as to obtain a specimen, he will serve for many an hour of deeply interested study and observation.

TALMAGE ON TOBACCO.

"We must advise them to abstain from the use of tobacco, because the medical fraternities of the United States and Great Britain concur in calling this habit destructive and unhealthy. Temperance reformers will tell you that tobacco creates an unnatural thirst, and this causes more drunkenness in America than anything else. I say in the presence of this assembly to-day that the pathway of the drunkard to hell is strewn thick with tobacco leaves. America gives a million dollars

to the salvation of the heathen a year. American Christians smoke five million dollars' worth of tobacco. I speak to-day in the presence of the vast multitude of young people between seventeen and twenty-five years of age who are forming their habits. Habits are easy to acquire, but hard to get over. You must either smoke expensive or inexpensive tobacco. If it is cheap, it either contains lime, fullers' earth, lamp-black, burdock and other things, and a little tobacco. How can you afford to put such a mess as that into your mouth?"

Thousands of young men—otherwise and more properly called dudes—are daily seen strutting about our streets, swinging their canes and making themselves conspicuous and offensive by their cigar smoking, and pompous, swelling manners. A million of such fops, gathered into one "grand army," would not be worth, even for a "great moral show," much less for "fighting purposes," the cost of the "kid gloves, you know," they would always insist on wearing.

LEARN MUSIC.

BY REV. J. LAWSON.

EVERY boy and girl, who has the least "ear for music," should by all means attend to the study of this delightful branch of learning. The ability to "read music" is very desirable in those who are to do our public singing. This is too often confined to a few. Instead of this being the case, the singing ought to be done by almost everyone in the meeting. Most people can sing a little if they try, and can improve very much by culture.

Boys and girls, learn music, or, as some say, "learn the notes." Study, stick to it, and you will succeed. Then you can readily learn new pieces when necessary, and join more confidently and more correctly in the singing. Learn music.



READING TO AUNT KATE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## MARCH OF THE LOYAL LEGION.

W R come, we come, an army true,  
Our banners proudly bringing  
With a shield of gold and a badge of blue,  
And a song of victory singing,  
A song of victory singing.

We come, we come, a joyous band,  
In the freshness of life a morning;  
We are growing up with a purpose grand,  
And a glad new day is dawning,  
A glad new day is dawning.

We march, we march, with prayer and song,  
On the field you're sure to find us;  
In a fight for right and a war with wrong  
We'll cast all fear behind us,  
We'll cast all fear behind us.

A "Loyal Legion" may we stand,  
Met the storm of earth a temptation,  
That in days to come, joining hand in hand,  
We may help to save the nation,  
May help to save the nation.

## READING TO AUNT KATE.

The girls in our picture are having a joyous day. Their kind mamma gave them each a book, full of nice pictures and instructive stories, and when a dear little playmate called to see them, they asked to visit Aunt Katy who lives in a room in the third story of a large house not many blocks away. Mamma said they might go and read Aunt Katy a story out of one of the new books; and she gave them a basket of buns and jelly and a baked chicken to carry for Aunt Katy's dinner. The girls had a grand time. Aunt Katy has a young heart if she is nearly seventy five years old. She has not forgotten when she was a little girl herself.

When the girls left her room they were really glad they had been there. Aunt Katy was very thankful for the nice things in the basket, but more thankful to know that she was remembered and loved by the children.

The girls in our picture look as though they delight to make others happy. We hope they have learned to love Jesus who came from heaven down to this world, to make all who will love him truly happy all the years they live on earth and then happy to all eternity, because Jesus lives in the hearts of his children, and all who have Jesus in their hearts are happy.

Those who have not yet begun to love Jesus may begin right away. Now is the best time to begin. The promises are for now. We are sure of the present time because we have it.

Many of you have nice presents and grand dinners, and perhaps many other things intended to please you. But remember, dear children, those without God's love cannot make you happy. If you share your good things with the Lord's poor little ones, in that you will be like Jesus; but you want pure hearts, and with this great blessing you cannot help being happy.

## TEMPERANCE.

I don't know that any judge can better discharge his duty, than by again and again calling the attention to the fact that the great bulk, I might almost say the most of the offences of violence which take place in the counties of this land, are directly ascribable to the habit of drinking to excess.—*Mr Justice Dinman, of Surrey Assizes, England, August, 1862.*

Drink is at the bottom of almost every crime committed in Dublin.—*Mr. Baron Dowse in a charge to a jury, 1881.*

I have been for a whole week trying cases such as no Christian judge ought to have to try—cases of outrage and violence in this city. It is the drink system, and the drink alone that leads to all this misery and crime and sorrow.—*Hon. Frederick R. Fulker, Q. C., and Recorder of Dublin, 1881.*

Judges are weary with calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime, but I cannot refrain from saying that if they could make England sober, they would shut up nine-tenths of the prisons.—*Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England.*

An experience of more than twenty years of judicial life has taught me that more than seven-eighths of the crimes committed in this country— which involve personal violence—were traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors . . . that of all the causes of sin and misery, of pauperism and wretchedness, intoxicating liquor stands forth the unapproachable chief.—*Noah Davis, Chief Justice of the New York Supreme Court.*

We should not at this moment have been put to the necessity of erecting a new gaol, if it were not for the existence of the licensed public houses and beer houses. I believe they are at the source of all the mischief.—*Robertson Gladstone, Magistrate, Liverpool.*

We can trace four-fifths of the crimes that are committed to the influence of rum. There is not one case in twenty where a man is tried for his life in which rum is not the direct or indirect cause of the murder. Rum and blood—I mean the shedding of blood—go hand in hand.—*Judge Allison, of Philadelphia.*

## METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL TEMPERANCE WORK.

From the report for the Dominion of the Secretary of the Sunday School Board of the Methodist Church we clip the following interesting item of information:—

The important subject of temperance is more and more attracting public attention. It is cause for congratulation that the Methodist Church is in the forefront of this temperance agitation. And Methodist schools are not a whit behind in the deep interest manifested in this great reform. Our statistical tables present a record of 34,107 who, during the year, have taken the pledge against the twin evils, liquor and tobacco. This number added to those previously recorded makes a great army of pledged abstainers, who in a very few years will exert a strong influence in public and private life—at the polls and in the homes—against the national evil and crime, the liquor traffic.

## A THREE-LEAVED BOOK.

A MINISTER used to carry about with him a little book, with only three leaves in it, and it did not contain a single word. The first was a leaf of black paper, black as jet; the next was a leaf of scarlet; the last was a leaf of white, without spot. Day by day he would look upon this singular book; and at last he told the secret of what it meant. Here is the black leaf—that is my sin, and the wrath of God which my sin deserves. I look, and look, and think it is not black enough to represent my guilt, though it is as black as black can be. The

red leaf reminds me of the atoning sacrifice and the precious blood; and I delight to look to it and weep, and look again. The white leaf represents my soul as it is washed in Jesus' blood and made white as snow.

Who is saying, "I should like to be washed—I should like my sins to be taken away?" Then use David's prayer, and the Lord will do it.—*Ex.*

## THE BRITISH CROWN.

THE British crown is not the property of Queen Victoria, but of the nation. All the crown jewels are kept in the Tower of London. The room in which they are kept is a ground-floor apartment, with sombre stone walls eight feet in thickness. It is small, and in its centre stands a huge, iron-barred cage, oblong in shape, and rising nearly to the ceiling. Within this cage is a stand, terrace-topped and covered with velvet, which was at one time white. At the extreme top is a crown made for Victoria. Below it, on one side, is the crown of the Prince of Wales, and on the other that of the last of the Stuarts, the four Georges and William IV. One crown had served very well for all these men, but when, in 1837, the royal head-gear had to be put upon a woman's head, it was, of course, much too large, and a new one had to be made. Besides the crowns, there are in the collection the royal wand, a solid gold stick three feet seven inches in length, the royal communion service, three large fonts, all of gold, out of which the royal children are baptized, besides numerous other valuable presents that have in time past been presented to the State by friendly sovereigns. The entire collection is valued at fifteen million dollars, much of which sum is represented in the rare stones that grace the crowns and sceptre, the famous Kohinoor, the second largest diamond in the world, being one of them.—*Independent.*

## JIMMIE'S FIRST MONEY.

JIMMIE KAY had acted as a clerk in a shop for one week, and received five shillings for his pay—the first money he had ever really worked for. These shillings made Jimmie a very happy lad, and he wanted to do the best he could with them. So, like a good son, he asked his mother about it.

"Mother, how much do you think I ought to give the missionary collection to-day?"

"Well, Jimmie, I think your father's rule of giving one-tenth a very good one for you to follow. You know we are told to cast our grain upon the waters, and that we shall find it again, though it may be many days after."

Jimmie had a twinkle in his eye as he said—

"Well, mother, I've seen a good deal of casting done, and now I'm waiting to see some of it coming back again."

This made his mother feel anxious, fearing that Jimmie, after all, might not want to give any of his money. Then she spoke of the widow's two mites—that she was not content to give a portion of her money, but had to give—even "all her living."

As they walked home from church Jimmie said, "Well, mother, how much do you suppose I gave this morning to the missionary collection?"

"Why, sixpence," said his mother. "More than that," said Jimmie.

So his mother went on guessing, adding a little each guess, till she reached one shilling and sixpence, when she stopped, saying he must tell her.

"Well, then, mother, I did as the widow did. I cast in all that I had—I gave the five shillings!"

You may be sure his mother was very glad and happy indeed to find him so willing to consecrate the "first fruits" of his labour to the service of the Lord, who loveth the cheerful giver.

## "LITTLE CREASES," AND HOW SHE CLIMBED THE MONUMENT.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY

## II.

LITTLE CREASES' costume, although it attracted little attention to herself, was likely to make a clerical companion stared at, even in London's crowded streets, where men brush past each other never heeding,—frowning, and laughing, and even talking, as if they were in a dark, double-locked room alone, instead of publishing their secrets of character, at any rate, in broad noon, to the one in ten thousand who may have leisure or inclination to notice them. I thought, however, that it would be a bad beginning with Bessie, if I wished to secure her confidence, to seem to be ashamed of her clothes. So I got my hat, and proposed that we should start at once. When I took hold of her hand outside the front door, I could see that she thought that in my case, as in that of her Parliamentary friend in the Mall, wit was not equal to good-will. We were chaffed a little as we walked along. A policeman asked me if I wanted to give the little girl in charge, and when I answered that the little girl was taking a walk with me, looked more than half inclined to take me into custody myself. "Oh, he's adoptin' the good Samaritan dodge in public, Bobby," explained a sneering on-looker; "lettin' 'is light shine afore men. He don't mean no more mischief than that. I know the ways 'o them parsons. They'd be precious deep, if they knew how." I must confess that this gloss upon my behaviour did annoy me, because I felt that I had laid myself open to it. But is it not a satire on our Christianity that we should think it "very odd" to see a person in whole clothes talking to one in rags, unless the continuously clad person be either bullying or benefitting the intermittently clad from the top of a high cliff of universally admitted social superiority?

I do not know who takes the money at the Monument now. At the time of which I write the money-taker was a very morose old fellow, who seemed to regret that the gallery had been caged in. "You can't fling her over," he growled, as we began to mount the weary, winding stairs.

"Did you hear what he said, Bessie?" I asked with a laugh.

"Oh yes, I 'eared 'im," Little Creases answered gravely; "but I ain't afeared. I'd scratch so as ye couldn't, if ye wanted to, an' it ain't sich as you does thinx to git put in the papers. It's chaps as can fight as does them kind o' thinx."

For a wonder, the day being so fine, we had the gallery at first to ourselves. "That's a buster," said Bessie, as she mounted the last step, "I'll 'ave a blow



now. Law, 'ow my legs do ache, an' I feel dizzy like. I shouldn't ha' been 'arf so tired if I'd been a-goin' my rounds."

"And yet you wanted to come up, Bessie?"

"Well, I know I did—else I shouldn't ha' come."

"There are other people besides you, Bessie, that want to get up in the world, and then, when they do get up, are half sorry that they took the trouble. So you may be content to carry about your tray."

But analogical moralising of this kind (as I might have expected, had not those been the salad days of my life) shot quite over Bessie's head.

"Who said I won't content?" she asked, in angry bewilderment. "What's the Monument got to do wi' creases? I shall work them till I can get sumfink better."

Bessie was more interested when I explained to her the meaning of the "gold colly-flower," as she called the gilt finial; but she was very much disappointed when she was told that the Great Fire after all had not been caused by Roman Catholics. "They'd 'a done it, if they could, though," she commented. "There's Blue Anchor Court close by the Rents as is full o' Romans, an' they's al'ays a-pitchin' inter each hother wi'out knowin' what's it all about. Law, 'ow they do send the tongues an' pokers flyin' of a Saturday night! An' the women is wuss than the men, wi' their back hair a-angin' down like a 'oss's tail. They'll tear the gownd hoff a woman's back, and shy bricks, an' a dozen o' 'em will go in at one, hif he's a-fightin' wi' their pal an' is a-lickin' on 'im, or heven hif 'e ain't—an' the men's as bad for that. Yes, the Henglish fights, but they fights proper, two and two, an' they knows what they's fightin' for, an' they doesn't screech like them wild H Irish—they's wuss than the cats. No, it ain't horien as H Irish hinterferes wi' Henglish hif the Henglish doesn't worret 'em. Why should they? What call 'as sich as them to come hover 'ere to take the bread hout of the mouth of them as 'as a right to't?"

Bessie's superciliously uncharitable comments on Irish character were suddenly interrupted by an expression of surprise at the number of churches she saw rising around her through the sun-gilt grey smoke. "Law, what a sight o' churches! Blessed if that ain't St. Paul's!" When Bessie had once found an object which she could recognize, she soon picked out others that she was familiar with—the Mansion House, the Bank, the Exchange, "the Gate," as she called Billingsgate, the Custom House, the Tower, etc. "Law, 'ow queer it looks hup 'ere!" she constantly kept on exclaiming. The sensation of seeing a stale sight from a novel standpoint seemed to give her more pleasurable excitement than anything she had yet experienced on this to her eventful day. Instead of leaving her to enjoy her treat, and the new experience to teach, on however small a scale, its own lesson, I foolishly again attempted to moralise.

"Yes, Bessie," I said, "things and people, too, look very differently according to the way they are looked at. You have been taught to hate the Irish, but if you could see them as some people see them, perhaps you would like them—if you could see them as God sees them, from a higher place

than the Monument, you would love them."

"Granny says they're nasty boasts," was Bessie's sullen answer.

"Yes, Granny has been taught to call them so, just as she teaches you; but if Granny, too, would look at them differently she would speak of them differently."

"I don't see as H Irish is much worth lookin' at any 'ow."

"Well, but Bessie, you said the churches, and the shops, and so on, that you've seen all your life, looked so different up here."

"They don't look a bit nicer," Bessie answered sharply, having at last got a dim glimpse of my meaning. "I'd rayther see the shop windows than them nasty chimbley pots;" and, fairly floored, I once more desisted from my very lame attempt at teaching by analogy.

"Now, the river do look nice," Bessie went on in triumph, as if pursuing her argument. "But law, what mitos o' thinx the bridges looks hup 'ere! My hif that ain't a steamer, an' there's a fojer hin it, I can see 'is red coat. It look jist like a fly a-puffin' about in a sarcer. Look at them barges, sir, wi' the brown sails, ain't that nice! Hif I won't a gal, I'd go in a barge. It 'ud be so jolly to doss a top o' the 'ay an' stror an' that, and not 'ave no walkin'. Ah, them's the docks—there where the ships is as hif they couldn't git hout. Yes, I've been in the docks—not horfen. They stops sich as me, and hif you do get hinside, they feels you hover when you comes out, as hif ye'd been a-priggin'. No, I never did nuffink o' that; Granny oodn't let me if I'd a mind, an' I shouldn't like to git locked up in the station-'us. Blessed hif the 'osses doesn't look as hif they was a-crawlin' on their bellies like black beads! An' there's a gal a shakin' a carpet in that yard, an' now there's a cove a-kissin' on 'er! He's cut in now, 'cos an old ooman 'as come hout. That's the gal's missis, I guess, but I don't think she seed 'im. Law, what jolly larks you might 'ave on this 'ere monument, watchin' the folks without their knowin' on it. If they was to put a slop hup 'ere he could see 'em a-priggin', but then he couldn't git down time enough to nail 'em."

"But God can always see us, Bessie, and reach us, too, when we do wrong."

"Then why don't He? What's the good o' the pollis? P'raps, though, God don't like to see the bobbies a-drivin' poor folk about. Granny says they're hawfir' 'ard on poor folk."

I had again been unfortunate. Of course it would have been easy to answer poor little Bessie with satisfaction to myself; but as I felt that it would be only with satisfaction to myself, I was the more dissatisfied that in my 'prentice attempts to sow faith in divine government, I should have generated doubts. As the best thing I could do under the circumstances, I tried to remove Bessie's prejudice against the police as a body, although I was disagreeably conscious that, owing to my clumsiness, I had mixed up the "station-'us" and Providence in a very bewildering fashion in my little hearer's mind.

"Are the police hard to you, Bessie?" I asked.

"Some on 'em is—wery," she answered.

"Well, Bessie, it was Sergeant Hadfield, that lodges at Mr. Wilson's, who told me where to find you. He

spoke quite kindly about you. If it hadn't been for him, you wouldn't have had your sun up here."

"I never said anythink agin' 'im."

"But if one policeman is kind, why shouldn't others be?"

"P'raps they may be, but there's a many as ain't."

Bessie was a very obstinate little reasoner; and when I parted from her in Monument Yard, I could not help contrasting with bitter humiliation the easiness of calling and fancying one's self a Christian teacher of Christianity, and the difficulty of acquitting one's self as such. Little Creases will turn up again in these loosely-strung jottings. I will only add here in reference to her, that I walked home to my lodgings puzzling over those words of the child-loved Lover of children, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." There seemed somehow an incongruity between them and the preciously shrewd, and yet lamentably ignorant, little Bessie; and yet I felt that the poor little Londoner must be as dear to Jesus as any Judean boy or girl He ever blessed.

IS RELIGION A HUMBUG?

PASSING up the street the other day, I came upon a company of young men, apparently laborers, sitting in front of a second-class hotel, engaged in an animated conversation. Perceiving that they were talking of religion, I paused to listen. One said:

"Religion is a humbug, anyway. Christians don't believe in it themselves."

"That's so," said another. "It's all stuff and nonsense. The minister stands up and preaches so as to get his living without work. I don't take no stock in your long-faced, sneaking hypocrites."

Another said: "Them Christ. 's pretend to be mighty good, but they'd skin your teeth if they got a chance."

Said another: "They talk about doing good, but when you come to simmer it all down it just amounts to nothing. I've got no use for churches. If I wanted any help they'd be the last fellows I'd go to."

Another broke in: "Such fellows as Mike Doyle (a saloon-keeper) are the men for me. You get into a scrape and they'll help you out, but you'd get a kick before you'd get a cent from those pious pups."

So it went, nearly all joining in jeering at Christianity and condemning Christians. One young man, who had seemed to take no part up to this point, now broke in, and I am sorry to say he also was profane.

"Now see here, boys, I've listened to your stuff long enough. You're just saying what ain't no such thing. And what's more, you know better when you say it. I tell you what it is, you're just blackguarding them as is your best friends, if you only knowed it. I've tried your saloon-keepers, and I know what they are; they'd steal the cents off a dead man's eyes, and kick him because they were not quarters. I stayed in Minneapolis last winter; out of a job, too, but I had money enough to pay my board, and that's what lots of fellows hadn't. Hundreds of them couldn't get anything to do. Did your saloon men club together and help them through? I guess not much. They'd just starved if it had not been for them Christians there. They helped them through. I

watched 'em. They got up a wood yard, and furnished tools, and any fellow as needed it could saw a few sicks of wood and get a good, square meal and a night's lodging. Lots of 'em would have starved to death if them Christians hadn't helped them. Your saloon men never lifted a finger, only to buy the saws for twenty five cents a piece as cost a dollar, that the sneak tramps would steal and carry off when they got a chance, so that they had to build a fence around the wood yard to stop them. I watched the whole thing. And they opened a mission on Washington Avenue south, where a fellow was welcome whether he had any money or not. You just bet them is the fellows to tie to every time." He had the floor to himself, and put an end to all talk against Christians. He scattered their prejudices, and he scattered them.

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER

HERE'S a wonderful weaver  
High up in the air,  
And he weaves a white mantle  
For cold earth to wear.  
With the wind for his shuttle,  
The cloud for his loom,  
How he weaves, how he weaves  
In the light in the gloom!

Oh, with the finest of laces  
He decks bush and tree,  
On the bare, stony meadows  
A cover lays he.  
Then a quaint cap he places  
On pillar and post,  
And he changes the pump  
To a grim, silent ghost!

But this wonderful weaver  
Grows weary at last,  
And the shuttle lies idle  
That once flew so fast.  
Then the sun peeps abroad  
On the work that is done,  
And he smiles "I'll unravel  
It all, just for fun!"

—New York Independent.

A WORD IN SEASON.

ONE day a missionary in India was going out into a country village to preach. He did not take a carriage, as people in one of our cities would do, but called his native servant to bring the palanquin. This is a conveyance borne by two or more natives on their shoulders by means of a pole passing through the centre.

When he reached his journey's end, he said kindly to the men who had brought him:

"Now, you have carried me so safely over this rough way, I want to tell you of One who will carry all your sins and burdens for you."

They listened eagerly as he told them of Jesus and His death on the Cross. A few weeks afterwards one of the men came to the missionary's house, and begged to be the bearer of his palanquin for life. It was a stranger request, and the missionary inquired what it meant.

"Well," said the man, "I want to help you preach."

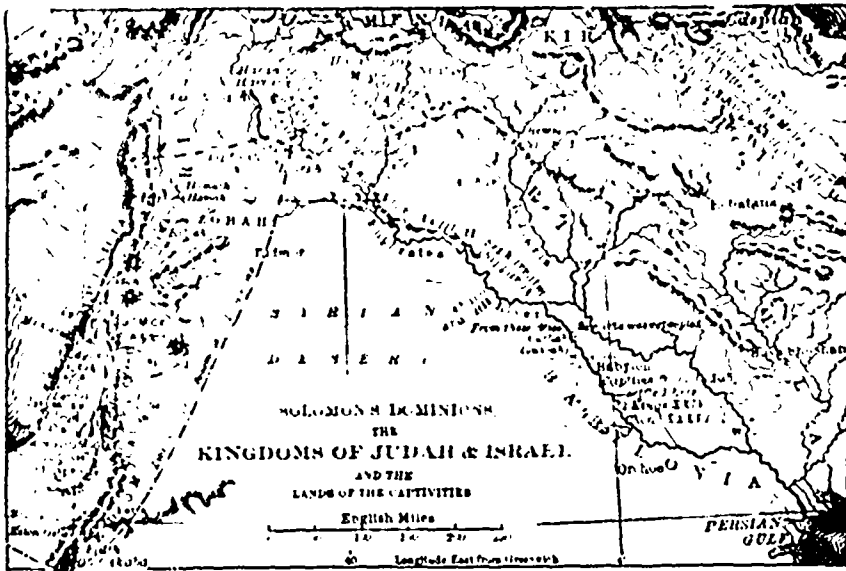
"Help me? How can you?" was the next question.

"In this way," replied the man. "Many will not go to hear you; and while I am waiting, they will gather round me, and I will preach, too."

So now he accompanies his master in all his tours, and tells the gospel story to little groups.—Missionary Echoes.

UNION in Christ is one of the peculiar glories of the gospel.





LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

B.O. 474.] LESSON XI. [March 14  
ESTHER'S PETITION.

Esther: 10-17. & 3:1-3. Commit to mem. versus 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish. Esther 4:16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Message of Faith, v. 10-14.
2. The Resolve of Faith, v. 15-17.
3. The Power of Faith, v. 1-3.

TIME.—474 B.C. 74th Olympiad. Year of Rome, 321.

PLACE.—Shushan, or Susa.

EXPLANATIONS.—Hold out the golden sceptre—The sceptre was the symbol of authority. Extended in the king's hands it meant safety and peace. Inner court—Within the court of the royal palace. Royal throne in the royal house—The throne of the king in the palace, so placed that it commanded a view of the court and of those entering at the opposite gate. Touched the top of the sceptre—Perhaps as a sign that she wished a favour granted to her.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. Faith's test!
2. Faith's sacrifice!
3. Faith's reward!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Esther? A beautiful Jewess, the queen of Persia. 2. From what did she save her people, the Jews? From death by their enemies. 3. How did she save them? By asking the king for their life. 4. What words of Esther are given in the GOLDEN TEXT? "So will I," etc. 5. What was the result of her prayer to the king? The Jews were spared, and their enemies slain.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Faith.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

13. How does our Lord teach us his religion? By his word and by his Spirit. 14. What is his word? The Scriptures of the Old and the New Testaments, which are the sacred books of the Christian faith.

B.O. 440.] LESSON XII [March 21.  
MESSIAH'S MESSENGER.

Mal. 3:1-6, & 4:1-6. Commit to mem. vs. 3:1-3.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me. Mal. 3:1.

OUTLINE.

1. The Coming Messenger, 3:1, 4:5, 6.
2. The Refining Fire, 3:2-6.
3. The Sun of Righteousness, 4:2-4.

TIME.—440 B.C. In Greece, the 84th Olympiad. Year of Rome, 311.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. (1)

EXPLANATIONS.—A refining fire—A fire which is so hot as to melt the silver or gold, and enable the dross to be separated from the pure metal. Fullers' soap—Soap that re-

moves the filth and traces of impurity from the garment and bleaches it white. *Sit as a refiner*—The refiner must watch his precious metal and be ready to remove the dross and impurities at just the right moment. *Burn as an oven*—Ovens were often holes in the earth; and were fitted for baking by filling them with combustible material, which was burned in them.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The need of the natural heart!
2. The final doom of the wicked!
3. The safety of those who fear the Lord!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Malachi? The last of the Old Testament prophets. 2. What did he foretell? The coming of the Saviour. 3. What did he say in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Behold, I will," etc. 4. Who was meant in this? John the Baptist. 5. What did Malachi call the coming Saviour? The Sun of righteousness.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. The way of salvation.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

15. How does the Old Testament teach Christianity? The Scriptures of the Old Testament were written by many holy men, who prophesied that the Christ was coming, and foretold also what he would suffer and do and teach [1 Pet. i. 10, 11.]

CLOSING LONDON TOWER.

The Tower of London is locked up every night at eleven o'clock. As the clock strikes that hour the yeoman porter, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and accompanied by a warder carrying a lantern, stands at the front of the main guard-house and calls out, "Escort keys." The sergeant of the guard and five or six men then turn and follow him to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass with, "Who goes there?" the answer being, "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries enacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as before. Arriving once more at the front of the main guard-house, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks, "Who goes there?"

"Keys."  
"Whose keys?"  
"Queen Victoria's keys."  
"Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The yeoman porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria!" to which the guard responds, "Amen." The officer orders, "Present arms" and kisses the hilt of his sword, and the yeoman porter then marches alone across the parade and deposits the keys in the lieutenant's lodging.

HOW IT BEGINS.

"Give me a halfpenny, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you threepence." That seems fair enough; so the boy handed him a halfpenny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or threepence?"

"Threepence," was the answer, and the money was put in his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder:—

"My lad, this is your first lesson

in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your halfpenny and won six halfpence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give his threepence back, and ask him for your halfpenny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy."

He had hung his head down, but raised it very quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly, as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless made an honourable man.—*Morning Star.*

DO NOT GIVE UP.

HERE is a saying old, boys,  
But though so old 'tis true,  
And, lest you should forget it,  
I'll tell it now to you.  
'Tis this: If any task you have  
Which trouble costs or pain,  
Don't give it up the first time,  
But try, try again.

No; don't give up, but this resolve:

"However hard it be,  
And though it cost me hours of toil,  
'Twill never conquer me."  
What has been done you sure can do;  
So now to work with might;  
And you will rise, when victory's yours,  
The stronger for the fight.

NO SMOKER NEED APPLY.

I was sitting in the office of a mechanic, not long since, when a lad of about sixteen entered, with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman:

"I would like to get a situation in your shop, to learn the trade, sir."

"I might give you a place, but you carry a bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman.

"I didn't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly everybody smokes now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars you will be above working as an apprentice, and if you have not money your love for cigars might make you steal it. No boy who smokes cigars can get employment in my shop."—*Children's Paper.*

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