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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1883.

No. 10.

LOSSES.

LOSS of money follows drinking,
Loss of time brings bitter thinking,
Loss of business follows these,
Loss of strength and loss of ease;
Loss of health, respect, and love,
Loss of hope of heaven above,
Loss of friends who once admired,
Loss of mind by frenzy fired;
Loss of usefulness, alas!
Loss of life's goal for the glass!
Loss of life and loss of soul
Crown his bliss who loves the bowl.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

THE huta represented in this picture are the kind used by the natives of those portions of Central Africa which were traversed by Dr. Livingstone a short time before his death. In one of his latest letters he gives the following interesting account of every-day life in these African villages.

It was the time of year for planting and weeding the plantations, and the regular routine work of all the families in the town was nearly as follows: Between three and four o'clock in the morning, when the howling of the hyenas and growling of the lions or leopards told that they had spent the night fasting, the first human sounds heard were those of the good wives knocking off the red coals from the ends of the sticks in the fire, and raising up a blaze to which young and old crowded for warmth from the cold, which at this time is the most intense of the twenty-four hours. Then the cocks begin to crow (about four a.m.) and the women call to each other to make ready to march. They go off to their gardens in companies, and keep up a brisk, loud conversation, with a view to frighten away any lion or buffalo that may not yet have retired, and for this the human voice is believed to be successful.

The gardens, or plantations, are usually a couple of miles from the village. This is often for the purpose of securing safety for the crops from their own

goats or cattle, but more frequently for the sake of the black, loamy soil near the banks of rivulets.

Fire has been brought from home, and a little pot is set on with beans or pulse—something that requires long simmering—and the whole family begins to work at what seems to give them real pleasure. The husband, who had marched in front of each little squad with a spear and little axe over his shoulder, at once begins to cut off all the sprouts on the stumps left in clearing the ground.

The mother works away vigorously with her hoe, often adding new patches of virgin land to that already under cultivation. The children help by

out, and then the dust is tossed out by another motion of the vessel—difficult to describe, or do—which leaves the grain quite clean. It is then ground into fine meal by a horizontal motion of the upper millstone, to which the whole weight is applied.

The flour is finished late in the afternoon, at the time maidens go forth to draw water. The lady poises a huge earthen pot on her head, fills it full at the rivulet, and though containing ten or twelve gallons, balances it on her head, and without lifting up her hand, walks jauntily home.

The husband having employed himself in the afternoon in making mats for sleeping on, in preparing skins for

and the women scarcely over cultivating enough food for the year. That is the condition to which all Arab slaving tends.

SOME FAMOUS SONGS.

"HOME, Sweet Home," was written by Payne to help fill up an opera he was preparing. The author never received anything for it, but the song took, and over 100,000 copies were sold the first year. In two years the publishers cleared over \$10,000 by the publication, and the variations, transcriptions, and imitations have been innumerable. Payne was afterward appointed

American consul at Tunis, where he died, and whence his remains the other day were sent to America. Some of his miseries may be guessed from his own words—"How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing or hand-organs playing 'Home, Sweet Home' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has generally sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody; yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and in my old age, have to submit to humiliation for my bread." Foster's "Old Folks at Home" was the best song he ever wrote. Over 400,000 copies

were sold by the firm that first published it, and the author is said to have received \$15,000 for his share in its sale. "Kathleen Mavourneen" was sold by Crouch, the author, for \$25, and brought the publishers as many thousands. Crouch was hopelessly improvident, and in his latter days became a tramp. When Mme. Titens was in this country a number of years ago she sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" in New York, when a dirty tramp introduced himself as Crouch, was recognized, and thanked her for singing the song so well. "Bonnie Doon" was the only English song that the Emperor Nepo-



UJISI, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE MARKET-PLACE, VIEWED FROM THE ROOF OF OUR TEMPLE AT UJISI.
(From a photograph.)

removing the weeds and grass which she has uprooted into heaps to be dried and burned. They seem to know and watch every plant in the field. It is all their own; no one is stinted as to the land he may cultivate; the more they plant the more they have to eat and to spare. In some parts of Africa the labour falls almost entirely on the women, and the men are represented as very cruel to them.

When the grain is dry it is pounded in a large wooden mortar to separate the scales from the seed; a skilful toss of the hand drives all the chaff to one corner of the vessel. This is lifted

clothing, or in making new handles for hoes, or cutting out wooden bowls, joins the family in the evening, and all partake abundantly of the chief meal of the day before going off to sleep.

The above is as fair an example of every day life of the majority of the people in Central Africa as I can give—it truly represents surface life in an African village. In other parts the people appear to travellers in much worse light. The tribes lying more toward the east coast, who have been much visited by slavers, are said to be in a state of constant warfare—the men always ready to rob and plunder,

con liked. "I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree" is said to have been written by a young English nobleman in love with the princess (now Queen) Victoria. "Rock me to Sleep" was written by Mrs. Allen, of Maine. She was paid \$5 for it, and Russell & Co., of Boston, who had in three years gained \$4,000 by its sale, offered her \$5 apiece for any songs she might write. Some years after, when a poor widow and in need of money, she sent them a song which was promptly rejected.

DOT.

A STORY OF THE FRESH AIR FUND.*

I.

"IT'S a harum-scarum idea!" said Miss Reliance Roxbury. "A most ridiculous idea! I wonder what this gushing American people will do next!" And she gave an emphatic twitch to her purple calico sun-bonnet.

There was a faint murmur of dissent from a little woman on the other side of the moss grown fence.

"No—of course you can't agree with me," continued Miss Reliance. "You're so soft-hearted that your feelings are forever running off with your common sense. And now, you're going to open your house to a lot of little ragamuffins from New York?"

The motherly brown eyes on the other side of the fence were full of tears, and a pleasant voice replied:

"It makes my heart ache to think how the poor things suffer crowded together in dirty streets, with never a breath of clover field or a glass of milk. If you'd just read about it, Reliance, you'd count it a blessed privilege to give them a bit of our sunshine."

"I'd as soon have a tribe of Zulus on the place," said Miss Reliance, "and if you'll take my advice you'll save yourself lots of trouble."

Mrs. Lane stopped her work for a moment and said:

"Liakim and me are all alone now, Reliance. One by one we've laid Kate and Sarah and baby Lizzie over there in the old burying ground; and Jack is in Colorado, and Richard in Boston, and we get hungry sometimes for the sound of little feet. When I began to read about the Fresh Air Fund it kind of sent a thrill all over me, and Liakim he reads about it every day, before he ever looks at the Egyptian war, and he wipes his glasses pretty often too. Then when we heard the parson say that a party would come here if places could be found for 'em, Liakim spoke right off

for four, and they'll be here next Tuesday, and I'm going to make it just as much like heaven as I can."

"You'll make yourself sick, that's what you'll do, Amanda Lane," replied Miss Reliance, "but if you want your garden overrun and your silver spoons stolen, and your house full of flies, and your nerves prostrated, why it's your own fault. I must go in and get my jolly started."

Miss Roxbury entered the large sunny, airy kitchen, and hung the purple calico sun-bonnet on the nail that for forty years had been dedicated to that purpose, and went into the cool sitting room to rest in her favourite chintz covered rocker. Miss Reliance Roxbury had been for twenty years, with the exception of a gardener and house maid, the sole occupant of this stone dwelling that had stood for more than a century beneath its elms and maples the pride of the village of Lynford. She was a stern woman who liked but few people, and had a horror of children, dogs, and sentiment. The village boys with a keen perception of her unsympathetic nature, called her "Old Ironsides."

She was proud of her birth and the substantial property that had fallen to her at the death of her father, old Judge Roxbury. She was a member of the Presbyterian church and paid high rental for the Roxbury parsonage, but with that considered that her pecuniary obligations to the cause were at an end. As a general thing she had not allowed convictions on the subject of giving to trouble her, but somehow, ever since Sunday, when the pastor stated the work of the Fresh Air Fund, and made a fervent appeal for "these little ones that suffer," she had been subjected to numerous vague but uncomfortable sensations. She rocked back and forth in the spacious sitting room that no fly dared to invade, and noted the perfect order of the apartment. There was torture in the thought of having the table cover pulled away, of seeing the shells and prim old daguerreotypes disarranged on the whatnot, and of having sand tracked in by small feet over the faded Brussels carpet.

Surely religion and humanity could not demand such sacrifices of her.

She took up the Bible to read her daily chapter. Opening it at random, her eyes fell upon these words:

"Then shall He answer them saying, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these ye did it not unto Me.'"

Miss Roxbury read no further on that page, but hurriedly turned back to Chronicles, which she felt was perfectly safe ground. But mingled with the long genealogical tables she saw other words between the lines, so that the Israelitish records read thus:

"The son of Elkanah, the son of Joel, the son of Azariah. ('Ye did it not.')

"The son of Tanath, the son of Assir, the son of Ebiasaph, the son of Korah. ('Ye did it not.')

Finally the whole page seemed to resolve itself into these four monosyllables.

She closed the Bible and put it in its accustomed place on the table. She was restless, miserable, tormented. She did not enjoy her dinner. She could not take her accustomed afternoon nap, and for the first time in years the *Daily Tribune* lay unopened.

At last the dreary day came to its close, but was succeeded by an equally uncomfortable night. Amid frequent tossing and waking, Miss Roxbury dreamed of thin little hands stretched out to her in piteous appeal, and a sad wonderful voice that said with infinite reproach:

"Ye did it not."

The Rev. Joseph Alder was surprised soon after breakfast the next morning by the appearance of Miss Reliance Roxbury at the parsonage porch. She brought a basket of raspberries, and said:

"I won't come in this time, thank you. I just want to say I'll take one—
—one of those children."

II.

"Mamma, is it mornin'?"

"No, Dot; go to sleep."

The child turned restlessly on the miserable straw pallet in the corner of the small, hot room. It was after midnight, and in summer, but there was a fire in the stove, for the woman at the pine table was ironing by the light of a glimmering tallow candle.

There was no breeze, but in at the open window came stifling, poisonous odours.

Pa's and faint, the mother bent over her work, and smoothed the dark calico dress as carefully as if it were the finest muslin and lace. She had worked from early dawn until dark at her daily task—button holes at four cents a dozen. A cup of tea and crust of bread had been her sustenance. For Dot there was a bun and an orange.

The dress was finished and hung on the only chair in the room, with several other small articles. A hat of coarse white straw, with a blue ribbon twisted around it, a pair of bright stockings, a tiny handkerchief with a bit of colour in the border. All were pitifully cheap in texture, but dear in patient toil and loving sacrifice. Dot was going to the country for two long, blissful weeks, and the mother could cover the expense of the meagre outfit by some extra deprivation during the child's absence. She turned toward the pallet. Dot's violet eyes had opened. Her golden curls were tangled by the tossing of the little head on the pillow. Her thin, pinched features were flushed with feverish excitement.

"Mamma, is it mornin'?"

"No, darling."

The woman blew out the light and threw herself on the pallet. Tiny fingers crept eagerly into her palm.

"Mamma; tell me more about it," pleaded Dot.

"Darling, it is years and years since mamma saw the country, but it was just as I've told you. Wide, clean streets, with big trees, and blue sky and flowers."

"Oh, oh!" murmured Dot, "Does you 'spose they'll give me one fower, mamma? I found on the street once—a little white fower. A lady dropped it."

"Yes, dear, you'll have all the flowers you'll want; don't talk any more to-night."

The sky was already white with the dawn. The mother did not sleep. As the light of another day of misery crept into the room, she raised herself on one elbow and looked long at her child, resisting an impulse to snatch it to her heart, then softly rose, and after bathing her face and hands and kneeling in prayer for endurance, took her work and sat down by the narrow

window. A few hours later she stood amid the bustle of the Grand Central depot with Dot clinging to her dress. A crowd of wondering, expectant children were being marshalled into line to take their places on the eastward-bound train.

"Come," said the kind gentleman in charge, to Dot.

Dot kissed her mother "good-bye," and laughed even while the tears ran down her face, as she entered the ranks of the odd procession.

"Oh, sir!" said the mother, as she turned away, "take good care of my baby. I've nothing else in the world."

III.

There was an unusual stir in the village of Lynford. The railway station was thronged with people, and surrounded with vehicles awaiting the afternoon train.

The Rev. Joseph Alder and the ministers of sister churches conversed together on the platform.

"A glorious charity!" said the Baptist minister, raising his hat to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"I expect that these poor children will be a great blessing to our people," said the Methodist minister, "in broadening the sympathies and warming the hearts of some who have been oblivious to all interests save their own."

"Yes," replied the Rev. Mr. Alder, "I have a practical illustration of that, not a stone's throw from where we are standing."

The "practical illustration" consisted of the Roxbury rockaway drawn up amid the other conveyances, with Miss Reliance on the back seat, in a state of mind in which newly-fledged philanthropy struggled with a terror of ragamuffins. She had come to the conclusion that her visit to the parsonage had been made during an attack of mental aberration; but the word of a Roxbury was as immutable as the historic granite on which Zephaniah Roxbury stepped from the *Mayflower* in 1620, and the last representative of the race would not falter now, although seized with dire apprehension whenever her eyes rested on the ver-bena bed.

It was with a grim determination to brave the worst, that she awaited the train that afternoon, but when the locomotive appeared on the bridge below the village, the thought of the dreadful boy who was coming to invade her peaceful domain nearly overcame her, and her impulse was to order the hired man to drive home as quickly as possible. She could appreciate the emotions of a Roman dame at the approach of the Vandal.

As the train stopped at the station the people crowded forward to welcome their guests. Miss Roxbury peered anxiously from the rockaway. It was not a very appalling sight. A group of pale little children, tired, dusty and bewildered. Many eyes overflowed as the train moved on, and left these wistful faces, pinched by want and misfortune, in the midst of the kindly villagers.

"Here, Miss Roxbury, here is a wee lamb for you," said Mr. Alder.

Miss Roxbury had not observed his approach in the crowd, and gave a start of surprise as he stood before her. As she looked there was a curious sensation under the left side of her crape shawl, and her cold grey eyes grew misty.

* This charming little story so attracted the attention of S. H. Blake, Esq., Q. C., late Vice-Chancellor of Ontario, that he strongly recommended it for publication agreeing to take a thousand copies for distribution. He wrote to the publisher as follows: "The reading of the enclosed charmed me much. Read it. Is it not good? Would it not be well to publish it? It must strike a responsive chord in many hearts. How calmly and with refined selfishness we pass by on the other side in place of grasping the offered opportunities of benevolence and charity. I believe in the last day there will be no more wonderful revelation than the immense number of instances in which 'ye did it not' might, by us, have been changed into the benediction 'ye did it.' May God bless the touching circumstances here related to the hearts of all readers as He did to the once steeled heart of Miss Reliance Roxbury. We have pleasure in reprinting it for the benefit of the readers of PLEASANT HOURS."

The "dreadful boy" had changed into a tiny girl of six years, as frail as a snowdrop, whose coarse attire could not mar the loveliness of her dark violet eyes and hair of tangled sunbeams. The little creature stretched out her arms to Miss Roxbury, who reached forward and took her into the rockaway, the ancient springs of which creaked with astonishment.

"What is your name?" said Miss Roxbury, feeling strangely awkward as they drove along.

"Dot," said the child. "You hasn't kissed me yet, has you?"

Miss Roxbury bent and kissed the child. The rockaway creaked louder than before. The touch of the child's mouth thrilled the iron nerves of the woman with a sensation inexpressibly delightful.

Miss Roxbury had imagined her life to be a happy one. She now discovered that she had mistaken selfish isolation for happiness. She was beginning to be happy the first time in fifty years. Dot was too tired to be very talkative, but she leaned against Miss Roxbury with a look of quiet wonder and content in her eyes.

"Is I goin' to stay here?" she asked as the rockaway stopped at the Roxbury gate, and she surveyed the old stone house with woodbine clamoring over its grey walls.

"Yes, child."

Dot's face grew luminous. A bath, a bountiful supply of bread and milk, and a walk in the garden, kept her joyful till twilight, but with bedtime came the longing for the mother.

"I want my mamma—my own mamma," she said.

Then Miss Roxbury gave full vent to the instinct that can never be utterly destroyed in a woman. Taking the child on her lap she caressed the white face and sunny curls in a restful, soothing way, and talked so cheerfully that the shadows fell from the violet eyes, and Dot, nestling close, said, "I love you."

Miss Roxbury not only begun to be happy; she had begun to live. With the coming of this sweet child heaven was changing the dull prose of her existence into celestial rhythm. Her cold, loveless nature, in the presence of this tiny girl, was already becoming Christ-like in its tender misery.

Dot offered her evening prayer and was put in Miss Roxbury's own stately bed.

"Good night, dear," said Miss Roxbury with a kiss.

"Good night," said Dot, burying her face in the great bunch of white roses she had brought to bed with her. "I feel zif I'd died an' gone to heaven."

Miss Roxbury passed a wakeful night, but not a restless one. Her mind was filled with plans, and then it was such a pleasure to lie and listen to the soft breathing at her side, and occasionally to touch her little hand on the counterpane, still holding the treasured roses.

The next day Dot ran nearly wild with delight. She revelled among the daisies in the deep soft grass, and it was pitiful to see how small an object could charm her hungry mind. God's commonest gifts were unknown to her in bounty and purity. Sunshine, sweet air, flowers and bird songs were enough to make her happy, and when she found the brook that danced across the meadow her delight was unbounded. After a day or two Miss Roxbury

took the morning train down to Brad leyville to do some shopping. She was gone until night, and all the way home she thought of the glad voice that would welcome her, and her face grew so radiant with the new joy in her soul that when she alighted with parcels at Lynford station, old Deacon Bennett failed to recognize her until she had passed him.

"Wall, I declare," he said, "Reliance looks as if she had discovered a gold mine."

Miss Roxbury reached home and soon had the "gold mine" in her arms.

After tea the parcels had to be opened. There were paper patterns, rolls of muslin, embroidery and blue flannel, a pair of child's slippers, dainty hose, bright ribbons and a large doll.

"Oh, oh, oh!" was all that Dot could say, but her tone expressed more than the most extensive volume of philanthropy that was ever written. The village dressmaker was installed in the house for a week, and Miss Roxbury developed a taste in Mother Hubbard's dresses and ruffled aprons that was truly marvellous.

In the meantime she wrote a letter to Dot's mother.

Dot's cheeks were getting rosy and her step buoyant. "If it wasn't for mamma," she said, "I wouldn't want to go back forever'n ever."

When Mr. Knox, the gentleman in charge of the party, called to see that Dot would be ready to return at the appointed time, Miss Roxbury exclaimed almost fiercely:

"I can't let her go. I need her. Why may I not keep her?"

"I do not believe her mother would part with her," said Mr. Knox.

Miss Roxbury was silent for a few moments, but looked out on the lawn where Dot was swinging in a hammock with the doll and cat.

"It will be a dull house without the child," she said; "but I will bring her to the station."

IV.

When the morning of Dot's departure came, Miss Roxbury arrayed herself in her second-best-black silk, put a few articles in a satchel, filled a small basket with fresh eggs, new biscuit, a pot of butter and a bottle of currant wine, and said to Hannah:

"I may be gone two or three days. Have the east chamber thoroughly aired and dusted before I get back."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And, Hannah, be very careful to keep out the flies, and tell Hiram to fix the well curb. He is so apt to forget things."

Dot was bathed in tears as she mounted to her place in the rockaway.

"Isn't I comin' back?" she said.

"I hope so, dear," replied Miss Roxbury, who appeared preoccupied and anxious and scarcely heard Dot's chatter on the way to the station.

"Why, Miss Roxbury," said Mr. Alder as he assisted her to the platform, "you are a veritable fairy god-mother. This rosy, dainty maiden cannot be the same bit of humanity that I held in my arms a fortnight ago. You will miss her, will you not?"

"I shall go with her to New York anyway," said Miss Roxbury, "and I don't mean to come back alone, either. Mr. Alder, I hope God will forgive me for the empty house I've had all these years."

"An empty house means a lonely heart," he replied. "And I am glad you are going with the child."

That afternoon Miss Roxbury and Dot, attended by Mr. Knox, wended their way through a dark alley in one of the most equalized districts of New York city, and climbed slight after slight of rickety stairs in a rear tenement.

The heat, the filth, the scenes of misery were indescribable. Miss Roxbury felt as if she was on the confines of the bottomless pit.

Dot darted down a long passage and disappeared in a room beyond. The friends followed and beheld her clasped tightly in the arms of a wan figure that lay on a pallet. The woman had fainted.

"Mamma, mamma, look at me!" pleaded Dot, and began to cry.

There was no water in the room, and Mr. Knox took a cracked pitcher from the shelf and went with Dot in search of some. Miss Roxbury knelt beside the woman, who was only about thirty years of age, and had been very attractive as a young girl. There was a gleam of gold on her left hand. Her hair was sunny like Dot's, and her features delicately shaped. This letter that Miss Roxbury had written lay crumpled and tear-stained on the pillow.

While Miss Roxbury gazed the woman opened her eyes. They were beautiful eyes, but sad with want and a struggle against despair. She tried to sit up and moaned:

"My baby—please give me my baby!"

Just then Dot returned and carried the pitcher of water to her mother, who drank long and eagerly, then holding out her arms to Dot, said feebly to Miss Roxbury:

"O, madam, will you take care of my little girl? I think I'm going to die."

"You are not going to die—not a bit of it," said Miss Roxbury, pouring out some wine into a teacup, "but I'll take care of you both. There, drink this, and you'll feel better right away. How long since you've had anything to eat?"

"Day before yesterday," was the faint reply. "I had to stop work four days ago."

"Now, Mr. Knox," said Miss Roxbury, slipping her purse into his hand, "just step out to the nearest grocery and order some kindling wood and tea and sugar. I'll poach a nice fresh egg for this poor soul, and we'll see about getting her out of this place."

The woman's face brightened, but she said, "I'm giving you much trouble."

"Trouble!" said Miss Roxbury. "I'm all alone in the world, and I've a house with twenty-four rooms in it, and plenty to do with, and what I've been thinking of all these years I can't say. I've been a crusty, cold, disagreeable old fossil, Mrs. Winthrop, and when I come down here and find folk starving to death, and crowded like cattle, I wonder the good Lord's had any mercy on me. Don't you worry another mite. Here's the first stuff already."

Miss Roxbury rolled up her sleeves, put an apron over her silk skirt, and while Mr. Knox built a fire and brought water to heat, she bathed Mrs. Winthrop's face and hands and brushed out her hair.

"Thank God? why I'm better

already," said Mrs. Winthrop, with a rare smile.

"Of course you are, child," said Miss Roxbury. "We'll see what good food and mountain air will do for you yet."

A few days later found an occupant in the great east chamber of the Roxbury house.

Mrs. Winthrop sat in an easy chair before the open window inhaling the blossoming honeysuckle that nodded to her through the casement.

The morning sunlight fell across her bright hair and peaceful face.

Dot hung over her shoulder and threw daisies in her lap.

Down by the garden fence stood Miss Roxbury talking with her neighbour, Mrs. Lane.

Mrs. Winthrop smiled from her window, and there came an answering smile from the depths of the purple alice sun bonnet.

"So you're really goin' to keep 'em," said Miss Lane.

"Yes, I've adopted both of 'em," replied Miss Roxbury, with a Te Deum in her voice, "and I've sent for half a dozen little girls to stay until cold weather."

"Well, it does beat all," said Mrs. Lane, wiping her eyes on the corner of her checkered gingham apron, "I s'pose I needn't ask you now, Reliance, what you think o' the Fresh Air Fund!"

"What do I think of it?" said Miss Roxbury gravely. "I believe it's been the means of saving my soul. I should have gone into the next world holding my head pretty high, and considering myself better than most folk, and the Judge would have said, Reliance Roxbury, I gave you a large house and a long bank account. What have you done with them?"

Then how my empty rooms and Grandfather Roxbury's gold pieces would have stood up against me! And he would have said, 'Ye did it not unto me. Depart from me,' and what answer could I have made him? It is very true," she continued, as Dot came luting down the pathway like a fairy, "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

NOTE.—Mrs. S. F. McMaster, of the Children's Hospital, writes: Since the first edition of the story of "Dot" went to press, the Convalescent Hospital on the Island has taken shape, and through the generosity of a gentleman in Toronto, the Building Fund has been fairly started with his contribution of \$1000, besides smaller sums which have since been added by others; and we shall (D.V.) be prepared to receive the little ones who are recovering from sickness by the 1st June.

Those who are unable to take "Little Dots" into country homes for fresh air, can contribute to the same work by paying for their board on the Island, at the rate of \$3 per week. Two or three weeks we hope will be quite sufficient to restore them.

All contributions to be sent directly to Mrs. S. F. McMaster, at the Children's Hospital, 245 Elizabeth Street, Toronto.

"WILLIE, my boy, what name shall we give to baby?" said a New York lady to her first born, a quick witted boy in his fifth year. After a moment's reflection, Willie laid his hand on the infant's head, and replied, "Oh, I know; call him Archie bald!"

"I WILL KEEP THEE."

BY MISS HAVELGAL.

KEEP my life, that it may be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Keep my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Keep my hands, that they may move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Keep my feet, that they may be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Keep my voice, that I may sing
Always, only, for my King.

Keep my lips, that they may be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Keep my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Keep my will, oh, keep it Thine!
For it is no longer mine.

Keep my heart, it is Thine own,
It is now Thy royal throne.

Keep my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.

Keep myself, that I may be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

OUR PERIODICALS.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1883

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.*

BRETHREN. Some of you have second-hand library books out of which you could select twenty-five, fifty, and even one hundred volumes, which would be of real service in some of our mission schools. There is a great demand for every thing of this kind, and our work can be substantially aided by donations of such books to the needy fields. Will you not look over your libraries, select such as you can spare, ask the members of your school to add such as they would willingly spare from their homes, put them up in a neat package, and send them to me. The Sunday School Board is doing all it can to supply the new and needy schools of our Church, but when we think how large the field is, and how much it requires to supply not only schools but homes in the new settlements and destitute regions with wholesome and helpful literature, we

* We largely adopt in the following the phraseology of an appeal made for a similar purpose in the S. S. Journal.

can readily understand how every help is eagerly used in the accomplishment of this great object. Your Sunday-school could be instrumental in starting and maintaining new Sunday-schools by simply taking every year collections for the Sunday School Board, as required by the Discipline.

In the past six years I have sent out to needy schools over 10,000 volumes of books donated for this purpose. A letter just received from a school so helped says, "Our Sunday-school work will feel the benefit of the grant of papers, etc., given."

Send books, by express, to the undersigned, at the Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

W. H. WITHROW,
Secy. Sunday-School Board.

GOOD READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EVERY Canadian boy and girl ought to be familiar with the story of that grand old land to which, with its sister island, so many of us look, either as our own birthland or the land of our fathers. In the volume before us—"A Child's History of England, by Charles Dickens,"—we have this grand old story told by the most brilliant story teller who ever used the English tongue. He has employed his great gifts, which have delighted millions of readers, in making clear and interesting to youthful minds the stirring tale of our English fatherland. This beautiful "Alta edition" of 334 pages bound in cloth cover, black and brown and gold, from the press of the celebrated house of Porter and Coates, Philadelphia, is sold by the publishers of PLEASANT HOURS for 90 cents, and the same book more fully illustrated for \$1.25. Sent post free.

Two other books of the same series are "The Gorilla Hunters" and "The Dog Crusoe," by R. M. Ballantyne, a distinguished Scotch writer of books for young people. The first is an account of adventure in Africa giving a description of the habits and mode of capture of that strange animal, whose existence was for a long time denied, but which Du Chaillu first proved to exist by bringing home its skeleton and skin. The second is an account of life in the prairies and plains of the great North-west. Mr. Ballantyne was for many years in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, and is, therefore, well qualified to describe the scenes of the fur trade and fur hunt. These are not Sunday-school books, nor even professedly religious, but they are instructive, and interesting reading for young people. The two latter for boys, the first for boys and girls. They are all the same price, 90 cents or \$1.25 each, and may be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms at Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

A CLASS OF OLD SCHOLARS.

THE editor of PLEASANT HOURS takes his regular turn with several other ministers in conducting a religious service with the inmates of the Toronto House of Industry, or Poor House. There are eighty-five inmates in the institution, and last Sunday about half of them, perhaps more, were at the service. We proposed that instead of having a regular sermon we should resolve ourselves into a Sunday-school,

and fall into line with the millions of scholars throughout the world, who the same day were studying the same lesson. We think the experiment was a decided success. The old boys and old girls—many of whom were over seventy, and very few were much under it—seemed to become almost young again, and were much interested in the lesson. We sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and "Sweet Bye and Bye," and we trust comfort was given, and some good impressions made. We have been in the habit of distributing old numbers of PLEASANT HOURS, and our other Sunday-school papers to these poor old people, and we think that no readers of these periodicals receive them more thankfully or derive more pleasure from them than they. We are pretty sure that, unless it was under similar circumstances, no person in the world had last Sunday a class of such old scholars as we had.

TORONTO S. S. ITEMS.

NEARLY a hundred new scholars have joined the Richmond street church Sunday-School during the past quarter.

Mr. Richard Brown has assumed the superintendency of the Sherbourne street Methodist Sunday-school.

Regular meetings for the study of Sunday-school lessons are held by the teachers of nearly all the Methodist schools in the city.

The report for the past quarter of the Metropolitan Sunday-school shows that the average attendance was 501. This number exceeds that for any previous quarter in the history of the school.

Similar items from other schools solicited. Send P.O. card with brief Sunday-school intelligence.

AID FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE importance of the subject to which it refers warrants us in making the following extract from our editorial article in the May number of the *Sunday School Banner*:

Let the aim be that at every place throughout our Church where there is preaching, there may also be a Sunday-school. We ask the cordial co-operation of every minister and every earnest-hearted layman to accomplish this desired result. Wherever a dozen children can be gathered in a farm kitchen or a country school-house, will not some friend of the little ones get them together to teach them the word of God and the way of Life? Will not the ministers at every appointment where there is no school, ask some one to do this? The school will be in the future the best nursery of the Church. From these, as the result of regular religious instruction, the Church will be more largely recruited than from any other source. Let us gather in the children of our own households and train them up for God. It is well to seek out the adults and to preach to them; but don't neglect the children. They are more hopeful subjects for conversion, and will make, if properly trained, better and more intelligent Christians than those converted later in life. Let us remember especially the Saviour's last command to feed the lambs of the flock.

In starting new schools and helping poor ones, the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund will to the utmost extent of its ability co-operate and

help. All that is necessary is to write to the Editor of the *Banner*, and forms of application will be forwarded, on filling up which, with a statement of the necessities of the case, assistance in the way of Lesson Helps, Books and Papers will be furnished so far as the resources of the Aid and Extension Fund will permit; and these resources can be indefinitely increased through the liberality of the larger and stronger schools. We covet for the Sunday-school wing of the army of our Church that cordial support which will enable us to win greater victories for the cause of God than any other department of our Church work.

The following letter from Mrs. (Rev.) G. Robinson, Newington, explains itself. We would like to receive many more such—"Enclosed please find five dollars, from my Sabbath-school class, for Rev. T. Crosby's Boat. My class are boys who have never been taught to give. But I prevailed upon them to give ten cents per month for the missionary cause. Then I let them choose the mission we would give it to. They chose Port Simpson."

We congratulate the boys on their self-denial and liberality. They will have a richer reward in knowing that their generous donation is helping to carry the Gospel to the Indian tribes, than in spending their money in selfish gratification. We hope many boys, and girls too, will imitate their example.

We have received the following pleasant communication from the honoured missionary of our Church at Norway House, N. W. T.—"Dear Brother,—Our little ones, Mina and Charlie, having heard of the 'Home for Sick Children,' in Toronto, have for the last six months given up the use of sugar in their porridge and milk and hot-water-tea, and wish papa to send the money thus saved to 'Mr. Withrow' to 'buy something nice for the poor little sick children.' Please find enclosed the sum of three dollars (\$3.00)." God bless these dear and generous-hearted children. They doubtless find the joy of giving to the poor sweeter than sugar in their tea. May they more and more learn the deep and abiding joy of doing good.

The pure unfermented juice of the grape is one of the most wholesome, nourishing, and delightful drinks in the world, and one that can do no harm. That is one of God's good creatures. It was, and is still, largely used in the East. It is most probable that such wine was the sort used in the chief Jewish sacrifices, where all leaven, or fermentation, was carefully excluded, and in Christ's own institution of the Last Supper, where He speaks of "drinking of the fruit of the vine." Certainly, a liquid, in a state of partial rotteness, which fermentation simply is, seems a very unsuitable emblem of the infinitely perfect and spotless sacrifice of our blessed Redeemer.—*Seymour*.

Home and School, for May 25, will contain an account of a visit to the Salvation Army "barracks" at Toronto, with specimens of *War Cry* literature. Also three fine engravings, two interesting stories, with numerous poems, temperance pieces, puzzles, etc. Only \$1 per 100.



HEZEKIAH.—See next page.

HEZEKIAH.

ALL Bible readers, particularly such as take delight in history, and the biography of the good and great, have been interested, many times over, in perusing the history of good king Hezekiah. "He was twenty and five years old when he began to reign, and he reigned twenty and nine years in Jerusalem. He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. He trusted in the Lord his God; so that after him was none like him among all the kings of Judah, nor any that were before him, for he clave to the Lord, and departed not from following him, but kept his Commandments which the Lord commanded Moses."

In the fourteenth year of his reign, the king of Assyria warred against him; the particulars are fully narrated in the Bible. See 2 Kings xix.

The cut adorning our fifth page, is intended to illustrate one of the most remarkable facts in the history of the kings of Judah. The haughty king of Assyria, who had successfully warred against other nations, resolved upon the subjection of Hezekiah and the Conquest of Jerusalem. He sent messengers in advance, charged to read a letter to the king. The writing was as follows:—"Let not thy God in whom thou trustest deceive thee, saying, Jerusalem shall not be delivered into the hand of the king of Assyria. Behold, thou hast heard what the kings of Assyria have done to all lands, by destroying them utterly: and shalt thou be delivered? Have the gods of the nations delivered them which my fathers have destroyed; as Gozan, and Haran, and Rezeph, and the children of Eden which were in Thelassar? Where is the king of Hamath, and the king of Arpad, and the king of the city of Sepharvaim, of Hena, and Ivah?"

Hezekiah received the letter at the hands of the messengers, and went up into the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord as shown in the picture. There, with the letter spread out before the Lord, he prayed:—"O Lord God of Israel, which dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth; thou hast made heaven and earth. Lord, bow down thine ear, and hear: open, Lord, thine eyes, and see: and hear the words of Sennacherib, which hath sent him to reproach the living God. Of a truth, Lord, the kings of Assyria have destroyed the nations and their lands, and have cast their gods into the fire: for they were no gods, but the work of men's hands, wood and stone: therefore they have destroyed them. Now therefore, O Lord our God, I beseech thee, save thou us out of his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even thou only." You see he is kneeling at the altar of burnt-offering, and at the left of the picture is shown the famous seven-branched candle stick which was carried to Rome by Titus, and which may still be seen carried upon the arch of Titus in that city.

God heard his prayer, and sent the prophet Isaiah to assure the praying monarch that his prayer was heard, and that He, the Lord of Israel, would defend the city to save it for His own sake, and for His servant David's

sake. "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord smote in the camp of the Assyrians, an hundred, four score and five thousand men. And the king of Assyria departed and went and dwelt at Nineveh, where, when worshipping in the house of his god, he was slain by two of his sons."

This interesting narrative should teach us to take all our troubles to the Lord in prayer; spread them all out before Him, and ask Him to direct us and save us. Let us never forget that our God is the hearer and answerer of prayer—never forget that the youngest child as well as the oldest grandfather, are sure to be heard when their hearts pray. Let us all learn to imitate king Hezekiah; spread our troubles before God in humble earnest prayer.

TAKE CARE.

TAKE care of the pennies,
For, know, they are seeds,
No matter how few there may be.
If prudently planted,
In time they will grow,
To a thrifty and beautiful tree!

Take care of the minutes,
The jewels of time,
Life's sweet opportunities given;
The safer we keep them,
The brighter they'll shine—
Oh, waste not one day of the seven

Take care, as you journey,
Along the highway,
Good care of your strength and your health,
Without them in vain
Are the beauties of earth,
In vain all the blessings of wealth.

Take care of your honor,
Your name and your fame,
Deal justly with men as you go,
And reach out your hand
To the poor and the sad,
Who suffer so much here below.

Take care of your footsteps,
And which way they tend,
Press steadily on to the goal;
Take care that you live right,
And strive for the best,
And God will take care of your soul.

THE DYNAMITE ASSASSINS.

THE *Sunday School Times* makes the following vigorous remarks on these miscreants:—"What is the proper course of our national government in dealing with the legal and political aspects of the question of surrendering or shielding refugees from other lands, may be a matter for statesmen and diplomats to settle. But, meantime, an unmistakable obligation rests on every lover of the right, and every lover of humanity, to have it understood that he condemns, and starts back from with loathing, any and every attempt to assad a ruler by dirk or dynamite, whether that ruler be in the United States, in Canada, in England or Ireland, or in Russia. Ministers, editors, teachers in any sphere, parents at home, and business men on the street, ought now to have it known, by both their speech and their manner, that they can give no tolerance to any expression of sympathy with, or any suggestion of excuse for, the human monsters who would perpetrate or plan such deeds of infamy as Russia and England are now not unnaturally excited over. Every American is himself on trial, as to his sense of honour and of common decency, in an hour like this, and his acquittal cannot be secured unless his own voice rings out clearly for the right, and against the foulest of wrongs. Silence is a sin, when crime bids for public approval.

A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD.

"I SAY, James, who was that who called just now?" asked a lady of her husband.

"It was young T—. He came to pay some money. Why do you ask?" he replied.

"He brought such a horrible odour of tobacco that I could smell it all over the house."

"Yes, I had to open the windows after he left."

"I thought he would never go, he stayed so long."

"I guess he was waiting to see the girls."

"See the girls. It would almost make them sick to go into the room."

Both girls at once: "We wouldn't go within ten rods of him if we could help it."

"Can you spare me some of the money he brought to pay some little bills?"

"I'll divide with you, my dear. Whew! how it smells! There take it all; I'm glad to get rid of it!"

"Well, I won't keep it long. Here girls disinfect it with some *Eau de Cologne*. Why will any one make himself so disagreeable? What must his home be like?"

"He was perfectly saturated with tobacco. No one has a right to make such a nuisance of himself, and to offend the nostrils of every one near him."

"I declare I am often made almost ill at church, in the street cars, and in stores, by the disgusting odour of tobacco."

If this young man had heard this conversation he would not, we think, be so proud of his meerschau pipe for which he paid ten dollars. Yet go where you will—in the public street, in the cars, at every railway station—the tobacco nuisance invades the rights and destroys the comfort of cleanly people.

DRINK AND THE GOSPEL.

MOREOVER, nothing so prevents the progress of religion in the world, and frustrates God's gracious purposes for the salvation of the race, as the traffic in strong drink, and its inevitable consequence, intemperance. For this reason also, that traffic is especially noxious in His sight. It leads men to waste upon their lusts the material wealth, of which they are but His stewards, instead of promoting therewith the great policy for which the Son of God became incarnate. It is asserted by Dr. John Campbell that Protestant and pious Britain annually spends thirty times as much for strong drink as she spends for the world's salvation. During the last year the expenditure of the British and Foreign Bible Society was £217,390 19s. 10d., and the number of copies of the Scriptures circulated was 2,619,427. Even at this gigantic scale of operations it would take over three hundred years to supply every poor heathen in the world with a copy of the Word of God. In the same year there was spent in Great Britain alone £100,000,000 on intoxicating drinks. This money, thus worse than wasted, would give a copy of God's Word, in his own mother tongue, to every son and daughter of Adam on the face of the earth in less than one year!

Even in the Mission field itself the

evil effects of the traffic and its dread concomitants make themselves felt; marrying the efforts and frustrating the toils of the agents of the Churches.

In consequence of the prevalence of drinking habits among European residents in India, we are told on the authority of a returned Missionary that the word drunkard and Christian have become synonymous terms among the native castes. When the pagan Hindoo wishes to represent the Christian Englishman, he begins to stagger in his gait to counterfeit inebriation.

"The very ships," says Mr. Thos. Begg, "that bore the Missionaries and messengers of salvation to heathen lands were often freighted with intoxicating liquors, which, like some of the plagues unvialled in the apocalypse, were let loose to drown in their burning deluge every grain of Christianity before it could germinate in the heart of the half-enlightened heathen. They fired his nature with lusts foreign to the brute, and which never raged in his appetites, nor infuriated his passions before his contact with the vices of civilization. The spirit of intemperance, malignant ghost of the bottomless pit, slew its tens of thousands; and one sweeping fiery curse followed in the wake of Christian commerce."—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts*.

THE LITTLE PEDDLER.

SHE WAS busily sewing one bright summer day,
And thought little Chatterbox busy at play,
When a sunshiny head peeped into my room,
And a merry voice called: "Buy a broom!
buy a broom!"

"No; not any to-day, sir," I soberly said;
But soon the door opened: "Pins, needles
and thread,
Combs, brushes! My basket is piled up so
high!
If you only will look, mama, I'm sure you
will buy."

Right under my window, the sly little fox!
Crying: "Strawberries, strawberries; ten
cents a box!"
I resolved to reward such persistence as this,
So I bought all he had, and for pay gave a
kiss.
—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

THE ALCHEMY OF GLUE.

WHAT was Cooper Institute built? Glue. Bones and refuse were rendered into glue; glue into gold; gold into an Institute of stone and mortar; the Institute into manifold instruction for young and old; the instruction into character, culture, happiness, success. That is how one man transmuted his glue.

That is doing over again what beneficent Nature is doing. The foulest corruption and decay it is every day transmuting into flowers and fruit. Fruit and flowers, wheat and roses, jasmine and lilies, all that is good for food or fair to look upon, both beauty and strength, are the happy transmutations of filth. Out of tar come the aniline dyes; out of glue came the Cooper Institute.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The last two numbers of this excellent weekly contain the usual amount of good reading. We have noticed particularly "Corea," "The Vulgar Tongue," "Sketches in the Malay Peninsula," and "Sienna." "No New King," and "The Ladies Lindores" are continued.

BEN BRUIN.

LITTLE Ben Bruin ran over the hill;
The morning was frosty, the pine-trees were still,
And the sunshine lay bright on the new-fallen snow.
Said little Ben Bruin: "Now, where shall I go?
They all think me safe in the stable, no doubt;
But what are my paws for, if not to get out?
Must I live with the horses and donkeys?
Not I!
The world is before me—my luck I will try."

Ben Bruin trudged on till an hour before noon;
Then he said to himself "I shall starve to death soon!
Not an acorn or nut have I found in this wood;
There is plenty of nothing but snow. If I could,
For a taste of the dinner at home, I'd run back;
But, somehow or other, I've lost my own track!
Ho! ho! there's a sight I have not seen before—
A little red house, with a half-open door!

"I think I'll step in, for I'm weary and lame."
Ben Bruin was little, you see, and quite tame;
He feared neither children, nor women, nor men,
Though he did like a free forest-stroll now and then.
Harry Hunter had petted the young orphan bear,
Since his father the old ones had shot in their lair;
And to school he had not been forbidden to go—
That he would not be welcome, pray, how could he know?

Ben Bruin stepped into the entry, and there
Little cloaks, hoods, and tippets were hung up with care,
And small luncheon-baskets beneath, in a row.
"Something good in those baskets, I smell and I know,"
Said little Ben Bruin, and on his hind paws
He balanced himself, while his nose and his jaws
Found business enough. Hark! a step! pit-a-pat!
Little Rose White came in, and saw what he was at.

Pretty Rose of a school-mate so rough had not dreamed;
She turned pale, and then red; then she laughed, then she screamed.
Then the door of the school-room she threw open wide,
And little Ben Bruin walked in at her side,
Straight up to the school-master's desk.
What a rush
For the door and the windows! The teacher called, "Hush!"
In vain, through that tempest of terrified squeals;
And he, with the children, soon took to his heels.

Ben Bruin looked blank at the stir he had made;
As a bear-baby might, he felt rather afraid,
Like the rest of the babies, and after them ran.
Then over again the wild hubbub began,
And Ben, seeing now that all this was no play,
From the rout he had raised in disgust turned away,
While he said to himself: "If I ever get home,
In another direction hereafter I'll roam."

Alas! for Ben Bruin's brief morning of fun!
Behind him a click—and the bang of a gun!
And when Harry Hunter went seeking his pet,
The snow on the school-house with red drops was wet;
And pretty Rose White felt so sad that she cried
To see the boy mourn for the bear that had died.
And this is the story of little Ben Bruin,
Who found through a school-house the doorway to ruin.

—St. Nicholas.

AMERICAN PROTEST AGAINST THE DYNAMITE FIENDS.

NEARLY all Europe is in terror over the villains who propose to use dynamite to destroy life and property in foreign capitals. The nihilists in Russia, the "black band" in Spain, the socialists in Austria and France, and the "invincible" Irish conspirators in Great Britain, threaten to pursue to the bitter end the assassin policy which has touched even London. A half-dozen men, Irish and "just from America," have been arrested with explosives in their possession, and we do not wonder that there are rumors that the English propose to protest that the United States shall not be a harbor of refuge, in which avowed conspirators can plot murder and destruction against foreign powers. There is no doubt that American-Irish money has been sent over to purchase or make dynamite. That German idiot-fiend, Herr Most, said the other day that the communistic element in Europe will never again permit a ruler to be crowned. Somebody asked, "Not a successor to Victoria, of England, should she die?" "No!" he said. We believe the scoundrels should be promptly put in jail. Such vipers should not be permitted to hiss their threats on our soil against powers with whom we are at peace. If our president is satisfied that Irishmen ship dynamite or plan English assassination here, he should put the criminals in jail. It is outrageous that murderous fiends of whatsoever nationality should put us in such false light. If we have no law to stop it, the law should be forthcoming. If we knew that London allows assassins to there plan the death of a Garfield we would close our ports to every British vessel. We earnestly hope England will close her ports to our produce, and thus compel our government to estop international conspiracy, if even every Irishman in America should revolt. We believe our laws should choke cowardly conspiracy at all cost.—*North Western Christian Advocate, Chicago.*

GIRLS, LEARN TO WORK.

I DO not live in a city, only in a country village; and yet, as I look about me, I see but very few girls that are learning to do anything except to dress, perhaps do a little fancy work, and practice at the piano. I am happy to say that outside of the town it is different, as there are some who do work, and with willing hands, to help earn their living. And why should it not be so? To be sure, no one can expect a girl to accomplish so much as a boy, and they should learn to be refined and lady-like, but they can do this and work too.

How many families we see where the father works hard from morn till night, taking no rest except in the hours of darkness, and the mother tires of the unceasing round of work that must be done, while the children attend school part of the time, and the rest is frittered away in useless amusements.

Ask a girl to do some work, and how quickly an excuse is found, "O, I am so tired!" when they have really been doing nothing to tire them; or, "I don't like to do that," not thinking that mother must do things for them frequently that are perhaps quite as disagreeable to her; or, "I do not feel well;" yet they are so well that they

can walk until late in the evening, with the night dampness on and about them; and the mother expostulates with them sometimes, and thinks it not proper for them to go, and denies them the privilege, and a scene ensues; the mother is accused of "not wanting them to go anywhere, the other girls are all going," etc., until, perhaps, at last, an unwilling consent is given.

Now is this right? Would not these same girls be happier if they learned, commencing when they were small, to do some of the light work to help the mother; and then, when they are larger, if the family is small so that the mother does not need their help, let them learn a trade or do some kind of work, that they may earn their own clothes at least? The idea that it is not respectable for girls to labour is one of the most absurd things in this age of absurdities.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

THE Halifax *Wesleyan* makes on this subject the following kindly remarks:—The Sunday-school books and papers now issued by our Church in England and America are second to none in the world. Month after month the English Book-room sends out specimens of new books and of periodicals admirably suited for our libraries, both in teaching and in cost. No papers can be more suitable or attractive to our young people than those prepared by Dr. Withrow, our Sunday-school editor, and published by our Toronto Book-room. In price they are cheaper than any imported. Sunday-school managers are learning that our Toronto Publishing House is sending forth papers for youth second to none in value and cheapness and at the same time free from those questionable teachings which are too often found elsewhere.

HOLDING THE LADDER.

PETER COOPER was a distinguished philanthropist who lately died at the age of 92. Nearly fifty years ago he founded the Cooper Institute in New York for the free training of students in art, etc., without distinction of sex. Many thousands have received this training, and not a few have greatly distinguished themselves. A few years ago a workman in Cooper Institute, having occasion to ascend a ladder to do some repairing in one of the public rooms, called to an old man whom he happened to see standing near by, watching him. "Here, old fellow, hold the ladder for me, won't you?" The "old fellow" started forward and held the ladder for the workman, while he climbed up and did his work. That unpretentious old man was Peter Cooper.

We say that was Peter Cooper. It was Peter Cooper through and through and all over. It was ambition enough for him to hold the ladder for other people. He might not climb himself; he remembered how hard the climbing had been for him when he tried to study and learn and fit himself for his sphere of usefulness and service; and he had made up his mind many, many years ago that he would make it easier for other people to climb. His Institute was a ladder; and he stood by it day after day, holding it that other people, young men and young women, might climb.

PLEASANTRIES.

FOND MOTHER.—"What would you do without a mother, Tom?" Tom.—"Do as I liked, ma."

A Sunday-school boy, upon being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied: "Because of the famine in the land."

"Do you see any grapes, Bob?" "Yes, but there is dogs." "Big Dogs, Bob?" "Yes, very big." "Then come along; those grapes are not ours, you know."

The wave that floods the trembling shore,
And desolates the strand,
In ebbing, leaves mid froth and wrook,
A shell upon the sand.

So troubles oft o'erwhelm the soul,
And shake the constant mind,
That in retreating leave a pearl
Of memory behind.

A clever Pennsylvania inventor has evolved a new rat-trap, in one end of which is a mirror. This may do for the female rats; but when a male rat notices that the bait looks double, he will think he has had enough, and go home.

A five-year-old, who went to school for the first time, came home at noon, and said to his mother, "Mamma, I don't think that teacher knows much." "Why not, my dear?" "Why, she kept asking questions all the time. She asked where the Mississippi River was."

Josh Billings says: "Most men concede that it looks foolish to see a boy dragging a heavy sled up hill for the fleetin' pleasure of ridin' down again; but it appears to me that the boy is a sage by the side of the young man who works hard all week, and drinks up his wages on Saturday night."

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Charles II. on looking at it, inquired the meaning of it, and on being told he said, "Take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap." Thus originated the word *foolscap*, which has since been given to a size of writing paper usually about 16 x 13 inches.

I LOVE TO STEAL.—A well known Connecticut clergyman had a deacon who insisted upon leading the singing at the prayer meetings. He was a great blunderer, and he sang all the sad and melancholy tunes he could think of. The hymn was given out, "I love to steal awhile away." The deacon began, "I love to steal" to "Mear," where he broke down. He started with "Dundee"—"I love to steal." The third time he commenced and broke down, when the pastor rose and gravely said, "I am sorry for our brother's propensity. Will some brother pray?"

A story is told of two New England deacons, between whom a bitter feud had long existed concerning some contested point. Neither would yield, and the matter threatened to be handed down to the next generation, when one day, Deacon Smith appeared before his old enemy, and solemnly said: "Brother Jones, it is a shame that this quarrel of ours should bring scandal upon the church. I have prayed earnestly for guidance in the matter, and have come to the conclusion that you must give in—for I cannot."

TEDDY IN COURT.

M Teddy McGuire; my name is my own,
For niver a print I had.
My trade 'Tis settin the papers in town—
A starvin' business, indeed!
Don't be hard on me, Judge,
For takin' the wee bit o' bread;
'Twas for poor little Mick, a bh'y that was
stok.—
Oh, don't be hard on poor Ted.

You, see, Judge, the times is so poor,
The strate is alive wid the bh'ys,
An' Mickey, my neighb' r next door,
Couln't lift up forinist 'm his voice.
Don't be hard on me, Judge,—
'Oh, Teddy, I'm starvin'!' he cried;
An' his blue eyes grew wild (such a bit of a
child),
Don't be hard on poor Ted.

Yes, I went to the baker's hard by;
(The slather's o' things that was there!)
Tarts, and cakes, an' the illigant pie—
Not one did I touch, Judge, I swear.
Don't be hard on me Judge,
I did take the bakin' of bread;
To Mickey I gave it—I did not touch it to save
it;
Oh, don't be hard on poor Ted!

An'—Judge—the loaf's niver broke:
Axin' pardon—poor Mick is dead.
It was niver a "thank ye" he spoke
When I laid on the blanket the bread.
Oh, don't be hard on me Judge,
I'm a thafe—but—forgiven, ye said?
Ah, your honor, your heart give that verdict
a-pair!
Not to be hard on poor Ted!
—Marie le Baron.

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

The Hindus pray to 330,000,000
gods.

A jubilee service was recently held
in the chapel of the Ohio Wesleyan
University over the conversion of two
hundred students.

The census of missions to be taken
next year will, it is estimated, show
an increase of 200,000 native Chris-
tians in India, Ceylon, and Burmah
for the last ten years—500,000 in all.

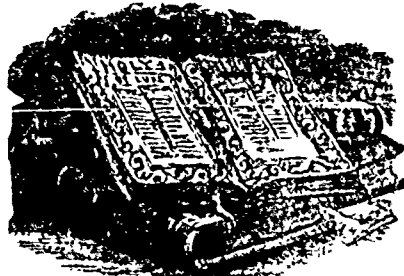
There are about 20,000,000 Meth-
odists scattered over different parts of
the globe. The number of Baptists
throughout the world is about 2,826-
582.

Mr. Francis Murphy says of the
temperance "cause" abroad:—"The
work in England has gone on apace
until the Queen has said 'well done.'
Millions of the people have signed the
pledge, reducing the revenue £2,500-
000, and the Postmaster found it in
the savings of the people in pure gold."

All churchgoers may profitably
make use of the following prayer
offered up by a South Sea Islander
just as the meeting was breaking up:
—"O God, we are about to go to our
respective homes. Let not the words
we have heard be like the fine clothes
we wear, soon to be taken off and
folded away in a box till another Sab-
bath comes round. Rather, let Thy
truth be like the tattoo on our bodies,
ineffaceable till death."

A well-informed writer regards the
free lunch system, as it prevails in
most cities, as the strongest induc-
ement to intemperance. The enter-
prising saloon-keeper provides free a
lunch of crackers and cheese, cold salt
herring, or corned beef, with nothing
to drink. The partaker of the free
lunch to quench his thirst, if he is not
impelled by a sense of gratitude to the
man who provides his repast, buys
liquor at the bar, and a few such meals
confirms his appetite for the strong
drink.

The Manchester Courier's London
correspondent says:—"The most gi-
gantic of the petitions in favour of
Sunday closing that are being got up
by the Wesleyan Methodists is now
closed in some districts, and the bulk
of possible signatures has been obtained.
A rough calculation put them at close
on 1,000,000. On the other side, the
publicans—Here, in London, at least—
are assiduously canvassing their cus-
tomers to sign. The 'trade' is aghast
at the growth of the Sunday closing
movement, and although London is
not yet included it is feared the time
is drawing near."



Search the Scriptures.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 45.] LESSON IX. [May 27.

PAUL AND BARNABAS IN CYPRUS.

Acts 13. 1-12. Commit to memory vs. 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the
work whereunto I have called them. Acts
13. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. The Foreign Missionaries. v. 1-5.
2. The False Prophet v. 6-11.
3. The Famous Convert v. 12

TIME.—A. D. 45.

PLACES.—Antioch in Syria, and the island
of Cyprus in the Mediterranean.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The church at Antioch*—
See the account of this Church in Lesson VII.
Prophets—Men who spoke by the inspiration
of God. *Teachers*—Those who instructed
others in the Gospel. *Brought up as a child*—One
who had lived with him as a child. *Herod
the tetrarch*—Not King Herod, in the last
lesson, but the one who slew John the Bap-
tist. *Saul*—Named last, as perhaps the
youngest. *They ministered*—Were engaged
in a service of worship. *The Holy Ghost said*
—By an inward voice to all those present.
Separate me—"Set apart to my service."
The work—The work of preaching the Gospel
to the heathen world. *Laid their hands*—As
an act of consecration to their mission. *In
the synagogues*—They preached where the
Jews met to worship, as through them they
could reach the people. *John*—John Mark,
who wrote the gospel. *Their minister*—Their
attendant and helper. *Through the isle*—
Preaching as they went. *A certain sorcerer*
—One who pretended to have power to deal
with spirits. *A false prophet*—Giving pro-
fess of speaking God's word. *Bar-jesus*—
Meaning "the son of Jesus." *The deputy*—
The Roman ruler whose title was *pro consul*.
Prudent man—A man of wisdom and judg-
ment. *Withstood them*—Opposed the Gospel
as taught by Barnabas and Saul. *Saul*—
called Paul—As he was now among Gentiles,
he used his Roman name, rather than his
Jewish. *Filled with the Holy Ghost*—Speak-
ing by divine power. *Subtly*—Low and
wicked cunning. *Jishief*—This word here
means "villain." *Pervert the right ways*—
Turn men from walking in the ways of God.
Blind—As a punishment for leading others
away from the light. *For a season*—Not for-
ever, but perhaps until he should repent.
Blind and darkness—A growing blindness.
Believed—Believed in the Gospel which was
proved by such miracles. *Doctrines of the
Lord*—"The truth concerning the Lord," as
taught by Paul.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. A call to the work of the Gospel?
2. An example of interest in the Gospel?
3. A warning against opposing the Gospel?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. From what Church were the missionaries
sent out to preach the Gospel? From the
Church of Antioch. 2. Whom did they send?
Barnabas and Saul. 3. Where did they begin
the work of preaching? In the island of
Cyprus. 4. Who was among the people con-
verted through their labors? Sergius Paulus,
the Roman ruler. 5. By what name was
Saul henceforth called? Paul.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The call to the
ministry.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

23. What were the two ordinances which
Christ appointed in his church?
The two ordinances which Christ appointed
in his Church were Baptism, and the Lord's
Supper, to continue to the end of the world.

A. D. 46.] LESSON X. [June 3.

AT ANTIOCH.

Acts 13. 13-16 and 43-52. Commit to memory
vs. 47-49.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the word of the Lord was published
throughout all the region Acts 13. 49.

OUTLINE.

1. Sabbath Services. v. 13-16, 43.
2. Jealous Jews. v. 44-47.
3. Glad Gentiles. 48, 49.
4. Persecuted Apostles. v. 50, 52.

TIME.—A. D. 46, immediately succeeding
the last Lesson.

PLACE.—Antioch in Pisidia.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Paul and his company*—
Paul was now the head of the party. *Loosed
from*—set sail. *John*—John Mark, who
afterwards wrote the gospel. *Departing from
them*—Giving up the work to go home.
Antioch in Pisidia—So-called to distinguish
it from Antioch in Syria. *On the sabbath*—
The Jewish sabbath, Saturday. *Sat down*—
As worshippers. *The law*—From the five
books of Moses. *Sent unto them*—Perhaps
knowing their desire to speak. *Exhortation*
—Words to help them in serving God.
Beckoning—To gain attention. *Give audience*
—Literally, "Hear ye." The sermon of Paul
is in verses 17-41, and is omitted in the lesson.
Broken up—While the people were passing
out. *Religious proselytes*—People who, though
Gentiles, worshipped God. *Followed*—To
learn more about the Gospel. *Persuaded
them*—Urged them. *The whole city*—The
people had heard of the new teaching. *Filled
with envy*—They were displeased to see the
Gentiles in such number at their synagogue.
The things spoken by Paul—The gospel of
salvation through Jesus Christ. *Blaspheming*
—Using abusive and wicked language. *It
was necessary*—Because commanded by God.
Judge yours lives unworthy—By showing that
they were not willing to be saved. *To the
Gentiles*—They would preach to those who
would receive the truth. *Glad*—To receive
the Gospel. *Ordained to eternal life*—Those
who were willing to accept God's offer.
Throughout all the region—In the towns and
villages of the province. *Devout*—The Gen-
tile women who were worshippers of God.
Honorable—Persons of rank and influence.
Persecution—The Jews urged on the women,
and they urged on the chief men, who were
their husbands. *Expelled them*—Drove them
away. *Shook off the dust*—As a token of
God's displeasure. See Matt. 10. 14, 15.
Filled with joy—In possessing Christ and his
Gospel.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. That the Gospel is for all men?
2. That the Gospel requires men to believe?
3. That the Gospel brings joy to those who believe?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Paul and Barnabas preach
after leaving Cyprus? At Antioch in Asia
Minor. 2. What was the effect of their
preaching upon the Jews? They rejected the
Gospel. 3. To whom did the apostles then
turn? To the Gentiles. 4. How did the
Gentiles receive the word? With gladness
and faith.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ the light
of the world.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

24. Thus we have heard how Jesus lived;
let us now hear in what manner he died.
Jesus Christ, in suffering and dying, was
meek and patient, and resigned to the will of
God.

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