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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1883.

No. 4.

“GO TELL IT TO JESUS.”

ONCE all the world was dark,
No joy I knew—
Over wood's stream my bark
So swiftly flew,
Till on the whirlpool's brink,
Trembling with fear,
Only a step to sink—
The grave so near.

I heard a voice so low,
Whisper to me,
“Go and tell Jesus, go,
He'll comfort thee.”
Tremblingly down I knelt,
Weak from my sin;
And as I prayed, I felt
Pardon begin.

Oh, the chilly waters
now
Smile upon me:
And as homeward
again I row,
“Peace,” sings the
sea;
And now the kind eye
of heaven
Smiles on my way,
The darkest clouds are
riven,
And all is day.

Oh, thou sin-weary
heart,
Hast Jesus told?
Didst thou to Him im-
part
When waters cold
Leaped round thee, of
thy sin,
And of thy woe?
Go, tell it, friend, to
him;
Tell Jesus, go!

THE LARGEST CITY IN THE NEW WORLD.

SUPPOSE, now, you were a bird and could soar and sail about in the air wherever you chose. If you were flying over the City of New York, you would behold a sight very much like that shown in the picture. New York City is on Manhattan Island, about thirteen miles long, and about two miles wide at the widest part. The river to the left of the picture is the Hudson, and that on the right the East River, leading into Long Island Sound. In the right hand corner, is shown part of the City of Brooklyn on Long Island, and on the upper left hand corner, part of Jersey City in New Jersey. Crossing the East River, is seen the famous Suspension Bridge, which is now approaching completion. It is so high above the water, that ocean vessels can pass beneath it. It slopes down on each side to the level of the ground, and street cars will run

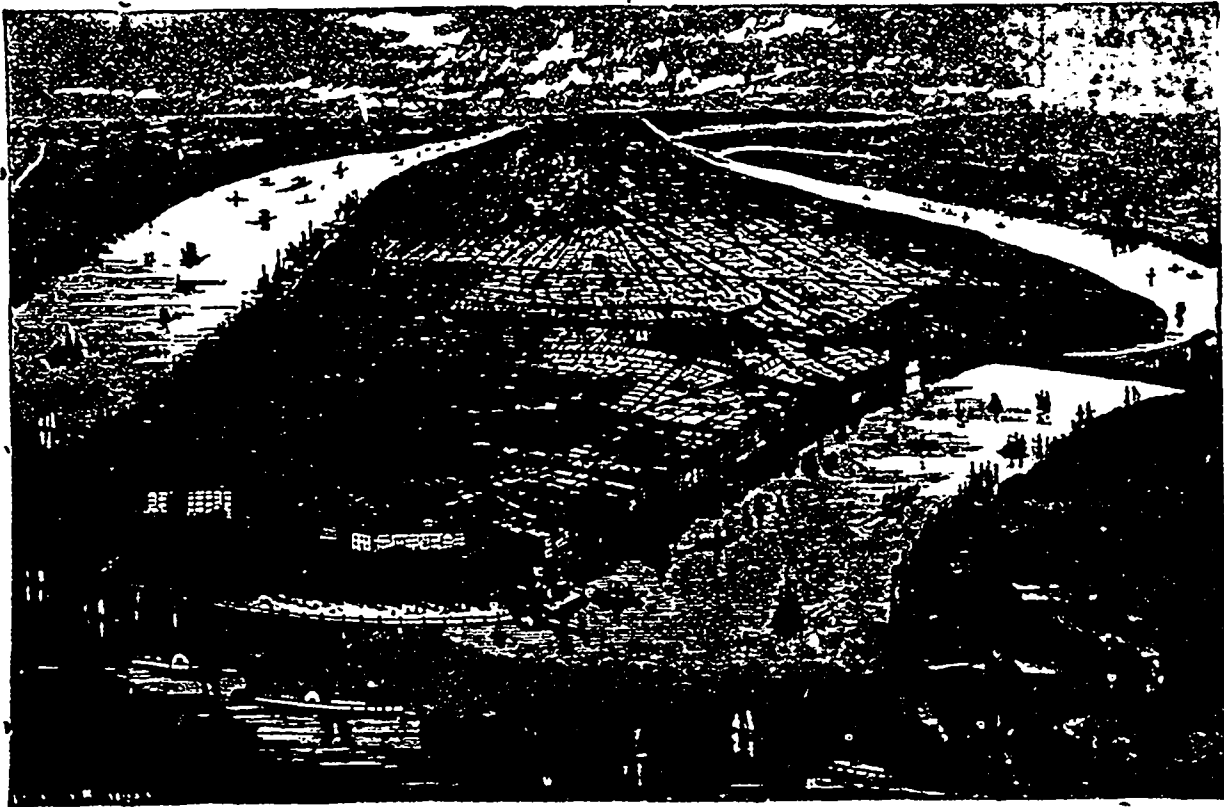
across it. Another bridge is to be built across East River higher up, and a tunnel is now being made under the Hudson. All around the two river fronts of the city, you see hundreds of vessels and steamers, which sail to all parts of the world. The park covered with trees at the point of the island is called the Battery, because it was once strongly fortified. The round building at the extreme left, is Castle Garden—an old fort with surrounding buildings. Here all the emigrants who arrive at New York are landed—sometimes two or three thousand in a day—and are kept

densely peopled than even the densest parts of London. As the greatest receiving and distributing point for the commerce of the continent, New York is destined to be one of the most important cities in the world.

Young men and young women of our churches, never let a stranger go away without notice; never let that chilling feeling of loneliness come over any person in the house of God. It should be your pleasure to make every stranger at home. Try it, and your reward will be speedy.—*Exchange.*

attracted by my breath, it had now approached the upper part of my throat. It became quite still, and the weight, pressure, and the indescribable odor which was exhaled from its body, and pervaded the whole air, so overwhelmed me, that it was only by a fierce struggling that I prevented myself from shrieking. A cold sweat burst from every pore of my body—I could hear the beating of my heart, and I felt to my dismay that the palsy of terror had begun to agitate my limbs. It will awake, that I, and then all is over. Just then, something—it might have been a large beetle—

fell from the ceiling right upon my left arm, which lay stretched beside me. The snake uncoiling its head, raised it with a low hiss, and then for the first time, I saw the hood, the fearful crest glittering in the faint light—it was *cobra di capello*. Shutting my eyes to exclude the dreadful spectacle, I lay almost fainting, until again all was quiet. Had its fiery glances met mine, all would have been over. But apparently it was once more asleep, and presently I heard my Lascar servant moving about, undoing the fastenings of the tent and striking a light. A sudden thought struck me, and in an impulse of desperation, I uttered a sepulchral



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NEW YORK.

till they are shipped to their destination.

From the Battery can be seen a long straight street, leading northward. This is Broadway, a hundred feet wide, and about four miles long, lined with magnificent buildings and one of the noblest streets in the world.

The population of New York is over 1,200,000. There are only two larger cities in the world, Paris with 2,226,000, and London with over four millions. Berlin and Vienna have a little over a million each. Brooklyn, which may almost be called a suburb of New York—as many thousands who do business in the larger city, live in the smaller one—has over half a million. Parts of New York are more

IT BITETH LIKE A SERPENT.

A TRAVELLER in India tells us of an escape he once had from a fearful peril. He says, “I had slept in my tent one night some four or five hours. When I awoke I found myself lying on my back, and instantly found a cold creeping thing on my chest. I soon discovered, to my unutterable terror, that it was a huge serpent coiling itself up into a circle of twists, and you will own it must have been a pretty big one, when I tell you that the reptile covered the whole of my breast, and even the pit of my stomach. It was evident the loathsome creature had at length settled itself to sleep, and I felt that,

call ‘Lascar.’ “‘Sahib!’ was the instantaneous response, and my heart beat quicker at the success of my attempt. I lay still, for the reptile, evidently roused, made a movement, and its head, as I supposed, fell on my arm. Oh, the agony of that moment! I debated with myself whether I should call again or remain perfectly quiet, or whether it would not be better to start up at once and shake the hideous burthen from me. But the latter suggestion was at once abandoned, as I felt sure that it would prove fatal. I was weighed down by the heavy coils of the creature, and was weak and exhausted from terror, and I knew escape in that way was next to impossible.

"Again I called, 'Lascar, a lantern.' Again the cobra moved, and again, thank God, the ready Lascar replied. "Lata houn, Sahib,' (I am bringing it, sir.) Light advancing flashed in, and at the noise of quick coming feet, lo! one after another its horrible coils unwound, and the grisly monster glided away from my body. The last sound that struck my sense of hearing was, 'Ya illaki samp,' (a snake.) I fainted away." That horrible cobra i-drink, it lies on the very heart of society, and threatens to destroy its life with its deadly poison. It looks sometimes like as if there was little hope of escape, but we believe God will, in His mercy, send deliverance. May it come soon!—*The Temperance Battle-Field.*

STANDING UP STIFF.

"Did he stand stiff?"

"I rather think so."

"Let me tell you how it was"

"Half past six," said Jimmie Bowles; and as he spoke, he looked at the town-clock.

There it was, with its long, gilt hand's shining bright enough in the morning light to have been arrows of gold shot from the quiver of the sun; and, catching on the old dial, they changed from rays to clock-hands, swinging slowly, steadily round.

"Time to open the store," thought Jimmie; and he crossed the street to thrust a key into the lock of the door above which was the sign,—

THOMAS PARRY.

"Mr. Parry will be here by seven, and I must have things trim," continued Jimmie in his thoughts.

Back went the shutters, and away went the broom, busily flourished in Jimmie's hands. The floor was swept, the counters dusted, the desk cleared up, a bundle of papers put on one side of the door, and a few water-pails on the other; and directly in front of the windows was stationed an empty barrel labelled "Flour," and above it an empty box labelled "Rice," and above it all a huge white placard, saying, "Goods for the Million at Hard-Time Prices."

"Now," said Jimmie, "everything is all right when Mr. Parry comes; and its only—only—five minutes of seven," giving a glance in the direction of the town clock. "I am early. Now, Mr. Thomas Parry, who sells goods for the million at the best prices he can get for them, may put in his appearance when he pleases. My! there he is, already, turning the corner!"

Mr. Parry was indeed turning the corner. He was a short, fat man, with an easy, comfortable gait, and turned the corner nice as a bicycle.

Fat men are not always sweet tempered, though, if some of them are among the kindest-natured folks in the world; and Mr. Parry, while a very comfortable-looking man, was not a very comfortable-feeling man.

Jimmie understood all this.

"Things all right, boy?" he asked.

"All right, I think, sir."

"Come into the back-room in a few moments."

"Yes, sir,"

"What does he want of me?" thought Jimmie. "I must prepare for a blowin', I suppose."

There was no "blowin'" that morning; on the contrary, when Jimmie

went into the back-room, Mr. Parry was more affable than usual. He actually asked Jimmie to sit down. Then hemmed and hawked, and coughed very apologetically, as if about to address a king, instead of a store-boy. As he commenced to speak, he brought forth a basket of black bottles.

"You know, Jimmie,—hem—you know times are hard. A man can't along yesterday, and he was peddling these—theo—bottles. Only ale, you know; nice for invalids. I want you—if—if anybody comes in and calls for a glass—to—let 'em have a little. It will bring in a penny. That is what you are to do."

Was he? Jimmie didn't know about that. His face flushed red, and then turned pale.

Sell that!

The idea!

Would he?

All agitation was over in a moment. He straightened up and stood erect in the attitude of protestation; and it seemed as if the spirit of his father (an old soldier in the late war), the spirit of his grandfather (a soldier in the war of 1812), the spirit of his great-grandfather, (a soldier in the Revolution) all stood up inside of Jimmie, all protesting and rebelling.

What wonder if he stood pretty stiff.

"Mr. Parry," said he, "I will do anything reasonable to please you; but I promised my mother, when I left home, that I would not sell liquor."

Mr. Parry hardly knew how to take this. He was silent, and then he began to stammer out a reply. He hesitated, then he started again. He fumed like a beer-bottle when the cork has been loosened, and yet there is not room for the foam to escape; then, in a moment he fairly raved.

"Dreadful particular you are all at once! You need not stand up so stiff! So you think you are better than your master! Well, if you are, you had better leave, or I might contaminate your morals. And if you can't do as I wish, you may leave; and you may go at once."

"Leave!" "Go." These two words struck Jimmie like two bullets.

"Leave!" That meant no work, no money to buy clothes, no money to settle board-bills.

Jimmie said nothing, and went into the outer store.

A stranger was there, trimly, neatly dressed, with a business air.

"Have you any matches? Something good to light fire with;" asked the man.

"Yes," thought Jimmie; "match, shavings, kerosene, powder, glycerine, everything combustible, in those black bottles." He did not say it, however.

"Mr. Parry, a customer is here."

At Jimmie's announcement, Mr. Parry bustled out, looking as if he had been hanging in a furnace. He handed Jimmie the money due him for services, and then waited on the stranger.

Jimmie left the store.

It seemed queer to Jimmie, going down street that morning an hour ago with a whistle as cheery as a canary's song over the first green chickweed, and now sauntering up the street so heavy-hearted. He took a long and rather unhappy walk. However he had done his duty.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, struck the town clock eight times

as if in response, ringing out the last "yes" with a decided ring.

"Ah! good-morning again."

Jimmie turned.

It was the stranger whom he saw in the store.

"Are you—are you out of a place?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just left one, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so, from what I saw. Why did you leave?"

"I wouldn't sell liquor, sir."

"I didn't I hear Mr Parry say something about your standing up stiff?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you are just the boy for me." Jimmie's eyes flashed.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why I keep an apothecary store; and I am continually pestered by nuisances begging for "a drop," pretending to be sick suddenly, or else anxious for an unknown friend wanting liquor. I want somebody who can stand up stiff, and not sell without the best reason."

"I will do what I can for you, sir."

"All right. I am without a boy, and you may begin any time."

"I will begin this morning, sir."

When the clock struck eight again, it had a merry sound to Jimmie's ears, as if lifting up his voice triumphantly.

If Mr. Thomas Parry had gone by that evening, and looked into the apothecary store, he would have seen blue bottles, and yellow bottles, and black bottles, and red bottles, all standing up straight, prim, and stiff on the shelves. The object, though, that could stand up stiffest, was the boy behind the counter.

Hats off to the temperance boy that could stand stiff!—*Well-Spring.*

DOES IT PAY?

DOES it pay to have fifty working men poor and ragged in order to have one saloon-keeper dress in broadcloth and flush of money?

Does it pay to have those fifty workingmen live on bone soup and half rations, in order that one saloon-keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne?

Does it pay to have the mothers and children of twenty families dressed in rags, starved into the resemblance of emaciated scarecrows, and live in hovels, in order that the saloon-keeper's wife may dress in satin and her children grow fat and hearty and live in a bow window parlour?

Does it pay to have ten smart, active, and intelligent boys transformed into thieves to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling them liquor?

Does it pay to give one man, for \$15, a license to sell liquor, and then spend \$20,000 on the trial of another man for buying that liquor and committing murder under its influence?

Does it pay to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled, and turned into hells of discord and misery in order that one wholesale liquor dealer may amass a large fortune?

Does it pay to keep men in the penitentiaries and prisons and hospitals, and in the lunatic asylums, at the expense of the honest, industrious taxpayers, in order that a few capitalists may grow richer by the manufacture of whiskey, and by swindling the government out of three-fourths of the revenue tax on the liquor that they make?

Does it pay to permit the existence

of a traffic which only results in crime, poverty, misery, and death, and which never did, never does, never can, and never will do any good?

It never pays to do wrong, your sin will find you out, whether others find you out or not; the sin knows where you are, and will keep you posted of that fact. It don't pay.—*Exchange.*

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

THE days are short, and the nights are long,
And the wind is nipping cold;
The tasks are hard, and the sums are wrong,
And the teachers often scold.
But Johnny McCree,
O what cares he
As he whistles along the way?
"It will all come right
By to-morrow night."
Says Johnny McCree to-day.

The plums are few, and the cake is plain,
The shoes are out at the toe;
For money, you look in the purse in vain—
It was all spent long ago.
But Johnny McCree,
O what cares he
As he whistles along the street?
Would you have the blues
For a pair of shoes
While you have a pair of feet?

The snow is deep, there are paths to break,
But the little arm is strong,
And work is play, if you'll only take
Your work with a bit of a song.
And Johnny McCree
O what cares he
As he whistles along the road?
He will do his best,
And will leave the rest
To the care of his Father, God.

The mother's face, it is often sad—
She scarce knows what to do;
But at Johnny's kiss, she is bright and glad—
She loves him, and wouldn't you!
For Johnny McCree,
O what cares he
As he whistles along the way?
The trouble will go,
And "I told you so,"
Our brave little John will say.
—*Harper's Young People.*

TRAINING CHARACTER.

IF somebody should give me a diamond to carry to Europe, I can know exactly how much would be lost to the world were

I to drop it into the sea; but if a seed should be given me, I could only regard it with awe as containing concealed within it the food of untold generations. That is the difference between looking at the truth as a diamond or as a seed—as final or germinal.

In all training of character, continuity and economy must be supreme. The notion that character is spontaneous is held by most people in the earlier portion of their lives, and is wrong. When they discover this, nine tenths change to the other extreme. This is wrong, too. Hosts of young men think their character will form of itself, and that they will necessarily become better as they grow older. Hosts of old men believe that their character is fixed, and that it is impossible for them to become better. Such beliefs are foolish. People are also wrong in thinking that they can put off their bad traits and put on good traits. The old failures can not be thus transformed; but out of the old habits new can be formed. This is what many a poor creature needs to know. We must make what we are to be out of what we are.

The greatest heroes the world has ever produced have been those who have done the most good in it.

THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

WHERE English daisies blossom
And English robins sing,
When all the land was fragrant
Beneath the feet of Spring,

Two little sisters wandered,
Together, hand in hand,
Along the dusty highway,
Their bare feet soiled and tanned.

'Twas not a childlike sorrow
That filled their eyes with tears;
Their little hearts were burdened
With grief beyond their years.

The bright-eyed daisies blossomed
In valley and in glen,
The robins sang their sweetest,
Spring smiled—but not for them

Beneath the trees of Whitehall,
Within their shadow brown,
From out the royal palace
The Queen came walking down.

She saw the children standing,
Together, side by side,
And, gazing down with pity,
She asked them why they cried.

'Dear Lady,' said the eldest,
'My little sister Beas
And I have come together
A hundred miles, I guess.

'Sometimes the roads were dusty,
And sometimes they were green;
We're very tired and hungry—
We want to see the Queen.

'For mother's sick, dear Lady,
She cries 'most all the day;
We hear her toiling Jesus,
When she thinks we're at play.

'She tells Him all about it,
How when King James was King,
We were so rich and happy
And had 'most everything.

'We had our own dear father,
At home beside the Thames,
But father went to battle
Because he loved King James.

'And then things were so different—
I can not tell you how.
We have n't any father,
Nor any nice things now.

'Last night, our mother told us
They'd take our home away,
And leave us without any,
Because she could n't pay.

'So then we came together,
Ran through the meadow green,
And prayed for God to help us,
And take us to the Queen;

'Because mamma once told us
That, many years ago,
The Queen was James' little girl,
And, Lady, if 't was so,

'I know she'll let us keep it,—
Our home beside the Thames,—
For we have come to ask her,
And Father loved King James.'

Her simple story finished,
She gazed up in surprise,
To see the lovely lady
With tear-drops in her eyes.

And when the English robins
Had sought each downy nest,
And when the bright-eyed daisies,
Dew-damp, had gone to rest,

A carriage, such as never
Had passed that way before,
Sat down two little children
Beside the widow's door.

They brought the weeping mother
A package from the Queen.
Her royal seal was on it,
And, folded in between,

A slip of paper, saying:
'The daughter of King James
Gives to these little children
Their home beside the Thames.'

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in *St. Nicholas*.

NORWEGIAN SNOW-SHOE, OR SKEE RACING.

ONE of the most popular winter sports in Norway is skee-racing. A steep hill is selected by the committee which is to have charge of the race, and all the best skee-runners in the district enter their names, eager to engage in the contest. The track is cleared of all accidental obstructions, but if there happens to be a stone or wooden fence crossing it, the snow is dug away on the lower side of it and piled up above it. The object is to obtain what is called a "jump." The skee-runner, of course, coming at full speed down the slope will slide out over this "jump," shooting right out into the air and coming down either on his feet or any other convenient portion of his anatomy, as the case may be. To keep one's footing, and particularly to prevent the skees from becoming crossed while in the air, are the most difficult feats connected with skee-racing; and it is no unusual thing to see even an excellent skee-runner plunging headlong into the snow, while his skees pursue an independent race down the track and tell the spectators of his failure. Properly speaking, a skee-race is not a race—not a test of speed, but a test of skill, for two runners rarely start simultaneously, as, in case one of them should fall, the other could not possibly stop, and might not even have the time to change his course. He would thus be in danger of running into his competitor, and could hardly avoid maiming him seriously. If there were several parallel tracks, at a distance of twenty to thirty feet from each other, there would, of course, be less risk in having the runners start together. Usually, a number fall in the first run, and those who have not fallen then continue the contest until one gains the palm. If, as occasionally happens, the competition is narrowed down to two, who are about evenly matched, a proposal to run without staves is apt to result in a decisive victory for one or the other.

It can hardly be conceived how exciting these contests are, not only to the skee-runners themselves, but, also, to the spectators, male and female, who gather in groups along the track and cheer their friends as they pass, waving their handkerchiefs, and greeting with derisive cries the mishaps which are inseparable from the sport. —*U. H. Boyesen, in St. Nicholas.*

HAVE A SWEET VOICE, GIRLS.

WERE half the pains which is often taken to cultivate the voice in song bestowed upon its tones as used in speech, social intercourse would gain a very great charm. We hear harsh, metallic voices, which are cracked, a discord running through their cadences. Nobody can be where a number of ladies are gathered without being struck by the lack of culture which is evidenced in disagreeable voices. A sweetly-modulated voice in conversation is delightful and restful. In educating the young, example is more potential than precept; and if mothers and teachers always spoke with gentleness, and were careful to let their voices be clear and distinct, dropping from their lips like finished coin, a great benefit would accrue to the attractiveness of social intercourse.

SCOFFING YOUTHS.

AN eminent minister recently went to preach at a little town on the West Coast. After the usual prayers and praises, the preacher read his text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leaning his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and, addressing the congregation, said that before entering upon his discourse he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "I am now exactly fifteen years," he said, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came hither that evening were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intention of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in the pulpit. Accordingly, they had not attended long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw! But the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied than he too said, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said, 'It would be better altogether to give up the design which has brought us here.' At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the place, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men. The first was hanged many years ago for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder in the goal of this city. The third, my brethren"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, is he who is now about to address you—listen to him."

QUEEN VICTORIA AT HOME.

WHEN the Assistant Editor of the *Christian Advocate* was in London he made a visit with several friends to Windsor Castle, the principal residence of the Sovereign of England, and now the chief home of Queen Victoria. The Queen was absent on a visit to Scotland, but we were courteously shown through most of the historic royal apartments, as also through the several most interesting groups of buildings, gardens, and parks which go to make up that most magnificent royal home.

Nothing, however, interested us more than the responses of the guide to our questions concerning the daily official duties and home habits of the Queen. "Yonder," said he, "is Frogmore, and if the day is pleasant the Queen always drives there in an open carriage and breakfasts. If the weather is hot the table is spread for her in a tent on the lawn, where, also, she reads her private letters and newspapers." The Queen never takes up a newspaper that has not been previously perused by a lady-in-waiting, who marks all the passages

which she thinks would interest her Majesty, who is supposed to look at nothing that is not marked. Afterward the Queen goes to another room or to another tent, and proceeds to the business of the day; there are seldom less than twenty and often more than thirty boxes to be gone through, and a groom is kept constantly riding between the Queen at Frogmore and Sir Henry Ponsonby at the Castle.

After about three hours of incessant work Her Majesty drives back to the Castle with the boxes in the carriage, and they are then carried up stairs on a trav. and sorted and despatched by Sir Henry Ponsonby. Then Her Majesty lunches with Princess Beatrice, and any other members of her family who are at the Castle, and, unless there is any ceremony of State appointed for the day, they afterward take a walk in the sunk garden or on the slopes, and later go out for a drive. On their return they retire for a little necessary rest before preparing for dinner, which brings the day's visitors. The only part of the Queen's daily routine which never varies is the morning work, which comes as regularly as that of any clerk in the city, and every thing is done by Her Majesty with conscientious thoroughness. The Queen looks into every thing herself, and the public have little idea of the prodigious number and variety of the subjects which come before her for decision. It is an axiom among all who have served the Queen, that if they can only get their case looked into by Her Majesty, strict justice is assured. At Windsor her life is more laborious than elsewhere, from the incessant visitors and ceremonies, and the impossibility of getting away from the pomp and pageantry of a Court.

GOLDEN RULES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never shout, jump, or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlour with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last, and best friend be your mother.—*The Grand Army Journal.*

The rod of the prophet at Horeb brought not fire from the rock, but water—sweet water; so sometimes the blow of affliction, blessed by a higher power, softens the heart to the flow of the gentler affections.

UNKIND WORDS.

How many hearts have covered been,
By just one thought, as word
spoken in haste, without a thought,
By lips most fondly loved.

The wounded heart, in silence perhaps,
Has hid the bitter pain.
Until it rankled far too deep,
E'er to be healed again.

Ah! better far to heal the wound,
With gentle thought and kind,
Or, with some tender loving act,
Erase it from the mind.

Forgive as I forgive, said One,
Whose tender heart was grieved,
With many cruel words and deeds
He through his life received.

"They know not what they do," He said,
Forgive them for My sake,
I gave My life in love of them
And yet My name they hate."

And shall we whom His love redeemed,
Not bear a little wrong,
Shall we not have the Christ-like love,
That suffered yet was strong?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1883.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

WE quote from the Missionary Report just issued the following interesting missionary extracts:

From Port Simpson, the Rev. Thos. Crosby writes:—

The various religious services in the Mission have been well attended when the people were at home, but having to go hunting, fishing, and working during the summer months, take many of our own people away; during that time large numbers of strangers are with us who come from all parts of the country for trading purposes; thus our Church is well filled in the summer season as well as in the winter.

Many more new houses have gone up during the year, and the completion of the new school-house is a good thing; and the poor people have nobly subscribed to the building of it. It was built larger than we at first intended, and has now cost \$1,500. A grant of \$500 was given by the Indian Department. The building is now one of the best school-houses in the country. Here we hope soon to have a good training school for native agents. Our "Girls' Home" is grow-

ing on us, and we hope by the assistance of kind friends, to get the building enlarged, and take more of those poor girls in, and thus protect them from the sad life that has swept so many of their heathen sisters away.

From Naas the Rev. A. E. Green writes:—

This is the fifth year since I came to this new mission, and in comparing the past with the present, oh, how much cause we have to rejoice, and to thank God! The manifestations of His saving power have been wonderful. For then, five years ago, all were in darkness and cruel superstition, but such is the power of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" that nearly three hundred have been so wrought upon by God's Holy Spirit, that they have turned from Satan to Christ! A number of whom have gone to the better land.

I was forcibly reminded to-day of the marvellous change the Gospel has made. Some one came and requested me to go and see a sick man. I found him lying upon a wild sheep's skin; by his side lay a Bible, and although very weak he seemed quite happy, and spoke freely and sweetly of heaven. This is the same man we wrote you of in 1877, who killed his sister because she was subject to fits; and he is one of the number who, when the dead body had been placed on burning wood, went dancing round it, poking it with poles. The lion has indeed become a lamb!

The means of grace have all been well attended, and, with one or two exceptions, all have remained faithful, and we have reason to think they are growing in grace.

The Word of God is studied with increasing interest, and wherever our Indians go, in a canoe or on the mountains, they always take a Bible with them, and the gospel songs are echoed all along the coast.

During the year I have received forty-seven, all out of heathenism. Twelve of them belong to Kit-wan-cool, in the interior, over 100 miles from here, and are the first-fruits from that dark place. A native teacher from here has been staying with them.

Our village is improving—neat frame houses are taking the place of the old ones, so that this place has now quite a civilized appearance. The progress would be much more rapid were we to have a saw-mill here, as it is, our lumber has to be brought from Port Simpson mill, a distance of nearly sixty miles, which, of course, makes it expensive.

At Naas Harbour I have secured ground for a church, and we are taking up a subscription to build one, should the Committee approve of it. I am sorry to say that the debt on our Mission premises here, still oppresses your Missionary, and the Indians are unable to pay it off. During the winter I visited the upper villages; it was very cold weather, and as we walked over the ice, for miles it was covered with water knee-deep—at night sleeping on the snow under the huge pine trees. I have been busy going from camp to camp, as much sickness prevailed. We had to enlarge our Church at the fishing station, and then more came than could get in. Pray for us.

I believe that laziness is the cause of more misery in this world than sickness is, but I can't prove it.

CANADA'S "BEST INTERESTS."

To the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS, —Dear Sir, —I have always felt pleased at the stand you have taken in the Temperance Work, and therefore, I thought I would send you something that came under my own observation. I do it from reading the piece in PLEASANT HOURS on "Canada's Best Interests." I was foreman in an establishment in a town east of Toronto. Trade being brisk, I was glad to take on all the help I could. A tramp came along and I gave him "a job," and I had to become security for his board, and as I found that he was given to drink, I made several excuses during the week, for not giving him any money; but on Saturday night he received his wages, and as soon as he left the shop he made his way to the nearest tavern, but fortunately for me, it was closed, it being past seven o'clock. Now, sir, what I want to show is this, that if that tavern was open, he would have spent his money there, and I would have been called upon to pay his board.

How many families have to bless God for the early closing of taverns in this country! Yours truly, H. I. S.

OUR noble Sunday-schools in Montreal are to the front again with their Missionary offerings. It is the custom there to hold a mass meeting of all the Methodist Sunday-schools in the city and suburbs on New Year's Day, when the missionary givings of the year are reported. The following telegram, received on the first inst., explains itself:—"Montreal Sunday-school children send New Year's greetings. Missionary offerings, three thousand five hundred and seventy nine dollars. Increase, two hundred and fifty-five dollars. J. McLAREN."

Isn't that a magnificent result, with less than 3,000 teachers and scholars on the rolls!—*Outlook*.

The Life of Captain John Smith, First Planter of Virginia. By CHARLES K. TRUE, D.D., pp. 267. Illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

This is one of the most romantic stories of an age abounding in romance. A bold English adventurer, Smith, served four years in the Netherlands, fought against the Turks in Hungary, was made prisoner and sent a slave to Constantinople, wins the affection of his young mistress, and by her connivance escapes. He returns to England, goes to Virginia and saves the infant colony from destruction, is captured by the Indians and saved by Pocahontas—tale dear to our boyhood—and after a life of many adventures dies peacefully in England. Boys will read this stirring story with avidity, and will learn much solid history in the reading. Dr. True has recounted it with much grace and felicity.

MANY of our readers have heard of the Suez Canal, cut through the isthmus from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. Yet they may not know that many hundred years before Christ a canal was cut through from the Nile to the Red Sea wide enough for two ships to pass. This was called the Canal of Rameses, because it was dug during his reign. It cost 120,000 lives and countless treasures of money.

GOOD ADVICE.

M. R. R. J. BURDETTE, of the *Hawkeye*, gives the following advice to a young man: "My son, when you hear a

man growling and scolding because Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets \$200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because F. Murphy gets \$150 a week for temperance work seems to think that it is all right when the barkeeper takes in twice as much money in a single day. The labourer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as upon the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Isn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and society as the bartender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad? Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whisky; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a 'full hand' at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing if you are mean enough to dead-beat your lodgings in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you two dollars every time; fifty cents for the circus and a penny for the little ones to put in the missionary box; the horse race scoops in \$2,000 the first day and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty five or thirty of the best women in America to death, and comes out \$40 in debt—why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in awhile you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself.

EMPIRE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE Queen of Great Britain is now sovereign over a continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers, and 10,000 islands. She waves her hand, and 500,000 warriors march to battle to conquer or die. She bends her head, and at the signal 1,000 ships of war and 100,000 sailors perform her bidding on the ocean. She walks upon the earth, and 120,000,000 of human beings feel the slightest pressure of her foot. Come all ye conquerors, and kneel before the Queen of Britain, and acknowledge the superior extent of her dependent provinces, her subjugated kingdoms, and her vanquished empires! The Assyrian empire was not so wealthy. The Roman empire was not so populous. The Persian empire was not so expensive. The Arabian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused.



{SNOWBALLING}

SNOWBALLING.

HURRAH! the snow falls thick and fast,
The wintry sky is overcast;
The snow fight is with haste begun,
Hurrah! they shout, now boys, for fun.

Now all is ready—fire away!
But on both sides we'll have fair play:
Fun and good temper rule the fight,
We'll play—as work—with all our might.

How thick the glittering snow balls fly
From side to side they shout and cry,
Bravo! well done! our leader calls
We've faced a heavy fire of balls.

The school bell rings, our fun must cease.
And we a treaty make of peace,
With warmth our feet and fingers glow
From our mock battle in the snow.

THE picture on this page speaks for
itself, and will set many of our readers

thinking about some fun they have
had—fun they would like to have.
We have not forgotten when we used
to make snow balls and throw them
to make snow balls and throw them
too. How delighted we used to be
when the snow was soft enough to
make a ball. Sometimes we got struck
rather harder than we liked, and then
we used to make the next ball as hard
as we could, just as you do sometimes.

That is the worst of it, boys are apt to
get angry, even in their play, and
sometimes when they are not angry,
they seem to delight in showing how
hard they can strike another, or how
rough they can be. The next time
you get snow-balling, be sure you don't
make the balls too hard, nor throw
them with too much force; just think
how hard you would like to be struck,

and resolve, in a twinkling, to do as you would like others should do to you, and then go ahead.

Another look at the picture will make you think of old times. Number one with his reserve supply of shot, watchfully waiting the coming of the "enemy," ready to deliver what he means shall be a very damaging fire, his face indicative of his anticipated pleasure, little thinks what awaits him. Look at number two in the rear, he is just ready, shot in hand. It is easy to imagine how the first shot from him startled number one and made him "right about face" in quick time.

Well, we have need to watch, not simply for the coming of enemies from without, but also to guard against enemies that are within. These are more to be dreaded than the enemies without.

Do you know who it is that "giveth snow like wool?" Snow is formed of very light vapours—it is frozen vapour which falls down in flakes of different sizes. If it snows when it is not very cold, the flakes are large, and then is the time we can make snow balls. When very cold, the snow is very small and it is very unpleasant to be out in it: no snow-ball making then. Snow has a variety of uses about which, you will please ask your parents or your teacher.

WHAT WE CAN DO.

We cannot all be heroes,
And thrill a hemisphere,
With some great, daring venture,
Some deed that mocks at fear;
But we can fill a lifetime
With kindly acts and true.
There's always noble service
For noble souls to do.

We cannot all be preachers,
And sway with voice and pen,
As strong winds sway the forest,
The minds and hearts of men;
But we can be evangelists
To souls within our reach.
There's always Love's own Gospel
For loving hearts to preach.

We cannot all be martyrs,
And win a deathless name
By some divine baptism,
Some ministry of flame;
But we can live for Truth's sake,
Can do for her and dare
There's always faithful witness
For faithful lives to bear.

LESSON FOR BOYS.

DANIEL WEBSTER once told a good story in a speech, and was asked where he got it. "I had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never got a chance to use it until to day," said he.

My little friend wants to know what good it will do to learn the "Rule of Three," or to commit a verse of the Bible. The answer is this: "Some time you will need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place; but it will be just in place some time. Then if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when the bear met him."

"Twenty-five years ago my teacher made me study surveying," said a man who had lately lost his property, "and now I'm glad of it. It is just in place. I can get a good situation and high salary." The Bible is better than that: it will be in place as long as we live.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

CLOSING SCENES.



NEVILLE TRUEMAN held on the even tenor of his way through the period during which the tide of war was ebbing away on the Atlantic coast and on the lower Mississippi. Not-

withstanding the tried and true character of his loyalty, he was not free from ungenerous and unjust aspersions by those prejudiced and bigoted against his American birth. He had, however, one friend who never swerved from her generous admiration of his character and respect for his conduct. Katharine Drayton never failed to defend both the one and the other when unkindly criticised in her presence. Yet to himself she was, while uniformly kind and courteous, yet unusually reserved in the expression of her personal feelings. The words of high appreciation which were spoken in his defence to others, and which would to him have been a guerdon compensating a hundredfold all his trials and troubles, were to him unuttered. A sense of maiden modesty, if not a deeper and tenderer feeling, sealed her lips and made her, on this subject, dumb in his presence.

One evening, in the leafy month of June, shortly after the tidings of the peace had arrived, Neville Trueman was walking with Miss Drayton on the banks of the noble river where, three years before, he had gazed upon the summer sunset and sung the song of Jerusalem the Golden. They had been on a visit of charity to a sick member of Neville's flock, and were returning through the after-glow of a golden sunset. The breath of the peach and apple blossoms filled the air with fragrance, and their pink and white bloom clothed the orchard trees with beauty. Swift swallows clove with their scythes like wings the sky, and skimmed the surface of the dimpling wave, and the whip-poor-will's plaint of tender melancholy was borne faintly on the breeze. At a point of vantage commanding a broad view of the river, which, wimpling and dimpling in its beauty, flowed, a sapphire set in emerald, between its verdurous banks, Kate stood to gaze upon the lovely scene—fair as the storied Bay of Naples or the far-famed Riviera of Genoa.

"It was here," she said, as she gazed wistfully at the setting sun, "that I had my last conversation with Captain Villiers, and an eventful conversation it was," and a tear glistened in her eyes as she remembered his parting words.

Neville listened in an embarrassed manner. He thought that she referred to a declaration of his passion, so knowing not what reply to make he kept silent.

"I believe," continued Kate, "that that conversation had a very important influence, under God, on his destiny."

"His life," said Neville, "was unfortunately too short for him to enjoy his happiness."

"True," replied Kate; "but all the sooner he reached its consummation."

"How do you mean? I do not understand," said Neville, in a bewildered manner. "You would have been married had he lived."

"Married! Who spoke of marriage?" exclaimed Kate, flushing rosy red over brow and cheek, as she turned with an air and tone of surprise to her companion.

"Pardon me, I thought you were engaged," said Neville. "I have grounds to know that he cherished a deep devotion for you."

"He never declared it, then," replied Kate; "and I am glad he did not. I had a great esteem and respect for Captain Villiers, but I could not have given him my hand."

"Could not!" exclaimed Neville, in a dazed sort of manner. "Then I have been under a great mistake," and he walked on for a few minutes in silence.

"Miss Drayton," he said, after a pause, impelled by a sudden impulse and determined to know his fate, "I have long honoured and revered your character and person. This feeling has grown into a deep and ardent affection. Dare I hope that it is reciprocated? May I ask you to share the trials and, thank God, the triumphs of a Methodist preacher's life?" and he clasped her hand earnestly.

"Mr. Trueman," she faltered—but she withdrew not her hand—then, in a tenderer tone, "Neville, let me say, my heart has long been yours. Did you not know it? I fear not the trials if I may share the joys of service for the Master by your side," and she frankly placed her other hand in his.

Soft as fall the dews at even fell the holy kiss that sealed the plighted vows of these two young and loving hearts. Long they sat there on a mossy trunk beside the river's brink, in the golden twilight, beguiling the flying moments with sacred lovers' talk—to which it were sacrilege to listen and a crime to coldly report. At length, in the soft light of the crescent moon they sauntered, she leaning confidently upon his arm, slowly up the garden alley between the sweet June roses, breathing forth their souls in fragrance on the summer air.

Plucking a rich red rose, Neville placed it in her hair, saying, "So may the immortal roses that the angel brought to St. Cecilia—the virtues and the graces of the bride of Christ—bloom forever in your garland of beauty and crown of rejoicing."

Then she, glowing with fairer loveliness beneath his fond caress, plucked a white rose from its stem and fastened it upon his breast with the words, "So, O beloved, wear thou the white flower of a blameless life, breathing the fragrance of purity and holiness throughout the world."

Arm in arm the lovers passed on to the house and into the presence of the squire, who sat beneath the grape vine of the broad piazza, enjoying his evening pipe.

"Squire Drayton," said Neville, in a tone of manly confidence, "I have come to ask your daughter's hand in marriage," and he put his arm protectingly around her, as she stood blushing at his side.

"Well, young man," said the old gentleman, taking his long "churchwarden" pipe from his mouth, "you ask that as coolly as though girls like Kate grew as plentifully as the grape

clusters on this vine. There's not a man living good enough for my Kate—I'd have you know."

"I quite agree with you in that, squire," said the young man. "So much the greater my prize in winning her affection."

"I believe you have, my lad," said the old man, relenting, and then went on with a good deal of natural pathos, "An old thorn like me can't expect to keep such a sweet rose ungathered on its stem. Take her, Neville. Love and cherish her as you would have God be good to you. Kiss me, Kate. You must still keep room in your heart for your poor old father. You have been my greatest solace since your mother died. Be as good a wife as you have been a daughter, and God's blessing on you both."

Kate flung her arms around her father's neck and covered his brow and cheek with kisses. And Neville, taking his hand, said solemnly, "God do so to me and more also, if I cherish not your daughter as my life; if I cherish her not as Christ loved His Bride the Church, and gave Himself for it."

"I have one regret," said Neville, sometime afterward, when Kate had gone out of the room, "and that is, that I have not brighter worldly prospects and more assured support to offer Kate."

"The time has been, my son," said the squire, adopting him at once into the family, "when I would have thought so too; when I would have sought, as conditions for her future,—position, wealth, and ease. But I have lived to see that these are not the great essentials of life, that these alone cannot give happiness. With true love and God's blessing you can never be poor. Without these, though you roll in riches, you are poor indeed. Not but that it would grieve me to see Kate want, as many a preacher's wife whom I have known has wanted. But by God's goodness I am able to secure her against that, and to do so shall be the greatest pleasure of my life."

"I accept on her behalf your generous offer," replied Neville, "but with this condition, that your bounty shall be settled exclusively on her. No man shall say that I married your daughter for anything but herself."

"I dare say you are right," said the squire. "Better get a fortune in a wife than with a wife. Often when a wife brings a fortune she spends a fortune."

"I would never submit," remarked Neville, "to the humiliation of being a pensioner upon a wife's bounty. My self-respect demands that, as the head of the house, I be able to depend on myself alone."

"You must not push your principles too far," interrupted the squire. "A husband and wife should have one pure one purpose, common interests, perfect mutual confidence, and, above all, no secrets from each other."

In such sage counsels and confidences the evening, fraught with such eventful consequences to the household of The Holms and to the hero of our little story, passed away.

A few weeks later, shortly after the Conference by which Neville was appointed to the superintendence of a circuit in the western part of Canada, his marriage took place. The Holms for days before was a ferment of excitement with the baking of cakes

and pastry and confections of every kind and degree, including the construction of a three-story wedding-cake, on which the skill of Kate herself, as mistress of ceremonies, was exhausted. The best parlour too was a scene of unwonted anarchy under the distracting reign of the village dress-maker constructing the bridal trousseau. Billoas of tulle, illusion, lace, and other feminine finery, which the male mind cannot be expected to understand, far less to describe foamed over tables, chairs, and floor. The result of all this confusion was apparent on the morning of the happy day, in the sumptuous wedding-breakfast that covered the ample board, set out with the best plate and china, and above all, in as fair a vision of bridal beauty as ever gladdened the heart of youthful big egroon.

Good Elder Ryan travelled many miles to perform the wedding service. Merry were his laugh and jest and wit and playful badinage, for the early Methodist preachers were no stern ascetics or grim anchorites. Like their Master, who graced the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee with His presence, they could rejoice with those that did rejoice, as well as weep with those that wept. Long was the prayer he uttered, but to the youthful happy pair it seemed not so, for in their hearts they prayed with him, and solemnly dedicated themselves to the new life of consecrated usefulness that invited them forward to sweet ministries of mercy and of grace in the service of the Master.

The squire looked rubicund and patriarchal, with his broad physique and snow-white hair. He wore, in honour of the occasion, his coat of brightest blue, with large gilt buttons, a buff waistcoat and an ample ruffled shirt-bosom and frilled sleeves. His manner was a singular blending of paternal joy and pride in the beauty and happiness of the fair Katharine and of wistful tenderness and regret at the loss of her gladsome presence from his home.

Zenas was jubilant and boisterous, full of quips and pranks, overflowing with fun, like a boy let loose from school. He evidently felt, not that he was losing a sister, but that he was gaining a brother who was already knit to his soul by bonds of friendship strong as those between Jonathan and David—between Damon and Pythias.

Our old friends Tom Loker and Samly McKay, also, in accordance with early colonial etiquette, graced the occasion with their presence, and added their honest and heartfelt congratulations to those which greeted the happy pair. And never was there happier pair than that which rode away in the wedding coach to their new home on the forest mission of the western wilds of Canada. Not much of this world's goods had they, but they were rich in love, and hope, and faith, compared with which all earthly riches are but dross.

The old house at The Holms seemed very lone and desolate, now that its fair mistress had departed. The squire missed her much, and, in his loneliness and isolation, turned more and more toward those religious consolations which had been the inspiration of the life of his wife and daughter, and, there is ground to hope, found solace which can be found nowhere else.

He sought a diversion from his

solitude in frequent visits to the village parsonage, where Katharine reigned in her small home-kingdom with blooming matron dignity. Nor were these visits unprofitable to the lauder, if we might judge from the stout hampers which went full and returned empty. But a still greater joy was the visit of Katharine to the old homestead at Christmas time; and at midsummer, when Neville was absent at Conference. The old man never enjoyed his pipe so much as when it was filled and lighted by the deft fingers of his fair matron daughter.

In after years these visits were made not unattended. Children's happy laughter filled the old house with glee, and strange riot ruled in the long-quiet parlour and great wide hall and on the echoing stairs. Another sturdy Neville, and little Kate, and baby Zenas began to play their parts in the momentous and often tragic drama of life. The old man seemed to renew his youth in sharing the gleeful gambols of his grandchildren, and in telling to little Neville, on his knee, the story of the terrible years of the war, and of the heroism of his father and his uncle Zenas, and the brave Captain Villiers, whose memorial tablet they had seen in the village church at Niagara, with the strange quartering—on a field azure a cross engulfed and a wyvern volant.

And now my task is ended. Much of this simple story has been written hastily, amid the pressing occupations of a busy life, and a considerable portion of it was written at sea, when the steamship was reeling and rolling with the motion of the waves, so that I had to hold on by the table at which I sat. These circumstances must be pleaded in extenuation of its shortcomings and demerits. If this retrospect of one of the most stirring episodes in our country's history shall kindle warmer fires of patriotism in the hearts of any of its readers; if the records of the trials and triumphs, the moral heroism and brave achievements of our Canadian forefathers shall inspire a stronger sympathy with their sufferings, and admiration of their character; and, above all, if the religious teachings of this story shall lead any to seek the same solace and succour which sustained our fathers in tribulation, and enbraved their souls for conflict with the evils of the time—it shall not have been written in vain.

THE END.

THE CROSBY HOME.

HERE are now about fifteen girls being taught the habits of civilized life, and they are sent to school as regularly as circumstances will allow. Among the Indians, young girls are subject to great temptation, the morals of the people being so low comparatively. The Home to my mind is a great and worthy movement in the right direction. The young girls are kept from temptation, have a good example set before them, and are taught a high standard of morality. Several young women, reclaimed from a life of shame under the fostering care and instruction of Mrs. Crosby, have become good wives and mothers, and respectable members of society after leaving the Home. Eternity alone can tell the good the Home is likely to do, if

Christian people give it that countenance its importance demands. Really, what is our life worth if we do not improve in some way the condition of degraded humanity? To keep an Indian girl in the Home a year will cost about fifty dollars, by using the money in the most economical way possible.

The following is the way we spend Sabbath at the present: The church bell is rung at six a.m., and again at half-past six a.m., when many of the people assemble in the school house for their morning prayer meeting. At ten a.m. many come to the Indian's room at the Mission House for a Bible-lesson. At eleven a.m. the large congregation assembles in the church which will seat about one thousand Indians, when a sermon is preached partly in Tam-she-m and partly in English, or in English sentence by sentence, and so interpreted into the language of the people, which they call the true language. After this service, most of the Indians, young and old, remain to learn the text both in English and Indian—*Outlook*.

WE'LL WIN THE DAY.

ALL that everybody can do to help will be needed, and for a good while to come, to put down intemperance and the liquor traffic. A great many are doing very little to help in this tremendous struggle. A Sunday-school boy was once asked by his teacher, if his father was a Christian.

"Yes," he said, "but he is not working much at it."

That is the way with a good many people who call themselves temperance people. They look on while others do the fighting. Like the farmer's team that was well matched. Somebody asked the farmer, if his team was well matched! "Yes," he said, "one does all the pulling, and the other lets him."

If some one would sound a loud bugle-call to these lazy, sleepy soldiers—the way they rouse and gather up soldiers in an army, on the eve of battle—it would be a good thing. There is not much laziness and careless indifference in the great army of liquor-drinkers. All is stir, and bustle, and union in that wicked camp. It is really a life or death struggle in this battle with drink—like a struggle a diver once had with a devil fish. He was down in a deep river, clothed in his diver's dress. He thrust his arm into a hole, and immediately found himself caught hold of by something. He soon found he was in the grasp of a devil-fish. These fish have a body with a number of long powerful arms stretching out, which they use in seizing their prey, and woe be to anything if one of those big arms fastens on. It had writhed round his hand like a boa-constrictor. The pain was so great that it seemed to be tearing off his hand. If he had given the signal to be raised to the surface, the whole weight of the immense fish would have clung to him and torn him to pieces. It was a horrible situation. The hammer he used lay out of his reach, and there seemed nothing for him but to be destroyed by the fish. With a desperate effort he got hold of an iron bar, and hacked away until he cut himself loose and rose to the surface, carrying with him a piece of the devil-fish about eight feet long. Nothing but the most desperate and united

effort will ever deliver us from the liquor devil fish—a far worse devil-fish than the diver had to contend with.

We believe, however, that temperance will yet win the day. Many predict that drinking and the liquor trade will never be done away with, but they are mistaken. It may go on a good while to come, but there will come deliverance, by and by, from this terrible peril, by the good help of God—*The Temperance Battle Field*.

KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER.

THEY sat at the spinning together
And they spun the fine white thread,
One face was old and the other young—
A golden and silver head.
At times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet,
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
Her joy was most complete
There was many a holy lesson,
Inwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As they sat spinning there
And of all that I speak, my darling,
From older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
With it thou shalt not part
"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And, oh, that these might be
The voice of praise, the voice of love,
And voice of flattery.
"But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing thou shalt fear;
Let never a word to my love be said
Her mother may not hear,
"No matter how true, my darling,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not for my child to hear,
If not indeed for me.
"If thou'lt keep thy young heart pure,
Thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is told thee day by day
At night to thy mother's ear."
And as thus they sat spinning together,
An angel bent to see
The mother and the child who a happy life
Went on so lovingly.
A record was made by his golden pen,
This on his page he said,
"This mother who counseled her child so
well
Need never feel afraid,
"For God would keep a heart of the child
With tender love and fear,
Who lies at her mother's side at night,
Ail to her mother's ear."

HOW CHARACTER GROWS.

MANY people seem to forget that character grows, that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying: "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous kind man—a gentleman.—*Methodist Recorder*.

A DISOBEDIENT little girl, being told by her mother that it was necessary that she should be whipped, said: "Well, ma, then I suppose I must; but won't you give me chloroform first?"

WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

WRITE it on the liquor store, Write it on the prison door, Write it on the gin-shop sign, Write, ay, write this truthful line: "Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the work house gate, Write it on the schoolboy's slate, Write it on the copy-book, That the youth may at it look. "Where there's drink there's danger"

Write it on the church-yard mound, Where the drink-alain dead are found, Write it on the gallows high, Write it for all passers-by: "Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it underneath your feet, Up and down the busy street; Write it for the great and small, In the mansion, cot, and hall. "Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on our ships which sail, Home along by steam and gale; Write it in large letters—plain—(For our laud and past the main— "Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it in the Christian's home, Sixty thousand drunkards roam Year by year from God and right: "Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it in the nation's laws T' suppling out the license cause, Write it in each ballot white, Politicians read it right: "Where there's drink there's danger."

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

HIS is a question often asked and not often satisfactorily answered; for the ideas conveyed to different minds by the word are very different.

To some persons he is a gentleman who wears fine clothes, who does no work, who has an abundance of money and spends it freely. But in truth, though a gentleman may be rich, well dressed, liberal, and have no need of toil, no one of all these things give him any right to the name. But the man who is of kind and gentle demeanor to all, who is upright, can did, and truthful, who is loyal to his friends, and needs no bonds to hold him faithful to his promises—this man is a gentleman, whether he be clad in broadcloth or homespun; yes, even though he be so poor that he has no means for prodigal giving, and is compelled by stern necessity to labour hard for daily bread. It is what he is, not what he has, that makes the true gentleman.

HOME DUTIES FIRST.

A GIRL of fourteen who had lately been converted, asked God to show her what she should do for Him, and what was her special work. After praying for some time, the thought came into her mind, that there was her baby brother, only a few months old, which she could take and nurse for the Lord. So she took the charge of the child, and relieved her mother in the work and care of the little one.

This was godly and Christ-like. Home duties and fireside responsibilities have the first claim upon every child of God. We need not go abroad for work when God places work within our reach.

"The daily round, the common task," provides ample opportunities for serving God, doing whatsoever our hands find to do.

"Little words, not eloquent speeches, little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the Christian life."—Dr. H. Bowler.

STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

SUCCESS depends as much on not doing as upon doing; in other words, "Stop before you begin" has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quite a young lad I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother by the horse running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot.

As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not precipitated into the stream and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me:

"Another time hold in your horse before he starts."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A. D. 30.] LESSON IX. [March 4. PERSECUTION RENEWED. Acts 5. 17-29. Commit to memory vs. 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We ought to obey God rather than men. Acts 5. 29.

OUTLINE.

- 1. In the Prison. 17. 18. 2. In the Temple. v. 19-25. 3. Before the Council. v. 26-32.

TIME.—A. D. 20. PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—The high-priest—Probably Annas, as in Lesson VI. They that were with him His friends, many of whom were rulers. Sadducees A class of Jews who did not believe in the resurrection of the dead. Filled with indignation—Especially because the apostles preached the rising of the dead through Jesus. Put them in the common prison—In the jail of the city, where criminals were confined. The angel—God's angels are ready to help God's people. Opened the doors—With ut the knowledge of the jailers. Ver. 23. Go stand, and speak—The three commands to God's people everywhere. In the temple—Where the people met together. Words of this life—The life of the Gospel, which Jesus came to bring. Early in the morning—Thus meeting the people who came to attend the early sacrifice. Called the council—The great council of the Israelites, called the Sanhedrin. Senate—The elders and rulers. The officers—Those who waited on the council. No man within—The angel was stronger than the bars. Heard these things—That the apostles had escaped. Doubted of them—Were perplexed about the apostles. Whereunto this would grow—How the matter would end. Standing in the temple—Showing thus that they had not hidden in fear. Without violence—Not in chains, or dealing roughly with them. Feared the people—The people were friendly to the apostles for their miracles of help and healing, and would have stoned any that tried to do them harm. Straitly command—Strictly order. Not teach in his name—Annas would not mention the name of Jesus. With your doctrine—This word means "teaching." This man's blood—Making the people believe that they had murdered Jesus. Obey God rather than men—When God's commands and men's are opposed to each other. Hunged on a tree—The cross is often thus spoken of. To give repentance—To make it possible to repent of sin, by sending the Spirit upon sinners. So is the Holy Ghost—The Holy Ghost bore witness by miracles wrought through the apostles.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find— 1. How God takes care of his people? 2. Whom we ought to obey? 3. What Christ gives to men?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where were the apostles put by the rulers? In the common prison. 2. How

were they set free? By an angel. 3. What did they then do? They preached in the temple. 4. Before whom were they again brought? Before the council. 5. What was their testimony concerning Jesus before the council? That he was prince and Saviour.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. The royalty of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. When did Christ begin his public ministry? Christ began his public ministry at thirty years of age, when he came forth, and was baptized by John, who was sent from God to preach, and to baptize with water.

A. D. 35.] LESSON X. March 11. THE SEVEN CHOSEN.

Acts. 6. 1-16 Commit to memory vs. 6-8. GOLDEN TEXT.

Seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom. Acts 6. 3.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Seven. v. 1-7. 2. Stephen v. 8-15.

TIME.—A. D. 35. There is some reason for supposing that this lesson embraces a period of two years, from 35 to 37 A. D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—In those days—Perhaps even a few years after the events of the last lesson. Multiplied—While the Church was growing rapidly. A murmuring—A complaint, which might have risen to a quarrel. Grecians—The Jews who were of foreign birth and language. Hebrews—Jews native to Palestine. Widows were neglected—Being foreigners, were apt to be passed over. Daily ministrations—The supply of food given, perhaps every day, by the Church. Twelve—The apostles. Multitude of the disciples—The great body of the Church. Not reason—Not fitting or suitable. Leave the word—Stop preaching to give alms. Serve tables—By doing the work for the poor. They felt that their time should be given to God's work. Seven men of honest report—Men who were known to be good. Wisdom—They would need wisdom for this work of caring for the poor and distributing the gifts of the Church. We will give ourselves—The apostles would do nothing but pray and preach. They chose—Stephen and Phil were the only ones of whom any thing is known. Proselyte—One born a Gentile who had become a Jew. Laid their hands on them—Setting them apart to their office. Word of God increased—That is, the number of those who believed in the Gospel. Priests were obedient—Many Jewish priests believed in Jesus. Stephen . . . did great wonders—By his faith he wrought miracles. The synagogue—A place where Jews met to worship, but not like the Temple, where sacrifice was offered. Not able to resist—Stephen preached with such power that none could answer him. Suborned men—They persuaded or lured men to speak falsely about him. Blasphemous words—Words which would show contempt for the law of God. Before the council—The body of men which ruled the Jews. This holy place—The Temple, where the council met. The Law—The law of God as given by Moses. Destroy this place—Jesus had said that the place would be destroyed on account of the sins of its people. Change the customs—The Laws and usages given by Moses. Face of an angel—Shining with glory given by the Lord.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show— 1. How to prevent quarrels? 2. How to work for Christ? 3. How Christ's glory is shown by his disciples?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what work were the seven appointed? To help the poor. 2. What kind of men were chosen? Men with the Holy Ghost and wisdom. 3. Who was the leader among the seven? Stephen. 4. What did he do? Preached the Gospel with power. 5. What did his enemies do? Accused him to the council. 6. How did his face appear before the council? Like that of an angel.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The organization of the Church.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

13. What was the doctrine which John the Baptist preached? John the Baptist publicly reproved sinners; preached repentance and forgiveness of sins; and directed his disciples to Jesus as the Saviour.

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