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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

No. 19.



THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

(See next page.)

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

UP, and in the river is winding,
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine land
And gusty tongues of plain.

Only at times a smoke wreath
With the drifting cloud rack joins—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assamboines!

Drearily blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of willow gear?
Is it the Indian's yell
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tune of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace—
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Polar Mission,
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

And lo! in the Angel of Shadow
Rears his feet on wave and shore
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar.

Holy is the wh. Leareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCESS LOUISE.



It is ominently fitting, as we are so soon to lose the presence of H. R. H. the Princess Louise, and of her gallant husband, the Marquis of Lorne, that we should present to each reader of PLEASANT HOURS, a copy of their portraits. During her residence among us, she has endeared herself to all who have had the privilege of coming in any way into association with her. Of this high-born pair, as of Tennyson's Lord and Lady Burleigh may it be said.

Alas! the heart made he,
And her gentle mind was such,
That she lived a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.

The Princess is the fourth daughter of our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria. She was a special favorite with her father, Albert the Good, and seems in a special degree to have inherited his artistic and literary tastes. These tastes have had the advantage of the highest culture, under the best masters. There is no royal road to learning, and to become the accomplished linguist and artist and musician that she is, she must have studied hard and long. Of her artistic taste, the readers of PLEASANT HOURS, and of the *Methodist Magazine*, have had examples in her beautiful pictures of Quebec and its vicinity, which we have given, and of this her oil and water colour paintings in our public exhibitions have given still further proof.

The following from an article on the "Princess Louise," in *Harper's Bazar* gives an account of her early life.

The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was born on the 18th March, 1848, at Buckingham Palace, then, as now, the Queen's town residence. Her early life, like that of all the Queen's children, was spent simply, with the mingling of study and recreation, early hours, careful training, and religious instruction which belong to all the better class of English households. The royal children were surrounded with very little useless luxury. There were large nurseries and a cheerful school room, every possible advantage in moral and mental training was theirs, and at no time were they without a mother's personal attention. The Queen gave the masters and mistresses instructing her children ample authority, but she visited the school-room daily, inspected their studies, and desired that all misconduct or good behaviour should be reported to her in person. School room discipline in the royal family is said to have been very severe, yet we have been given pleasant pictures of the harmony and simplicity of the Princess's young days. There was always a cheerful sitting-room in the apartments belonging to the children, and there, a friend has told us, might be seen various indications of the tastes and talents among the young people. A prominent object was always Princess Louise's portfolio and the writing-table of the Princess Royal. On one occasion a lady visiting Windsor recalls a pretty picture in this room upon which she came: Princess Helena practising at the piano, the Princess Royal writing letters, and the then youthful Louise examining critically some prints and drawings which had been given her on a recent birthday. The guest was received with informality, and all the kindness of manner for which the Queen's family are noted, indeed, on visits like these there is only that touch of deference always shown to rank in England to mark the inequality between hostess and guest. The young princesses were always talkative and good-humored with those who visited them, and the lady in question described how pleasantly an afternoon among them was spent. The Queen coming in unexpectedly caused the only formality, every one rising, and, as she remained but a short time, standing until she had withdrawn, the guest as well as the young princesses courtesying as the Queen departed.

Thus happily and affectionately the sisters were educated together, the first break being the Princess Royal's marriage at seventeen to the Crown Prince of Germany. Princess Alice married soon after her father's death, and, as befitted the dreary period, quietly and without ostentation. Princess Helena's marriage occurring soon after, it came about that when quite young, and for a longer period than any of her sisters, the Princess Louise was known as the "young lady" of the royal family.

It was during this period that she first endeared herself to the hearts of the English people by entering so cordially into all the art and charitable enterprises of the day, her own work in sculpture and pencil was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the name of "Louise" was speedily known in connection with the since famous Art Needle-work Schools which she established at South Kensington, thereby giving congenial means of employment

to hundreds of intelligent women thrown upon their own resources, as well as developing a high standard of art in home decoration.

A lady who visited Inverary with the Lornes has told us of the unaffected and agreeable routine of their life there. After breakfast if the weather permitted, the two special guests generally went off unattended to sketch in some part of the park or neighbourhood; in the afternoon they usually rode or drove, returning at five or six for the drawing-room tea-party which is part of the routine of every country home in Great Britain. Occasionally the Princess, with some lady in attendance, walked out and visited the cottages of the peasantry, talking to the people good-humoredly, and forgetting herself in remembering their wants and miseries. In London, of course, the Princess's life has been more stately, so far at least as externals go.

For some years the various art galleries have exhibited work, both in pencil and sculpture, done by the Princess Louise, and at the "Grosvenor" her bas-relief of "Enid" created quite a sensation among critics, who viewed it apart from the favour likely to be shown a royal artist. Patronizing artists liberally, she has often given presents of her own work to her friends. A portrait of herself, beneath which was written, "From Louise to her dear old master," was one of such gifts.

The charity which will always be specially associated with the name of the Marchioness of Lorne is the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, established some few years since, the "Louise Ward" being opened in 1874. At this beautiful hospital for the sick children of London, otherwise homeless and unfriended, Princess Louise has been constantly seen, working heartily, and not content with the merely nominal patronage which is itself a benefit. A lady well known in literary circles, and a friend of the Princess, met her at the hospital for some social purpose. It so chanced they were in a room alone together, and the royal lady's critical eye fell upon some dust on the floor. "This room ought to be swept more carefully," she exclaimed, then seeing a broom in the corner, evidently left by the housemaid who vanished on their entrance, she took it up and began playfully to sweep. Her companion remonstrated, when the Princess said, laughing, "Now do you suppose my mother left my education so unfinished that I can't sweep?" and accordingly, half in jest, but with a skill many housekeepers sigh for, the little lady vigorously swept the apartment, having taken the homely precaution of pinning back her gown before she commenced the operation.

One sensible custom, we are glad that her Royal Highness introduced into this country, is the habit of taking long out of door walks even in cold and stormy weather, and of wearing good sensible boots and walking-dresses. We hope that this custom will not die out when she leaves us. Another thing for which we admire her is that though the daughter of a Queen—the Queen of the mightiest empire on earth, yet for love's sweet sake she gave her hand and heart to a subject of England's Queen, a man of ancient family and heroic blood it is true, but still not of royal rank. We all regret that while in the performance of public duties, as the representative of Her

Majesty, the Princess should have received such injuries as to disable her from appearing as much in public as might otherwise have been hoped. We are sure that all our readers will join in the prayer that wherever she may go in the future, and to whatever august duties she may be called, that she may enjoy life's richest blessings, and at last, life everlasting.

A FLY ON THE CEILING.

TO walk head downward on a floor turned topsy-turvy would puzzle a great many, and the wisest men were for a long time unable to explain how the fly walked so easily on the ceiling. Some supposed that the foot of the fly was formed to act like a sucker, which by exhausting the air would enable the insect to attach itself firmly to any ceiling. Others fancied that this foot might be furnished with little hooks to grasp the inequalities of mortar. A third supposition was that the foot was a sort of gumbottle, provided with a sticky fluid, and by help of which the fly was kept from falling.

But the best idea of all was to examine this portion of the insect's limb. By the aid of that wonderful instrument, the microscope, people can now see instead of being only able to guess, as in olden times. The microscope magnified the leg of the fly so that it appeared as large as that of a horse, and its foot as large as a horse's hoof. The little foot was then seen to possess all the good qualities above mentioned. The all-wise Creator had indeed formed the fly's foot as a sucker, furnished it with a set of hooks, and also moistened it with a viscid fluid.

Thus is God's wisdom shown even in such a small thing as the foot of the fly, to say nothing of the same power and tender mercy shown in the formation of other parts of the little creature's body. And this wondrously formed little insect has its legs and wings torn from its body by thoughtless boys and girls, and is wantonly crushed by many people, who must surely be ignorant of the care and loving providence that God has shown to these little objects of His creation.—*S. S. Advocate.*

UNTIDY GIRLS.

MANY girls who are in the evening genuine ornaments to the parlor, tastefully dressed and "neat as a new pin," are little better than slatterns when performing domestic duties.

I have no patience with this untidiness. It has always seemed to me as if Cinderella herself might have kept out of the ashes even if she was obliged to stay in the kitchen and work.

To look well about housework is worth while. A neat calico dress, short enough to clear the floor, smoothly brushed hair, a clean collar, and a plentiful supply of aprons, are all within the reach of any woman, and I maintain that she will do her work better, and feel more like doing it if so prepared for it. The moral influence of dress is undoubted.

A CERTAIN little pharisee, who was praying for his big brother, had a good deal of human nature in him, even if he was only six years old. He prayed, "O Lord, bless brother Bill and make him as good a boy as I am."

JUST AS THEY DID IN THE USED TO BE

THE mother gathered her children together,
She told them close to her heart in glee;
For the red sun had brought them rainy weather,
And what they should do they never could see.

And they cried in a querulous tone, "Mamma,
Now think back ever and ever so far,
An' think if you ever had rainy days
That troubled your plans and spoiled the plays,
And what you did when they used to be."

The mother laughed, with a low soft laughter,
She was "remembering," they could see,
"I know you rogues what you are after,
I'll tell you a tale that happened to me—
Me and some little wee bits of girls
With hair as yellow as shaving-curls
When it rained for a day and a night and a day,
And we thought it meant to keep on that way,
And we were tired as tired could be."

"Up in the attic—in grandma's attic—
There's a chest of drawers, or there used to be,
Though we had many a charge emphatic
Not to go near enough to see.
But one rainy day we opened it wide,
And strowed the contents on every side.
We dressed ourselves in the queer old caps
And brass-buttoned coats with long blue flaps—
Yes—wait a minute—Papa wants me"

They waited and waited and waited and waited,
"Forty hours, it seemed to me"
Cried weary Kitty with eyes dilated,
"Let's do it ourselves—I can find the key!"
So they climbed the stair as still as a mouse,
(You might have heard it all over the house,
And they dressed themselves in trailing dresses,
And powdered wigs and hempen tresses,
"Just like they did in the Used-to-Be!"

The warning stair kept creaking and squeaking
There was no time to turn and flee.
"What is all this?" (It is grandma speaking.)
"I'll take every one of you over my knee!"
(As I regret to say that she did,
All except Kitty, who went and hid,
And when they went and told Mamma,
She only said with a soft hu-ha!
Just what my mother did to me!"

Wide Awake.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

A TRUE STORY.

EARLY a century ago, when West Virginia, thinly settled and cleared, was a favourite fighting ground of the Indian tribes, there lived near the Kanawha Falls a settler of Dutch extraction named Van Bibber, a man of some note and distinction in those early times. His homestead stood below the falls; and opposite to it, on the other side of the river, was an overhanging rock of immense size, jutting out about a hundred feet over the seething whirlpool, caused by the falls, and rising to nearly one hundred feet above the water. This rock was once the scene of a remarkable adventure, which exhibits what woman's love will give her courage to achieve for the defense and rescue of those to whom she is united in the tenderest bonds of affection.

Van Bibber was one day returning from an expedition into the dense forest on the opposite side of the river to his home, when he unfortunately crossed the path of a party of Indians returning from some distant fray, and dressed in the full glories of the warpath—paint, feathers and wampum. A moment more, and they were in hot pursuit after him; and the settler, though possessed of great agility, and being a swift runner, found himself unable to gain the bank of the river

before the flying steps of the savages had enabled them to double on him, cutting off all approach to the water. He was thus driven to the summit of the overhanging rock, where, by the aid of his rifle, he kept the enemy for a few moments at bay.

He stood up bravely in full view of the savages both above and below, who yelled with triumph at the prospect of his speedy capture. Across the river before him lay his home, and as he looked he saw his wife emerge from the house, startled by the noise, with her babe nestled in her arms. She stood as if petrified with terror and amazement; helpless, as he thought, to render assistance. Suddenly, borne upon the light breeze, came to his ear the clear tones of her voice, "Leap into the water and meet me!" And laying her babe on the grass she flew to the little landing, seized the oars and sprang into the skiff alone. Well for her that her arms were strong, and that so many of their hours had been passed on the sunny river, which flowed with hundreds of eddies in its rapid current past the wall of their humble home.

There is no indecision or weakness in the steady, firm stroke of the oars which bears her rapidly on her dangerous course. Her husband must be rescued, and there is no human arm but hers to save him. Nerved by love to double exertion, the brave woman steadily nears the middle of the river.

"Drop lower, wife."
"Lower yet," and with the last words, Van Bibber sprang from the crag, and descended like an arrow into the water.

With every pulse beating wildly, the devoted wife rested on her oars to see him rise to the surface, while her frail canoe danced like a cork on the top of the "swirling waves. Ages seemed to pass in that awful suspense. Had the fall injured him? Had he struck the boulders which lay, as she well knew, in multitudes under the water, carried down from the falls above? Would he never rise? Her eyes tried in vain to penetrate the depths of the water; and, in an agony, she swept the canoe still further down the stream. A moment more, and his head rose suddenly near her, and all her mind was directed to helping him climb into the shelter of the canoe, amid the showers of arrows and shot that the baffled Indians poured upon their escaping foe.

No word was exchanged between them. Though her husband was rescued, they had not yet reached the shore; and the brave woman saw that, after the perilous leap and the sudden immersion into the ice-cold water, Van Bibber was more dead than alive. Everything depended on her strength being maintained till she could attain the bank; and with a heart that almost stood still with fear, the devoted wife bent once more to the oars with her whole powers of mind and body. God be thanked! she was successful. After their desperate adventure the exhausted husband and wife landed on the spot whence she had started on her perilous voyage, where the babe still lay, cowering and laughing, in the last rays of the afternoon sun.

Two or three neighbours, who had been gathered by the report of the rifles, pulled the canoe to the sands, and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet. He could not walk, so they laid

him on the greensward by his babe, and falling down by his side in her utter exhaustion and thankfulness, the over-excited nerves of the woman found vent in a wild and uncontrolled fit of weeping.

"Just what any other woman would have done," says some young reader, with a little air of surprise and disdain.

Exactly so, my dear. But then, you see, another woman might have cried at the wrong time—before instead of after the event narrated in my story, and then Van Bibber would never have been rescued from his deadly peril, and the baby might never have lived to be a grandfather and have related the story as I have told it to you.

And if you ever go there, they will show you the jutting crag, which is called Van Bibber's Rock to this day.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

IN the memoirs of the veteran litterateur, S. C. Hall, recently published, the early chapters are devoted to sketches of the "good old times" in England as he knew them in his youth. The tinder-box and the tallow-candle were household gods; extinguishers for the use of the link-boys who lighted pedestrians home at night were fastened to the house railings; the oil lamps in the streets only made the darkness visible, and such men as Scott were making public speeches against gas-lighting. The King's lieges travelled in mail-coaches, under the protection of armed guards, and a pace of four miles an hour was not considered slow. Envelopes were not. Postage cost anywhere from a shilling to half-a-crown, but then every one begged franks or smuggled his letters by carriers and friends. Newspapers cost sevenpence each, but there was not much profit on them even at that price, since the tax on every paper was fourpence, with no deduction for copies unsold or returned, and the duty on advertisements was three shillings and sixpence each. The only use known for India rubber was the erasure of pencil marks, no one had yet been so visionary as to advertise ice for sale, elections were literally "fought out" by bands of hired roughs, slavery had but recently been abolished, prize-fighting was a national institution, and dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting were not yet illegal pastimes. Passing Old Bailey in 1810 young Hall saw sixteen men and a woman hanging on the same gallows, and no wonder, for there were two hundred and twenty three capital offences on the statute book, and some ninety culprits were hanged annually, some in chains, to feed the crows and fester slowly away. The pillory and the stocks were still in vogue, vagrant men and women were whipped "through the town" at the cart's tail, and the ducking stool for scolds had not gone out of fashion. Debtors rotted in prison, while criminals could buy every luxury except liberty. Men of all ranks swore, even in the presence of ladies, and intemperance was scarcely less prevalent than profanity. Smuggling was carried on on a gigantic scale, and gentlemen of rank and station thought it no degradation, much less a crime, to engage in it. The hatred of France was at its worst, and Mr. Hall's earliest lesson from his father was, "Be a good boy, love your mother and hate the French."

Mr. Hall's brother was an officer in his father's regiment, wore the uniform, and drew pay at eight, no discredit attaching to such an appointment, which was one of the Colonel's perquisites, and the familiar story of the major "gettin' for his parrot hin the nursery" is capped by one of a baby commissioned before its birth, and as it turned out a girl, given a boy's name to save the appointment. The prosgang roamed the streets at night, often under the command of boy midshipmen, to steal men for the navy, or even raided hamlets remote from the shore. Privateers swarmed the seas on enterprises not materially differing from piracy. Altogether, the civilization of the first quarter of the century left much to be desired.

A GOOD PLAN.

TWO boys were going down the street of a little village one hot, dusty day. "I'm very dry," said one of them, as he wiped the sweat from his face, "and I'm tired too. Ain't you, Robert?" "Yes, I am," answered Robert. "Let us stop somewhere and rest and get a drink." "I am favourable to that plan," said the other lad. "Here's a cool looking place; let's go in." The place he referred to was a saloon. On the windows were painted in gilt letters, "Liquors and cigars. Come in." "No," said Robert, shaking his head, "I won't go in there. Let's go on farther." "But why not stop here?" asked the other lad. "The place looks pleasant—more so than the other place I can see." "Yes, it looks pleasant enough," said Robert; "but it's a saloon. They sell liquor there." "What of that?" asked the other. "We're not obliged to drink any of it if we go in, are we?" "Well, no," answered Robert; "but I don't like getting into the habit of lounging about such places. There seems to be something about them that fascinates a fellow. I've watched the men who go in there, I've heard them talk about it. They say they know they ought not to hang about the saloons, but if they stop to-day, to-morrow they want to go again, and something seems to draw them there in spite of their judgment. They don't visit a saloon very often before they get to smoking and drinking and playing cards, and the first they know they are neglecting their business for the pleasure they find in this kind of life. It's down, down all the way, and from what I've seen of this drink business it seems to me it's just as it is with us when we take a run down hill—we get to going faster and faster, and we can't stop till we reach the bottom; it seems as if we were obliged to keep on going when we get fairly under motion. It's just so with most men who get into the habit of drinking; when they get started they can't stop till they get to the bottom. I don't want to get started; I don't want to put myself in the way of being tempted to start. I think best to keep out of the saloon. As long as I keep away I'm safe." "You're right," said the other. "I didn't think of that. I don't want to be a drunkard any more than you do, and I'll shake hands in keeping out of the starting place of drunkards if you will." And they shook hands on this good resolution, and I hope they will always adhere to it.—*Temperance Banner.*

THE LILY.

LILY of the valley
In outline frail and dim,
Leans from the water over
A goblet's fragilo rim,—
Pure as the prayer of childhood,
Sweet as an evening hymn.

The slender stalk is swinging
Its seven tiny bells,
Like fairy chorus singing
And from the crystal cells
We fancy—faint and tender—
Aerial music wells.

Amid the vexing problems,
And codes of men abroad,
The tiresome creeds and systems
Through which we toil and plod,
How sweet and simple blossoms
A perfect thought of God!

Myra Pollard.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

THE WINNOWED LIST.

THE Publishing Department of the Methodist Church of Canada, has now a very large "winnowed list" of Sunday-school books, amounting to about 1,600 in all, which have been carefully read by ministers of the Church. It was not considered advisable by the Sunday-school Board to divert any of its receipts from the fund for the assistance of needy schools, for the purpose of extending the winnowed list; but the Secretary of the Board applied to publishers inviting them to submit specimens of their books for examination. Several of the leading houses have done so, and the following are some of the opinions expressed on the books by the ministers to whom they were sent for examination. Others will be published as received. All these books will be included in next winnowed list and may be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms of Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

"Out of the Fire," Chellis, National Temperance Publication Society, New York. A story founded on life in the country, exhibiting in true colours the great evils of intemperance, and the possibility of a complete reformation of life and character through the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. It

is calculated to lead the mind to a sweet trust in God, and submission to His will as the remedy for the ills of life.

E. A. STAFFORD,
Winnipeg.

The Temperance Doctor, National Temperance Publication Society, New York. This book, in a masterly and fascinating way, deals with the question of total abstinence, and very effectually disposes of the usual arguments from the so called moderation stand-point. It should be in every Sabbath-school library in the land. I have read it through without resting.

JOHN SHAW,
Peterboro'.

Home Stories, John B. Anderson, New York. Mr. T. S. Arthur has placed in his book entitled *Home Stories*, ten very interesting views of life incidents. The book takes rank among the works of fiction, yet the pictures are so well drawn that they seem to rest on fact. In each there is a profitable lesson, and in some the heart is drawn out after the things which are above.

E. S. RUPERT,
Invermay.

"*The Wicket Gate*," by W. W. Newton, Robert Carter & Brothers. I have read every word in this book. I found nothing objectionable. The anecdotes and illustrations are adapted to do good. It is a safe book to put into the hands of any young person, and I think one that will be read.

A. LANGFORD,
Hamilton.

AN ACT OF SELF-DENIAL.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

IT was a great mystery to many people why Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, wore a cravat, but no collar. Some people thought it was an absurd eccentricity. Ah! no. This was the secret: Many years before he was talking with an inebriate and telling him that his habit was unnecessary, and the inebriate retorted upon him and said: "We do a great many things that are not necessary. It is not necessary for you to wear that collar." "Well," said Governor Briggs, "I never will wear a collar again if you won't drink." "Agreed," said the inebriate. Governor Briggs never wore a collar. They both kept their bargain for twenty years. They kept it to the death. That is the reason Governor Briggs did not wear a collar. That is simply magnificent. That is the Gospel of the Son of God—self denial for the good and the rescue of others.

PROVIDENCE AND THE WOOD PILE.

ONE snowy Saturday night, years ago, when the wood-pile of the Alcott household was very low, a neighbour's child came to beg a little wood, as "the baby was very sick, and the father off on a spree with his wages."

There was a baby, too, in the Alcott household; and the storm was wild, and the Sabbath was coming between that night and the chance of more wood. For once Mrs. Alcott hesitated; but the serene Sage of Concord looked out undismayed into the wild and wintry storm.

"Give half our stock," said he resolutely, "and trust to Providence. Wood will come, or the weather will moderate."

His wife laughed and answered cheerfully: "Well at any rate, their need is greater than ours, and if our half gives out, we can go to bed and tell stories."

So a good half of the wood went to the poor neighbour. Later on in the evening the storm increased, and the family council decided to cover up the fire to keep it, and go to bed. Just then came a knock at the door, and lo! it was the farmer who usually supplied Mr. Alcott with wood.

He had started to go into Boston with his load, but the storm so drove in his face, and the snow so drifted in his path, that it had driven him back; and now, if he might unload his load there, it would save him taking it home again, and he "s'posed" they'd be wanting some soon.

Of course his proposition was gladly accepted, and as the farmer went off to the woodshed, the triumphant Sage of Concord turned to his wife with a wise look which much impressed his children, and said—

"Didn't I tell you wood would come, if the weather did not moderate?"

"HOW CAN I BE USEFUL."

BY THE REV. PETER STRYKER.

LITTLE Mary was only eleven years old. But she was old enough to know that she was a sinner; and she had gone to Christ, and taken Him in her heart as her Saviour. Soon after doing this, when feeling very happy as a young Christian, Mary went to her pastor, and asked him the question, "How can I be useful?"

Very often it happens that people have just what they are seeking for. This was the case with this dear little girl. The very knowledge she wished to obtain was hers.

"Mary have you not already tried to do something good?" inquired her pastor, who was very much interested in her case.

"Yes," she replied; "I have been praying to God for my dear father, that he may become a sober man, and go to church with mother and the rest of us."

"Well have you only prayed, Mary? You know we must use the means if we want to obtain any great end."

"I have tried to do this, too," timidly said the child; "but fear I do not speak just as I should to him."

This little girl only needed a little encouragement. She was full of faith and hope. The truth sparkled in her eye and sprung from her lips. She continued to pray and labour with her poor father until he could no longer resist her persuasions. He had driven others away but he could not speak harshly to his gentle little Mary. She fully conquered him.

Shortly after this interview, she planned it to have her pastor visit their house; and after a few kind words from him, the father signed the temperance pledge, and to encourage him the mother and children added their names,



THE CUP OF DEATH.

and thus a family temperance society was formed.

Don't you think Mary learned how to be useful? Dear children, how many of you will try in some way to do good? God will help you.—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE CUP OF DEATH.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23. 31-32.

LOOK not thou upon the wine when it is red within the cup! Stay not for pleasure when she fills Her tempting beaker up! Though clear its depths, and rich its glow, A spell of madness lurks below.

They say tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain,
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay, but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness turn to thirst,
And by its mirth within the brain,
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubble at the brim,
That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine,
Take not its madness to thy lip,
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
Are hid those rosy depths below.

—N. P. Willis.

If persons desiring to organizing new Sunday-schools, or to bring schools already existing into harmony with the Discipline of our Church, will write to the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS, he will be happy to forward a printed constitution and other information on the subject.

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—*Seneca.*



THE TURTLE.

THE TURTLE.

THE turtle's great body is so soft, that it would be sadly off without the thick, heavy shell that covers it all over. It can draw its head and feet under the shell, and be quite safe. So it would seem. But hear what I have to say.

It has many enemies. When it was a very little turtle, and had just come out of the egg, it ran down to the sea; for it lives in the sea, though it was not born there. Its mother laid her eggs in the sand, scooping out a place for them; and they were hatched by the warmth of the sun.

It was a weak little creature in those days, and the rough waves drove it back, and gave it a rude buffet; while the fierce sea-birds hovered overhead, ready to pounce upon it, and the wild beasts sought to devour it.

But its greatest enemy was man. As it grew larger, it became fit for food. Its flesh was tender and delicate; and persons in the seaport cities, who were rich and dainty, looked on turtle-soup as a luxury. So ships were sent out to bring home as many turtles as could be caught.

How do men catch the turtle? They watch for the mother-turtle to come on shore and lay her eggs. She does this in the night, and as secretly as she can. The men hide themselves, and listen till they hear the turtle coming. Then they keep quiet; for, if the turtle heard the least noise, she would hurry back to the sea.

She stands still and listens; and if no sound is heard, she begins to scoop a hole in the sand with her fore-flippers. While she is busy, the men rush upon her, and turn her on her back. Then she cannot help herself, or get up; and her capturers leave her, and go to turn over as many more turtles as they can.

There is another way of catching the turtle. Men go out in a boat, as you see in the picture; and, when a turtle is seen to rise for air, a man who can swim well jumps into the sea, and fastens a rope round the neck or the

foot of the turtle. Then the man swims back to the boat as fast as he can, and the crew pull all together, and soon get the turtle on board.

The boat in the picture is called a proa. The head and the stern are both alike. The proas are used by the people of the Ladrone Islands, and are so swift that they can go twenty miles an hour.

FAST LIVING.

WE live very fast now. Events rush upon us with increasing rapidity. The rapid growth of the country, the increase of business which outruns population, the development of material resources, the building up of great cities, the increasing use of the railway and telegraph, the multiplication of mechanical arts and inventions, crowd our days with activities and anxieties and excitements our fathers knew nothing of. The use of the telegraph alone is revolutionizing our life. Every day we share the life of the whole world. Is there a great fire in London, a battle in Egypt, an inundation of the Rhine or Seine, a famine in Ireland, a conviction of two murderers in Brussels, a defeat of a pretended prophet in Soudan, an epidemic in China, or arrest of peace negotiations between Chili and Peru—if any thing happens anywhere on the globe we are made spectators of it, as it were, or participants in it, by the instantaneous communication of intelligence. Every morning we have the history of the globe for a whole day laid on our plate at the breakfast table. We are in the surges of an ocean life, while our fathers sat quietly by the brink of a pool. To live to-day, with all the vast interests of the globe palpitating about us and reporting themselves in our ears, to do business in the tremendous rush of one of our great cities, to belong to a family whose members are separated by thousands of miles and can communicate in a day, is a vastly more intense and wearing thing than it was a century ago. People complain of being tired.

They are weary without knowing why. The wear and tear of modern life on the nerves and sympathies and anxieties, on brain and heart and soul, are incalculable, and thousands break and go down under the strain.—*Evangelist.*

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

STAND beside the schoolhouse door—
The old red schoolhouse on the hill,
And watch each little "stud at" bend
Above his task with earnest will.

Back o'er the busy years I step,
And call from out the walks of life,
From lonely graves on land and seas,
From scenes of peace and scenes of strife,

The faces known so long ago,
Not one—not one—do I forget,
I loved them then—I love them now,
Though years have fled since last we met.

O dear old schoolhouse! Dearer still
That I my last must look on thee!
Would I could cross thy threshold now,
The care-free child I used to be!

Farewell! I turn a last fond look
On scenes endeared since childhood's days,
On every tree and stream and flower
Along the old familiar ways.

THE DYING CHILD.

MRS. B— sat near a scanty pallet, on which was extended the suffering little Freddy, her bright and beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large mysterious eyes were turned upward, watching the flitting of leaves and the filaments of sunshine that peered through the foliage of the mulcaulis. An infant, about a month old, meagre, weary of its existence, lay on her bosom, and she in vain trying to charm it to repose.

"Mamma," said Freddy, reaching out his waxen hand, "take me to your bosom."

"Yes, love! soon as Maria is still."

"Mamma, if God had not sent us that little cross baby, you could love me, and nurse me as you did when I was sick in Cincinnati. My throat is hot, mamma. I wish I had drink in a tumbler—glass tumbler, mamma, and I could look through it."

"Dear, you shall have a tumbler," cried Mrs. B—, her lip quivering with emotion and a wild fire in her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, one cold drink in a tumbler, and your poor little Freddy would fly up, up there where that little bird sits. Will papa come to-night and get us bread? You said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of water? No, mamma, he will be drunk. Nobody ever gets drunk in heaven, mamma!"

"No, no, my son, my angel!"

"No one says cross words, mamma?"

"No, bless your sweet tongue."

"And there is nice cold water there, and silver cups?"

"Oh, yes, my child, a fountain of living waters."

"And it never gets dark there?"

"Never, never!" and the tears fell in streams down the mother's pale cheek.

"And nobody gets sick and dies?"

"No my love."

"If they were to, God would let the angels bring them water, I know He would from the big fountain. O mamma, don't cry. Do people cry in heaven?"

"Oh, no, sweet one; God wipes away all tears," replied the weeping mother.

"And the angels kiss them off, I s'pose. But tell me, mamma, will he come thro'?"

"Who, my son?"

"You know, mamma—papa."

"Hush, Freddy, dear, lie still, you worry yourself."

"Oh, my throat! Dear me, if I only had a little water in a tumbler, mamma, just one little mouthful."

"You shall have it;" and, as the mother said this, the poor child passed away into the arms of Him who shall evermore give it of the bright waters of everlasting life.—*National Temp. Tract.*

COLUMBUS.

(1492)

ALL the mill-horses of Europe
Were plodding round and round,
All the mills were droning
The same old sound

The drivers were dozing, the millers
Were deaf—as millers will be
When—starting them all—without warning,
Came a great shout from the sea!

It startled them all; the horses,
Lazily plodding round,
Started and stopt; and the mills dropt,
Like a mantle, their sound.

The millers looked over their shoulders,
The drivers opened their eyes;
A silence, deeper than deafness,
Had fallen out of the skies.

"Halloa, there!"—this time distinctly
It rose from the barren sea,
And Europe turning in wonder,
Whispered "What can it be!"

"Come down! come down to the shore here!"
And Europe was soon on the sand;—
It was the great Columbus
Dragging his prize to land!

JOAQUIN MILLER ON CANADA.

JOAQUIN MILLER, the Poet of the Sierras, writes a characteristic letter to the Quebec *Chronicle* of people and things in Canada. He says of himself:—"I have been roaming industriously up and down Canada now for two weeks, and as one of the general results of my observations I am bound to bear testimony that there is more solid happiness to the square mile in Canada than in the United States."

While in Ontario the poet visited the Ontario Industrial Farm, and devotes considerable space to a description of this model institution. The Province pays \$30,000 a year to maintain a school for the practical education of farmers. This institution turns out annually from two to three hundred well disciplined and splendidly equipped men to take charge of the most important, healthy, and altogether honourable pursuit on earth. We in the States are accustomed to think if a man is fit for nothing else he can settle down on a farm and get on. We have made the farm the last refuge of the tramp. They here are making the farm the first place for the true gentleman. And this is right. The trade of war is out of date, the lawyer's office is of doubtful calling, for what does it give to the world in return for his bread? The doctor's place is hardly desirable for a refined nature; but the Canadians have decided that the farmers hold the world on their shoulders and are standing truly by them. They have altogether in the Dominion more than eighty associations devoted to the culture and development of stock and grain.

NOTE IT OUT.

HERE'S a nuisance in the land,
Rank with vice and foul with crime,
Strong with many a legal band,
With the strength of wealth and time,
"How shall we this wrong o'erpower?"
Is the question of the hour.

Vote it out,
That will put the thing to rout

We have begged the traffic long,
Begged it both with smiles and tears,
To abate the flood of wrong;
It has answered but with sneers,
We are weary of the scourge.

Vote it out;
Loyal people raise the shout.

'Tis the battle of the hour,
Freemen, show your strength again;
In the ballot is your power,
This will bring the foe to pain;
We have preached against the wrong,
Argued, plead, with words of song.

Let us vote the traffic out.

Vote it out of decency;
Vote it down a craven crime,
Let the fearful traffic be
Praised for all coming time,
Draw the lines of right, and stand,
Christian man, and show your hand;

Join in with your prayer devout.

While the broken-hearted pray,
Where the bitterest tears are poured,
In low anguish every day,
In the sight of God, the Lord,
Let us pray and say "Amen,"
Lifting holy hands, and then

Vote it out;
It will bring the victor's shout

Never shall the promise fail,
God is with us for the right;
Truth is mighty to prevail,
Faith shall end in joyous sight;
We shall see the hosts of ruin
Palsied with affright and dumb,

Vote it out,
This will put the trade to rout.

THE INDIAN BOY'S REVENGE.

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Kay was in the northern part of California, near the Trinity river. He and his party had been trudging a long, long way that day, and were very tired and hungry. They came at last upon a camp of Indians on the river's bank, who were busy drying the fine salmon they caught there. These fish looked so good and tempting, that the white men wanted to taste them, and ventured to ask if they could have but one. My friend did not expect to buy the fish with money, as we do when we go to market, but he had brought some pretty beads with him, which often please the Indians better, as it is not easy for them to get such things, living as they do away off among the wild forests and mountains of our great country. But these Indians seemed cross and selfish, and would not let the white men have their fish at all. They have been so badly treated by their pale brothers, that it is no wonder they feel hateful and want nothing to do with them ostentimes.

There was one, however, who cast a longing look at the beads, as if he was sorry not to get any for his squaw in the wigwam close by, and this gave Mr. Kay a bright thought. Holding up the string of beads again, he pointed to them, and then to the fish and the river, saying in Chinook (a sort of Indian language), "You get us a fresh fish out of the water, and you shall have these beads." Snatching up his gig and spear, with which they catch these great fishes, he was off in a moment to get it. Another Indian

standing by, seemed anxious to do the same, and Mr. Kay told him to follow and he should have some beads too.

After the two men were out of sight, a little Indian boy stole softly up and looked so wistfully at the pretty beads lying there, that Mr. Kay bade him go and get a fish too, and he would pay him in the same way. The boy gave a spring of joy, and was gone like a flash toward the stream, in another direction from that taken by the men, as they would have been displeased with him if they knew he was fishing too.

It was not long before the two men came back, each with a large fish, for which they got their string of beads. Soon the boy was seen also, running up the bank with a proud, happy face, lifting high his fine fish to show what he had done, and perhaps thinking of the dear little Indian girl who would be very glad to get the beads he had earned so nobly.

Just then a strange thought came into Mr. Kay's head, for which he said he was always ashamed. He had often heard that the heart of the Indian was only bad—that the only good Indians were those who were dead. He wondered what this boy would do if he said he did not want the fish now, and so he could not have the beads. It would have made a white boy very angry. How would this untaught heathen child act? He would try and see.

As he sat there upon a rock, resting beside the beautiful river, he drew a long face when the boy came rushing up to him, and, with a jerk of his head, said, "Be off with your fish! We have enough already without it." If the boy had been struck with a stone he would not have looked more pained and frightened. In an instant the brightness was gone from his eyes, and there seemed to be no life in him, he was so stunned with the unkindness and disappointment. After awhile, without a word, he turned slowly and sadly away toward the river, dragging the fish along behind him in the dirt, which a few moments before he had held aloft so proudly.

As if he could not believe the white man could be so false, he turned to look at him again. What was it that he saw? Down dropped the fish at his feet, and the fleet-footed boy was flying again up the bank toward Mr. Kay, giving him such a hard and sudden blow that he thought he had been shot with an arrow, perhaps, as he started up from his seat to feel of himself all over to find out how and where he was hurt. Was this the Indian boy's revenge? If it was, it only served him right, for he ought to have known better than to try his temper so severely. But the boy is pulling him up the bank still further, earnestly beckoning him to follow him up the hill-side away from the river, and he quickly does so, wondering what it all means.

The boy then pointed down to the spot where he had been sitting, and there was a deadly rattlesnake, coiled up behind the rock, just ready to spring upon him had he staid a moment longer. With manly tears of shame and gratitude, Mr. Kay looked at the noble boy beside him, finding no words to express his feelings. But he must in some way show his appreciation of the boy's conduct. How should it be? He should have more than his string

of beads anyhow. Feeling in his pocket, my friend found there his silver pocket-comb, which he knew would be a wonderful prize to the Indian, who takes so much pride in his long black hair. This he handed to the child, who caught it eagerly, and, like a breath of wind, vanished over the brow of the hill and was seen no more.—*Christian Observer.*

THOROUGHNESS.

A YOUNG New Englander, whose knowledge was more showy than deep, went many years ago to teach a district school in Virginia.

Among his pupils was a small, rather dull and insignificant looking boy, who annoyed him by his questions. No matter what the subject under discussion, this lad apparently never could get near enough to the bottom of it to be content.

One very warm August morning, the teacher, with no little vanity in a knowledge not universal in those days, began to lecture to the boys on the habits and characteristics of a fish which one of them had caught during recess. He finished, and was about to dismiss the school, when his inquisitive pupil asked some questions about their gills and their use.

The question answered, others followed, concerning the scales, skin, flesh. The poor teacher struggled to reply with all the information at his command. But that was small, and the day grew warmer, and the Saturday afternoon's holiday was rapidly slipping away.

"The school will now be dismissed," he said, at last.

"But the bones! You have told us nothing about the bones!" said the anxious boy.

Mr. Dash smothered his annoyance, and gave all the information he could command on the shape, structure, and use of the bones.

"And now the school"—he began. "What is inside of the bones?" stolidly came from the corner where the quiet boy was sitting.

Mr. Dash never remembered what answer he gave, but the question and his despair fixed themselves in his memory. Thirty-five years afterward he visited Washington, and entered the room where the Justices of the Supreme Court were sitting.

The Chief Justice, the most learned jurist of his day, was a man like St. Paul, whose bodily presence was contemptible.

The stranger regarded him at first with awe, then with amazement.

"It is the boy who went inside of the fish's bones!" he exclaimed.

If he had not tried to go inside of every "fish's bones," he would never have reached the lofty position which he held.

It is the boy who penetrates to the heart of the matter who is the successful scholar, and afterward lawyer, physician, philosopher, or statesman.

It is the man whose axe is laid to the root, not the outer branches, whose religion is a solid foundation for his life here and beyond.

THE Methodists have purchased at Chin King, in West China, a piece of land on which to erect a mission chapel and school for boys. The title deed is stamped with the Mandarin's great seal.

DO IT NOW.

BY W. C. WILKINSON, D. D.

HIS is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit—the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now. Then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off, very likely you will forget it, and not do it at all. Or else—what for you is almost as bad—you will not forget, but keep thinking of it and dreading it, and so, as it were, be doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once;" never but once do the alert and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy that drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have the doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with the boy. But there the fact was, he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed. The doctor was nonplussed.

"What does your son do? Has he any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring. But that he dreads all the day long, and does not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing in the morning," was the doctor's prescription.

The mother tried it, and the boy got well. Putting it off made his job prey on the boy's mind. "Doing it now" relieved him.

Boys and girls, do it now!

FEMALE LOVELINESS.

DO not think you can make a girl lovely if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue. The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in the majestic peace which is found in the memory of happy and useful years, full of sweet records, and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness which is still full of change and promise, opening always, modest at once and bright with hope of better things to be won and to be bestowed. There is an old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.—*Ruskin.*

A DUTIFUL SON.

GENERAL GRANT, as a youth, honoured his parents, and his days, in the language of Scripture, have been "prolonged," and so in truth were theirs. Forty-four years ago he wrote to his mother from West Point: "Your kind words of admonition are ever present with me. How well do they strengthen me in every good word and work! Should I become a soldier for my country, I look forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may gain, and I trust my future conduct will prove me worthy of the patriotic instruction you and father have given me." His written desire was realized in a wonderful manner.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS WANDERING SHEEP.

[A NEGRO SONG.]

DE massa ob de sheepfol' Dat guards the sheepfol' bin, looks out in de gloomerin' meadows Wha'r de long night rain begun— So he calls to de hirelin' shepa'd, Is my sheep, is dey all come in?

Oh, den says the hirelin' shepa'd Dey's some, dey's black and thin, And some dey's po' ol' wedda's, But de res' dey's all bring in, But de res' dey's all br'ing in.

Den the massa ob de sheepfol' Dat guards de sheepfol' bin, Goes down in the gloomerin' meadows, Wha'r de long night rain begun— So he le' down de ha's ob de sheepfol', Callin' sof, Come in, Come in, Callin' sof, Come in, Come in,

Den up t'ro de gloomerin' meadow, T'ro de col' night rain and win' And up t'ro de gloomerin' rain-paf' Wha'r de sleet ta' pie'cin' thin, Do po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol' Dey all comes gadderin' in, Do po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol', Ley all comes gadderin' in.

THIRTY YEARS IN GAOL.

A CANADIAN gaoler, Mr. A. Lang, of the Barrie gaol, gives his thirty years' experience, as follows:

"Thirty years ago on the first day of last December I took possession of this gaol. My experience is that eighteen-twentieths of our gaol population during that period found their way here through using the poison vendid by what is now miscalled the Licensed Victuallers' Association. To talk about building houses for the drunkards' widows and orphan children sounds like an empty echo, while the law licenses men to make the poison, licenses men to sell the poison, licenses men and women to drink that poison till they become insane and commit crime, and then license judges and magistrates to send them to prisons or the gallows. Yes, first make men drunkards and ruin them, and then tax the country to build houses for the widows and orphans all manufactured by law, and finish up by employing keepers to oversee them.

"I remember a very solemn case which occurred here about nine years ago. A man in our county was hanged for killing his wife. On the evening prior to his execution, he asked the privilege of addressing all his fellow prisoners, and fellow drunkards as well. This he did by calling each one by his name, and as an earnest dying man he urged them never again to touch the accursed cup which had been his ruin, and had brought them to prison. He went on:—'To-morrow morning I must die in the fulness of good health, and had it not been for whiskey I would never have been inside this gaol a prisoner.' And on that very same evening the hangman asked me to let him out so that he could procure a bottlefull of the licensed victuallers' cordial to help him through that terrible ordeal. For degraded and brutalized as that hangman was, the forty dollar fee was insufficient to make him kill his fellow-man, but a good draught of the licensed victuallers' punch once down, he could kill his fellow-creature bound and helpless on his knees before him. Yes, with a strong hand and a steady nerve, like a beast of prey, he could finish his terrible job. If our good men who

can write so sympathetically for the poor lost drunkard's starving child will only set themselves to work till the next general election, and then work on with an unconquerable will to place honest, sober, and sterling men at the head of the polls, instead of the drunken sots who are willing for the sake of holding office to open wide the flood gates of drunkenness and ruin to our beloved country!

"Why, sir, if it were possible next week to sweep off from the face of our continent the whole of those streams of liquid death and moral destruction, I would guarantee that in twelve months the Toronto gaol would hold every prisoner in Ontario, thus doing away with 38 gaols and 8 lockups, with a saving to the country of over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year in cash. Then add to that the amount of prisoners' time saved,—it would rise to ten times that amount in our own Province. And in three years more there would not be a pauper child in our country. Every man and woman would be clothed and in their right mind, and their children would grow up to fill respectable positions, instead of finding their way into gaols, reformatories, and penitentiaries. Then we would have peace within our borders and prosperity within our walls. We go on the principle of strict teetotalism in our gaol, and I try to treat my prisoners as if they were human beings, the workmanship of God's hand, and the object of God's love."

The worthy gaoler might have added to his interesting letter a few statistics, showing the waste of money and evil consequences arising out of the legalized (?) business in other countries. For instance, in 1879 there was paid out for strong drinks in

| | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| Germany | \$850,000,000 |
| France | 580,000,000 |
| Great Britain | 750,000,000 |
| United States | 720,000,000 |
| Canada | 50,000,000 |

Grand Total.....\$2,750,000,000

The result of this illegitimate traffic is that about 250,000 immortal souls are launched (unprepared) into eternity every year!!

Dear reader, in view of the above what are you doing to stem the torrent of this gigantic evil? Are you folding your arms Cain-like, saying, "Am I my brother's keeper?" or like Gallo, "caring for none of these things?"

By your influence and example in the Temperance movement you may "save a soul from death," and help a cause which has for its object the elevation of our fellow-man and ultimately the glory of God.

"Do not then stand idly waiting, For some greater work to do? Lo! the fields are white to harvest, And the labourers are few; Go and toil in any vineyard, Do not fear to do or dare, If you want a field of labour, You can find it anywhere."

Toronto. E. M. MORPHY.

Our abiding belief is that just as the workmen in the tunnel of St Gotthard, working from either end, met at last to shake hands in the very central root of the mountain, so students of Nature and students of Christianity will yet join hands in the unity of reason and faith in the heart of their deepest mysteries.—L. Moss.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

THIS is a guide to English conversation, from the pen of a Portuguese teacher anxious to introduce the beauties of our language to the youth of his vernacular. The result is a most astoundingly funny and inconceivably comical mass of misapprehensions. Here is a sentence from his proface: "A choice of familiar dialogues, clean of gallicisms and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious portuguese and brazilian youth."

Of Degrees of Kindred he gives the following:

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| The gossip, | The greater-grand- |
| The gossip mistress, | father, |
| The nurse, | The greater-grand- |
| An relation, | mother, |
| An widow, | An guardian. |

But he excels himself in describing feminine appeal:

| | |
|-------------|------------------------|
| The busk, | The paint of disguise, |
| The sash, | The spindle, |
| The borney, | The patches, |
| The pumps, | The skate. |

As the book proceeds to familiar phrases the funny mistakes increase.

At what o'clock dine him. These apricots and these peaches make me and to come water in mouth. This girl have a beauty edge. She do not that to talk and to cackle. He does me some kicks.

I not make what to coughandspit. We have room for only one specimen of the familiar dialogues:

FOR TO RIDE A HORSE.

Here is a horse who have a bad looks. Give me another; I will not that. He not sall know to march.

Don't you are ashamed to give me a jado as like? He is undshoed; he is with nails up.

Your pistols are its loads! Go it more fast never I was seen a so much bad beast. She will not nor to bring forward neither put back.

Strek him the bridle, nold him the reins sharters. Take care that he not give you a foot kicks! And so on.

THE HIGHER MOTIVE.

JOHAN B. GOUGH, in a temperance lecture, related a conversation he once had with a Christian gentleman in England on total abstinence. The gentleman remarked: "I have a conscientious objection to teetotalism, and it is this: our Saviour made wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee."

"I know he did."
"He made it because they wanted it."

"So the Bible tells us."
"He made it of water."
"Yes."

"Well he performed a miracle to make that wine."
"Yes."

"Then he honoured and sanctified wine by performing a miracle to make it. Therefore," said he, "I feel that, if I should give up the use of wine, I should be guilty of ingratitude, and should be reproaching my Master."

"Sir," said I, "I can understand how you should feel so: but is there nothing else that you put by, which our Saviour has honoured?"

"No, I don't know that there is."
"Do you eat barley bread?"
"No," and then he began to laugh.
"And why?"

"Because I don't like it."
"Very well, sir," said I, "our Saviour sanctified barley bread just as much as he ever did wine. He fed five thousand people on barley loaves by a miracle. You put away barley bread from the low motive of not liking it. I ask you to put away wine from the higher motive of bearing the infirmity of your weaker brother, and so fulfilling the law of Christ."

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

ONLY as we consecrate our lives to the divine love can we hope to become heavenly minded, and they only consecrate themselves to the divine love who, in imitation of our Saviour, give heart and hand to the service of mankind. There is a fable that four young ladies, disputing as to the beauty of their hands, called upon an aged woman who had solicited alms for a settlement of the dispute. The three whose hands were white and faultless had refused her appeal, while she whose fingers were brown and rough had given in charity. Then the aged beggar said: "Beautiful are these six uplifted hands, soft as velvet and snowy as the lily, but more beautiful are the two darker hands that have given charity to the poor." Learn the lesson of consecrated womanhood. In the olden time when the children of Israel prepared the tabernacle in the wilderness, "all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen. And all the women whose hearts stirred them up in wisdom spun goat's hair." The wise-hearted women of to-day are the daughters of modern Israel, who, from the love of God, serve faithfully the great family of mankind.

SIXTY CENTS.

SIXTY cents invested in whiskey in 1879 cost Fannin County in time and money more than the revenue arising from the whiskey-traffic for five years amounted to. We speak of the investment made by young Dean, He shot Dan Coulter, and poor Dan passed into the spirit-land. Then the McDonalds shot and killed Dean. For this offence they were arrested, and, after continuing the case several times, were tried and convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the penitentiary. While in jail they were rescued by their friends breaking open the prison and liberating them. Taking it all together, this sixty cents' worth of whiskey killed two men, made one widow, caused two men to be incarcerated and kept in jail, and cost the country altogether over \$10,000.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.

A SWEET little incident is related by a writer, who says: "I asked a little child not long ago, 'Have you called your grandma to tea?' 'Yes. When I went to call her, she was asleep. I didn't wish to halloo at grandma, nor shake her; so I kissed her on the cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I went into the hall and said 'Grandma, tea is ready,' and she never knew what woke her."

EARTH has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.—Moore.

THE STRANGER.
AN EASTERN FRIEND.

AN aged man came late to Abraham's tent. The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare. He asked for bread, his strength was well nigh spent. His haggard look implored the tenderest care. The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes. But spoke no grace, nor bowed he towards the east. Safe sheltered here from dark and angry skies, The bounteous table seemed a royal feast. But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare, The Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod, "Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer? Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship, God?" He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said: "Thou hast my pity. Go 'eat not my bread."

Another came that wild and fearful night, The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky; But all the tent was filled with wondrous light, And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh. "Where is that aged man?" the Presence said, "That asked for shelter from the driving blast? Who made thee master of thy Master's bread? What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?" "Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made, With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee. "Ah me! the stranger might with me have staid, But, O my God, he would not worship Thee!" "I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait: Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"

Harpers' Magazine.

VARIETIES.

"We're very proud of our ancestry, you know." "Yes; but how would your ancestry feel about you?"

The Home for Aged Methodists in Baltimore was built at an expense of \$100,000.

We do not say "work hard," but "work easily." Put your whole mind upon it, take it with tact and all will run well.

The parents of Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon recently celebrated their golden wedding. The father still preaches, though not regularly.

A GENTLEMAN in Brooklyn, celebrating the birth of a daughter on the day of the opening of the bridge, proposed to call her Victoria, in honor of the Queen's birthday, whereupon a friend suggested that a more appropriate name would be Bridget.

An elderly resident of Newport was approached by an agent for a cyclopaedia. "I guess I won't get one," said the elderly resident, and frankly added: "I know I never could learn to ride one of the pesky things."

A VERY young lady addressed her father at the breakfast table the other morning:—"Pappy, I want a new hat and a new pair of shoes," "I suppose so. What don't you want?" remarked the paternal. "Well," answered little miss, "I don't want any cigars."

"Aw, I hev such a dwdedful cawld in me head," remarked an Ivy street dude, as he stroked his tender mustache. "Better that than nothing," was the response of a bright maiden, "only," she added, "it must be rather lonely for the cold."

A VERY polite and impressive gentleman, meeting a boy in the street, said, "My dear boy, may I enquire where

Robinson's shop is?" "Certainly sir," said the boy, very respectfully. After waiting a few minutes, the gentleman said, "Well, my boy, where is it?" "I have not the slightest idea," said the urchin.

The Rev. Mr. Davidson, an ex-missionary to Japan, in a recent address to a Sunday School said:—"Translated literally, an invitation to take one of the new chairs in Japan would read, 'Will you be pleased to hang up your loins on this box?' In welcoming a friend after a protracted absence, a native of Japan says, 'It is a long time since your honourable person has been hung up on my eye.'"

LONDON World.—The idea of a sovereign, and that sovereign a woman, who, withdrawn from the gaze of her people, watches them patiently and lovingly, notes what is amiss with them, mingles her tears with theirs, rejoices with a personal joy in their happiness—the idea, we say, of a Queen who does this in the way that it is done by Her Majesty, touches the hearts and the thoughts of the people in an altogether exceptional way.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Sept. 30.

REVIEW SCHEME.

[TO THE SCHOLAR.—1. Read carefully all the lessons of the quarter through the week. 2. Study the questions and answers in the LESSON CATECHISM, at the end of each lesson. 3. Learn and repeat the TITLE and GOLDEN TEXT of each lesson. 4. Carefully study these questions until you can answer them all. 5. Find something in each lesson for yourself to do or be.]

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Lesson I. *Joshua, Successor to Moses.* Josh. 1. 1-9.—Who was Joshua? What did God tell him to do? What promise did God make to him? What book was he to study? What is the GOLDEN TEXT?

Lesson II. *Passing over Jordan.* Josh. 3. 5-17.—Where is the Jordan? Where were the Israelites? How did they cross the Jordan? By whose help did they cross? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? When do we need God's help?

Lesson III. *The Plains of Jericho.* Josh. 5. 10-15; 6. 1-5.—Where was Jericho? Whom did Joshua meet before Jericho? How was Jericho taken? Repeat GOLDEN TEXT. What victory will faith in God give us?

Lesson IV. *Israel Defeated at Ai.* Josh. 7. 10-26.—Why were the Israelites defeated? Who took of the accursed thing? How was he discovered? What was done to him? Repeat GOLDEN TEXT. Against what sins are we here warned?

Lesson V. *The Reading of the Law.* Josh. 8. 30-35.—Where was the law read? Where was it written? Who heard it read? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? What blessing do we find in obeying God's law?

Lesson VI. *The Cities of Refuge.* Josh. 20. 1-9.—What were the cities of refuge for? Who were allowed to find refuge in the cities of refuge? How long was he to remain there? How many were there? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? Who is our refuge?

Lesson VII. *The Last Days of Joshua.* Josh. 24. 14-29.—What did Joshua urge the people to do? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT. What was Joshua's choice? What was the people's choice? What was made a witness to the covenant? Why should we choose God's service?

Lesson VIII. *Israel Forsaking God.* Judg. 2. 6-16.—What is the GOLDEN TEXT? How long did Israel serve God? When did they begin to forsake God? What did they serve? What penalty did they suffer? Whom did God raise up to help them? What idols do people serve now?

Lesson IX. *Gideon's Army.* Judg. 7. 1-8.—Who was Gideon? Against whom did he fight? How large was his army at first? How was it made smaller? How many were finally chosen? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? What kind of warriors does God desire?

Lesson X. *The Death of Samson.* Judg. 16. 21-31.—Who was Samson? What were

some of his exploits? How was he taken prisoner? What did his enemies do to him? How did he die? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? Whose death accomplished greater benefits to God's people than Samson's?

Lesson XI. *Ruth and Naomi.* Ruth 1. 14-22.—Who was Naomi? Who was Ruth? What was Ruth's resolution? (GOLDEN TEXT.) Where did Naomi and Ruth go? Who was a descendant of Ruth? How does God reward those who choose his service?

Lesson XII. *A Praying Mother.* 1 Sam. 1. 21-28.—Who was the praying mother? How were her prayers answered? Who was her child? What vow did she make concerning him? (GOLDEN TEXT.) How may we have our prayers answered?

Lesson XIII. *The Child Samuel.* 1 Sam. 3. 1-19.—Where did the child Samuel minister? Who was the high-priest? How did God speak to Samuel? How did Samuel answer the Lord? (GOLDEN TEXT.) What did God tell Samuel? How does God talk with us now?

Special Quarterly Service.—Topic: Education. 1. What is education? 2. Who should seek education? 3. The Church and education.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B. C. 1141.] LESSON I. [Oct. 7.

ELI'S DEATH.

1 Sam. 4. 10-18. Commit to memory vs. 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. 1 Sam. 3. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Battle. v. 10, 11.
2. The Watcher. v. 12-15.
3. The Report. v. 16-18.

TIME.—B.C. 1141.

PLACE.—Shiloh, in central Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Philistines fought*—The battle was at Ebenezer, where afterwards God gave the Israelites a great victory over the same enemies. *Israel was smitten*—Though they had the ark in the camp it did not save them from defeat. *Into his tent*—Into his home, is the meaning. *There fell*—Slain in the battle. *The ark was taken*—The chest containing the law of God and the token of God's presence with His people. *Two sons of Eli*—They were very wicked, though priests of God, and deserved to die, as was shown in the last lesson. *Came to Shiloh*—Where the tabernacle was. *Clothes rent*—earth upon his head—Oriental tokens of mourning. *Eli sat watching*—Very anxious for the ark of God. *All the city cried*—As they heard the sad news. *What meaneth*—He heard the noise, but no one had ventured to tell him its cause, and being blind he could not see the faces of the people. *Told Eli*—Told him what is related in the following verses. *I am he*—I am one that came from the army and know all that has happened. *My son*—Eli was, as priest and judge, the father of all the people. *The messenger answered*—His words are of gathering trouble: a story of sorrow simply told. *When he made mention*—The ark of God was dearer than all else, because it was believed to have God's presence with it. *From off the seat*—The seat had no support at the back. *An old man*—About ninety-eight years.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where does this lesson show—
1. That God forsakes the people that forsake him?
 2. That sin and neglect bring sure punishment?
 3. That God's warnings are sure of fulfillment?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what did the Israelites send when about to fight with the Philistines? For the ark of God. 2. Why did not the ark save them from defeat? Because they had forsaken God. 3. Who were slain in the battle? The two sons of Eli. 4. What became of the ark? It was taken by the Philistines. 5. How did the news affect Eli? He fell down and was killed.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's fidelity to his warnings.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

39. How long did He tarry on the earth after His rising from the dead? Christ tarried forty days on the earth after His rising from the dead, conversing with His Apostles, and instructing them further in the Gospel, and in the doctrines and rules of the kingdom.

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No. 15. SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS.

By Paxton Hood.

He must be a bold man who will undertake to portray a Scotchman. He has generally been found too hard a case, one who could always hold his own against all comers, and finally turn the laugh upon his critics. Johnson, who hated Scotchmen, was no match for the Scot's dry sarcasm. Johnson, in his dictionary, in defining the meaning of oatmeal, said: "Food for horses and Scotchmen" and the Scotchman who saw it wrote on the margin: "Were there ever such horses? Were there ever such men?" If, however, the work is to be done at all, there is not a man in Great Britain who is so well fitted for the task as Paxton Hood. No man knows them better. He was near enough to them to know them intimately. He was far enough away to be able to take in their grand proportions of character. His wit, humor, sarcasm, which abound in all his writings, are apparently concentrated in this. Some of the anecdotes we have seen before, but Mr. Hood tells them in such a quaint way that we find a new interest in them. The old as well as the young will be amused and greatly edified.

No. 14. WINTER IN INDIA. By the Right Hon. W. E. Baxter, M.P. Price 25 cents.

This is the last and the best of a number of most charming books of travel by the Hon. Mr. Baxter, who took many journeys in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. By the aid of this book we can accompany him through his winter tour in India.

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