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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES -- VOL. III

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1883

No. 6



SNOW-BIRDS.—(See next page.)

SNOW BIRDS.

THESE welcome little visitors come to us from the frozen regions of the North just as the ground is being strowed with autumn leaves. Their migrations extend from the Arctic to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, spreading over the whole breadth of the United States.

At first they are generally seen on the borders of woods, among falling and decayed leaves, in loose flocks of thirty or forty together, always taking to the trees when disturbed. But it is when the cold blasts of winter have swept down from the North, bringing with them the first snow clouds, that they collect about our houses and out-buildings, coming to our very door steps to glean the crumbs and get acquainted, skipping about as airily in the light snow as if a part and parcel of its feathery nature, and warbling now and then a low, sweet, plaintive song, or repeating a soft, whistling call-note to each other. They seem particularly sprightly and active just after a fresh fall of snow, and flit about from bush to bush with apparent delight, picking berries and seeds of various kinds of weeds, as represented by our artist, twittering and chirping all the while in a very happy, social, and confiding way. But when the weather begins to warm they retreat to the thickets and woods again, preferring shade to sunshine, and soon take themselves off to the North and the high ranges of mountains where they build their nests and rear their young, but not without leaving a pure, sweet influence behind them.

There must be something in the temperature of the blood or constitution of these tiny brown coats which unfits them for warmth and sunshine, for the country abounds with a great variety of food of which during their stay they appear to very fond. For my part I always liken these winter visitants to certain friends who are never drawn to you, in fact, you think little about them, when the air is full of summer, and the sky bends lovingly; it is not their nature to bask in the sunshine except of their own making. But when adverse winds blow, when clouds gather and the storm really bursts, after which you sit desolate and alone in the chill of winter, then these shadows attract them and they come to you like the snow-birds, flitting about you with healing touch, warbling their low, sweet melodies just attuned to the sobbing heart, drawing you out of your dreary self, lifting you up above the shadows. They are your winter friends; they are white-breasted snow-birds.

Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth knowing. This looking forward to enjoyment does not pay. From what I know of it I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or biddle moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy, is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice, while he is learning his trade; the merchant, while he is making his fortune. If he fail to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for.

EASTER IN JERUSALEM.

BY MISS LYDIA M. FINKELSTEIN.



ASTER is observed in various forms by the Christian world, but nowhere is the season more exciting than at Jerusalem. The Roman Catholic Church perform a ceremony of crucifying a life-sized image, which is borne on a large cross through the church, and, taking it off, they lay it in the tomb, amidst the weeping of the deluded pilgrims. But the Greek church does not recognize images. They perform their services by carrying large silk banners, bearing, painted on them, representations of the Crucifixion. Their great exciting day in Jerusalem is that of the Holy Fire. There is a tradition which says that once, centuries ago, fire was seen issuing from the tomb of Christ, and ever since then it breaks out every Saturday before Easter.

The city on that day is in great excitement. Thousands of pilgrims and spectators hurriedly wend their way through the crowded streets to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Almost every language is heard, and every style of feature, complexion, and attire may be studied in this motley assemblage. Every nook and corner of this great complex Church is filled with crowds, having hardly breath-room; for they are packed against each other like sardines. Galleries, windows, balconies, chapels, the rotunda—in fact, all standing-room is occupied. Boys and agile young men climb up the lofty pillars and cling to the capitals in a marvelous manner.

The domed chapel enclosing the tomb stands in the middle of the rotunda. A mass of pilgrims are pressed against its walls, totally encircling it, and a narrow space is kept clear between the pressing crowds on the other sides by Turkish soldiers, with bayonets, who stand against the multitude like a solid wall. This would-be lane is kept clear for the procession to pass through. All the lights in the church are put out, and every pilgrim carries a large packet of wax tapers, waiting to light them with the holy fire. Meanwhile the noise and confusion is terrible. Hundreds of young men, bare-legged and scantily clothed, rush, in the clear space, round and round the tomb, yelling, clapping their hands, and shouting in Arabic: "Oh! Jews! your feast is the devil's. Our feast is Christ's. He redeemed us with his blood. He bought us. To-day we are happy, and you Jews are miserable."

Jews are not allowed ever to enter the church of the Sepulchre, and would be driven out and beaten if one accidentally strayed into it; but on this Holy Fire Day the fanaticism of the so-called Christians is so great that a Jew would be torn to pieces if recognized there.

A great many gymnastic feats are performed by the young men, such as standing on each other's shoulders, sometimes four at a time, and then they thus run round the Sepulchre at a hazardous rate, shouting, yelling, and clapping their hands, some throwing their caps up in the air, while the women sing that peculiar Oriental

"Lu, lu, li!" in a very high key. The service commences by a grand procession of priests and choristers, gorgeously robed, some swinging golden censers, the incense rising in clouds of smoke; others bearing immense silk banners, with representations of the sufferings of our Lord. Following these are a procession of laymen, who are descendants of the oldest Greek families in the country. Each one bears his family banner, having painted on it representation of the Passion scenes. These banners have descended from family to family for generations, and some of them display real artistic taste; many of them are also elaborately embroidered in gold.

Then comes the Patriarch of Jerusalem, an old man, with a long, white beard, and snowy locks hanging down his back. He is clad in pure white, flowing robes, and wears a jeweled crown on his head. Bishops, priests, and deacons follow, in their magnificent canonicals of purple and gold, and their long hair streams down their backs. In the Greek and Russian churches priests and monks cultivate the growth of their hair, and some of them have such beautiful, thick, long tresses as to rival any woman's. This grand procession goes around the tomb three times, solemnly chanting. Then the Patriarch stops before the entrance of the Sepulchre, and a bishop removes his crown, while two others lead him to the door, where he kneels for a second; then, rising, he crosses himself and enters alone, and the door is closed.

The thousands of exultant voices are hushed for a moment, and only prayers are uttered in whispers. Everybody is holding their bundle of tapers in readiness. Near the two apertures on each side of the tomb—one belonging to the American congregation and the other to the Greek—stand the shouting young men, with outstretched arms, holding the tapers. A clear, narrow passage is formed through this crowd, so that the first one obtaining the fire can rush out. This person is a priest, from Bethlehem, who stands with a large bunch of tapers near the aperture.

Suddenly a light shines out, followed by a shout from the vast assemblage and singing of the women, which seems to shake the whole stone building. The priest rushes madly through the crowd, waving his lighted torch over his head, and, mounting his horse, standing at the court door, hastily speeds off to Bethlehem. The pilgrims and worshippers seem frantic, as they dance, leap, and shout, rushing at headlong pace round and round. In a few moments the Holy Fire spreads from hand to hand, and the whole Church, from top to bottom, blazes with thousands of lights. Every corner and crevice is ablaze, and the yelling, screaming, shouting, ringing of the bells, and singing, is deafening. An artist wishing to paint a picture of Hell, would have a perfect illustration from one of the balconies overlooking this scene. The glaring flames; the clouds of smoke; the glittering gold on the robes of the priests; the gleam of the soldiers' bayonets, who were trying to keep order; the frantic yells of men, women, and children, clothed in almost every imaginable costume; people of all nations and colours, dancing and waving their lighted torches round their faces, as they firmly believe that it is pure light

from Heaven, make such a picture as cannot be seen anywhere else in the world. Hundreds rush out into the streets, wildly waving their lights, as they shout: "We are joyful to-day and the Jews are miserable."

To an inexperienced eye it would seem as if this excitement would never abate. The whole city seems in an uproar; but an hour after this a stranger coming into the city and Church would never dream that such an exciting scene had taken place, for the Church is now empty and a perfect calm rests everywhere. The streets are crowded with quiet people, and those young men who made the most noise are calmly attending to their business in their stores or quietly smoking.

At night the Church is again crowded and is brilliantly illuminated from top to bottom. Thousands of lights appear in the immense cut-glass chandeliers, which are suspended from roofs of the chapels, and cast quaint and weird reflections on the worshippers. At midnight, again the grand procession encircles the tomb three times; then the Patriarch, raising his jeweled sceptre, stands near the tomb door and sings, in a clear voice: "Christ is risen! Halleluia!" All those carrying banners strike the marble pavement several times with the ends of the poles and whirl them round, singing: "He is risen, indeed! Halleluia!" The bells ring, and then all proceed to kiss each other—men, women, and children—with the salutation: "Christ is risen!" No person can take offence at being kissed on Easter Day, for in the Greek and Russian Church it is permissible on that day and the succeeding week. Anywhere and at any time any one can go up and kiss whom he pleases, saying "Christ is risen!" and the party kissed must return the salutation, answering: "He is risen, indeed."

CHARITY.

MEET her coming from the church
And in the crowded thoroughfare,
With downcast eyes, a modest mien,
And tangled locks of sunny hair;
With calm blue eyes that speak of truth,
Full honest in their grave intent,
A face where purity and youth
Has left its stamp of sweet content.

With her, life is a goodly thing,
Well spent in raising some poor heart,
About whose home the sombre wing
Of sin and sorrow finds a part.
Her greatest pleasure is to-day,
Where'er her wandering footsteps tread,
Out of the worldly mire and clay
To lift some creature near to God.

—Home Journal.

GREAT DEEDS BY LITTLE MEN.

JOHN WESLEY was a small man; his brother Charles was a small man; Dr. Coke was a small man; yet these three little men did three big things.

John Wesley founded one of the largest Churches in Christendom.

Charles Wesley wrote seven thousand hymns, some of them the best hymns in the world.

Dr. Coke was the first Bishop of the Methodist Church in America, and was the great founder of modern missions.

We should never be easy in our own feelings, or satisfied with the management of affairs if we had reason to expect the contrary.

SEVEN POINTS FOR BOYS.

Be honest my boy, be honest, I say;
Be honest at work, be honest at play;
The same in the dark as when in the light;
Your deeds need not then be kept out of sight.

The next thing you need is knowledge, my boy;
These virtues, indeed, your time should employ;
Let knowledge display integrity, too,
And you'll seldom say, "I've nothing to do."

But work calls for action muscle, and will,
Boys must "get up and get" their station to fill;
And boys should be active as ever they can—
A dull, stupid boy grows up dull, stupid man.

But simple activity will not suffice;
Some shrewd, active boys are shirks in disguise,
They mark all the moves the industrious do,
But don't care a fig to push business through.

The next thing in order—avoiding display—
Boys should be careful to hear and obey,
Not even presuming to make a reply,
Nor muttering say, "I'll go by and by."
But promptly obey with a hearty good will,
Attempting, at least, the whole order to fill.

Again. Be not fitful, but stick to your work;
Never let it be said that you are a shirk;
But when any task is fairly begun,
Keep "pegging away" until it is done.

Be honest, be wise, and industrious too,
Be active, obedient, obliging, and true;
Be faithful in all things, be clean as you can,
Polite in your manners, and you'll be a man.

OFFER TO THE PEASANT.

BY SILAS FARMER.

AMONG the old Greek legends there is one of a peasant, named Offero, who determined to seek the strongest King and serve him forever. He found a King so powerful that he was called the Great King. He entered his service, and remained in it contentedly until one day he saw the King tremble at the name of Satan. Offero asked, "Why do you tremble?" and was answered, "Because I fear the Evil One; he is a King stronger than I."

Offero at once set out to search for the Court of Satan. He found the Evil One himself flying over desert sands and breathing flames of fire.

He told him of his desire to serve him, and was speedily made welcome.

All went well until one day they sought the shade of some palm trees, and found a cross near by. It was now Satan's turn to tremble, and Offero learned that he feared Jesus, who was crucified.

Immediately Offero exclaimed, "I will be your servant no longer. The strongest only will I serve, and I will seek until I find him."

After many a weary mile he discovered a hermit at the foot of a great river, who told him how he might serve the greatest King, and employed him to help pilgrims over the stream. One day a child came and asked to be carried. Offero took him on his shoulder, but before they had reached the middle of the stream the child grew so heavy that he could hardly carry him. When the other side was reached the child revealed himself as Jesus, the greatest King, who, though in the form of a child, was all-powerful. Offero gladly continued in his service, and found no one that excelled him.

There are many persons who want only to serve the strongest, and because custom so largely sanctions, and fashion so constantly favours, and politicians so greatly fear the liquor traffic, they have come to believe that liquor

is the strongest King; and on many of the signs in our streets may be seen the picture of Gambrinus, the God of Beer, holding aloft the foaming mug. His worshippers glory in his seeming strength, and say we exaggerate the blessings of water, and neglect the better gifts of whiskey, beer, and wine.

There is, however, a stronger King. He figures everywhere, and there is life and strength in him; King Water is his name. It is well to consider his power, and compare it with that of beer.

The liquor statistics of America and the world have been spread before us again and again, yet scarce a word has been said of the "water-power" that almost keeps the universe in motion.

God has shown his appreciation of water by putting it everywhere.

A few miles from the southern coast of Cuba, and in other places, freshwater springs bubble up from the midst of the blue and briny ocean.

From the time we enter the world until the toll of the bell tells of our departure, water is essential to our comfort and existence. It is so common here, that we seldom feel thankful for it.

In parts of Syria, however, water is so scarce, that Mr. Porter, author of the "Giant Cities of Bashan," had no chance to wash his hands for fully six weeks of time. If we had had this experience, we should appreciate our supply much more.

Without water no business of any kind could thrive; goods could neither be made, bought, nor sold; and all foliage and flowers would entirely pass away.

Surely water is stronger than intoxicants. Let us give our service to King Water.

A CONSECRATED COBBLER.



WE write not of the sainted Carey, to whom these words were first applied by the famous, we might almost say infamous, Sydney Smith; but of old John Pounds, who, though less widely known on earth, is doubtless well enough known in heaven.

Dr. Guthrie has been commonly regarded as the great apostle of the Ragged School movement in Great Britain; but it is profoundly interesting and instructive to hear him tell how his enthusiasm in this direction was originally aroused. He says: "The interest I have been led to take in this cause is an example of how, in Providence, a man's destiny—his course of life, like that of a sinner—may be determined and affected by very trivial circumstances. It is rather curious, at least it is interesting to me to remember, that it was by a picture. I was first led to take an interest in ragged schools, by a picture in an old, obscure, decaying burgh, that stands on the shores of the Frith of Forth, the birth place of Thomas Chalmers. I went to see this place many years ago; and going into an inn for refreshment, I found the room covered with pictures of shepherdesses, with their crooks, and sailors in holiday attire, not particularly interesting. But above the chimney-piece, there was a large print more respectable than

its neighbours, which represented a cobbler's room. The cobbler was there himself, spectacles on nose, and an old shoe between his knees—the massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character, and beneath his bushy eye-brows, benevolence gleamed out on a number of poor ragged boys and girls, who stood at their lessons round the busy cobbler. My curiosity was awakened; and in the inscription I read how this man, John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the multitude of poor ragged children, left by ministers and magistrates, and ladies and gentlemen, to go to ruin on the streets—how, like a good shepherd, he gathered in these wretched outcasts—how he had trained them to God and the world, and how, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, he had rescued from misery, and saved to society, not less than five hundred of these children. I felt ashamed of myself. I felt reproved for the little I had done. My feelings were touched. I was astonished at this man's achievements, and I well remember, in the enthusiasm of the moment, saying to my companion, (and I have seen in my cooler and calmer moments, no reason for unsaying the saying), 'that man is an honour to humanity, and deserves the tallest monument ever raised upon the shores of Britain.' I took up the man's history, and found it animated by the spirit of Him who had compassion on the multitude.

"John Pounds was a clever man, besides; and like Paul, if he could not win a poor boy in any other way, he won him by art. He would be seen chasing a ragged boy along the quays, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but by the power of a hot potato. He knew the love an Irishman had for a potato; and John Pounds might be seen running, holding under the boy's nose a potato, like an Irishman, very hot, and with a coat as ragged as himself. When the day comes when honour will be done to whom honour is due, I can fancy the crowd, of whose fame poets have sung, and to whose memory monuments have been raised, dividing like the wave, and passing the great, and the noble, and the mighty of the land, this poor, obscure old man stepping forward, and securing the especial notice of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it also unto me."

Oh, for the uprising of a multitude of men like dear old John Pounds, to beam with tenderness upon the poor children, pinched with poverty, begrimed with dirt, and early schooled in the ways of sin. All our great cities are teeming with them.

They are now the children of the "suffering classes;" they will presently be developed into the stalwart leaders of the "dangerous classes," and if we do not now take them by the hand, they will some day take us by the throat. And if they throttle us, we shall only get our deserts.

THE *Sunday-school World* tells of a Sunday-school Convention held in Kansas at which the chief attraction, for the boys at least, was a brass band, and one little fellow, in describing it afterward, said the band sung, "Shall we gather at the river," but did not speak the words very plain.

SOMETHING ABOUT BOYS.

AN exchange says, a boy will travel forty-seven miles in one day on a rabbit hunt, and be limber in the evening, when, if you ask him to go across the street and borrow Jones' two inch auger, he will be as stiff as a meat block. Of course he will! And he will go swimming all day, and stay in the water three hours at a time, and splash at it like a paddle and pull, and next morning he will feel that an unmeasured insult has been offered him when he is told by his mother to wash his face carefully, so as not to leave the score of the ebb and flow so plain as to be seen under the gills. And he'll wander around a dry creek bed all the afternoon piling up a pebble fort, and nearly die off when his big sister wants him to please pick up a basket of chips for the parlour stove; and he'll spend the biggest part of the day trying to corner a stray mule or a bare back horse for a ride, and feel that all life's charms have fled when it comes time to drive the cows home; and he'll turn a ten acre lot upside-down for ten inches of angle worms, and wish for the voiceless tomb when the garden demands his attention. But all the same, when you want a friend who will stand by you and sympathize with you, and be true to you in all kinds of weather, enlist one of the small boys."

EASTER LILIES.

NOT as we bring our garlands to a tomb
To breathe the heart-fragrance o'er a lost one's rest,
Bring we this wreath of sweetness and of bloom
To crown this day, of all our days the best.
But, as if love and gratitude and prayer,
Dying in grave dark that enwrapped His face,
Had seen His smile break forth with wondrous grace
And sudden blossomed into beauty there,
As if, along the way that felt His tread,
Life burst from Death and flowers from the soil,
As new love springs to meet the heart of God
In joyful praise that Christ no more is dead.
—Mary Louise Dickinson.

WAS IT A MISTAKE?

AN excellent Christian man, with whom, not a great while ago, we were conversing on the changes made in the management of children within his recollection, related how, when he was a boy, he was obliged every week to commit two verses of a hymn, and ten verses of Scripture, to be recited on Sunday to his Sunday school teacher; and when Sunday-school was over, he was marched with the other scholars into the main room of the church, to listen to the pastor's sermon.

Looking back upon this old-fashioned and heroic method of dealing with children, the dear good man who was telling us his experience expressed a doubt as to whether that was just the wisest way. And yet this man, whose boyhood was trained in that method, is a stalwart Christian, of the noblest type—an honoured deacon of one of the foremost churches in America. In spite of the deacon's doubt, we have a notion that he was brought up about right, and that we should have more men like him, if we had more boys brought up like him.

THEY SHALL SEE GOD.

His stream is almost when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at the close of day,
And saints die gently when they pass away.

The changing seasons, ever coming, going,
Like four evangelists, his praise record,
Nature herself is but a vergier, showing
The silent, glorious temple of the Lord

And when the heavenly life on earth is ended,
And Christ shall touch the lingering film away,

When He shall come, by angel guards attended

"They shall see God" through our eternal day.

Rev. Henry Burton.

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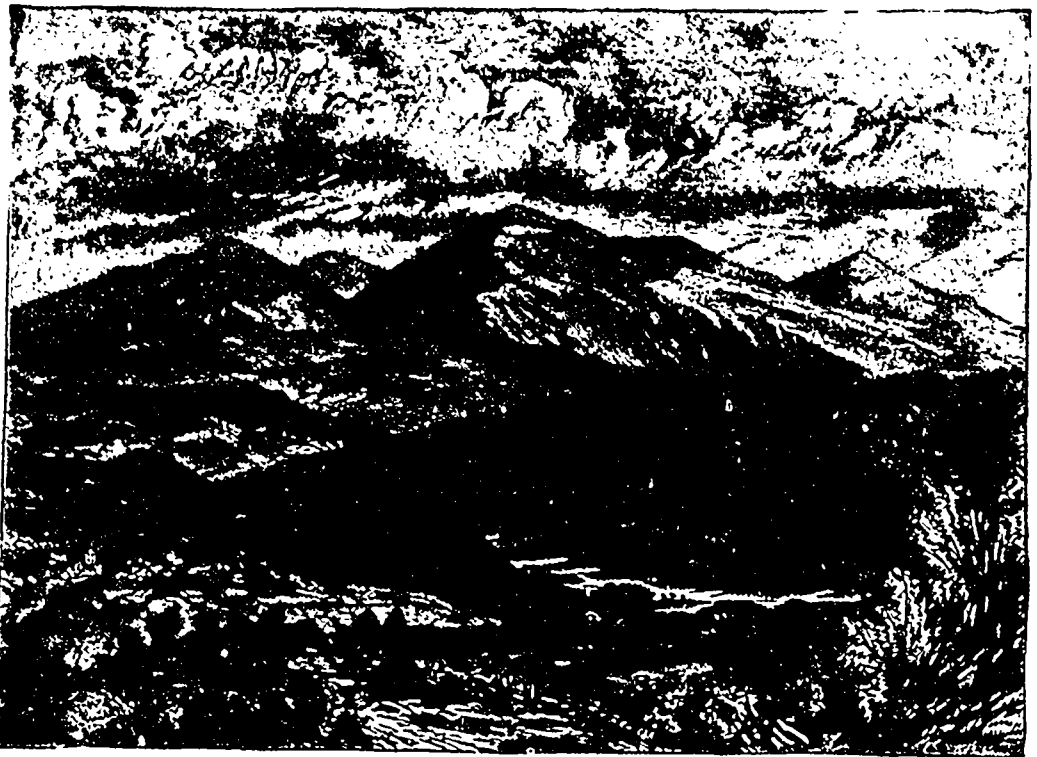
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1883.

THE CHILDREN AND MISSIONS

ONE of the most cheering signs in many churches is the comprehensive training of the children of the church in the work of the Church looked at broadly. They are taken up, as upon a mount of observation, and sweep the world in vision, and are taught their relation to the Home and Foreign fields, and led to enter into it. If this sort of training were universal it would soon change the missionary aspect of the churches, and give a fresh impulse to the world's evangelization.

Were the story of giving, in the mission schools and churches of this city, told abroad, it would do one of two things—it would stimulate to an approach, on the part of the stronger and well-to-do, to their magnificent self-denial; or it would, like all grand examples, leave them in more hopeless indifference. The training of some of these mission-schools in the hardest parts of New York is simply superb. Some of them know more about the work of Christ in foreign lands than does the average church in city or country. And this leads up to say that, while many of our churches are doing admirably, it cannot be said of the major part. There is no such comprehensive training of the whole body of children and youth to look all around the world, and to take up mission work as their work. Not even is there so much as a select band



WHITE MOUNTAINS FROM GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.—(See next page.)

of youth, in half the churches, who take up the mission work of the church as represented by either the Domestic or Foreign Boards. The result is a great loss of moral power, great loss of possible gains to the Treasury of Missions.

Now for this lack there can be no excuse. If it be conceded that the funds are abundant for current expenses, which we do not for a moment believe, there still remains an opportunity for doing the church and its nursery (!) an invaluable benefit in the way of information as to how the work of the Lord goes on in the world; how prophecy is being fulfilled; how much yet remains to be done before the heathen will be given to Christ for His inheritance and the uttermost part of the earth for a possession.

It is yet to be impressed upon many a pastor, and upon a yet greater number of Superintendents of Sunday-schools, that the possibilities for a profitable and stimulating missionary service, are quite within their reach, but as certainly overlooked, and that it is by no means optional with them who hold such trusts in their hands whether they do their work faithfully and fully or not.

Little by little, but far too slowly does the cause of Christ and the purpose of Christ, get their grip upon the multitude of youth who constitute the church of the future. How we might hasten this great desideratum into glorious fruition, if, all along the line, pastors and superintendents, teachers and parents, were fully awake to the privilege and the obligation so to do! Let us awake to righteousness and to love and to good works.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

WE beg to acknowledge with many thanks the generous donation of \$40 for the Crosby Girls Home and Crosby Mission Boat—\$20 for each—from a gentleman living at a distance from Toronto who does not wish his name to be mentioned in connection with his generous gift. The money has been duly forwarded, and He who seeth in secret will reward openly.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY.

ONE of the most simple, useful and practicable applications of electricity, which has yet been given to the public, is embodied in the new invention of the Portable Electric Light Company. The little machine which is now attracting so much deserved attention is a small electrical contrivance which performs the duties of lighter and a burglar alarm. As a lighter it can be arranged to produce instantaneous light throughout the house, and can also be attached to a medical galvanic coil by which a powerful current of electricity can be conveyed. The instrument is small and compact, occupying a space only five inches square, and can readily be carried from room to room, as it weighs but five pounds. In the second capacity when attached to window, safe or door, the unfailing current places the trespasser in a decidedly embarrassing position, confronting such a party with a startling bell and instant light. It is equally adapted for the ordinary uses of a call bell.

Many prominent business men are interested in the company, which was incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. Orders or inquiries should be addressed to the business office of the company, No. 22 Water Street Boston, Mass. We understand that this instrument is sold at the low price of five dollars; ten dollars complete with attachments.

THE Memory chart is designed to aid you in interesting the whole school in the lesson, and impressing upon all the main truth taught in it. Each week the style of illustration is used that is best adapted to this end—to give some impressive form to the central truth. It is a large weekly sheet, giving in print large enough to be read by the entire school the Golden Text and Black Board drawing. Price \$1 per quarter, sample Chart six cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address, E. F. HOBART & Co., 613 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

WE have received an amateur newspaper, "The Art," published monthly at Blenheim, Kent Co. It has four pages, 8 in. long, by 5 in. wide. The Editor, A. A. Jenero, presents to his readers, clippings from the sayings of great men, as well as some original remarks on popular evils of the day, and shows how to overcome and avoid them, and how to succeed in life.

Poetry flourishes in this herald of civilization. Each copy of the paper is printed entirely by hand, with a lead-pencil so, if it has a very large circulation, there must be a considerable amount of labour connected with its production.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for the weeks ending February 17th and 24th contain Sir Archibald Alison's *Autobiography, Quarterly*; *Charity in the Early Church, London Quarterly*; *Panislamism and the Caliphate, and England, France, and Madagascar, Contemporary*; *Thomas Carlyle, Macmillan*; *Sketches in the Malay Peninsula, Leisure Hours*; *Anthony Trollope, Good Words*; *Dawn of the Spring, St. James'*; *The Sponge Trade of the Bahamas, Oil, Paint, and Drug Reporter*; *Escapes and Imprisonments of Latude*; with Instalments of "A Singular Case," and "For Himself Alone," and Selections of Poetry. *Littell's Living Age* (\$8 per annum) and the *Methodist Magazine* will be sent to any address for a year for \$9.

A STORY is told of a woman in a rural district who wanted to keep up appearances and who was often thwarted in this by her innocent and matter-of-fact daughter. One day when a visitor was present at the table the hostess said to her daughter, "Where are all our knives?" "Here they are, both of them," was the astounding reply.

A YOUNG man in a train was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said his seatmate, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would make fun of it."



HANGING BOWLDER IN FLUME.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ON one of the hottest days of last summer, the present writer walked fifteen miles, and climbed 4,000 feet—to the top of Mount Lafayette, the highest mountain of the Franconia range, reaching an altitude of 5259 feet above the sea. The pathway is so rugged and precipitous that it is only on foot that the mountain top can be reached. One of the grandest features of the ascent is, not the distant view, though it spreads out in ever widening range beneath one; but the rugged sublimity of the mountain itself. The path wanders beneath tremendous cliffs, which threaten to topple over on one's head, and around and over and between huge rocks which have fallen, many of them as large as a two-storey house. Sometimes these fallen rocks rest upon each other in the most fantastic confusion, leaving great caves and grottoes, which have doubtless often been tenanted by the wolf or bear.

In climbing the Alps one is always sure of finding plenty of ice-cold water from the melting snow overhead; but on this arid mountain, we found only a single spring between the bottom and top. And oh, how delicious it was, as we sat and ate our lunch, and drank and drank again of the crystal stream. But after leaving it there was no more water, save some shallow and stagnant pools, till we got back to it again from the summit. And oh, how thirsty we were, although we tried to assuage the thirst by

chewing the green leaves of the trees: and how hot it was, although as we climbed higher and higher it became cooler and cooler, till at the summit we were glad to put on our overcoat and cower from the wind, behind the huge rocks that lay piled up in cyclopean architecture all around.

The view from the summit was well worth the climb, especially the deep ravines and gorges, into which it seemed as if we could leap from the mountain top. We lay down on the rocks and gazed and gazed our fill on the magnificent panorama, a perfect sea of mountains all around, and in the distance the winding streams, the fertile farms, the smiling villages and towns.

Near the foot of the mountain, is the extraordinary gorge known as the Flume, shown in the larger picture. Crossing and recrossing a stream at intervals, clambering up the sides of steep rocks, again following the bed of the stream itself, one finds at every forward movement something to admire. The Cascade is a continuous fall—a sheet of molten silver, on the smooth and polished rock—of more than six hundred feet. The descent is very gradual, with occasional abruptness. With the murmur of its waters in the ear, and its marvellous beauty in the eye, we ascend to the Flume itself. No more wild and striking view can be imagined. For seven or eight hundred feet or more the stream pours its volume along a rocky bed, which breaks it up into numberless waterfalls, between two mural precipices, that lift themselves on either side, crowded with the

abundant foliage of the forest. The height of these walls is from sixty to seventy feet. The width between them is a general average of twenty feet, except at the upper end. Here the walls approach each other. Suddenly contracting to about ten feet, they hold, suspended between them, about midway up their sides, a huge boulder of granite. So nicely is it adjusted, and so slight appears its hold, that one would think the gentlest touch sufficient to push it from its resting-place into the ravine below. By what process it has fallen into its present position—indeed, in what manner this remarkable fracture of the rock has taken place—is a puzzle for scientific heads. Its presence greatly adds to the wildness of the scene. We are content with that, and do not care to speculate about its cause. In general, one can follow the stream through this narrow gorge,—not without trepidation as he passes beneath the suspended mass,—and, by climbing the rocky heights, can obtain a capital view from above. The trunk of a tree lies across a chasm, forming a temporary and precarious bridge.

The smaller engraving gives a view of the White Mountains from the Grand Trunk Railway. But the best way to enjoy them, is to ramble among them on foot. In the April and May numbers of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, the present writer gives an account, illustrated by twenty-two beautiful engravings of his adventures and explorations in

this charming region, to which articles we beg to refer any of our readers who are further interested in the subject.

Canadian Methodist Magazine. Price \$2 a year; \$1 for six months; 20 cents per number. For sale at all bookstores.

The most noteworthy article in this number is one by Principal Dawson, D.C.L., F.R.S., of McGill University, on "Points of Contact between Science and Religion"—a subject which, treated by such a master hand, is full of interest, and is of great and permanent value. The illustrated articles are "More About Fire Mountains" and a chapter full of stirring incident on Stanley's Adventures in the Dark Continent—both finely illustrated. An admirable Life Sketch, with portrait of the Rev. Thomas Savage, by his son, J. W. Savage, is also given. As a first fruit of Methodist union, appears an interesting article on Astronomy from the Rev. H. J. Knott, of the Bible Christian Church. The Rev. E. R. Young recounts a thrilling adventure on the ice of Lake Winnipeg; and the Rev. T. Lewis, a Welsh missionary in Newfoundland, records some striking incidents of early Methodism in Wild Wales. Dr. Nelles's admirable addresses on "The Consonance of Science and Revelation" will be read with the attention which everything that he writes commands. The editor reviews, with copious quotations, recent Scottish Poetry, and congratulates the Church on the virtual unanimity of the Union vote.

The notices of important recent books are unusually full and varied.

Although an extra copy of the early numbers of the *Magazine* was published, the January issue was soon exhausted and had to be reprinted.

Adventures in Canada, or, Life in the Woods. Edited by John C. Geikie. Pp. 408. Philadelphia: Foster & Coates. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

It may not be generally known that the distinguished Dr. J. Canning Ham Geikie, the author of one of the most learned and successful Lives of Christ ever written, of *Hours With the Bible*, and other valuable books, was for a long time resident in Canada, first in Canada West, then in Nova Scotia, and one of his brothers still lives in this city—a successful physician. In the book under notice, Dr. Geikie gives an account of his boyhood's adventures in the Canada of some thirty years ago; of his voyage across the Atlantic, his landing at Quebec; his journey to Toronto, and westward to his new home on the St. Clair river; and of his subsequent adventures in the country. He gives a graphic account of bush life—of hunting and fishing, of wolf and bear stories, Indian adventures, anecdotes of Canadian social life, a description of a visit to Niagara Falls, an account of the oil-wells, of life in Toronto, and other things that all Canadian boys will like to read.

AN FASTER HYMN

BECAUSE our Lord hath risen indeed,
We know that we shall rise again,
From earthly pain and sorrow freed,
Without a spot or sinful stain.

Oh Christ of sorrows! Christ of pain!
Oh Christ that died, our hope and trust!
As Thou hast risen, we'll rise again,
Although these temples turn to dust.

So Faith sings sweetest songs of love,
And Hope uplifts our stricken hearts,
Sweet peace descendeth from above,
And all our doubting fear departs.

And so I'll tune my golden lyre,
And strike the chords of love and peace,
Until He bids me come up higher,
And gives me spirit glad release.

IF YOU WOULD RISE.

SOON after the great Edmund Burke had been making one of his powerful speeches in Parliament, his brother Richard was found sitting in silent reverie; and when asked by a friend what he was thinking about, he replied—

"I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talent in our family. But then I remember that when we were doing nothing, or at play, he was always at work."

And the force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard was always considered, by those who knew him best, to be superior in natural talent to his brother; yet the one rose to greatness, while the other lived and died in comparative obscurity.

The lesson to all is, if you would succeed in life, be diligent, improve your time, work. "Seest thou a man," says Solomon, "diligent in his business? He shall stand before" that is shall not be ranked with "mean men."

LAYING DOWN HIS LIFE.

BY LUCIA E. F. KIMBALL.

THE holidays were over. They had been full of fun and brightness to Ned Holbrook, but there was a kind of restless feeling in his heart that January morning as he stood looking out of the window after prayer. Was it because there would be no Christmas or New Year's for a long time to come? Perhaps that had something to do with it, but not all. His father had read that wonderful third chapter of John about love, and the words of two verses had fastened themselves upon Ned's mind, though he couldn't tell why. They were these: "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. . . My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." What did all this mean to him?

A few months before, Ned had stood up in the church, where his father and mother had stood before him, and had taken upon himself the sweet, solemn vows of consecration and love. He meant all he said, and wanted to be a right loyal follower of the Lord Jesus. But now he was puzzled about this laying down of his life, and what it was to love in deed and in truth. Then he began to think of his presents and a puzzle of another sort he hadn't yet been able to put together, and pretty soon he was upstairs working at that. It didn't come out right, and after awhile the old thought about the verses drifted back to him. He would ask Aunt Elizabeth. She helped him settle a good many things.

He knocked at her door, and as soon as he got inside he began hurriedly:—

"Say, Aunt Lizzie, do you 'spose those verses father read this morning meant anything to boys like me?"

Aunt Elizabeth had forgotten them, but when Ned looked them up in her Bible, and they read them together, her face grew happy and tender as she said,—

"So you were thinking, were you, Ned, if they meant anything to you this glad new year? Ever so much more than you think."

"But I can't lay down my life for anybody."

"No, dear child, but you can have the same spirit Christ had when He died for you and me. That will make you kind and helpful to everybody, and willing to deny yourself to make others happy. Ray wants to be taken out on her new sled this morning, and you would rather stay in the house and read, or go to the pond and skate with the other boys. Now, if you do this for her, it is not exactly laying down your life, but it is doing something you ought instead of something you want to do just to please yourself. I think that is what the verse means to you. And the other. You tell Ray how much you love her a good many times. That's loving in word and in tongue, but denying yourself to make her happy is loving in deed and in truth."

Ned's face grew bright.

"I see now," he said quickly. "It's real plain and easy."

"You'll find it pretty hard sometimes if you carry it straight through

every day of the year. But it's the only way to be happy—the true kind of happy. A good many people think they are happy because things go to suit them, and they have all they want, but that is not the real thing at all."

Aunt Elizabeth was through with her little preaching, and said so. But Ned was no half-way boy. When he had an end in view, he aimed straight for it with a stout purpose. He did not go right away, as Aunt Elizabeth expected he would, but stood on one foot and played with the fringe of her table-cover. Aunt Elizabeth knew he had something more on his mind, but she went on with her dusting and let him come to it himself.

At last it came out.

"You know Mollie Maloney?"

"Yes."

"I heard her tell Bridget her little cripple boy didn't get any Christmas presents, and he felt real bad about it."

"Well?"

Aunt Elizabeth stood still now, with the feather-duster in her hand and looked her question.

"I didn't think it was anything to me then, but now it seems different. I had a good many presents, you know. I might give him the book with the stories and the pictures you gave me—he would like that—if you are willing?"

"Certainly. It is yours to do with as you please. It will make two boys happy instead of one," and Aunt Elizabeth kissed him tenderly, for she knew this was one of the presents Ned cared for most; so he had been generous even in his giving.

The joyful tears came into her eyes a few minutes later, as she saw him start off with Ray, whose eyes shone out like stars from under her scarlet hood. Ned looked so manly and resolute, with the book under his arm, that she called his mother to see, and told her of the morning's verses and what had come of them.

"Kate Greenaway might paint those two little people and put them in one of her quaint books that are so pretty, but she couldn't catch the brightness of Ned's face, any way," Aunt Elizabeth said with a happy laugh.

CHILDREN, REMEMBER.

WHAT the saloon takes a boy of beauty and promise, teaches him to carouse with gay associates, and makes him a bloated, loathsome, worthless man.

That it takes a young girl, loved and lovable, and manufacturers her into a miserable, bloated woman, at whom passers-by point with the finger of scorn.

That it wrecks lives that might but for it be grand, hearts that might otherwise be happy, homes, that might in its absence blossom into Edens.

That it fills our prisons with criminals who without it might be useful members to society.

That it fills our poorhouses with paupers, that in its absence might dwell in homes of luxury.

That it fills our asylums with lunatics and idiots—complete specimens of its handiwork.

That it is the source from whence

springs 80 per cent, of all the crimes committed in our land.

That it increases the taxes of our country 50 per cent.

That it fills our streets with hungry, ragged children, that without it would be clothed and fed.

That it drives men from their homes and families, sends them tramping over the country in search of bread, when they should be adding to the wealth of the state by their industry.

That it fills the pure air of heaven with profanity and filth.

That it drags man down from the high position in which his maker placed him, and makes him a fit associate of only the lowest brutes.

That it deprives the children of nearly all the enjoyments and beauties of childhood, and drives them out from the home to labour with their little hands to feed a drunken father's appetite.

That it robs the mothers of all the joys and comforts of life, and makes them suffer for the wickedness of others.

That it fills the earth with the bones of murdered men.

That it defrauds heaven by crowding hell with the souls of men.

That no boy who desires to become a happy, prosperous, useful and respected member of society, should be seen standing in the vicinity of a saloon.—*Exchange.*

THE BLESSED MASTER.

HIS hands were hardened with carpenter's tools;
His sandals were dusty with going afoot;
He was all unlearned in the subtle schools;
He was meek and lowly and destitute.

The fox in the hillside burrowed her home;
The bird in the branches builded her bed;
The King of the earth to His kingdom came
Owned never a roof to shelter His head.

But oh, the grace of His loving face!
The touch of His tender hand!
What joy to stay by His side always,
As He went through ail the land!

To hear His talk in the daily walk
By the vineyard or the wheat,
To know He has blest the couch of our rest
And the poorest food we eat!

Urania Locke Bailey.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

"HARDLY a day passes by," says the *Boot and Shoe Recorder*, "but we see evidence of the folly of our young men, scattered here and there. They are in quest of something to do. They are willing to work for about half the pay they should be receiving. If you ask them what is their trade, they will reply they have none; and, in these days when skilled labour is in demand, it is a shame and outrage for so many bright, promising young men to be loitering their time away, either looking for work, or, if they have it, in a position where the pay is nothing. We have too many such who expect to climb up the ladder of fame and fortune without working for it. They are looking around for pins to pick up, and to fold to the embrace of some wealthy bank president or philanthropic merchant, made a partner, and finally marry into the family. Such cases are not to be found every day in the present time. We read Munchausen tales of years gone by, that have an ending like this. But today the merchant who wants a young man, wants one of character and

ability. Learn a trade, young man; first become proficient in some branch of industry, so that when you go forth to pasture new, you know within yourself that you have something to fall back on for a living. If the young men of to-day would ask some of our old and successful merchants for the secret of their success in life, they would well be astonished at the stories of early hardships, trials and privations they endured. Fathers, mothers, is there not a lesson to be learned from this? Is it not your duty to see your boys educated to make their living, so that when they come to man's estate, they can bless you for it!"

THE DEATH OF HUSS

ON the streets of Constance was heard a shout,
"Masters! bring the arch-heretic out!"
The stake had been planted, the faggots spread.

And the tongues of the torches flickered red.
"Huss to the flames!" they fiercely cried.
Then the gates of the Convent opened wide.

Into the sun from the dark he came,
His face as fixed as a face in a frame.
His arms were pinioned, but you could see,
By the smile round his mouth, that his soul was free;
And his eye with a strange bright glow was lit,
Like a star just before dawn quencheth it.

To the pyre the crowd a pathway made,
And he walked along it with no man's aid;
Steadily on to the place he trod,
Commending aloud his soul to God.
Aloud he prayed, though they mocked his prayer:
He was the only one tranquil there.

But, eyeing the faggots, he quickened pace,
As we when we see our loved one's face.
"Now, now, let the torch in the resin flare,
Till my books and body be ashes and air!
But the spirit of both shall return to men,
As dew that rises descends again."

From the back of the crowd where the women wept,
And the children whispered, a peasant stepped.

A goodly bavin was on his back,
Brittle and sere, from last year's sack.
And he placed it carefully where the torch
Was sure to lick and the flame to scorch.

"Why bring you fresh fuel, friend? Here are sticks

To burn up a score of heretics!"
Answered the peasant, "Because this year,
My health will be cold, for is firewood dear;
And Heaven be witness I pay my toll,
And burn your body to save my soul."

Huss gazed at the peasant, he gazed at the pile,
Then over his features there dawned a smile.

"O Sancta Simplicitas! By God's troth,
This faggot of yours may save us both,
And He who judgeth perchance prefer
To the victim the executioner!"

Then unto the stake was he tightly tied,
And the torches were lowered and thrust inside.

You could hear the twigs crackle and sputter the flesh.

Then "Sancta Simplicitas!" moaned afresh.
'Twas the last men heard of the words he spoke,
Ere to Heaven his soul went up with the smoke.

—*Alfred Austin, in Good Words.*

LITTLE Arthur had been to church.
"How did you like the sermon?"
asked his sister. "Pretty well,"
responded the youthful critic. "The
beginning was very good, and so was
the end; but—it had too much
middle."

Look down upon genius and he will
rise to a giant—attempt to crush him,
and he will soar to a god.

"CALLEST THOU THUS, OH MASTER."

CALLEST Thou thus, oh Master,
 Callest Thou thus to me?
 I am weary and heavy laden,
 And I'm going to come to Thee,
 And out in the lonely darkness
 Thy voice soundeth so sweet,
 But I am not worthy, Master,
 Not worthy to kiss thy feet.

"Child," said the gracious Master,
 "Why turnest thou thus away
 When I come thro' the darkness
 Seeking my sheep who have gone astray?
 I know thou art heavy laden,
 So I knew thou hadst need of Me;
 And the feet of thy loving Master,
 Are weary thro' seeking thee."

Comest Thou thus, oh Master
 Comest Thou thus to me!
 When my untrimmed lamp is dying,
 And my house is not meet for Thee;
 For Thou art so great and holy,
 And mine is so poor a home,
 And I am not worthy, Master,
 Not worthy that Thou should'st come.

"Child," said the gracious Master,
 And His voice was very sweet,
 "I only ask for a welcome,
 And rest for My weary feet."
 Then over my lowly threshold,
 So dark and defiled by sin,
 Though I am not worthy, Master,
 I pray Thee to enter in.

LETTER FROM PORT SIMPSON,
 B. C.

THE following is a letter sent by Miss K. Hendry, of Port Simpson, to be read in Wellington Street Methodist Sunday-school, Brantford. It has been kindly sent us for publication in PLEASANT HOURS. We hope it will increase the interest of all our readers in this important mission, and in this devoted young missionary.

BELOVED FRIENDS.—It is with feelings of tender affection that I embrace this my first opportunity to write to you. It is now nearly five months since I looked into your kind faces and said "good-bye!" What a wonderful experience these months have brought, to myself, perhaps, more especially. During my journey of nearly 5,000 miles over land and sea, I was surrounded by kind friends, and had the comforting assurance that God was guiding my steps. A knowledge of your prayers, together with the constant presence of Jesus, brought sweet peace to my soul, and made me to rejoice that I was in the way of duty.

It is indeed a wonderful change to leave such a large circle of dear friends and come among a people of such strange language and peculiar habits. Yet I praise the Lord for an ever-increasing interest in this great work. Though I miss the many loved ones, yet I do not realize that we are so far apart, but often live among you, especially in the Sabbath-school, and with my own dear class. I love to think of the many happy hours spent together. If I have helped any I rejoice, if I have hindered any I do ask forgiveness. Reflecting upon the past, I see wherein I might have been a greater help to others, and received to myself greater blessings. But I take comfort from the thought that we are actuated by mutual prayer.

I will not attempt to describe my journey, which was grand; and will but mention the kind welcome accorded us by the people here. Flags were raised, men and women, boys and girls, came forward to greet us with such demonstrations of pleasure as to call

into use both hands. Such a welcome gave us a wonderful inspiration for the work of our choice. I often think I am the happiest person in British Columbia. Our work demands self-denial, but contains a grandeur that cheers us on our way. Through the efforts of Bro. and Sister Crosby, and the glorious Gospel, a good work has been accomplished. Not one picture has been overdrawn, but much remains to be done, and many privations to be endured. What a privilege to be permitted to share in this great work. I have charge of sixteen girls at present. Some are wild and rude, others bright and intelligent. I have won their affection, and find them improving. The small girls are easily managed, and have had a service formed for themselves, while the larger ones are at public worship. God blesses their little hearts as they weep over their sins. The people here are very kind to each other. The other morning I saw three little fellows coming to school through the cold and frost in bare feet. The largest was carrying his little companions in turn upon his back, warming their feet with his hands. My heart went out to the dear little fellow in love while I saw him striving thus to comfort others at the expense of his own feeling. Many of our people come bare foot to Church, where we have no fire but that which comes from above. Think, dear children, how much you owe to God for His many blessings. Yet with all the love of Jesus in the heart, and the warming influences of His Holy Spirit, we do not think much about our trials, but praise the Lord for the wonderful love that warms the soul.

At Essington, 40 miles from Port Simpson, a poor blind Indian girl listened to the story of Jesus' love. After again hearing the Gospel at a Missionary Meeting she was moved to give as a thank-offering a part of her money. Some wicked white men spoke as if it was a shame to receive her money, and collecting some gave it to her, but she refused to accept anything from those who made light of Christianity.

A little boy who had learned to love Jesus, being out in search of food in a canoe with his mother, had the misfortune of being capsized. After great peril of life he reached the shore, and ran shrieking for help along the rocks. Through hard struggling the mother came to shore, and the son, throwing himself at her feet, wonderfully foretold of his death, and at the same time told of his going to be with Jesus. The boy passed away to share in the eternal glory, and the mother, tearing up her blanket, secured his body and her own safety from the rising tide, and clung to a tree until a passing vessel rescued her from her privious situation. Hers was truly a sad story.

Beloved ones, I cannot begin to tell how much the blessed Gospel has done in this wonderful country, and how God has honoured His servants in their work among the various tribes along the coast. Bro. and Sister Crosby have shared largely in this work, and will, no doubt, reap a rich reward.

The visiting is very interesting to me, but the people are very lazy, and oh, so dirty: dogs, cats, and chickens, are included in the family in many homes. I often visit a good old woman of a hundred years, who possesses, as do many others, remarkable lips. A large portion of the lower lip is out away to give place to a plate of bone, wood, or

silver, inserted as an ornamental substitute. I found her in company with chickens, in bed, and happy. Each week I visit from eight to eighteen families, and by the aid of an interpreter, talk, sing, and pray with them, and thus bring happiness to them. I haste to learn their language.

Our Sunday morning service was interesting, and was, under God's blessing, a means of grace indeed, and the gate of heaven to many souls. Mr. Crosby and an Indian, each in his own language, spoke from the text, "Peter followed Him afar off." A most powerful influence rested upon all, and a song of praise and thanksgiving went up to heaven. After service I took fifteen of my girls apart, spoke to them, and asked those who loved Jesus to join me in singing

"My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine."

Only two joined with me, but the rest wept bitter tears. We then had a few moments of silent prayer, asking all to pray "Lord, show me Thyself for Jesus sake." Beloved, the tears of penitence that flowed here are remembered in heaven. O, the influences of this Gospel of Christ, as eight of those girls followed me in prayer. Thank God there was joy on earth and in heaven, too.

But I must close—with kindest love and best wishes to all the dear friends. Oh that we each may have grace given us to do the whole will of God on earth that we may enjoy a rich reward in heaven.

This is the loving prayer of your affectionate friend and devoted sister in Christ.
 K. HENDRY.

FROM Oka, Lake of the Two Mountains, the Rev. A. Dorion writes:—In presenting a brief sketch all that I can say is, that I am very thankful to the Giver of all blessings, for His kind providence bestowed upon this mission during the year; for notwithstanding all the oppression and petty persecutions that we have endured from the hands of our many enemies, we have gladly witnessed, from time to time, the saving power of a preached Gospel; for our Missionary labour has been greatly blessed in the conversion of many of those poor neglected sons of the forest, who are now, by the grace of God, striving "to enter in at the strait gate." It is very comforting to see them either in class or in prayer-meetings, witnessing, in their own simple way, the saving power of the grace of God, through faith alone in the all-merciful Saviour; and here we may well say, with one of old, "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Our Sunday-school is very promising, and is becoming a great means of grace to the young who are attending it from Sabbath to Sabbath, in order to read and study the Gospels which contain the doctrines of our holy religion. And we are also greatly indebted to our Toronto friends for supplying our Sunday school, gratuitously, with copies of the PLEASANT HOURS and the *Sunbeam*, which are very kindly received by all the children of our Sunday-school; for we have been greatly pleased many a time in seeing how the little boys and girls take pleasure in looking over the pictures on their papers.

AN UNTRUTH.

TWO young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them in playing a brick discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other. His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," he said. "Pooh!" answered Ben; "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You are too particular." "My mother," replied he, "taught me that truth is truth, and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle." "O," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and have no intention of lying." "Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie, and I have read that a lie in one's work is like a lie in his character—it will show itself soon or later, and bring harm, if not ruin." "I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben, and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher, till the close of the day, when they quitted work and went home. The next morning they went to resume their work, when, behold the lie had wrought out the result of all lies. The wall, getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last in the night had toppled over again. Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin. Tell, act, and live the exact truth always.—Selected.

TRUE MANLINESS AS REVEALED IN A YOUNG STREET ARAB.

SERGEANT," said a diminutive specimen of the street Arab, as he met an officer wearing a sergeant's uniform, on the street about ten o'clock, "can you send an officer to guard some property to-night?"

The urchin's clothes were tattered, his face was dirty, and he was soaked with rain; but there was a manly air about him for all that. The officer looked somewhat astonished at the request coming from such a strange source, and asked kindly, "What do you want an officer for, my boy?"

"Because," answered the child, and tears filled his eyes, "I was leaning against a store window on Chestnut street, and I guess I pushed too hard, and the glass broke, and I couldn't make anybody hear, so I started as fast as I could to find an officer, to keep anybody from stealing the things in the window. And, Sergeant, I have thirty-five cents I made selling papers to-day. If I give you that don't you think they would let me go until I could make enough to pay for the glass? It is every cent I have, but I don't want to go to gaol."

"Keep your money, my boy," said the officer, "I will see that the store is guarded, and if you go and tell the owner to-morrow I don't believe he will take a cent from you. Anyhow, I can trust you."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I will be sure to go and see him, and I will try to save all the money I can to pay him, if he wants it." And, drying his eyes, he went on, probably to a cheerless home.—*Ed.*

"THE LOST CHORD,"

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wander'd idly
Over the noisy keys;

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fever'd spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It link'd all perplexed meanings,
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away in silence,
As if it were loth to cease:

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And enter'd into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel,
Will peep in that chord again;
It may be that only in heav'n
I shall hear that grand Amen.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

A GROUP of boys stood on the walk before a fine drug store, pelting one another with snow balls. In an unlucky moment the youngest sent a ball spinning through the frosty air against the druggist's window. The crash terrified them all, but none of them so much as the little fellow who stood pale and trembling with startled eyes, looking at the mischief he had done. "Won't old Kendrick be mad? Run, Ned! we won't toll. Run quick!" "I can't be gashed. Run I tell you, he's coming, coward! why don't you run? I guess he wouldn't catch me!" "How stupid, he'll be caught! Not spunk enough to run away! Well, done all I can for him," muttered the boy.

The door opened and an angry face appeared. "Who did this?" came in fierce tones from the owner's lips. "Who did this I say" he shouted. No one answered. The trembling, shrinking boy drew near. The delicate-looking culprit faced the angry man, and in tones of truth replied, "I did it, sir." "And you dare tell me of it?" he said, as he caught Ned by the collar. "I dare not deny it sir, I dare not tell a lie." The reply was unexpected. The stern man paused, he saw the pale cheeks, the frightened eyes; within the soul of truth shone, and his heart was touched. "Come here, sir," he commanded. "What is your name?" "Edward Howe, sir. Oh what can I do to pay you? I'll do anything"—his eyes filled with tears—"only don't make my mother pay for it, sir?" "Will you shovel my walk when the next snow falls?" Ned's face was radiant as he answered—"All winter, sir, I'll do it every time it snows." "All right, see that you are on hand immediately after the next snow." "Thank you, sir, I will be on hand for certain."

One morning about a week after this, when Ned awoke, he found the ground covered with a deep snow. Hastily dressing himself, and without waiting for his breakfast, he hurried off to the drug store. Mr. Kendrick, seeing him coming, went to the door to see what he was saying. "Well, Ned, I see you have kept your promise." "Yes

sir, I always try to do that." "Well" said he "I am just in need of a trusty boy in the store, I guess I will not ask you to shovel the snow; but will give you constant employment in the store if you are willing to stay." Years have rolled by, and Ned has become a partner in this store. And in all these years he has found it pays to "do right."

READY BEFOREHAND.

WHAT are you doing now? I never saw a girl that was so always finding something to do!"

"I'm only going to sew a button on my glove."

"Why, you're not going out, are you?"

"Oh! no. I only like to get things ready beforehand, that's all."

And this little thing, that had been persisted in by Grace Hammond until it had become a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself ever had any idea of; more time, too. In fact, it was of almost incalculable value to her. Ready beforehand—try it. As surely as you do faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the slipshod, time-enough-when-it's-wanted way of doing.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A. D. 37.] LESSON I. April 1.

SIMON THE SORCERER

Acts 8. 14-25. Commit to memory vs. 20-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Acts 8. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. The Spirit Received. v. 14-17.
2. The Sorcerer Rebuked. v. 18-25.

TIME.—A. D. 37, a few months after the death of Stephen.

PLACE.—The city of Samaria, in central Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Now when*—This was after Philip had been preaching at Samaria. *The apostles*—They stayed at Jerusalem when the rest of the Church was scattered during Saul's persecution. *Heard that Samaria*—The people of Samaria were not Jews, but were especially hated by the Jews. *Received the word*—The news of the Gospel. *They sent*—Peter and John went to represent the apostles and Church. *Come down*—Words used because Samaria stood on ground not so high as Jerusalem. *Receive the Holy Ghost*—The same power which had come upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost. *He was fallen upon none*—The Holy Spirit, a person in the Godhead. *Baptized*—They had been baptized as believers in Jesus. *Simon*—The sorcerer, one who claimed to have a power from God to do miracles and know the future, but was a deceiver. He had professed to believe in Jesus, and had been received into the Church. *Offered them money*—He thought that they were sorcerers, like himself, only possessing greater power. *Give me . . . this power*—He wanted to be an apostle himself, in having power. *Thy money perish with thee*—Meaning that both Simon and his money were doomed to destruction. *The gift of God*—God gives, but does not sell. *Neither part nor lot*—Not in heart one of God's people; not fit to receive the Holy Ghost. *Repent*—Turn from sin, as well as be sorry for it. *If perhaps*—If not too far gone in sin to repent. *Gall of bitterness*—In a state of sin as bitter as gall itself. *Bond of iniquity*—Fastened by wickedness as a chain. *Pray ye for me*—He did not speak of praying for himself. *Testified*—Borne witness to Jesus by preaching his word.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach—

1. That one may be baptized without being converted?

2. That God only can forgive sin?
3. That forgiveness can be obtained only by repentance and prayer?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was the Gospel planted by Philip? In Samaria. 2. What followed the laying of the apostles' hands on those who had been converted? The gift of the Holy Ghost. 3. How did Simon the sorcerer seek to obtain this power? By buying it. 4. What did Peter say to him? "Thy money perish with thee." 5. What did Peter urge him to do? To repent and seek forgiveness.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The evil heart.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

15. What honour was done to Christ at his baptism?

Christ was honoured at his baptism by the Spirit of God, like a dove, descending upon him; and by a voice coming from heaven saying, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

A. D. 37.] LESSON II. [April 8.

PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN.

Acts 8. 26-40. Commit to memory verses 35-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And he went on his way rejoicing. Acts 8. 39.

OUTLINE.

1. Reading. v. 26-33.
2. Receiving. v. 34-35.
3. Rejoicing. v. 39, 40.

TIME.—A. D. 37, immediately after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—The desert south-west of Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The angel*—A divine messenger. *Arose*—From Samaria, where he then was. *Unto the way*—The desert-road from Jerusalem south-west. *Arose and went*—Obeying the command, strange as it seemed. *An eunuch*—An officer in the court of Oriental kings. *Come to Jerusalem*—Through a foreigner, he worshipped God. *To worship*—He was going home after a journey of twelve hundred miles. *Read Esaias*—The prophet Isaiah. *The Spirit said*—By a divine impulse within his mind. *Join thyself*—Keep close to it. *Philip ran*—Showing readiness to obey God's voice. *Understandest thou*—He was reading aloud, and Philip saw that he was perplexed. *How can I*—Being a foreigner and not a Jew. *Desired Philip*—He saw that Philip was intelligent. *The place of the Scripture*—This was Isa. 53. *As a sheep*—So was Jesus led to death. *Judgment was taken away*—That is, no justice was given him. *Declare his generation*—Tell the story of his life since it was cut short. *Of whom speaketh*—This referred to Jesus Christ. *Preached unto him Jesus*—Showed that this was about Jesus. *A certain water*—A spring or stream. *Baptized*—Philip had told him that believers in Jesus were baptized in his name. *Believest with . . . heart*—True belief is resting the heart on Jesus as the Saviour. *Jesus . . . Son of God*—No one can truly believe this without trusting in Jesus as his Saviour. *Baptized him*—Thus making him a member of Christ's Church. *Caught away Philip*—He left suddenly, by a divine impulse, or by being taken away bodily. *He went on his way*—The Ethiopian rejoiced, because he had found Jesus. *Passing through*—All the cities on the sea-coast, as those of Joppa and Lydda.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show—

1. An example of obedience to God?
2. The benefits of studying the Scriptures?
3. The way to be saved?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Philip meet in the Desert? An Ethiopian nobleman. 2. What was the Ethiopian doing when Philip met him? Reading the Scriptures. 3. What did Philip say to him? "Understandest thou what thou readest?" 4. What did he ask Philip to do? To show him the meaning. 5. What did Philip then do? He preached Jesus to him. 6. How did the Ethiopian receive Philip's preaching? He believed in Jesus.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ the fulfillment of prophecy.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

16. What became of Christ immediately after his baptism?

Christ, immediately after his baptism, was forty days in the wilderness, where he endured the temptations of the devil, and overcame the tempter.

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