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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

[No. 20.



OUR PAPER.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

**Work and Play.**

THE boys were waiting in the road  
For Joe to come and play;  
"We'd like to know what keeps you so,"  
Impatiently cried they;  
"We've waited nearly half an hour;  
Do hurry, Joe!" they cried.  
"I'll be there when my work is done;  
Not till then," he replied.

"Come on! come on! the work can wait,"  
They urged, "till by and by."  
"It might, of course, but I don't think  
It well," was his reply;  
"When I've a task to do, I like  
To do it right away;  
Work first, my father says, then fun;  
And what he says I say."

Hurrah for Joe! Such talk as that  
Is what I like to hear;  
But many boys will not agree  
With Joe and me, I fear.  
Play first and last and all the time  
Would suit most boys, I know;  
But that, I'm very glad to say,  
Is not the way with Joe.

When you've a task to do, my boys,  
Don't put it off and say  
You'll do it when you've had your fun,  
But do it right away.  
This "putting off" soon forms, my lads,  
A habit to deplore;  
Who promptly does his work enjoys  
His pleasure all the more.

—Golden Days.

**OUR PAPER.**

THERE is nothing that children like better than to have a paper of their "very own." How the eyes of these little folk sparkle as they unfold their own paper, and with what delight they read it and look at the pictures together. We hope the young readers of the PLEASANT HOURS will enjoy it as much as these young folk are doing.

**NO!**

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

**CHAPTER XI.**

IT IS THE UNFORESEEN THAT HAPPENS.

"COME in here, then," said Mr. Gray, leading him into the directors' room, where a single cabinet-bed stood against the wall. "Here is where you will sleep. Come whenever you are ready. I have had a ventilator put in, as I dare not have the window up, and you must be sure to put up the shutters and bars every night; but leave your door open into the bank. Then, here is a spring in the floor. By treading on this heavily, you will touch a wire that rings a loud bell in the telegraph office next door. We have arranged with the night clerk to send for the police at once, if he hears that ring, and then come to your help himself. Here is your revolver and the box of cartridges, and to-night, after your supper, come to my house and I will show you how to use it."

So at night Jack took his first lesson in the use of a pistol. He had often fired a fowling-piece of his uncle's when Will and he were boys, but never had hit anything, much to Will's scorn. But he had been so little in the habit of hunting that this was not

strange. Now he set himself diligently to learn, and when this lesson was over went to the bank, let himself in at the door, secured the shutters, let down his bed, and though the dark solitude was a little eerie and oppressive he soon fell asleep, and had a long night of that dreamless rest so peculiar to youth and health. This continued his habit for a year, during which no alarm came near him. Every night he set the spring in the floor, and every day unfastened it, with a punctual persistence that was the effect of early training, for his mother had always given him some duty to attend to about the house ever since he was old enough. At first it was merely to pick up a small basket of brush or chips or bits of refuse wood to light Mimy's fire, but it was to be done every day, at the same hour, and when more important things were in question the same promptness and punctuality were always demanded, for Manice understood, what so few people do understand, that a habit cannot be taught too early, and that to insure constant obedience it must begin to be enforced even with the infant in arms.

But all this time Jack practiced with his revolver at every opportunity, and became a very good shot. It did not occur to him that there is a great difference between aiming at a plank and at a living man. He did not distrust at all the steadiness of his own hand in any emergency, but he always recalled the passage in his mother's letter about taking a sinful life away so suddenly, and had made a plan of resistance in a case of attack, resolving to shoot a burglar in the arm or leg, and then call the police to his aid.

But it is the unexpected that always happens. Jack woke up one night to find a man at his side and his own pistol pointed at his head.

"Get up!" said the burglar.

Jack turned his head, but before, in his surprise and terror, he could give the yell he meant to give, another man deftly inserted a gag in his mouth and quietly fastened it there.

Jack's fine plans were all defeated! With that revolver he was so familiar with close at his temple he was forced to rise, partially dress and walk out to the door of the vault. This was easily opened by the men, who had both tools and skill; but Jack knew that the safe inside was impregnable, and had a combination lock. This the burglars knew also.

"Now, young fellar!" said one of them, "do you know that combination?"

Jack could not speak and would not nod his head.

"Take that gag out, Jimmy," said his interlocutor, "this yer pistol is jest as good. It'll go off mighty quick if he don't tell! Now then!" as the gag was removed. "Do you know it?"

"Yes," said Jack who had recovered his self-possession, and oddly enough was roused by the pain the gag had

given him to a certain anger that cleared his brain and made his thoughts arrange themselves with alacrity.

"Tell it, then!"

"No," said Jack, coolly and sturdily.

"Tell it!" repeated the man, with a frightful oath, pressing the pistol a little closer to Jack's throbbing temple.

"I won't!" said Jack.

At that moment the slighter man dropped the gag, the burglar who held the pistol swore at him, and as the gag holder stooped and turned the glow of the dark lantern he held toward the floor it flashed across the back of his empty hand, and Jack saw a long white scar shine from the root of the thumb to the wrist. Where had he seen that scar before? He could not stop to remember, now was his time to fight. He dashed his right hand up against the pistol and knocked it out of the burglar's hand. It flew into the man's face and went off, but only for a moment stunned him. Jack leaped over the man with the lantern who had stooped to look for the gag, and rushed for the spring on the floor, gave it one powerful blow, and then another, before the pursuing burglar could get him in hand again. The gong in the next house rang out in the midnight stillness, and the door opened suddenly.

"We're done for, Jim; take that, you young rascal!" shouted the burglar, firing his pistol at Jack. The room was too dark for a sure aim, but a streak of fire seemed to hit Jack's shoulder. He felt very queer, and when he next opened his eyes two policemen and the telegraph clerk were standing over him as he lay on his bed, and the cold air from his wide-open window was pouring in on his face.

"Are they gone?" he asked, wondering why he could not speak louder.

"Bad luck to 'em; it's gone they are! an' entirely," answered one of the policemen. "Here, dhrink this, me lad, it'll give ye a bit o' life to tell about it."

"No!" said Jack, turning his head away from the offered flask; "give me some water out of that faucet. I feel queer enough; I don't want to be muddled any more."

"Bedad, then, an' bein' riddled in the shouldther's enough to muddle ye. A sup o' the whisky'll clear yer head; take a bit."

"No!" said Jack, with a face of disgust, eagerly drinking the cup of water the clerk brought him.

"Now, what is it?"

And in answer to their questions he told the short story of his encounter.

"Well, you're plucky," said the admiring clerk.

"Ye'd be a credit to the p'lice yer sel'," laughed Pat; but it's time we'd a doctor here; G'arge, run for the next wan; I believe the lad's swoandin' foreninst us!"

And so he was. There was a warm trickle down his arm, the gas danced as if the wind blew it, things seemed

to withdraw from before him, and a strange feeble calm to possess all his faculties. By the time Doctor Burns got there Jack was in a dead faint.

The doctor found on examination that the pistol ball had gone through the boy's shoulder, just grazing the bone; but he had bled a good deal and it had weakened him, though it was only a flesh wound and not dangerous, if no complications set in.

Jack smiled rather feebly in Mr. Gray's face the next morning when that gentleman came at an early hour to investigate matters.

"It's funny, isn't it?" he said; "that's just where I'd planned to shoot him. I didn't mean to kill him, and I had made up my mind to hit his shoulder, but he turned the tables on me."

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men,  
Gang aft a-gley,"

quoted Mr. Gray; "and I don't know why yours shouldn't, Jack; but you're a brave fellow, and you must not talk. Those two things are fixed facts. Doctor Burns is coming to-night in the carriage to fetch you to my house, and you'll find your mother there to nurse you, so now go to sleep," and with a friendly nod Mr. Gray left him.

But he did not sleep long, sweet and soothing as was the thought of his mother's care and love. There were people coming and going all day in the bank, and the chief of police had to come in and ask him a few questions.

These Jack answered as briefly as might be. He had not seen either man's face; each had spoken in a hoarse, low voice, evidently assumed; the pistol was his own, which he always had ready on a chair by his bed.

"Had he ever told any one where he kept his pistol?"

Not that he could remember. Mr. Gray had advised him not to talk about his resources or his precautions, and he could not recollect having done so.

Neither could he tell the height nor figure of his assailants; the man who held the pistol at his temple must have been, he thought, taller than he was, but he could not, in the uncertain gleam of the dark lantern, judge of his size at all.

Afterward, as he lay in Mr. Gray's house, and in the days of a recovery that seemed very tedious though really it was brief thought over all this adventure, he remembered the peculiar scar on the hand of the man who had gagged him; but though he became very sure in the reiterated recollection that he had seen that marked hand before, he could not tell to whom it belonged.

After a few weeks he resumed his place in the bank. The window of the room where he slept had been fortified with iron sash and shutters and a burglar-proof fastening, the warning spring removed to the floor by his bedside, and a strong leather case fastened to the side of his bed where

the pistol would be hidden by the bedspread, yet within reach of his hand. Yet for all this, Manice's heart ached as only a mother's heart can, when she left him to go back to Danvers. She had learned for long years to carry her trouble and anxiety to the place of prayer; but natural tears dimmed her soft eyes as she looked at her boy, still pale from his wound, though almost entirely well.

It was at noon that her train left, and as Jack turned to leave the station he passed an apple-stall just outside the door. A tall young fellow, whose back was turned to him, stretched out his hand to select an apple from the tray—a hand scarred with a glistening white scar from thumb to wrist. Jack's heart gave a great throb. The young man turned, and Jack beheld a face he knew too well.

## AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Yes! it was Lewis Denning who stood there bargaining for an apple, but the instant he saw Jack at his elbow he became even paler than at first, and then a hot, guilty blush surged up over all his face. It was more than a year since Jack had seen him, and in that time he had lost his place from little but frequent acts of dishonesty, and gone down rapidly. O boys, it is so awfully easy to go down! Lewis had but one idea in his life, and that was, in his own phrase, "to have a good time." How often I hear that expression on the lips of old and young, and how it makes me shudder, thinking of the lives I know that have been wrecked, ruined, at the very least made useless and dependent, by the possessing desire for a "good time." Pleasure is not the chief end of man or of his life, and he who makes it the be-all and end-all of his existence makes the greatest and saddest mistake possible.

Lewis had been so often to places where so-called "pleasure" is vended that his small salary was soon spent, and he found himself not only in debt, but, what to his untrained nature seemed still worse, without a cent to buy tickets for theatres, excursions, or even to pay his fare to horse-races. Small sums passed through his hands daily, but not into the cash-drawer; they found the way to his pocket instead. He always meant to pay them back, but never did. They amounted to such a sum by the time his quarter's wages came in that he could not pay his board and restore his "borrowings," as he pleased to call them; for it grew to be a need in his mind that he should go to some place of amusement at least five nights out of seven. But at last his sin found him out; he had for some weeks been suspected and watched by the cashier, who had detected certain disagreements between Lewis's accounts and his cash, for the boy was not yet a skilful thief, and when he had left the bank where he was at first, to take a place as salesman in a dry goods store, he had not been very well recommended, though only censured for carelessness, a fault less pardonable in banking business than any other. When he was turned adrift, thankful that the firm in consideration of his youth were willing to let him go without prosecution, if without a character, he could find no respectable place where he would be employed without references, so he went into a low saloon as a billiard-

marker, and then helped the bar, and with fearful swiftness learned all the vices of his companions.

Now when Jack had first gone to sleep at the bank Frank Sherman had naturally talked to him about the new plan, and expressed his own pleasure at being "out of that fix," as he said.

"But aren't you shaky at all?" he inquired.

"No, not yet!" laughed Jack. "I may shake when the time comes, but I feel pretty safe with my pistol."

"You'll be too scared to use it, I'll bet my head."

"I guess not. I mean to have it handy so I shan't have a chance to be scared."

"Take it to bed, with you?"

"Not much! I don't want to shoot myself. I put it on a chair by my side, where I can reach it right off."

"Well, we shall see if you aren't too scared to think of it," sneered Frank, and neither of the boys thought any more of the conversation.

Jack did not think he had done any harm by mentioning the situation of his pistol, to another clerk in the bank particularly; he had been silent about the spring in the floor, and considered that enough. But it happened that shortly afterward Frank Sherman, whose passion for music had led him into some associations not altogether desirable, and had gone with a young fellow who played the violin in a certain orchestra to have a game of billiards in the very place where Lewis Denning was employed. Frank felt some surprise at seeing his former friend here, and Lewis told a piteous story of misfortune which moved Frank's really generous heart. Shyly, but with true good feeling, he offered Lewis a five-dollar bill as a loan, which was eagerly accepted, and thrust into his pistol pocket with the remark:

"Nobody will meddle with that little barker; the fiver wouldn't be safe in these diggings anywhere else."

"You go armed day and night, do you?" inquired Frank.

"Well, it's better to do so in these diggings; but I've got to earn my bread if it is among roughest and scalamags," said Lewis, with a deep sigh.

"You're twice as well defended as Jack!" laughed Frank, thinking of Jack's chair by his bed.

Of course Lewis asked why, and then came a repetition of the two boys' talk about the best place to keep your defences.

Long after this Lewis became intimate with a man who was called Downy Joe by his companions, and who was really a professional burglar. He gradually won over Lewis to thinking that all property was robbery; that the rich only oppressed and plundered the poor, and that the poor had a real right to avail themselves in any way they could of the riches their fellow-men had accumulated.

The reasoning seemed conclusive to Lewis, who only heard one side of the question; for this seed fell on prepared ground. The young man's soul was full of envy and bitterness, and hate soon overgrew even these evil weeds. He began to consider that he was daily and persistently wronged because he was poor. It never once occurred to him that the greater part of these wealthy men had begun life in as penniless a condition as he had, but instead of spending their hard-earned money on amusements of a doubtful

sort, and their time in reviling and hating their fellow-creatures, they had worked hard, lived economically, and made such a study of the particular business each undertook that they had just as much earned their stores of money as he had his pittance in the billiard rooms, and earned it far more faithfully and laboriously. So when Downy Joe proposed to show Lewis a short way to wealth through the money stored at B—bank he found a willing accomplice, and Lewis was proud to recall his talk with Frank Sherman and described to Joe the arrangements Jack made nightly for his defence.

How far a word may go! What mischief it may do! Jack's unthinking words with Frank were really the means of his suffering now. But he never knew it. And just now the only idea that filled his brain was that Lewis Denning was a burglar, and had come near being a murderer too, for that moment Jack forgot that the older man had taken as well as fired his pistol. He laid his hand on the ragged, dirty young fellow's arm.

"Lewis Denning! how could you?" he asked, his voice trembling.

"Could what?" retorted Lewis, with a dreadful oath.

"I saw your hand and the scar!" said Jack, slowly and distinctly.

Lewis wrenched his arm from Jack's grasp and escaped round the corner of the station.

"What is it, sir?" asked a policeman who had been watching the interview with suspicious interest.

"Nothing," said Jack, sharply.

"One o' them sharps he is," went on the officer. "Always a-hangin' round depots them kind be; I didn't know but he'd be'n a-tryin' it on you. Want him kep' an eye on?"

"No!" answered Jack.

His mind was strongly confused and excited. Its first impulse had been mere pity. Lewis should escape, he would not detain him. And then came the thought—had he any right to help a criminal evade the law? Jack was not versed in metaphysics. He did not often find himself in a dilemma. His business was simple, a certain round of daily duties that involved no decision, no choice, no particular sequence of thought or reflection; out of the bank he had his rational pleasures, and his religious duties, at which he had not yet begun to cavil or question. To be brought suddenly face to face with a doubt like this disturbed him much.

How he wished that train, already screaming far in the distance, were bringing his mother instead of taking her away! He knew very well that in spite of what he said that policeman would keep an eye on Lewis, and could probably arrest him at any time, but this added to his perplexity and pain. But by the time he had reached the bank he decided to ask Mr. Gray's advice, and throw the responsibility on to stronger shoulders than his own. So he asked that gentleman to come into the directors' room and laid the case before him. Mr. Gray considered a moment, then he said:

"Jack, I shall leave this entirely to you to decide. I see you want to shift your responsibility on to me, but you can't do it; this is your business, face it manfully. You recognized the hand, and then the man. I had nothing to do with it. I know that the

idea of much modern thought is to avoid responsibility for any thing and every thing, but it is all wrong. To judge of proper action, 'to refuse the evil and choose the good,' as the Scripture says, is man's high duty and prerogative, and no man can be strong and faithful who evades and avoids it. Now here it stands: you are sorry for Lewis Denning; you were once friendly with him; you do not like to have the law deal with him; you prefer to let him go free. Well, has his offence so entirely concerned you that you have the right to condone it? He has broken the known law of the land. He has endeavoured to rob your employers. Have you no duty to them and to outraged law! Moreover, what do you do to him by countenancing his deed, as you do if you aid or abet his escape? Why, you turn him loose on society to repeat his offence, all the more surely because he has escaped. You deprive him of the benefit of punishment as well as its pains; have you any moral right to do this? Jack, remember your mother's watch-word. There are times when even at the petition of mercy and benevolence an honest Christian man must say 'No.'

Jack meditated a while in this brief statement of the case, and then went to Mr. Gray and said, though as if the words choked him, it must be owned, "Mr. Gray, I guess you'd better tell the police about him."

Mr. Gray understood. He shook Jack's hand heartily, for he pitied his struggle though he respected his decision.

But circumstances saved Jack the trial to which he looked forward. Circumstances, I say, for they are the tools of God even when we do not see that he uses them to shape and fashion souls into his image. Lewis Denning was too new to crime not to be alarmed thoroughly by Jack's recognition. He fled at once from the city to another where he would have still greater opportunities to sink in the scale of being, and Jack never saw him again for years. But once, long after, being asked by a prison chaplain who was his friend, and had watched his course in life, to say a few words in the prison chapel one Sunday, Jack saw among the ranks of evil and worn-out faces before him one that he sadly recognized. Lewis Denning under another name was serving a long sentence for burglary and arson. He had gone on, slipping down, down, down, almost to the very lowest depths earth knows. Jack could not speak that day; he excused himself and hurried out of the chapel. He was then a grown man, in a happy home of his own. But there flashed across him the words of the sainted old divine who, seeing a man pass to the gallows, exclaimed, with pathos, "There goes John Newton but for the grace of God!" For by this time Jack knew his own father's story, and recognized with reverence and gratitude the motherly wisdom that had taught him to deny his craving for pleasure, and instilled into him the love of right and duty, the power to say "No," even to the dearest sin.

As he thought of this his head fell on his bosom in humble thankfulness, and he whispered to himself words greater and diviner than Newton's: "What hast thou that thou didst not receive!"

(To be continued.)

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

**\$250,000**  
FOR MISSIONS  
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

## C. L. S. C. NOTES.

WISE SAYINGS AT THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY OF 1887.

"An education brought to a certain point and then permitted to stop, loses its power and fades, like the flowers that are before us, and that to-morrow will wither and die. So with the education that is permitted to stop. I like this people's college because it begins again, in mid-life, and keeps up this life and energy of intelligence that is so necessary, and keeps us in love with our work."

"They used to say that there is no such thing as a royal road to learning, but now it occurs to me that there is no other road but a royal road; it is the King's highway; up and up the King's highway of learning and of holiness we are pressing, and we hear the voice of those who are before us, saying, 'Come up higher!' and we catch the lesson, the greeting from before us, and we say to those who are yet below, while we are reaching down to them and helping them to mount, 'Come up higher!'"

From the Chautauquans in Japan—there are 2,000 of them—comes the greeting: "From this land of the rising sun, the awakening east greets the awakened west; and anticipates the time when a oneness of purpose and a community of thought shall make all such distinctions mere geographical terms, and the round globe shall be one in feeling, one in ambition, one in Christ Jesus."

"Let us not fail nor be discouraged.

We work with God. God is in the midst of us. When we bend our backs to lift, God puts underneath the everlasting arms and heaves the burden high for us. Let us be a leavening force in our country and in the world. Let us multiply ourselves yet a hundred fold. We ought to overtake the racing future and lasso it, and make it captive for God. The goal forever recedes. But this is a race in which we always win, if only we run with all our might. Let us forget the things which are behind, and press forward. God will crown us all victors, if we die running, wherever on the long race course we fall. All together, then, once more, let us here fill our breast with breath, and here lift our eyes, 'looking unto Jesus' for a new strain of joyful effort in the still unfinished race set before us."

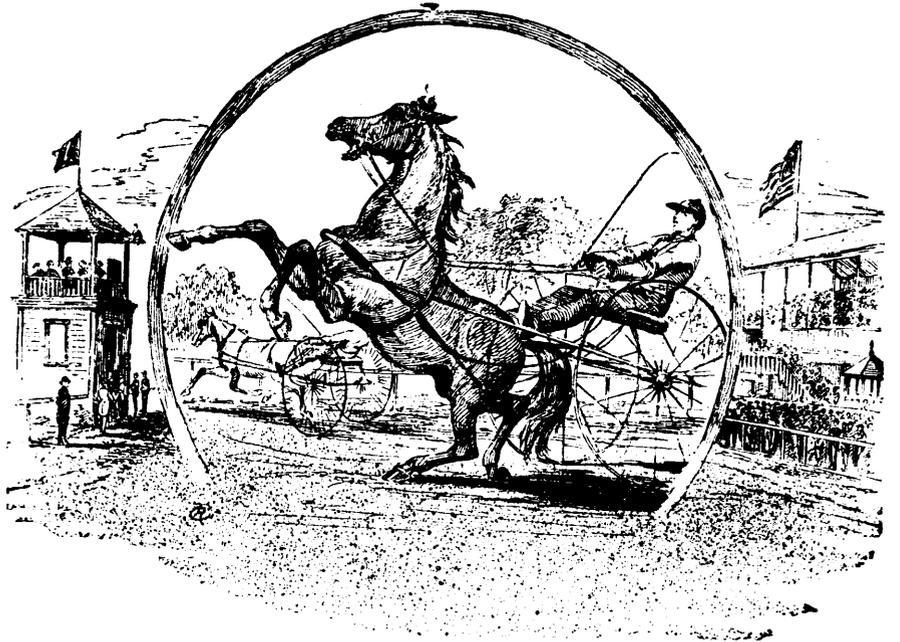
Dr. Edward Everett Hale wrote to Dr. Vincent: "I know perfectly well that you are building better than you knew. This is always the good fortune of men of genius. The truth is that you are binding together some of the best elements in our social order with a tie of sympathy and mutual help which will prove of great national value. It is a great thing to establish a free masonry by which, in all parts of the land, people read, study, and talk with a like enthusiasm on some central subjects which are of interest to all. I confess to you that I shall not be satisfied till we have five million men and five million women reading our courses. Ten times one is ten."

## GROWTH OF THE C. L. S. C. MOVEMENT.

Dr. Vincent's visit to Great Britain gave a great impulse to the C. L. S. C. movement in that country. The Rev. Donald Cook, of Dundee, writes: "We are 'setting the heather on fire' and already the flame is widespread. I cannot say literally with Robert Burns that it extends from 'Maidenkirk to John o'Groat's'; but I can truly say that it extends from Stranraer to Shetland, and those who know Scottish geography will admit that this is as good if not better than Burns' mileage."

Another minister writes: "Words fail to express the enthusiasm with which I read your letter and circular regarding the Chautauqua movement. I have no doubt it has a great future before it, and that it will be a source of blessing to the world."

At the recent Assembly reports were received from Chautauqua Circles, or members, in Russia, in Poland, in Bulgaria, in Turkey in Europe, and



UNMANAGEABLE MAUD S.

Turkey in Asia, in Egypt, in South Africa, in Persia, in Northern, Southern and Central India, in China, in Japan, in Corea, in Siam, in Australia, in Chili, in Mexico, in the West Indies, in Hawaii and elsewhere. Among the students on the broad Pacific are a valiant band of three in Micronesia, who receive their mail but once a year, and who report that their circle, which has continued for three years, expects to graduate all of its members. A Methodist minister at Red Bay, Labrador, who only receives a mail twice a year, has been reading the course.

From Japan comes this report: There are now over two thousand members and twenty-nine local circles at work. Eight hundred copies of the magazine (*the Japanese Chautauquan*), are sold to members every month. Many of these readers, because of their poverty, club together and take the paper. Many, many cases are constantly being reported of persons becoming converted through this means. There are members in Corea, in Loo Choo, and in various small islands, as well as from north to south of this main empire.

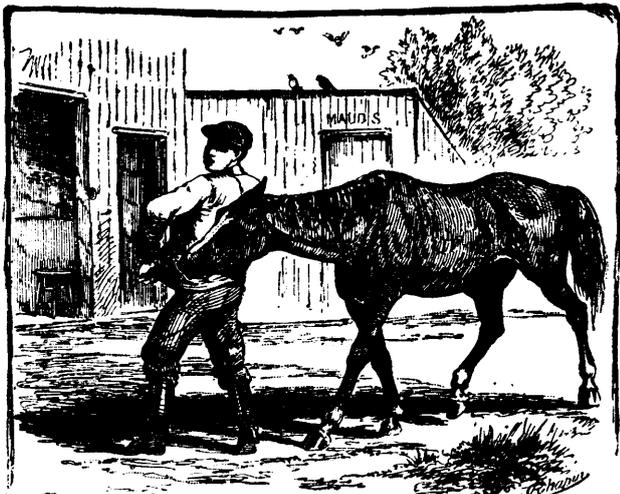
Within ten years 175,000 persons in all have become readers of the C. L. S. C. course, of whom three-fourths are now reading. No scheme of self-education has ever in so short a time accomplished so much. Five thousand have this year completed the four years' course; of these 687 received diplomas at Chautauqua recently. In this number there were thirty-two persons over sixty years of age, five over seventy, and at least two under fifteen. The graduates came from all parts of the country, and represented almost all trades and professions and conditions. One man works in car shops from 4 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day in the week, and yet he found time to do the work for graduation.

"In Canada," says Dr. Vincent's Official Report, "Chautauqua work has for years been fostered through the energy of Mr. Lewis C. Peake, of Toronto, and the summer of 1887 marks the organization of the first Chautauqua Assembly held within the Dominion of Canada." This will give a great impulse to the movement among us. Ministers and Sunday-school Superintendents and teachers may accomplish much good for the young people under their charge by organizing circles and inducing them to enter on this course of reading. The October *Sunday School Banner* contains a full program of the course. For further information address Mr. L. C. Peake, P. O. Drawer 2559, Toronto, Ont. Now is the time, with the approach of the long fall and winter evenings, to begin.

## CARRY A LIGHT.

In France every carriage or cart or waggon must after sundown carry a light; and quite right, too. On those mountain-roads where would we be if our carriage encountered a hay-cart just at the turn of a road or at the edge of a precipice? It is very curious to see a little lantern gleaming out from a moving hill of hay, but it is in every way the correct thing. How we wish that all our acquaintances carried a light! Be they good or bad, we are glad to know where they are and where they are going; for then we know how to deal with them. Your dark men are dreadful men; they seem to be afraid of discovering their own whereabouts, and we know not whether they are friends or foes. We are bound to drive warily when these people are about, and we should, in their neighbourhood, be doubly careful to keep our own lamp burning brightly.—C. H. Spurgeon.

A WISE man knows an ignorant one, because he has been ignorant himself; but the ignorant cannot recognize the wise, because he has never been wise.



MAUD S. HUNTING FOR SUGAR.



**October.**

OCTOBER comes across the hill  
Like some light ghost, she is so still,  
Though her sweet cheeks are rosy;  
And through the floating thistle-down  
Her trailing, brier-tangled gown  
Gleams like a crimson posy.

The crickets in the stubble chime;  
Lanterns flash out at milking time;  
The daisy's lost her ruffles;  
The wasps the honeyed pippins try;  
A film is over the blue sky,  
A spell the river muffles.

The golden-rod fades in the sun;  
The spider's gauzy veil is spun  
Athwart the drooping sedges;  
The nuts drop softly from their burrs;  
No bird-song the dim silence stirs,  
A blight is on the hedges.

But filled with fair content is she,  
As if no frost could ever be,  
To dim her brown eyes' lustre;  
And much she knows of fairy folk  
That dance beneath the spreading oak  
With tinkling mirth and bluster.

She listens when the dusky eyes  
Steps softly on the fallen leaves,  
As if for message cheering;  
And it must be that she can hear,  
Beyond November grim and drear,  
The feet of Christmas nearing.  
SUSAN HARTLEY.

**TAKE THE CHILDREN TO CHURCH.**

BUT "do they not have the Sunday-schools?" Yes; and a well-equipped and Christ-presenting Sunday-school is the right arm of a church. But a right arm is not the main body, and an arm dissevered from the body is a bloodless and impotent thing. All honour to the zealous, devoted Sunday-school teacher. He or she is often an actual pastor or shepherd to guide to Jesus those who have no spiritual guidance at home. But the Sunday-school never was ordained to be, and

never can be, a substitute for the regular services of the sanctuary.

Bring your children with you to church, dear friends. It is their nestling-place as well as yours. Are you quite certain as to what your young swallows and sparrows may be about while you are sitting in your pews?

How do they spend the Lord's-day at home? If you commit the sin of beginning the day with your Sunday newspaper, you may be quite sure that the boys and girls will be deep in the police reports and fashion and gossip and wretched scandals of those Sabbath-breakers while you are listening to the sermon.

Then keep the secular desecrators of holy time out of your doors, and take all of your "bairns" with you to the place where their young hearts may be led heavenward. Expect their early conversion to Christ.—*Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

**A PROTECTING PROVIDENCE.**

It will be difficult to mention cases in which eminent individuals have been preserved from danger and death by the manifest hand of Providence.

John Knox, the Scotch Reformer, had many enemies, who sought to compass his destruction. He was in the habit of sitting in a particular chair in his own house, with his back to the window. One evening, however, when assembling his family, he would neither occupy his accustomed seat, nor allow anybody else to do so. That very evening a bullet was sent through the window with a design to kill him. It grazed the chair which he usually occupied, and made a hole in the candlestick.

It is related of Augustine that he was going on one occasion to preach at a distant town, and took a guide to direct him on the way. By some means the guide mistook his way, and got into a by-path. It was afterwards discovered that a party of miscreants had designed to waylay and murder him, and that his life was saved through the guide's mistake.

Charles of Bala was once saved from death by what some would call a foolish mistake. On one of his jour-

neys to Liverpool his saddle-bag was put into the wrong boat. He had taken his seat when he discovered it, and had to change at the last minute. At first he was vexed and disappointed, but afterwards learned that the boat in which he intended to go was lost, and all its passengers drowned.

Howard, the philanthropist, was once preserved from death by what some would call mere chance, but which was no other than a special Providence. He always set a high value on Sabbath privileges, and was exact and careful in his attendance on the means of grace. That he might neither increase the labour of his servants, nor prevent their attendance on public worship, he was accustomed to walk to the chapel at Bedford, where he attended. One day a man whom he had reprov'd of his idle and dissolute habits resolved to waylay and murder him. That morning, however, for some reason or other, he resolved to go on horseback, and by a different road. Thus his valuable life was preserved.

The Rev. John Newton was in the habit of regarding the hand of God in everything, however trivial it might appear to others. "The way of man is not in himself," he would say. "I do not know what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I go down Lothbury, or go through the Old Jewry; but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequence. A man cut down my hammock in sport, but had he cut it down half an hour later I had not been here, as the exchange of the crew was then making. A man made a smoke on the sea-shore at the time a ship was passing, which was thereby brought to, and afterwards brought me to England."

**IN CHURCH.**

SAID a friend:—Two young ladies sat in front of me at church last Sunday. They were college girls. I saw their backs only, but they were very expressive backs. One was quiet and unconscious. The graceful shoulders moved a little from time to time, but the head was turned steadily toward the minister. I inferred that the owner was listening attentively, and but for the other I, too, should have heard all that was said. But what a fidget possessed that other! Head and neck and shoulders all shared it. There were frequent glances at the clock. There were shrugs and hitches and inclinations toward her friend to admit of a whisper. The outside coat was thrown back, the head drooped to examine a hymn-book—even the bonnet feather seemed to quiver with impatience.

I was glad when the thoughtful words of the minister were ended. I couldn't help thinking I should like to endow a professorship of church etiquette in some of our colleges.

**THE LOCAL PREACHER AND THE DOG.**

OUR old friend, Mr. W. B. Leighton, of Newcastle-on Tyne, has sent us the following curious fact for insertion in the *Juvenile*:—

A few years ago, when many persons were waylaid and garrotted at nights, until timid persons were afraid to be out from home after nightfall, I was appointed to preach at two villages, distant from Newcastle respectively four and five miles, in the afternoon and evening. Well, I set off for the nearest village, four miles from the town, without any fear, and returned without any fear or appearance of danger. Yet, perhaps, some danger might have been lurking in the way, had not a kind, over-ruling providence provided me with a strange, unexpected, but powerful guardian, in a noble dog, which joined me on the turnpike shortly after leaving the shelter of the town. The dog emerged from a plantation on the side of the road, took its place by my side, moving at the same rate that I did, until I arrived at the first village. Here it took its place near the steps leading into the pulpit, and lay quietly during the service. While I took tea in a friend's house, it waited for me in an outhouse. The friend thinking that the dog was mine, I informed him of the way in which it was following me, and he advised me to let it so follow during the evening. This it did, most fully; for to the distant village, in the darkness, it walked by my side, and again took its place at the foot of the pulpit stairs. After the service, my canine companion left with me, walked by my side, pleased when I spoke kindly to it, and when I came near the place on the road where it joined me on the outward journey, the noble creature passed through the hedge, and I saw it no more; but I was in the town in a few minutes. I thanked God for arriving safely at home, not knowing but that I might have in this way been saved from danger and injury.

**SAVED.**

A GENTLEMAN who escaped from the wreck of the *Atlantic* telegraphed to his brother in a distant city the single word, "Saved." The message was brief; yet so highly did the brother value it that he had it framed and hung up in his office. Christ said to the man whom he had healed, "Go home to thy people and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." And what joy such an announcement would bring to those who have been anxious for the souls of their kindred! They are "saved," saved from a worse wreck than the *Atlantic*, safe in a better hope than of home and country.

THE best sort of bravery—the courage to do right.

**The Word of the Lord.**

Thy Word is like a garden, Lord,  
With flowers bright and fair;  
And every one who seeks may pluck  
A lovely nosegay there.

Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine,  
And jewels rich and rare  
Are hidden in its mighty depths  
For every searcher there.

Thy Word is like the starry host:  
A thousand rays of light  
Are seen to guide the traveller  
And make his pathway bright.

Thy Word is like a glorious choir,  
And loud its anthems ring;  
Though many tongues and parts unite,  
It is one song they sing.

Thy Word is like an armoury,  
Where soldiers may repair,  
And find, for life's long battle-day,  
All needful weapons there.

O, may I love thy precious Word,  
May I explore the mine,  
May I its fragrant flowers glean,  
May light upon me shine!

O, may I find my armour there—  
Thy Word my trusty sword;  
I'll learn to fight with every foe  
The battle of the Lord.

EDWIN HADDER.

**EFFECTS OF KINDNESS ON ANIMALS.**

(See cuts on fourth and fifth pages.)

THE following is an account of the moral reformation wrought in Maud S., a very famous horse, by kindness. On the occasion shown in our first picture "she arched her back in determined disobedience and braced her lower jaw against her neck as a purchase to withstand any attempt to control her, and, with a wilful frenzy of mad temper, she plunged and broke and jumped and tossed her head in defiance to all obedience. She was rank as a raging fire. She plunged and jumped with a mad fury. The grand stand was well filled with curious spectators. There sat Mr. George Alley and Mr. Robert Bonper with their New York party, watches in hand, evidently disappointed at this humiliating performance. Mr. Bair, her trainer, blushed with crimson confusion at the insane conduct of his frenzied favourite. But he showed no exhibition of temper. He was as patient and undisturbed as a Sphinx. He never resorted to the cruel treatment of many so-called skilful trainers—that is, to coax and bribe their horses with sweetmeats in the stable, and on the slightest provocations undo all this effect by punishing them unmercifully in public. No other trainer within my knowledge, either living or dead, at all times and under all circumstances, seems to realize that the best method of exercising mind over matter in the horse creation is by the unfailing power of considerate kindness.

"His conduct that day followed up in his subsequent treatment saved Maud S. from ruin. He quietly held her, coaxing her to desist, never scolding or jerking or striking her. Even to the stable door her eyes

flamed with open rebellion. There she was unharnessed amid gentle caresses; her shoes were pulled off, and she was kindly led into winter quarters in the hope that months of recreation would bring forgetfulness of disastrous contests with her late Eastern driver for the mastery.

"In her box as well as in her paddock she was fondled and pampered with apples and sugar till, like a petted child, she would search the never-empty pockets of her friend and trainer every time he came into her presence. Would that every master of the dumb brute creation could thus realize the almost omnipotent power of human kindness!"

**A BRAVE BOY.**

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I LIKE to read of heroes. I like to see men who have done heroic deeds. I feel strengthened by thinking of what they have done. It acts as a tonic to one's moral nature.

Not long since I saw a hero. I was a witness of his brave deed, and I felt a warm glow at my heart a hundred times since at the thought of it. But the deed of bravery was one the papers said nothing about. They would not have considered it worth mentioning, I suppose; but I do, and I am going to write it down to help others who may be tempted as this boy was. For my hero was only a boy; but there is the making of a strong man in him.

It happened in this way: I was walking down the street and stopped in front of a saloon to talk with a friend. As we stood there two boys came along.

"Come in and have something to drink," said one of them.

"Thank you," was the reply, "but I never drink."

"Oh! temperance, are you?" said the other, that had a suspicion of a sneer in it.

"Yes," answered the boy bravely. "I don't believe in drinking liquor."

"Well, you needn't drink liquor if you don't want to," said his companion. "Take some lemonade."

"Not in a saloon," was the other's reply.

"Why not?" asked his friend. "It won't make you drunk because they sell whiskey over the same bar, will it?"

"I don't suppose it would," was the reply. "But saloons are bad places, and I don't believe in patronising them."

"What a moral young fellow you are!" said his friend, with contempt in his words. "Do you intend to preach when you get to be a man?"

"No, I don't expect to," was the reply. "But I intend to make a man of myself; and I never knew a fellow to amount to much who got into the habit of frequenting saloons."

"I haven't asked you to hang about saloons, have I!" demanded his friend angrily. "One would think from

what you say that I asked you to get drunk."

"You didn't ask me to get drunk," was the reply, "but you have asked me to take the first step in that direction. If I drank now, I would probably drink again. How long would it be before I got the habit formed of drinking liquor?"

Some other young fellows had come up by this time, and the one who had invited his friend to drink, turned to them and said:

"You've come just in time to hear a temperance lecture. Go on, Bob; maybe you can convert these chaps." Then they laughed. But Bob did not get angry. He looked them bravely in the face and said:

"I suppose you think I am 'soft' because I won't drink. I know you think it foolish because I refused to go into the saloon and have a glass of lemonade" (to his friend); "but I don't, and I am not afraid to stand up for what I think is right. If you want to drink, you will do it, I suppose, in spite of anything I could say against it, but you can't coax or laugh me into doing it. I want to have my own respect, and I shouldn't have it if I drank, for I don't believe it is right to drink whiskey. You think, I suppose, that I am a coward in not drinking, but I think I should prove myself a coward in doing it."

Wasn't I glad to hear the boy say that? I couldn't help going to him and telling him so.

"Thank you," said he, looking pleased at what I said. "I mean to be a man, and I know I shouldn't be if I got to drinking."

He was right. God bless the young hero! I wish there were thousands more like him.

**WHAT IT MEANS.**

KRUMACHER tells a legend about a man named Eliab. He was rich, he was cunning in all the wisdom of the East. But he knew no peace. His heart was black with sorrow, and he often wished to die.

Then a man of God brought him an herb full of wonderful healing power.

But Eliab answered, "What is that to me? My body lacks not health. It is my soul that is diseased. It were better for me to die."

"But take the herb," said the man of God, "and heal with it seven sick men. Then thou mayest die, if thou wilt."

So Eliab was persuaded. He sought out misery. With his wealth he succoured the poor. By the healing herb he brought health to the seven sick.

Then the man of God came to him again and said, "Here now is an herb of death. Take it; for now thou mayest die."

But Eliab answered, "God forbid. My soul longeth no more for death; for now I comprehend the meaning and the use of life."

**Please Don't Sell My Father Rum.**

"PLEASE do not sell my father rum," said a little girl, with ankles bare, tattered her dress, uncombed her hair; And her bright blue eyes, in tears upturned To the face of one in whose heart the burned

A love of gin, and a love of self,  
That prompted him, for the love of pelf,  
To sell her father rum.

"Please do not sell my father rum,  
For ma is sick, and we are poor—  
The rich they drive me from their door  
When I ask them for a crumb of bread  
To feed my ma and brother Ned;  
And pa comes here with all the change,  
And then comes home so very strange,  
Because you sell him rum.

"Please do not sell my father rum—  
It used to be, when home he came,  
I'd lip for joy my father's name,  
And clamber up about his knee,  
And feel so happy and so free;  
But oh! he's changed, and now I fly  
And hide myself when he comes nigh,  
Because you sell him rum.

"Please do not sell my father rum—  
Poor mother's life is almost gone;  
Her face it looks so sad and wan;  
He used to love her, and is kind yet  
When not by appetite beset;  
But when he tips the wine glass red,  
He drags poor mother from her bed,  
And says, 'You sold him rum.'

"Please do not sell my father rum—  
But ere the child had said the word,  
The demon dark was in him stirred;  
With clenched hand and hellish grace,  
He struck the child full in the face,  
Who, with a shriek fell to the floor,  
And then he kicked her out of door.  
Saying, 'I will sell your father rum!

"What! not sell her father rum?"  
With horrid oath and fiendish frown,  
He said: "If all the good folks of the town,  
In one grand, long petition try  
To stop its sale, even then would I  
Sell what, and when, and where I please.  
Though blood should flow up to my knees,  
I'd sell her father rum.

"Yes, I will sell her father rum,  
Though heart should break and eyes run  
dry;

Their sobs I'd catch, their tears I'd buy,  
And mix them with the father's drink,  
(It's just the same to him, I think;)  
I'd drench the land with infants' blood,  
Though drops should fall like Noah's flood;  
Though tears should run like summer rains,  
And every drop a thousand pains;  
Though angels weep, and Christ should pass  
My doom for every burning glass.  
Could I but gain the heavenly land,  
I'd pluck the life fruit with my hand;  
And did it pay me but one nail,  
I'd damn the nations with its sale;  
I'd ransack heaven and hell before  
I'd turn her father from my door;  
No, child! I still will sell him rum!"

REV. W. S. FALKENBURG

**HOW TO TESTIFY.**

A BOY twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said, "Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.  
"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."  
"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

**Thunderstorm on the Prairie.**

A shadow falls on the sunlit prairie—  
The flowers are trembling, afraid to die;  
A weird breath, soft as the wing of fairy,  
Has whispered: "Bend, for the storm is  
nigh;"  
And the flowers bend, and the wild bird  
cowers,  
And out to westward the storm-cloud  
lowers.  
Hark! it mutters, the distant thunder!  
The clouds are darkening, the winds  
arise;  
Swift tongues of flame rend the clouds  
asunder,  
In living fires through the darkening  
skies,  
And the cloud-ranks blacken, and gather  
round,  
Called out to war by the thunder's sound,  
Gathering columns that, deeper, denser,  
Wrap the prairie in sullen gloom,  
While flaming lightnings, in glare intenser,  
Seem winged spirits of death and doom;  
Through the darkened heavens they dart  
and fly,  
And the sunlight pales and forsakes the sky.  
Rushes the storm, like an army dashing  
In headlong madness, with death behind;  
Rolling thunders, and lightnings flashing,  
Boom and gleam through the deepening  
wind.  
Winds and thunders that shriek and roar,  
Rolling and echoing o'er and o'er.  
The awed earth trembles, and nature  
shivers,  
Weird voices wail through the groves in  
woe,  
Where weak leaf flutters, and strong limb  
quivers,  
And tall trunks reeling, bend to and fro;  
And the stoutest snap with a crash and  
groan,  
While the rain sobs wildly in fitful moan.  
Now nearer lightnings their banners spread-  
ing  
'Gainst inky blackness, in flame unfurled,  
Herald nearer thunders, new horror shed-  
ding—  
A voice from God to a sin 'tranced world:  
Such "mighty thunderings" as Pharaoh  
prayed  
Might cease, and Jehovah's wrath be  
stayed.  
And man, weak man, can but fear and  
wonder,  
And own a power that is all divine,  
A hand of might that can quell the thunder  
And bid his sun on the land to shine;  
And the flowers look up from the rain-  
drenched sod,  
And we own with Nature, "The Lord is  
God."

M. A. NICHOLL.

Moosomin, N. W. T.

**HONOUR'S GRIP.**

THE wise educator early places the young where they shall feel the restraining grip of honour. Fifteen or twenty years ago the Secretary of the Navy extended one year the practice-cruise of the naval cadets to the coast of France. He also ordered that on the arrival of the ship at Cherbourg, the "middies" should be permitted to visit Paris. The commandant of the Naval Academy at Annapolis disapproved of the visit, as he feared the young gentlemen would get into mischief, and spend their money foolishly. The youngsters put themselves on their honour, that they might prove to their commander the groundlessness of his fears.

On the arrival of the practice-ship at the French naval port, they despatched three of their number to Paris, to make arrangements for the visit of one hundred and twenty-nine young Americans.

The voyage had been a stormy one, and for the last eight days scarcely anything had been cooked, owing to the tremendous seas. The appetites of these vigorous young fellows who were sent ahead were therefore keen. At each of the three stations on the railway where refreshments could be purchased, the cadets astonished the guards and porters by ordering three chickens, with bread and grapes.

The Frenchmen's astonishment was increased when they heard an order given at each station to provide one hundred and twenty-six chickens for their fellows who were to come next day.

"Three hundred and seventy-eight chickens, with bread and grapes at discretion! What appetites these Americans have!" exclaimed the delighted restaurant-keepers.

But they were more astonished that not a bottle of wine was ordered. The youngsters were on their honour, and as drinking and smoking were against regulations, not one of them drank a glass of wine or smoked a cigar while in Paris.

They visited the tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides, where they arrived just before the gates were opened. Standing at the entrance, as on dress parade, when the gates swung open, they fell into ranks and stepped off as if marching in review. The delighted sentries presented arms, and an official, who saw their entrance, ordered rooms not open to ordinary visitors to be shown to "the military gentlemen."

While crossing the court, they met an old, hobbling, mutilated veteran. Instantly the boys halted, wheeled to a "front face," and lifted their caps as he passed before them.

"Each one has the air of a prince," said the officer who guided them.

When the middies left Paris, the Mayor wrote to their commander, Captain Hudson, that, on hearing of their proposed visit, he had detailed an extra force of police to watch the young officers. He had, however, great pleasure in reporting that not one instance of disturbance or infraction of the laws had occurred.

The young Americans made a most favourable impression on the citizens of Paris, showing that they had acted on Burns's advice:

"But where ye feel your honour grip,  
Let that aye be your border."

WHEN little Willie D. first heard the braying of a mule, he was greatly frightened; but after thinking a minute, he smiled at his fear, saying, "Mamma, just hear that poor horse wiv the whooping-cough!"

**A BORN LADY AND AN HONOURABLE BOY.**

A PORTER, an aged man, was walking along one of our streets with a heavy package on his shoulder, when he dropped his bale-hook, which rolled off the sidewalk into the gutter. Three or four dudes standing near laughed at his misfortune, but offered no help. An elegantly-dressed lady passing quietly stepped into the street, and with her delicately-gloved hand picked up the bale-hook from the gutter and handed it to the old man. In trying to thank her, his hat fell off and rolled into the gutter. Again she stepped into the street, picked up his hat and handed that to him. "God bless you," said he. And so the old man was made happier, the lady was made happier, and the dudes received a lesson which may make their lives happier if they have sense enough to act upon it.

Some boys passing the pasture of a wealthy merchant found there a beautiful horse, for which he had recently paid six hundred dollars. Without permission they rigged up a bridle and took turns in taking a ride. One of them, the son of a poor widow, attempted to ride farther than the rest, across a bridge. In crossing, the horse became frightened at a tree which had been struck by lightning, reared, threw the boy off, hurting him some, but throwing himself off the bridge to the ground, thirty feet below, where he fell dead.

In spite of remonstrances of all the other boys, this boy went to the merchant, told what he had done, told him he had not a dollar in the world, but would work for the merchant at anything he should set him to do until he had paid for the horse. This straightforward and honest action of the boy led to his entering the merchant's employment, and finally becoming a junior partner.—George T. Angell.

**THE ELEPHANT AS FOOD.**

MODERN travellers do not seem quite agreed as to whether or not the elephant's flesh can be made into a toothsome dish. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, written some eighteen hundred years ago, says that the wealthy of his day had found a new reason for importing elephants, in the delicate flavor of the animal's trunk when cooked. He adds, however, that he himself believed that they ate the trunk because they fancied they were eating ivory!

In later times, although the claims of the elephant's trunk have not been forgotten, it is his foot which has formed the most attractive dish in the eyes of European travellers. The native method of cooking so large a joint is simple, no doubt, in our eyes, but long and tedious compared with the careless way in which much of the native cookery is done. The foot having been taken off the fetlock joint, a large hole, perhaps two feet deep

and three in breadth, is dug with pointed sticks. Dry wood is then gathered, a pile placed over the hole, and a fire made. When all the wood is reduced to ashes the red-hot embers are raked out of the hole and the elephant's foot thrown into it. The hot earth round about the edge of the hole is then raked in around the joint and another fire made above it. When this second bonfire has burned out the ashes are removed, and the foot when taken out is found equally cooked throughout. The trunk, cut into two pieces, is often cooked in the same way, and most who have tried the dish are loud in its praises.

**A Quarrel.**

There's a knowing little proverb  
From the sunny land of Spain,  
But in northland as in southland  
Is its meaning clear and plain,  
Lock it up within your heart,  
Neither lose nor lend it—  
Two it takes to make a quarrel,  
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,  
Still you'll find it true,  
In a fight without a foe  
Pray, what could you do?  
If the wrath is yours alone,  
Soon you will expend it.  
Two it takes to make a quarrel,  
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,  
And the strife begun,  
If one voice shall cry for peace,  
Soon it will be done.  
If but one shall span the breach,  
He will quickly mend it.  
Two it takes to make a quarrel,  
One can always end it.

**DANGER OF KEEPING BAD COMPANY.**

THE crows, one spring, began to pull up a farmer's young corn, which he determined to prevent. He loaded his gun, and prepared to give them a warm reception. The farmer had a sociable parrot, who, discovering the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. The farmer detected the crows, but did not see the parrot. He fired among them, and hastened to see what execution he had done. There lay three dead crows, and his pet parrot with ruffled feathers and a broken leg. When the bird was taken home the children asked:

"What did it, papa? Who hurt our pretty poll?"

"Bad company! Bad company!" answered the parrot, in a solemn voice.

"Ay! that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children. Beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned round, and, with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with the cry, "Bad company! Bad company!"

