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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO JULY 11 1885.

No 14.



JACK.—(See next page.)

THE WALDENIAN PEDDLER, OR,
THE VAUPOIN MISSIONARY.

"LADY fair! these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare;
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear.
And these pearls are pure as thine own fair
neck,
With whose radiant light they vie.
I have brought them with me a weary way.
Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man
Through the dark and clustering curls
That veiled her brow as she bent to scan
His silks and glistening pearls.
And she played their price in the old man's
hand,
And lightly turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem
Which purer lustre brings
Than the diamond's flash of the jeweled crown
On the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl, of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall never decay,
Whose light shall be a charm to thee.
And a blessing on thy way."

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel
Where the youthful form was seen,
Where her eye shone clear and her dark locks
waved
Their clasping pearls between.
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old;
Then name the price of thy precious gem,
And my page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off the wanderer's brow
As a small and meagre book,
Unbathed with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took.
"Nero, lady fair, is the pearl of price;
And such may it prove to thee
Nay! keep thy gold—I ask it not;
For the word of God is free"

The hoary traveller went his way;
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind.
For she hath turned from the pride of sin
To the loveliness of truth,
And given her contrite heart to God
In its beautiful hour of youth.

"JACK."

WHAT a noble looking fellow Jack
is! what dignity and benignity of
countenance, and what a majestic air.
He reminds me very much of a dog
owned by the Rev. E. R. Young—
formerly missionary at Norway House
in the far Nor'-West. He was a noble
St. Bernard, presented to Mr. Young
by W. E. Sanford of Hamilton. He
was the largest dog I ever saw. He
was, I think, as tall as an ordinary
dining-table; I know he could whisk
things off the table with his large
bushy tail. Mr. Young found him of
great service in hauling his dog-sled
over the frozen snow, and once he
saved his master's life by his endurance
and fidelity in crossing Lake Winnipeg
on the ice in a winter storm. Some-
times the dogs' feet would get sore from
walking on the sharp broken ice, and
then the missionary would put leather
shoes or moccasins on them. The
dogs would come and hold up their feet
to get their shoes on, or perhaps be
down on their backs and hold up all
their four feet at once. Mr. Young tells
a story that Jack was so much thought of
at the Government House at Winnipeg
that the Governor's daughter once gave
the missionary an invitation to dinner
in this wise:—"Bring Jack to dinner,
and come yourself."

"I wish you would pay a little
attention to what I am saying," roared
a lawyer to an exasperated witness.
"I am paying as little as I can," was
the calm reply.

EDITH'S OBJECT LESSON.

EDITH had just come in from walk-
ing; and, as usual, she had a book
under her arm. For if Edith's walks
did not lead her near the library build-
ing, they were apt to turn in the
direction of some acquaintance, or
schoolmate, who was ready to lend a
"perfectly splendid" book.

She hastily put off her wrappings,
and was soon cozily nestled in an easy
chair, so deeply interested in the new
volume she never noticed grandma's
entrance, much less thought to offer
her the comfortable seat; so deeply
interested, that she gave no heed to
her mother's request to put on little
Fred his rubbers and mittens, until
the request was twice repeated; and
then, I am sorry to say, Edith closed
her book, and went with very bad
grace, and a decided frown on her
brow, to attend to the little brother.

And all through the evening, in-
stead of adding anything to the social
enjoyment of the family, Edith sat
apart, her pretty head bowed over the
book in her hand. Uncle Will was
visiting at the house, and had noticed
how very much reading his young
niece seemed to accomplish. At first,
he was pleased; for Uncle Will was
very fond of books, and thought Edith
was developing a good literary taste.

But when he talked with her about
standard works of history and fiction,
he was surprised to find how very
little she knew of any of his favourites.
He was not long surprised when he
began to examine some of the many
volumes which Edith brought home
with such frequency, among her
school-books, borrowed from other girls,
or loaned from the library.

"The Bride of the Wreck," "Ghost
of Raven's Hall," or "Last Heir of
Merton," were not exactly the kind of
reading Uncle Will thought best fitted
to foster a fine, pure taste, or make a
young mind and heart stronger and
better.

He said nothing yet to Edith; but
he thought a good deal of his bright,
pretty niece, and his eyes were often
fixed thoughtfully upon her, as she
pored over her books, or sat dreamily
gazing into the fire when the shadows
grew too thick to see the pages filled
with such unreal but fascinating tales.

Uncle Will was perhaps a little
graver than usual this particular even-
ing, after Edith was so ungracious in
performing simple duties.

"Have you any special engagement
after school to-morrow?" he asked,
when Edith bade him good-night.

She looked up brightly, for Uncle
Will so frequently had a nice treat on
hand.

"No sir; only to take back Fanny
Merle's book, and get one Ellen Winton
promised to lend me."

"I will send back the borrowed
book, and the other can wait, I am
sure. I want you to go to the museum
with me."

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Will!
That is so very nice."

Edith was all ready at the appointed
hour. She had been to the museum
before—yes, many times—but going
with Uncle Will was quite different
to going with any one else. He had a
way of talking about the beautiful pic-
tures and statuary, and various curi-
osities, that made them seem something
more than mere canvas and paint, and
marble or bronze.

And so to-day they went slowly

from one department to another, look-
ing at the wonderful, beautiful objects,
and Uncle Will talked so pleasantly
about many things, and answered
Edith's questions clearly and patiently.

At last they paused before a case
full of many strange things.

"Look, Uncle Will," said Edith.
"What is this piece of gray-locking
stone with these funny marks upon it?"
"Cannot you tell? Look closely,"
said Uncle Will.

"I don't think it is writing of any
kind," said Ellen, peering into the
case. "They look like—yes, I am
sure they must be bird tracks of some
kind. But so large."

"They are bird-tracks, my dear.
The foot-marks of some great fowl that
lived ages ago, when the stone you see
was a soft, miry mass, on which these
clawprints were easily impressed."

"How very strange," said Edith,
"to think that a bird living so long
ago should have left tracks behind
that we can see to-day."

"Very strange," said Uncle Will,
smiling. "But these are only a few
of the many wonderful tracks of past
ages written on the rocks. Did you
ever think, Edith, that all of us—
especially young folks like you—are
making prints which, like these bird-
tracks, may last long after us?"

"Why, how, Uncle Will?" asked
Edith.

"I told you this rock was once a
soft substance, into which these great
claws easily sank. As ages passed by,
the mire hardened, hardened until that
footprint was a part of the rock, never
to be effaced.

"Young people's minds and hearts
are very like the soft mass; and the
thoughts they think, the persons they
associate with, the books they read,
are all doing something towards mak-
ing foot-prints. If evil, impure images
walk often through the young
mind and heart with wrong, untrue
ideas about life and its duties, these
things will surely leave their ugly
prints growing firmer and firmer,
deeper and deeper until they can never
be effaced. And so again, right, sweet,
loving thoughts and endeavours will
as surely leave their marks too. Then
ought we not to be very careful about
the marks we are making as we go
through life—careful about things that
may seem very trivial in our daily
lives? and I know of nothing which
may leave deeper marks of good or
evil on young hearts than the books
one may read."

Edith's face had flushed deeply, and
she listened to her uncle with her eyes
fixed upon the strange, uncouth marks
before her.

Although she was over fond of
foolish, unprofitable books, Edith was
a bright, sensible girl, and knew
directly, from the beginning of her
uncle's talk, why he had brought her
to the museum, and to this particular
case.

She felt ashamed, but she looked up
bravely, and said, with just a little
tremble in her voice:—

"Uncle Will, I know what you
mean, and I will try to be making
better foot-prints."

And Uncle Will held her hand tight
a moment, and they left the museum.
S. S. Times.

"Yes," said the reverend gentle-
man, "I am rector of the church, my
mother-in-law is di-rector, and my wife
is cor-rector."

SWORDSMEN OF THE DEEP.

IMAGINE whaloes fencing with one
another for amusement!

It seems as if such a thing could not
be; and yet there are whales of a
certain species which not only fence
with one another, but use their teeth
for swords.

It is the narwhal that fences. One
of the teeth of the male narwhal always
grows through the upper lip and stands
out like a spear, straight in front of
the animal.

It seems as if all the material that
should have gone to fill the nar-
whal's mouth with teeth had gone to
the one tooth that grows out through
the lip; for sometimes this tooth is
eight feet long. The animal itself,
from head to tail, is seldom more than
sixteen feet in length.

Of what use such an enormous tooth
is to the narwhal no one knows. Some
persons say it is used for spearing fish;
others, that its use is to stir up the
mud in the bottom of the ocean in
order to scare out the fish that may
be hiding there; and one man says the
tooth is for the purpose of breaking
holes in the ice in winter; for the
narwhal, like all whales, is obliged to
come to the surface at intervals to
breathe.

Whatever the tooth is intended to
be used for, it is certain that when the
narwhal wishes to play it finds another
narwhal of a like mind, and away they
charge at each other till the long tooth-
swords clash together.

They are active as well as frolic-
some, and sailors tell of seeing them
crossing swords in this way, thrusting
and parrying, rolling and darting about
with marvellous agility and grace.

The narwhal is light gray in colour,
and covered with black spots. For a
great many reasons it is valued by the
Greenlanders. It furnishes a very fine
quality of oil, its flesh is used for food,
and its skin, made into a jelly, and
called *matlak*, is considered a dainty
too choice for ordinary occasions.

This "swordsmen of the deep," as I
have called him, is a warm-blooded
animal, and must not be confounded
with the saw-fish or the sword-fish,
both of which are entirely different
from the narwhal.—John R. Coryell

A MAN known to be a dangerous
character when drunk called at a
saloon, drank and was served with
dinner. As soon as he was under the
influence of the liquor he drew his
revolver and on the slightest provoca-
tion began firing at the people near
him. In a few minutes he had killed
three men and seriously injured several
more. Then he took to flight and
nearly succeeded in escaping. On
being captured he begged to be killed
on the spot, for, as he said, he couldn't
help being a murderer when drunk.
Column after column of the news-
papers is required for narrating every
week occurrences of this character.
The people ought to be in a mood just
new to insist upon observance of the
law forbidding the sale of liquor to
men known as drunkards and to move
in favour of suppressing the sale alto-
gether. And people will by-and-by
see the folly of letting drunken men
go abroad to do horrible mischief while
other crazy and criminal people are
confined in cells. The drunken man
is both a criminal and a lunatic in
fact, and he ought to be so regarded
by the law.

OUR HEATHEN CHINEE.

HERE came in a vessel across the big sea,
With a gown and pig tail, a heathen
He landed in Boston, that wonderful town,
Who women read Greek and bake their
beans brown.
One day while out on his curious search,
He stumbled right into an orthodox church;
'Twas Sabbath-school time, and the children
were there
And they smiled at the Chinaman's wondering
air.
But the superintendent was watchful and
wise,
And he thought this "Chinee" was a capital
prize,
So he greeted the stranger (tho' neither could
speak),
With a smile, and gave him a comfortable
seat;
Would that all superintendents were equally
shrewd,
For many a stranger might "thusly" be
wooed.

Away from the door, in a half-hidden place,
A lady adorned with bright ribbons and lace
Was teaching a class of roguish young boys,
Who, for a short time, had ceased from their
noise,
And, caught by the smile on their teacher's
sweet face,
Were listening to her with a reverent gaze.
Then the superintendent came,
And spoke to the lady the Chinaman's
name;
With a sigh she looked up and murmured
"Oh, dear,
How can I receive a pupil so queer;
The boys will make fun of his dress and his
cue,
And I with a Chinaman? What can I do?"
But she thought of the workers across the
wide sea—
Perhaps my mission's this "heathen Chinee."

But the boys in the class—pray what did
they do?
They received with great rapture the man
with the cue.
And the Chinaman? Oh! he only just
came,
And smiled on the boys, and the lady the
same,
But down in his heart he was thinking, I
fear,
"In America everything seems very queer;
A lady teacher! and teaching boys too!"
Then he looked at her face, and he looked at
her shoes—
Her feet were too large but her face he liked
well,
And he listened tho' yet not a word could he
tell;
So every Sunday he came and he went,
And many an hour in Sabbath-school spent.
His English ears quite quickly did grow,
And his English words began slowly to flow,
While teachers and scholars somehow had a
way,
Of guessing just what the other would say,
And so on one Sunday, there was no mis-
take,
This heathen Chinee said, "Miss, your Jesus
me take.
We go again to my home o'er the sea,
And take along Jesus to other Chinee."

Time passed and surely the "Chinee" had
gone;
A ship had sailed from old Boston that morn;
To the young lady's door came a box of fine
tea,
A fragrant "good-by" from her "heathen
Chinee."

But not long after a storage story came,
That in a town with a very queer name,
A Chinee, who lately had crossed the big
sea,
Was preaching of Jesus while selling his
tea;
And that Sunday-school teacher is sure it is
he,
Her queer-looking scholar—her "heathen
Chinee."
For, friends, my story is very ill told,
But the moral is certainly precious as gold.
We can't all go to those far heathen lands;
We can all do the work God brings to our
hands.
There are heathens as dumb as this heathen
Chinee,
Who should speak of Jesus while selling tea.
Let us search for them then on our own
village street,
And work for the first one we happen to
meet.

THE NEW VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

THE great work of preparing a new version of the Bible is at last completed, and the volume has found its way to the usands of homes in England and the United States. A larger number of scholars have been engaged in preparing it, and for a longer time, than on any previous translation in any language.

King James' version, so familiar to English readers for the last two hundred and seventy years, was first proposed in 1604, and was finished in 1611, little more than half the time having been occupied in real work. Forty-seven of the most eminent scholars of that day were enlisted in the enterprise.

They availed themselves of the previous labours of Coverdale and Tyndale and other translators, and prepared a version which has been universally admired for majesty and elegance of style, and for general fidelity to the original text.

But the wonderful progress made during the last fifty years in knowledge of the Oriental languages, of eastern customs, and of a Biblical geography, seemed to demand a version representing the best scholarship of the age. This work was begun in the Church of England.

In February, 1870, a Committee was appointed to consider the expediency of preparing a new version, and on their favourable report in May, the convocation of Canterbury raised a new Committee of eight Bishops and eight Presbyters to take the matter in charge.

They organized two sections, the one to have charge of the New Testament, and the other of the Old, and wisely selected the best scholars of all denominations to aid in the great work. The number of English revisers of the Old Testament was thirty-seven.

The co-operation of American scholars was desired, and under the leadership of Dr. Schaaf, a Committee of fifteen American scholars was assigned to work on the Old Testament, and another Committee to the New Testament.

They began labour two years later than their English colleagues, but soon overtook the latter, and the two companies kept side by side till the goal was reached. The American revisers had a double task, to make an independent revision of King James' text, and to review the version of their English associates.

They went over every phrase and word of the Bible at least five times. Monthly meetings of two days were arranged at the Bible House in New York, nine months in the year, and a summer meeting of a week in some seminary town for the convenience of the professors.

At each meeting a portion of Scripture was assigned for examination, which had been previously examined with thoroughness at home.

Changes desired by a majority were noted for consideration, but could be finally adopted only by a two-thirds vote. After the whole Bible had been gone over in this way, a second revision was begun, and carried out with equal thoroughness.

As the various books were completed by the English revisers, they were sent to this country, and passed under the scrutiny of the American

Committees. All changes suggested by them were carefully considered by the English sections, and, if approved, were incorporated into the text; if, not being approved, they were still pressed by the American Committee, they were inserted in the Appendix. It is easy to see that the whole work was done with the utmost thoroughness.

The New Testament version was published in May, 1881, and was received with general enthusiasm; the sale of it reached one million copies on the first day, and three million copies the first year, a fact without precedent in literary history.

It was recognized by many scholars as a great improvement on King James' version, and a faithful transcript of the original. But all scholars did not take this view, and the version failed to satisfy the people. The changes made seemed to them too numerous and often needless; and readers missed the simple elegance which had made the old Bible a classic in Christian homes.

The Old Testament will doubtless fare better. The changes are fewer and of less importance, and the revisers have wisely preserved the dignity and melody of style which have charmed English readers for more than two centuries. Some improvements will be welcomed.

The division into paragraphs is a great help to an intelligent reader, and so is the introduction of the metrical form for poetry. Other changes will be less satisfactory, such as the use of Hebrew terms, where the English equivalent is doubtful. Nephilim will look strangely in place of "giants;" and Azazel, for "scape-goat;" and Ashera, for "grave;" and Sheol, for "hell."

But, in general, the changes will commend themselves to the people no less than to scholars, and the new version of the Old Testament may displace King James' version in pulpits and in the homes of the people.

RESULT OF LICENSE.

LICENSE me to sow the seed of poverty and shame all over this community! License me to coin money out of widows' sighs and orphans' tears and the blood of souls! License me to weave cords of habit about your strong men and lead them captive, bound to the chariot-wheels of demon rum! License me to make widows and orphans! License me to write the word "Disgrace" upon the fair foreheads of the innocent children! License me to break the hearts of fond mothers and fathers, whose sons I will bring to poverty and shame, and of whose daughters I will make drunkards' wives! License me to take bread from hungry children, and rob them of shoes for their little feet and comfortable clothing for their shivering forms! License me to befog the mind, paralyze the reason, and benumb the conscience of your legislators, and thus corrupt the very fountains of your political life and prosperity! License me to incite the red-handed murderer to the work of destruction, and turn loose upon society a whole brood of evils that fill your jails and penitentiaries, poorhouses and asylums! License me to aid in the work of sending one hundred thousand of our American citizens down to drunkards' graves every year! Throw around

me the protection of the law, while I poison the bodies, enfeeble the minds, and ruin the souls of my fellow-men! —*Catholic Temperance Advocate.*

BURNING HIS COSTON LIGHT.

THAT is surfman No. 4, who has now left the Life-Saving Station, and will patrol for two miles the beach fringing the white, roaring surf. It is midnight. The surfman who has become a patrolman carries a beach lantern in his hand. He has also two or three Coston lights, or red hand-lights. Through the winter cold, over the sand and the slippery rocks, or across the ice banks high up the beach, he struggles bravely, continually on the watch for vessels in danger.

Ah! there is a dark object not far from the shore waves. It is a vessel, and the captain has ignorantly permitted it to run too near the breakers. It must be warned off. The patrolman halts. He burns his Coston light, and the red flame throws out its sharp, sudden warning.

To-morrow night it may be stormy. The wind drives in the patrolman's face. The rain pelts him. The huge waves roar at him. He pushes ahead. He eagerly searches the night for any sign of disaster. Look! A sharp line of fire springing from the sea curves its red arch in the air, and then vanishes. "A wreck, a wreck!" cries the surfman. He stops, pulls out his Coston light, burns it. He burns another as a response of hope to those on the wave-swept wreck, and then dashes away to the Life-Saving Station to arouse its crew to a rescue by the surf boat or a rope shot to the imperilled crew.

Do you know that, though young, you are a patrolman? God has given you your beat, where you may walk, and watch, and warn, and save. Some companion may have ventured among evil associates. He may be neglecting God's house. He may have contracted habits of profanity. He may have fallen into the trap of a bad book. Now, burn your Coston light. Say kindly, tenderly, in great love, a word of warning. Not only warn, but rescue. Not only signal, but save. There is a life-saving power to which you can go. As you look up every night, the windows of God's house of refuge in the sky are all ablaze with light. Let the rescuer's cry go up to God. Pray for souls. Don't live to yourself. Live for others. Burn your light.

GOOD REPLY.

A LADY had written on a card, and placed on the top of an hour-glass in her garden house, the following simple verse. It was when the flowers were in their highest glory:

"To think of summer yet to come,
That I am not to see!
To think a wood is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning, she found the following lines in pencil on the back of the same card. Well it be if all would ponder upon the question, act in view of, and make preparation for an unknown state of existence!

"To think, when heaven and earth are dead,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that can die shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
Oh, where will then my portion be!
Where shall I spend Eternity!"

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my future at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dew must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and do it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
Over and over again
The pond's round mill-wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
As if a blessing falling on us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat;
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven,
With storm and tempest we shall need them
all,
To render us meet in heaven.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, JULY 11, 1885.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

The statutes of New York now require instruction in its public schools concerning alcohol and its effects upon the human body. In some schools this instruction is given effectively by teachers who have a real interest in the subject. That great good is thus being accomplished there is no room to doubt.

A well-to-do wife and mother, who presides over a beautiful home wherein are several lovely children, said to a friend recently, "We have made a change in our household. We have always been accustomed to have wines and other liquors upon our sideboard, and we have not thought it wrong. Our little Bessie, who attends the public school, came home awhile ago greatly interested, and said her teacher had been telling them about alcohol and how much suffering comes from using it, and how much better it is to let it alone. 'And, mamma,' she said,

'I felt so ashamed when I thought you have it here on our sideboard, and that papa takes it at his dinner and sometimes gives it to his friends who call!'"

The lady added that Bessie had been so exercised about it, and had pleaded with them so earnestly, that they had decided to make the change and have no more liquors in the house. The father, an active New York business-man, "a hail fellow well met," genial and popular among his companions and friends, had never before given the subject serious thought. Now, however, moved by his lovely little daughter's earnest pleadings, he has signed a temperance pledge and enrolled himself in the ranks of total abstainers. And she received her first impulse from the faithful teacher in the public schools.

HOW THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AID FUND HELPS POOR SCHOOLS.

A MISSIONARY in British Columbia writes:—You will perhaps think that we are asking a great deal from the Sunday-School Aid Fund, but we could not start or keep these small schools going without this aid.

We are just starting another school and may make another request soon.

I always start a Sunday-school whenever I can get a teacher and a dozen scholars.

In this country there are a great many of the older people who care nothing for religion. By the Sunday-school we reach the children, and through the children we reach the parents.

Such papers as the PLEASANT HOURS or *Home and School* carry the truth into homes otherwise inaccessible. I have seen many Sunday-school papers, but none equal to our own.

Another Brother writes:—Dear Sir,—You was kind enough to send us some of your papers last year for six months; we liked them very much, and I hope they have done some good. We live in a poor, scattered settlement. We have Sabbath preaching once in four weeks, and week-evening preaching once in two weeks. Our Sabbaths can be used for school, and most of our young people attend. We hope to save them and do them good. I send you all that we could get in the way of collections on three Sabbaths; if you can send us the papers that we ask, for the sum of \$2.15, we will be very much pleased, and we will try and do more next year.

Another Brother writes thus:—Dear Dr. Withrow,—I send you to-day, so far as it can be put on paper, a vote of thanks from our Sunday-school; scholars and teachers have united in hearty expressions of thanks to Sunday-school Secretary and Board for the papers sent. I may add here that the school is kept open the year round, and, if possible, we would like the papers to continue to the end of year. I send you also a Post-office order for \$8.00. I am sending some money out of my own purse to get these folk along. We can have a school of sixty scholars here. Will you send as many papers for the time specified as you can for the money. I know I am bothering you with my numerous appeals, but this is God's work and I can't help it. Yours thankfully and truly.

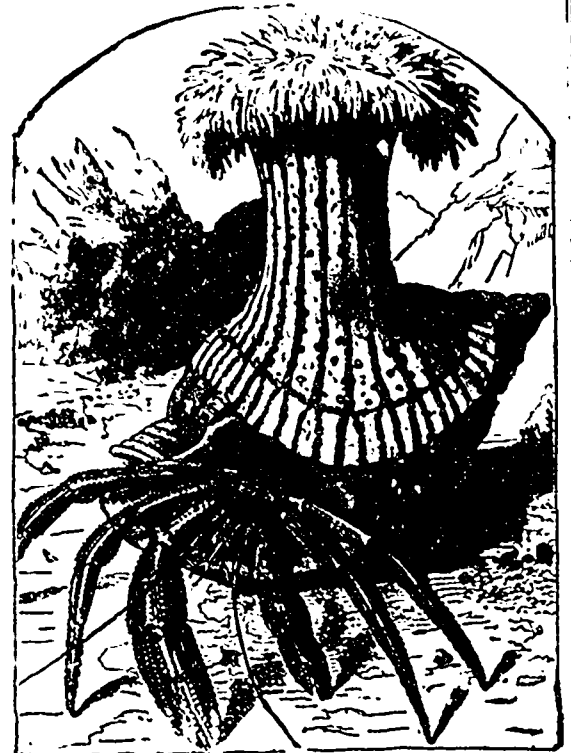
Another school passes the following vote of thanks:—Whereas we have received the handsome gifts of Sabbath-

school publications from Rev. W. H. Withrow, of Toronto, we hereby tender to him and the Sabbath-school Aid our hearty thanks for the beautiful papers and books. We highly appreciate and welcome them to our mission school. By unanimous vote of the school.

Another Superintendent writes:—Dear Sir,—Having opened a Sunday-school some fifteen months ago, and having laboured hard to make it a success, we find it very difficult to do so, not having at present any Sunday-school papers or lesson helps; and being very poor in financial circumstances, we make this application to the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund to see if it is in your power to help us. We have been taking a few Lesson Helps and a few copies of the *Sunbeam* for the children, but we had to cease for want of funds to pay for them, and now, although making application to your Aid and Extension Fund, we cannot forward the amount that we pledge ourselves to pay, but will forward the amount, \$3, by the first of July. Trusting you can forward us the request, and that it may be a means of forwarding the Master's work, I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant.

An editor's work is largely done in the dark, as it were. He is seldom brought into living contact with those for whom he labours. All over British North America, from the storm-lashed shores of Newfoundland to the far Pacific sea, which laves the silver strand of Vancouver's Isle, these papers find their way to thousands of happy homes whose inmates the writer can never know. But occasionally comes a message of greeting which cheers the heart and inspires the effort of the editor. One such has just come to hand, from which we take the liberty to make a brief extract: Dear Brother,—No doubt editors often have to listen to a good deal of grumbling etc., perhaps you will not be offended, therefore, at a few lines from me when I write in an "opposite" strain. I want to say a few words—not in compliment, for that is too cold, but in warm commendation of the excellent illustrations of some of the prominent buildings in London, England, which appear in the *Methodist Magazine* for June. While the *Magazine* is always a welcome visitor, this month it is especially so. When I tell you that I am fully as familiar with London as you, dear brother, are with Toronto, it will at once be apparent that 'your humble servant' is competent to judge of the correctness or, rather, truthfulness of the wood-cuts—even to the "handsome" cab, in one of which I have ridden many and many a time.

On the Sandwich Islands some of the native churches give more than four dollars per member, yearly, for the support of the gospel beyond their territories.



THE HERMIT; OR, SOLDIER-CRAB.

THE HERMIT; OR, SOLDIER-CRAB.

THE Hermit, or Soldier-Crab, is a very curious creature. Unlike other shell-fish, it has no shell of its own which enlarges with its growth, but it selects an empty shell fitted to its size, which it finds on the shore, into which it introduces itself and establishes itself so firmly in it that it moves about with it more or less briskly. When it outgrows its first habitation it sets out in search of another shell a little larger and better suited for its increased size.

When the tide retires the hermit may be seen leaving the old shell and examining other ones; and it will sometimes go in and try a great number, as a man might try many new clothes before suiting himself. When it finds one that suits its taste and seems to be comfortable, it enters and attaches itself so firmly to it that we might pull it to pieces without getting it out entire. In no other race of creatures is such a practice known. It makes at the entrance, too, a cunningly devised barricade, and bravely defends its home against all comers, hence its name of Soldier-Crab.

This is a more appropriate name for it than the hermit, for unlike the latter, it likes company, and has attachments, especially for the Anemone, a curious sea animal somewhat resembling the flower of that name. The Anemone is fastened to the outside of the Crab's shell in the manner shown in the picture; and their mouths are sometimes so combined that they always feed together, agreeing most where others would least agree.

On a change of dwelling the crab has been seen anxiously taking his friend to his new abode, and even pressing him down with a claw to complete his adherence; and another has been beheld failing to do so after many efforts, and sooner than give up his friend, returning to endure the inconveniences of his old dwelling.

A LITTLE Southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, mournfully replied, "One end of him is good."



FRONTIER STOCKADE.

MOTHER'S LETTERS.

MOTHER'S letters! precious things!
Speeding with their snowy wings!
Waited for by household bands,
In all countries and all lands!

Mother's letters to her boy!
See him grasp it, oh! what joy!
Now with tears his eyes are dim—
Mother, dear, believes in him.

Tender thoughts from mother's pen
He must read to listening men,
They in camp, or "marching through,"
May have anxious mother, too.

O'er the sea, from shore to shore,
Mid the great Atlantic's roar,
Speed the little missives white
On their rounds of love and light.

Cheering many a maiden's heart
Forced from home and friends to part;
Checking many a lad's career
When the tempter lurketh near.

Mother's letters! full of love,
Oh, what comforters they prove
In the dark and dismal day,
When no sunlight gilds the way.

Mother's letters! precious things!
Speeding with their snowy wings!
Waited for by household bands,
In all countries and all lands!

FRONTIER STOCKADE.

THE thrilling stories we have had of the siege by the Indians of Battleford, Fort Pitt, and Prince Albert, in the North-West, recall the time when the whole frontier of civilization on this continent, from Nova Scotia west to the Ohio Valley and south to the Gulf of Mexico, was in a state of armed defence against the Indians, and of nightly alarms against their attacks. The chief defence of the settlers was strong stockades, like that shown in the picture, which is a good deal like that at Edmonton, Battleford and Prince Albert. The horrors of those dreadful days, let us hope, are gone forever.

There is no more stirring tale of heroism and valour or record than that of the fierce struggle of the British colonists in America against the Indian tribes. The constant shadow of terror under which they dwelt is difficult for us to conceive. The Indian tribes exhibited a fiendish savageness. Like human hyenas, they lay in wait for their prey, thirsting for blood, and, after the savage spring, skulked off into the forest with the victims who were not slain on the spot. Blood-stained and smouldering embers were all that marked the site of many a happy home. Death hovered upon the frontier. Within many a village

palisade the sentinel watched the live-long night away. Every house was a fortress. No mother lulled her babe to rest but knew that before morning the roof-tree above her head might be in flames, or her infant's life dashed out by the blow of a tomahawk; and often, in shuddering dreams, the terrible war-whoop rang like a death-peal in her tingling ears. No man might go abroad in safety. As he held the plough, or reaped the scanty harvest, the bullet of a lurking foe, perchance, would whistle through the air, and the scalpless body would be left lying on the ground. Even little children gathering flowers, and mothers going to the well, or cooking the mid-day meal at their own hearthstone, were startled by the apparition of a dusky form, the glare of fiendish eyes, the gleam of a glistening knife, and were slain on the spot, or dragged off prisoners to a doom still worse than death.

THE NORTH-WEST.

THE tidings of the capture of Louis Riel came as an agreeable surprise. So far as the half-breeds are concerned, the conflict may be regarded as ended. How true may be the statement that many were coerced into fighting remains to be proved. Though Dumont is yet at large, the securing of important minutes will aid the authorities in placing the responsibility upon the proper individuals. The hope that our volunteers may at once return to their homes cannot, however, yet be indulged. Large bodies of Indians are in arms, possessed of property carried off from the settlers, encouraged by the capture of government supplies, and guilty of the murder and the foul abuse of helpless captives. That the Indians will quietly settle down on their reserves and deliver up to justice the leaders in guilt, cannot be at once expected. If no more troops are demanded many of those already in the West must for sometime remain there.

What is to be done with the guilty leader, Riel! At what precise spot his trial must take place seems yet hardly clear. One thing is evident, no miscarriage of justice will be permitted as in the past. The murder of Scott will have nothing to do with the verdict of the present, but it will have important weight upon public opinion. If any vagabond can be permitted, after having played such a part in the

past, to return to shed the blood of the country's bravest citizens upon western prairies, and to afflict her people with all the direct and indirect evils of actual war fare, we have reached an unhappy day. Pressure will be brought to bear upon political leaders in behalf of the miserable criminal now in General Middleton's hands, but while the blood of so many of Ontario's citizens appeal for his conviction and punishment, no political leader will be daring enough to yield to those efforts. We are not clamouring for blood.

The bravery of Canadian troops will never henceforth be doubted. Their ability to endure hardships and to advance against heavy odds have been well tested. The word "glory" we hold sacred for a higher strife and more final conquest. An old soldier once remarked that the charge of a burying party at the close of a Crimean battle-field robbed the victory of all its "glory." But since there must be conflict, one can but read with emotion the words which a British general of experience has uttered in reference to our countrymen in the present outbreak.—*Wesleyan.*

A FRIENDLY ACT.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of \$2.70 from Mrs. Fields' class at the Western Presbyterian Sunday-school as a contribution towards the payment for the Rev. Thos. O'Connell's mission steam yacht, the *Glad Tidings*, for use on the North Pacific Coast. We understand that the Bible-class of the same Sunday-school previously contributed the sum of \$7 for the same purpose. Beyond the intrinsic value of these gifts is the added value that they are an expression of practical sympathy from the school of a sister Church, which liberally sustains also its own missionary enterprises. It will now be in order for some of our Methodist schools to contribute to some Presbyterian mission. The Canadian Presbyterian Church has a mission in Eromanga, in the South Seas, and is raising funds for a mission boat to carry the Gospel from island to island. The editor of the PLEASANT HOURS would be happy to receive and forward to the missionary authorities of that Church any contributions toward that worthy object.

DO YOUR BEST.

THE great secret of success in any enterprise lies in the thoroughness of the work performed. It matters little whether the work be of hand or brain, if it is well done it seldom fails in its object, but if it is done in a heedless, slovenly manner, only a change of circumstances can render it successful, and that success reflects less credit on the doer than on the favourable circumstance which renders it passable. If a man be a common labourer, he can gain such respect by doing his work well that his labour will be sought for, and himself will be honoured for his fidelity. Such men will not be long out of employment even in hard times, while those who are

known to perform their labour with the least possible trouble to themselves, or unskillfully, will always be complaining of the hard times.

If you are a maid in the kitchen, do your work so well that you will be invaluable in a household. A faithful servant is a friend, and will be so considered by those employers who do their work well.

Whatever your station in life, aim to do your best, and you can but honour the station you occupy. Think no work degrading which is well done, and all work degrading which is half done.

THE PRAIRIE FLOWERS.

BESIDE the dark Saskatchewan
Our gallant soldier-heroes sleep.
We sent them forth, we gave our best,
Our grief is silent, strong and deep.

For Canada this eager band,
Her faithful sons, her strong, brave men,
We sent them forth, nor sought to keep,
We fondly hoped to meet again.

We stay to weep, they go to win,
Thus they respond to duty's call;
In victory their lives laid down,
They fell as only Britons fall.

They sleep beneath our North-West sky,
Their comrades pause but must press on,
The "Forward—March!" rings loud and clear.
One moment only—they are gone.

The prairie flowers bloom fresh and sweet,
They richly clothe each hallowed grave,
Weep o'er thy sons, fair Canada—
Thine own, the dutiful, the brave.

We leave them there, Spring's gentle breath
Shall stir the flowers in coming years;
Our Lord shall bid them rise again,
When war has ceased, when He appears.

Toronto, May 15th, 1885.

THE CLOSED DOOR.

"BEHOLD, I stand at the door and knock!"

The day's work was over, and in the stillness of a summer's evening, John Madden, a sturdy Christian, sat at his cottage door reading this beautiful verse aloud to his wife.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock!"

Suddenly there was a pause in the reader's voice. Two little hands had imprisoned his knee, two eyes full of wonder were raised to his face, and a child's tones asked "celigly."

"But, father, why didn't they let him in?"

Little Jack, busy tossing his ball up and down against the cottage wall, had caught the sweet sound of our Saviour's gracious words, and, full of surprise, had run to his father with the eager question.

"Why didn't they let him in?"

Young reader, I am sure that again and again the Lord Jesus Christ has knocked at the door of your heart. It may have been when you attended some children's service, and as you listened to the preacher's earnest pleading, felt almost persuaded to be a Christian, too. Or it may have been when some dear little relative or friend was borne away from you to the dark grave, and the solemn truth has come before you, that you too must die.

In one way or other, he has knocked—is knocking still! Have you let him in? If not, hesitate no longer. Open the door, yield your heart to the Kingly Visitor, who has purchased the right of admission with his blood.

ODE TO CANADA

Heed not the demon drink broods o'er our land;
Canada, dear Canada,
Trying to fix on her his brand;
Canada, young Canada,
She surely will not let him gain
A victory o'er her soul and brain,
But drive the intruder back again,
Canada, dear Canada.

He heedeth not the widow's sigh;
Canada, dear Canada,
Nor yet the hungry orphan's cry;
Canada, dear Canada,
To truth and right a deadly foe,
He floods our homes with shame and woe,
O! patriots, join to lay him low,
Canada, dear Canada.

Then who would quaff the drunkard's drink?
Canada, dear Canada,
O tempted brother! pause and think;
Canada, dear Canada,
Its victims fill the prison cell,
Asylums, workhouses as well,
It curses earth and leads to hell,
Canada, dear Canada.

Send us soon the happy day,
Canada, dear Canada,
When under prohibition's sway,
Canada, dear Canada,
From east to west, from sea to sea,
Our country young and fair shall be,
From ruin's fell tyranny made free,
Canada, dear Canada.
—W. B. Watson.

THE QUEEN AND HER GRAND-CHILDREN.

WHENEVER I think of the Queen of England among her children and grandchildren, I recall the story told me by an elderly lady who remembered seeing her Majesty, when the latter was a very small child, at Bath or Tunbridge Wells, I cannot exactly remember which. The little Princess Victoria was playing with her doll, and the lady in question happened to be in the same room with her, having been invited to visit some member of the Duchess of Kent's household. The doll, it appears, was naughty, and the young Princess, regarding it very solemnly, said, in the tones of an anxious parent: "If you don't behave well when you are little, you will grow up to be a very naughty princess, whom no one will love and you will make every one sorry."

Nothing could be more characteristic of the little Princess's nature. From earliest childhood she seems to have appreciated the fact that she must grow up a "good Princess"—not a "naughty" one, that much was expected of her by the people, and that she must never make them "sorry;" and her careful manner in correcting the doll whom you see she naturally regarded as a royal personage seems to me suggestive of the careful training which in later years she gave her own children, instilling into their minds so much that was useful, and training them so carefully that apart from respecting her as the Queen, they one and all are said to regard her with the most loving tenderness as a parent and a friend.

With the Queen's grandchildren and great grandchildren the young people of to-day will have most to do. Already they are a numerous family; several have been married; the royal nurseries in Berlin and Hesse have no longer any occupants, and the school rooms are fast sending forth young men and women to take their part in the drama of the history of the world.

Germany has taken to herself most of the Queen's family, so that her grandchildren and great-grandchildren have a strong tinge of the German in

their characters, temporaments, and it is said in their likes and dislikes; yet the English element is a very strong one, and the constant visits of the young people to England have done much toward making them feel themselves in part Anglo-Saxon.

Some of her Majesty's grandchildren are already married, and she is great-grandmother to three little ones, two of whom are the sons of Prince William of Prussia (who will one day, it is hoped, be Emperor of Germany), while the other is the daughter of Princess Charlotte of Prussia and her husband, Prince Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen. Though so small a Princess, she has five Christian names—Feodora Victoria Augustina Marianne Maria.

Most royal personages are obliged to lead such formal and secluded lives that it is always interesting to know how they amuse themselves, and in what they resemble or are different from other people. I think most young people will like to know how the Queen and her grandchildren and great-grandchildren live; how they study and play and visit; whether they are as fond of "spending the day" with their older relations as other children are; and whether the usual "Christmas box" from Windsor Castle comes hailed with the same delight which a present from an ordinary grandmamma in the everyday world would meet with.

Like many mothers who have disciplined their children very thoroughly, the Queen is said to be a most indulgent grandmother; and if her favourites are among those of the young people whom death has bereft of a parent, this is not to be wondered at; for the Queen, clinging closely to her own children, naturally feels most for those who have been left motherless or fatherless. It is natural, also, that her great-grandchildren should claim a certain amount of her attention and indulgence.

The Queen's grandchildren refer to her quite as often as "the Queen" as "Grandmamma," and there is always a certain amount of formality observed in their manner when with her. But she is very fond of having them about her, and seems especially drawn toward the younger ones, perhaps living over again in these little lives the happy days of her own married life when the royal children at Windsor were young. Concerts, dialogues, etc., were often given by the young people at court, and were admirably carried out. Sometimes the young people were and are left very much to their own resources, and obliged to use their own pocket money, so that a zest might be added to what they did.

Birth-days among the second generation in the Queen's family are very numerous, of course; but it is a well-known fact that the presents exchanged are often very simple and of home manufacture, the younger Princesses of Germany being quite noted for their skill in planning and making gifts in fancy-work of all descriptions. A lady told me that she once attended a fair for the wounded soldiers in Berlin, where the Queen's grandchildren had a stall. Turning over some of the articles, she hesitated about purchasing a needle-book, at last laying it down. The little Princess Marguerite had observed her closely, and at this moment exclaimed, in accents of genuine disappointment, "Oh! and I made

it all myself!" Needless to say, the needle-book was purchased at once and will always be kept as a souvenir.

I saw once at an English country house some very pretty specimens of the young Princess's needle-work, and in the Queen's *Journals* and the *Lives* of the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice we read constantly of the simple interchange of souvenirs which are more valuable in such households than in any other, since the very ability to purchase any article with money makes the thought and the care and the love woven into their own work for each other seem more precious.

All the Queen's grandchildren are trained to be attentive students, and the hours in the school-room have to be strictly kept. If play is encouraged, and exercises of all sorts at the same time, the hours for study are never interfered with except on special occasions when a holiday is allowed. In the family of the late Princess Alice, Grand-Duchess of Hesse, the Queen's second daughter, everything was conducted on the simplest principle. The Princess made her children's clothes frequently, taught them many of their lessons, and generally overlooked their day's routine.

The Princess Victoria of Hesse, recently married, has long been one of the Queen's favourite grandchildren, perhaps because she was born in England, Easter Sunday, April 5, 1863. The child from the first hour of her birth seems to have been of special interest to the English people, and as the home life of her parents was, as I have said, very simple, she and her sisters and brothers have grown up charming young people, who interest all those who know them.

On May 24, Queen Victoria completes her sixty-sixth year, having been born in 1819. Among all her grandchildren, who will, with all the nation, honour her that day as a wise and virtuous sovereign and a mother whom they may call "blessed," the most prominent of course are the sons of the Prince of Wales, the young sailor lads who have returned from their long cruise in the ship *Bacchante*; yet perhaps dearest to the Queen's woman's heart is the little child of her beloved son Prince Leopold, the tiny Duke of Albany, who was born in January of this year, and whom some one at Windsor called the "snowdrop baby" of the court, so fair and delicate is he.—*Lucy C. Lillie in Harper's Young People.*

A TOTAL WRECK.

It is sad to think of a vessel being lost within sight of land; blown by adverse winds and tides upon the cruel rocks, and powerless to heed the warning given by the beacon-light. But when, in addition to the storm, there is a tempest of flame to encounter, and great tongues of fire leap through the deck and devour all before them, there is a horror about the scene that one shrinks from portraying.

Fortunately, fires at sea are of very rare occurrence, and we only occasionally have our feelings harrowed by the account of some terrible disaster at sea, where the vessel is a total wreck, and but few, if any, of the passengers are saved. Records are kept of every marine disaster, from the loss of a fishing-smack to the collision of a mighty steamer; but there is no record

on earth of the multitude of human beings that are wrecked by storms of passion, or the fierce fires of a depraved appetite.

Mariners have to study the chart of the sea to know where the channels are, and on what points the light-houses are situated. When borne out of their course by contrary winds, they find use for all their nautical skill, and with broken masts and torn rigging make their way finally to the desired haven.

Our chart is the Bible, provided for us by One who knew all the perils of the way, all the rocks and whirlpools, and all the storms and tempests that would overtake us. It is only by following the directions given in this chart that we can hope to keep in the right course, and avoid the dangers that menace us. Steer clear of Satan's haunts if you would escape being a total wreck. Resist temptation. Avoid intoxicating drinks. Be careful of the company you keep. For these, though they appear but little things, will rob you of health, strength, and purity, and leave you at the last hour a total wreck.

FROWNS OR SMILES?

WHERE do they go, I wonder,
The clouds on a cloudy day,
When the shining sun comes peeping out
And scatters them all away!
I know! They keep them and cut them down
For cross little girls who want a frown.
Frowns and wrinkles and pouts—O, my!
How many 'twould make—one cloudy sky!

I think I should like it better,
A sunshiny day to take
And cut it down for dimples and smiles—
What beautiful ones 'twould make!
Enough for all the dear little girls,
With pretty bright eyes and waving curls,
To drive the scowls and frowns away,
Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

IN the museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to northern antiquities, they have representations of the idols from which the names of the days of the week are derived.

From the idol of the sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world.

The idol of the moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands.

Tiuco, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garments of skin, according to their popular manner of clothing. The third day of the week was dedicated to his worship.

Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory.

Thor, from which comes Thursday, is seated in a bed, with twelve stars over his head, holding a sceptre in his hand.

Friday, from which we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand and a bow in his left.

Sater, from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness. He is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carried a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

THE GOOD RIGHT HAND.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"MY good right hand," says Charlie Bland,
I'm very proud to show it;
With fingers long, and straight, and strong,
And muscles firm below it.

"This hand must toil, on sea or soil,
Among its honest fellows;
Must write or row, must rake or mow,
Or blow the smithy's bellows.

"But while I strive these fingers five,
That all the time are growing,
Must scorn to take, for fashion's sake,
The tempting wine that's flowing.

"A mission grand, my good right hand,
Is yours, if you will heed it.
By right divine the pledge first sign;
In coming life you'll need it."

HER LOST FAITH.

THE mother of David Hume was a susceptible woman. Affectionate by nature, she lived in the affections of her family. More than this she was a religious woman, and it was her aim to rightly educate the consciences of her orphan children.

David Hume was a brilliant lad. His success in his intellectual pursuits and studies led his mother to hope that he would become an eminent man. With this vision like a bow of promise before her, her life had many happy hours.

But one day a shadow crossed the light of this beautiful dream. Her son avowed himself a sceptic. His mother viewed the change of his opinions with alarm, both on account of his own future happiness and his influence over others.

He loved his mother. Her love and admiration for him gave him great influence over her. He determined to overthrow her religious belief, and succeeded. His subtle, specious reasoning destroyed her faith in God, and left her without religious hope.

Hume became a leader among men, and crowned himself with fame. He associated with courtly people, philosophers, wits, and men of genius. He was quoted and multiplied his influences among men. He went abroad, roaming over the sunny provinces of France and historic fields of Italy. Returning to London on his way home to Scotland, he was met by a postman who gave him a letter. The communication was from his mother:

"My Dear Son,—My health has failed me. I am in deep decline that I cannot long survive. My philosophy gives me no comfort. I am left without the consolations of religion, and my mind is sinking into despair. I pray you hasten home to console me."

Hume hurried back to Scotland, and when he arrived at his home he found his mother dead.

We do not know what his feelings were. We only know that had he arrived before her death he would have had no consolation to offer. He himself died jesting, and we have no moral to draw from any regrets which one might reasonably imagine he would feel in such a case.

But the incident suggests a situation to better hearis than had David Hume. There are no consolations in unbelief for the hour of sorrow, disaster, or death.

He who destroys the religious hopes of others may one day be asked to give in their place a substitute that will meet the needs of the soul. What is there to give? In those times when

opinions are changing, God's laws do not change, and the needs of the soul remain over the same. Be careful of influence, lest you one day be called to face a scene such as this might have been.

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

BELOW we give a brief biographical sketch of a man almost wholly unknown to the world save for one poem; but through those verses, which have survived all his poor failures, the writer of them has for nearly a century been leading "little ones" (which means all tired, discouraged, heart-thirsty people, does it not?) to the "moss-covered bucket" he loved to remember, and giving them from it precious cups of cold water.

Samuel Woodworth was born at Scituate, Massachusetts, January 13th, 1785. His father was a farmer and revolutionary soldier. He seems to have had but few educational advantages, as according to the memoir prefixed to his poems in 1816, no school was taught in the village except during the three winter months. Some juvenile verses written by young Woodworth attracted the attention of the village clergyman, Rev. Nehemiah Thomas, who gave him a winter's instruction in the classics, and endeavoured to raise an amount sufficient to support him in college, but without success. He was soon afterwards apprenticed as printer to Benjamin Russel, publisher and editor of the *Columbian Centinel*, Boston.

"The Old Oaken Bucket was written in the spring or summer of 1817. The family were living at the time in Duane Street. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office, somewhat near the foot of Wall Street. Being much heated with the exercise, he poured himself out a glass of water—New York pump water—and drank it at a draught, exclaiming, as he placed the tumbler on the table, 'That is very refreshing; but how much more refreshing to take a good long draught, this warm day, from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well, at home!' Hearing this, the poet's wife who was always a suggestive body, said, 'Selim, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?' The poet took the hint, and under the inspiration of the moment sat down and poured forth from his very soul these beautiful lines which have immortalized the name of Woodworth."

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well!

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I feel for it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well!

A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD.

A NEW and successful charitable work in Paris is called "L'œuvre de la bouche de pain" (the work of a mouthful of bread.) It is thus described: "It is a sort of shed, furnished simply with two long benches and a kind of counter. Any one who likes may go in, and, on taking a seat, is immediately waited upon by a tidily clad woman, who passes round a basket containing slices of bread. His slice of bread finished, the new comer goes to the counter, where he is handed a glass of water flavoured with a few drops of vinegar, which, having drunk, he goes on his way without a question being asked as to who he is, whence he comes, or whither he goes. It would be easy to establish similar systems of relief in the poorer districts of other cities. None but the really destitute would be tempted by such fare, and a slice of bread and a cup of cold water thus promptly supplied might often save some poor helpless one from despair."—*Christian Union*.

IN striking contrast with the quick and effective deplach of the Canadian rebellion, which was suppressed within three months after the first hostile demonstration, notwithstanding the distance of the field of disturbance from the seat of government and the difficulty experienced in getting troops upon the ground, is the slow prosecution of our Indian war in the Southwest. It was fully two years ago that the Apache Indians commenced the series of depredations that has kept the troops in Arizona and New Mexico alert until the present time. Almost every month some fresh outbreak has been reported. During the last thirty days it is estimated that forty or fifty persons have been murdered by these Apache Indians in New Mexico alone. The troops under General Crook have been endeavouring to head them off from escaping into Mexican territory, and this end seems to have been gained. That is about all we have accomplished so far except the killing of eight or ten of them, and that at the cost of half as many soldiers. This is one side of the story. Now comes the statement, on good authority, that all this murder and plundering is attributed to the use of whiskey which has been furnished to the Indians by the settlers and the government agents directly in violation of the United States laws.—*Am. Paper*.

DIVERTING A RIVAL.

AN almost forgotten page of American history was brought to light during the recent exhibition at New Orleans. A little over two hundred years ago Father Marquette, a French monk, with a podlar from Quebec named Joliet, made their famous journey across the lakes and down the Mississippi as far as the Arkansas River. They went back to Quebec, and declared that they had discovered and claimed a great territory for France. This announcement caused, we are told, a great outbreak of rejoicing in that city.

Six years later, the Chevalier La Salle tried in vain to find the mouth of the Mississippi from the Gulf, to establish the claim of France to this territory. He was murdered, and no further effort was made by French navigators to penetrate this mysterious coast, until eighteen years later, when M. d'Iberville set sail from Havre, entered the Gulf of Mexico in a small brigantine, and succeeded in planting the French flag at a point where the quaint village of Biloxi, in Mississippi, now stands.

He then returned to France, while his brother, M. Bienville, set out to find the mouth of the "giant river," which had been so long sought unsuccessfully that it was already suspected in France of being a myth. He discovered one of the numberless bayous which lead into the Mississippi, sailed up the river, and thus gave France her claim to this territory.

To this point all is matter of history. But there is a tradition among old families at Biloxi, that when Bienville, in his little cockshell of a vessel, was at last nearing the mouth of the long-sought river, he espied a large British man-of-war before him, heading for the same point. The quick-witted Frenchman boarded the ship, made friends with the commander, invited him to his own vessel, and plied him with rare port wine until his eyes began to grow dim.

"You must steer due west to make land," said Bienville at parting. "Due west." The bewildered captain issued his orders accordingly, changed his course, and steered down into Texas, while the little boat of the French shot up in the dusk of the evening into the Mississippi.

But for that glass of port, Louisiana would have been an English province as well as Massachusetts, and a whole chapter of national history would have been different.

CAN'T RUB IT OUT.

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out?

You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

O CHILDREN'S DAY.

CHILDREN'S day in the summer's prime,
How bright is the world and how fair,
When over the bowers the roses climb,
And the lilies are waving in air!
We bring to our altars our gifts of flowers
And the singing birds, and say
The happiest day of summer hours
Is the children's Sabbath day!

CHORUS.

The Sabbath of lilies and roses!
Our souls draw near in praises
To the beauty of Christ in Paradise,
On the children's Sabbath day!

To-day the censers of roses swing,
More sweet than the censers of gold;
The birds at the altar sweetly sing
As they sung in the temple of old.
We joyfully sing 'mid the birds and flowers
To the praise of God, and say
The beautiful time of the summer hours
Is the children's Sabbath day!

CHO.—The Sabbath, etc.

O who is Sharon's fair Rose to-day?
And who is the Lily so white?
And whose is the love that leads our way
To the gardens of Paradise bright?
At Jesus' dear feet we will cast our flowers,
And our offerings there we lay,
Rejoicing that gifts of his love are ours
On the children's Sabbath day!

CHO.—The Sabbath, etc.

A WARNING TO THE YOUNG.

It is often worse to read bad books than it is to keep company with bad boys. Actions grow off our thoughts, and a bad book can in a few minutes damage us forever.

One of England's greatest and best men says that when a boy another boy loaned him a bad book for just fifteen minutes. It sent a deadly dart to his soul. He never could get away from the vile impression made upon his mind by that book in so short a time. He shed many bitter tears over it, and tried to forget it, but the shadow lingered. God forgave him, but he could not tear from his soul the memory of that evil book.

My young friends, if you will hear the voice of age and wisdom, do not read bad, trashy books and papers. They feed unholy, lustful thoughts and lure to dark deeds. They poison the mind and corrupt the morals. They are worse on the soul than liquor is on the brain. If you fill your mind with the rubbish of nonsense and the filth of vile thinking, there will be neither room nor relish for the choice gold of truth and the diamond-dust of pure thought. In the Bible you will find the loftiest sentiments expressed in a clear and captivating style. It is a fountain of pure thought and clear English. Read it much, love it more, and live out its blessed teachings forever.—*Pacific Methodist.*

AN EVIDENCE OF SECURITY.

A CREW of sailors who, to use their own phrase, did "not take any stock in missions to the cannibals," by a somewhat rough experience changed their minds. Cruising among one of the Pacific groups, their vessel struck a reef and foundered. There was no alternative but to take to the boats and row ashore, although, according to their information, it was a choice between sharks and the natives. That part of the coast where they landed happening to be uninhabited, they hid themselves in a hollow until it became necessary to procure something to eat, even at the risk of being eaten themselves. At length one of the boldest

ventured to climb to the top of a hill, where he could look over to the populous valley beyond. All at once his fear-stricken companions saw him spring to his feet and swing his hat, shouting, "Come on, boys! I see a church!"

HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR ROOM?

A LOOK into the chamber of a boy or girl will give one an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothes hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is always neat, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as that of others about us. A boy who throws down his cap or books anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a slovenly, careless way, and will not be long wanted in any position. A girl who does not make her bed until after dinner,—and she should always do it herself, rather than have a servant do it,—and throws her dress or bonnet down on a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. If the world could see how a girl keeps her dressing-room, many unhappy marriages would be saved.

TWO WAYS.

FRED and Joe are boys of the same age. Both have their way to make in the world. This is the way Joe does: When work is before him, he waits as long as he can, he hates to touch it! Then he does not half do it. He is almost sure to stop before it is done. He does not care if fault is found. He says: "I can't help it," or, "I don't care."

Fred's way is not the same. He goes straight to his work, and does it as soon as he can, and as well as he can. He never slights work for play, though he loves play as well as Joe does. If he does not know how to do a piece of work well, he asks some one who does know, and then he takes care to remember. He says, "I never want to be ashamed of my work."

Which boy do you think will make a man to be trusted?

LESSON NOTES

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 925.] LESSON III [July 19.

OMRI AND AHAB.

1 Kings 16. 23-34. Commit to mem. vs. 30-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The way of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord. Prov. 15. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Sins of Omri, v. 23-28.
"Omri did evil."
2. The Sins of Ahab, v. 29-34.
"Ahab did more."

TIME.—Omri's accession, B.C. 925; Ahab's, B.C. 918.

PLACES.—1. Tirzah, the second capital of the ten tribes, nine miles north-east of Shechem; 2. Samaria, six miles north-west of Shechem; 3. Zidon, on the Mediterranean Sea, near Tyre; 4. Jericho, in the Jordan Valley, near the Dead Sea.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Two talents of silver*—A talent was not a coin, but the weight of money; a talent of silver was the weight of three thousand sacred shekels, and one shekel was equal to twenty geras. The word geras means a ban. *After the name of Shemer*—

The Hebrew for Samaria is Shomeron, showing its origin. *Wrought evil*—Did evil. *Vanities*—The sacred writers so refer to idolatry. *Book of the Chronicles*—It was customary for the kings to preserve records of the events occurring during their reigns. *Made a grove*—The grove took the place of the church building in ancient heathen religions, and therein altars were erected to the gods. Afterward temples were built in the groves. *Tree-worship* was wide-spread. *Laid the foundation thereof in Abiram*—This has reference to the curse pronounced in Josh. 6. 26. It is considered that this curse attached only to the rebuilding of the walls, and that Jericho had been previously inhabited as an unwallied town.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson is shown—

1. The power of an evil example?
2. The power of evil associations?
4. The divine displeasure against sin?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was Omri before he was made King of Israel? Captain of the host. 2. What kind of a king was he? A very wicked one. 3. Who succeeded Omri as king? His son, Ahab. 4. What did Ahab do? "Reared up an altar for Baal." 5. What was Ahab as king? More wicked than all those before him.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Sin's downward tendency.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

21. Does the law of God promise the pardon of sin to those who have transgressed it?

No; pardon is only promised in the Gospel, and through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

B.C. 910.] LESSON IV. [July 26.

ELIJAH THE TISHBITE.

1 Kings 17. 1-16. Commit to mem. vs. 5-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So he went and did according unto the word of the Lord. 1 Kings 17. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. Before the King, v. 1.
2. By the Brook, v. 2-7.
3. In the City, v. 8-16.

TIME.—B.C. 910-907.

PLACES.—1. Gilead, the land east of the Jordan; 2. Samaria the capital of Israel; 3. The Brook Cherith, near Jericho; 4. Zair-phah, a Phœnician village near Zidon.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Before whom I stand*—May be paraphrased "whose minister I am." *There shall not be dew nor rain*—Not in the usual and necessary quantities. This would answer the chastising purpose of God. An absolute drought during three years would have destroyed all the trees and wrought a universal famine. *The ravens*—The word *orebin*, translated ravens, is supposed by some to have meant the inhabitants of Orub, that is, Arabians. This view, however, has many difficulties, and, according to Greenfield, the original word can only be properly translated as ravens. Besides, Ahab had taken an oath, respecting Elijah, from all neighbouring people. *Handful of meal*—Small quantity. *Oil in a cruse*—Olive oil used in the preparation of food. The cruse was a small vessel—literally, a flask. *Shall not waste*—Shall not diminish. *Many days*—More properly translated a full year.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we see—

1. God's providing care?
2. Faith in God tested?
3. Faith in God rewarded?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Elijah tell Ahab there would be? A drought. 2. What did the Lord say to Elijah? "Hide thyself by the brook Cherith." 3. How was Elijah fed while there? By ravens. 4. Who fed Elijah at Zarephath? A widow. 5. What supported Elijah, the widow, and her son many days? A handful of meal and a little oil.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's care over his people.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

22. Then what is the state of men who do not repent of their sins, and obtain pardon? All those who do not repent of their sins, and believe in Christ as he is offered to us in the Gospel, must remain for ever under the just sentence and condemnation of God's holy law. Eph. ii. 3; Heb. ii. 3; x. 26.

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