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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

## THE DOMINION OF CANADA— THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

**W**ESTSIDE of the Province of Manitoba extends the North-West Territory of Canada. It is bounded on the south by the 49th parallel, which divides it from the United States. It follows this line west to the base of the Rocky Mountains, which it touches at very nearly the 111th degree of west longitude, and takes a north-west trend to the base of the Rocky Mountains, until it comes in contact with the territory of Alaska, and proceeds thence due north to the Arctic Ocean. On the eastern side it is bounded by the Province of Ontario. North and east of the point mentioned it comprises the remainder of the continent.

This vast territory contains great lakes and great rivers. The Mackenzie is one of the largest rivers in the world, and empties into the Arctic Ocean. Its estimated length is 2,000 miles, including the Slave River, which is a part of its system. This river is generally navigable, except at the base of the

mineral resources. Another great river, which takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, is the Saskatchewan, which empties into Lake Winnipeg, having a total length of about 1,500 miles. The river is navigable from the lake to Fort Edmonton, and it drains an immense

11,000 square miles. The Great Slave Lake has a length, from east to west, of 300 miles; its greatest breadth being 50 miles. The Athabasca Lake has a length of 230 miles, averaging 14 miles in width, having, however, a very much greater width in some places. Lake Winnipeg has a length

of the north, as well as of the River Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan and others.

The mouth of the Nelson River is nearer to Liverpool than is New York, and the navigation, it is believed, is continuously open for over four months in the year. Efforts are, therefore, already being made to render available this near communication from the very centre of the continent with the port of Liverpool.

A remarkable feature of this great extent of territory is its division along lines running generally north-west and south-east, into three distinct prairie steppes, or plateaux, as they are generally called. The first of these is known as the Red River Valley and Lake Winnipeg plateau. The width of the boundary line is about 52 miles, and the average height about 800 feet above the sea. At the boundary line it is about 1,000 feet. The first plateau lies entirely within the Province of Manitoba, and is estimated to contain about 7,000 square miles of the best wheat-growing land on the continent, or in the world.

The second plateau or steppe has an



AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN.



SASKATCHEWAN RIVER—LOOKING WEST—FROM THE ELBOW.

Rocky Mountains, where it is interrupted by cascades. The country through which it runs is rich in mineral deposits, including coal. The Peace, another great river of the North West, has an estimated course of 1,100 miles, draining a country containing very great agricultural and

agricultural region. There are numerous other rivers in this territory, such as the Nelson, the Churchill, the Winnipeg, and the Assiniboine.

The lakes are the Great Bear Lake, the Great Slave Lake, the Athabasca, Lake Winnipeg and others. The Great Bear Lake contains an area of

of 280 miles, with a breadth of 55 miles. There are numerous other lakes of large size in the North-West.

The Nelson River drains the waters of Lake Winnipeg into Hudson's Bay; and the extent of its discharge may be imagined from the fact that this lake receives the waters of the Red River

altitude of 1,600 feet, having a width of about 250 miles on the national boundary line, and an area of about 105,000 square miles. The rich, undulating park-like country lies in this region. This section is specially favourable for settlement, and includes the Assiniboine and Qu'Appelle districts.

The third plateau or steppe begins on the boundary line at the 104th meridian, where it has an elevation of about 2,000 feet, and extends west for 465 miles to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, where it has an altitude of about 4,200 feet, making an average height above the sea of about 3,000 feet. Generally speaking, the first two steppes are those which are most favourable for agriculture, and the third for grazing. Settlement is proceeding in the first two at a very rapid rate; and in the third plateau numerous and prosperous cattle ranches have been established.

The prairie section of the Canadian North-West, extending westward from the neighbourhood of Winnipeg to the base of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of over 800 miles, contains large tracts of the finest agricultural lands in the world. The prairie is generally rolling or undulating, with clumps of woods and lines of forest here and there. It abounds with lakes, lakelets, and running streams, in the neighbourhood of which the scenery has been described as the finest park scenery in the world.

The richness of the soil, and the salubrity of the climate, which is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of grain and raising of stock, will assuredly cause this vast tract of country to become in the near future the home of millions of happy and prosperous people.

There is a generally accepted theory that the great fertility of the land in the North-West is due generally to three causes:—First, the droppings of birds and animals on the plains; second, the ashes left by the annual prairie fires; and third, the constant accumulation of decayed vegetable matter; and when the fact is considered that great herds of buffalo and other game have roamed for generations over the prairies; that wild fowl, to this day, are found in vast numbers everywhere; and that prairie fires have raged every year for many generations in the North-West, there is doubtless sound reason for this theory.

Whatever may have been the cause of the extreme richness of the land, however, there is one feature which is of great importance, and that is the depth of good soil in the prairie country. It has been frequently stated that the depth of black-loam in the North-West will range from one to four feet, and, in some instances, even deeper, but the statement, though received with a good deal of doubt, has in many cases been verified.

A supply of good water is an indispensable necessity to the farmer, not only for household purposes, but also for stock. The Canadian North-West has not only numerous rivers and creeks, but also a very large number of lakes and lakelets throughout the whole country, and it has now been ascertained definitely that good water can be obtained almost anywhere throughout the territory by means of wells; in addition to which there are numerous, clear-running, never-failing springs to be found throughout the country.

"WERE you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so," responded the good man; "I have helped to bring up eight babies."

## SCHOOLTIME.

WHAT is all this great commotion?  
What's the matter with the boys?  
Seems to me the house is bursting  
With their clatter and their noise.

"Mamma, put up lots of dinner,"  
"Mamma, won't you brush my hair?"  
"Mamma, where's my cap and mittens?"  
"There! I've tumbled over a chair."

Here they rush and there they go.  
With noise of boots and noise of tongues;  
Three boys hurrying to and fro,  
With active feet and good strong lungs.

"Almost schooltime;" "Hurry up, Ed;"  
"Where's the dinner pail?" "Where's my  
skates?"

With skip and jump and 'Good-bye, mamma,'  
Gone are the boys, and books and slates.

Oh, busy mothers of happy boys,  
Who feel the silence a blessed rest,  
Bear with the boys the best you can,  
For soon they'll leave the old home nest.

They'll be grave men, with boys of their own  
Perhaps will sleep in the churchyard low,  
While you hold them fast with mother's love,  
Remember, sometime your boys must go.

## GIDEON OUSELEY.

HE was a typical Irishman and a typical Irish Methodist—brave as a lion, bubbling over with wit, and with the magic gift of eloquence. He was a wild youth, possessing extraordinary physical strength, a leader in athletic sports, a dashing rider, at home, at horse-races, weddings, and wakes, ready to bet, drink, or fight. Yet from his childhood he had felt deep religious impressions, and like many others destined to large usefulness, he seems to have had early premonitions of his high calling of God. A godly mother taught him to pray, and to read the Bible, and other good books. He married very young, and with his girl-wife he set up housekeeping, but did not make much change in his way of living. In a drinking bout he was shot in the face and neck, and lost one of his eyes. This event sobered him for awhile, but he relapsed into his former courses, and even his devoted wife gave up all hope that he would reform.

In 1789 the Methodists came to Dunmore, where he lived. He went to hear them, and went away feeling that he was a lost sinner. His conviction was deep and his anguish of soul intense. The old Adam in him was strong, and evil held him fast. After a desperate struggle, one day he fell on his knees alone in his house, and cried, "O God, I will submit!" Soon afterwards, under the instructions of the Methodists, whose meetings he now regularly attended, and with the help of their prayers, he broke through all difficulties, and one Sunday morning, in May, 1791, he was born of God. It was a powerful conversion. It was a glad memory to him through life. He could not contain the mighty joy that flooded his soul. The hand of the Lord was upon him. He felt that he must tell the perishing masses around what a Saviour he had found.

He was of good blood, coming of a family distinguished in arms, statesmanship, and letters. Being the eldest son, rarely gifted, and classically educated, he might have hoped to achieve distinction in any line of secular ambition; but the word of the Lord was as a fire in his bones. Breaking over all the conventionalities attached to his social position, renouncing fully

and gladly all worldly ambition, and counting all things but loss that he might win Christ, he was soon going from town to town a flaming evangelist, exciting the wonder of the people, and moving them with a strange power. This is his own way of telling how he was called to preach:

"The voice said, 'Gideon, go and preach the Gospel.'

"'How can I go?' says I: 'O Lord, I cannot speak, for I am a child.'

"'Do you not know the disease?'

"'O, yes, Lord, I do,' says I.

"'And do you not know the cure?'

"'Indeed I do, glory be to thy holy name!' says I.

"'Go, then, and tell them these two things—the disease and the cure. All the rest is nothing but talk.'"

For forty years he lived to tell of the disease and the cure. It was a ministry of marvellous power and success. He preached in the Irish tongue as well as in English. The wondering multitudes wept or swore and raved at him as the mood moved them. To the simple and plaintive Irish airs he would sing the Methodist hymns, the tender-hearted people swaying and sobbing as they listened. His pulpit was in the saddle. On market-days and other occasions that drew the people together he would ride into the midst of a crowd, start a hymn or begin an exhortation, and with a voice of remarkable clearness and power would make himself heard above all the noises of carts, cattle, pigs, poultry, and the howlings of the mob. Extraordinary power attended his word. His method was direct—he showed that there was but one Saviour, and one way of salvation by him. Sinners were cut to the heart, and great numbers were brought to Christ. Wherever he went the flame kindled and spread, both among Romanists and Protestants. It tested all his wit to control the mixed multitudes that heard him, but his tact was equal to all occasions. The mob that could not be convinced by argument was conciliated by his good humor, or captured by a stroke of ready wit. His Irish heart knew the way to their hearts, and when once he got hold of them he led them by a straight line to the Saviour of sinners. He and his companions went through nearly all the northern half of Ireland, "storming the little towns as they rode along." The conversions were many and clear, and the converts were often so demonstrative as to make a great stir in both friendly and hostile circles. Scenes of indescribable excitement attended his preaching—some weeping, some shouting defiance and curses, some throwing stones, some ready to attack and others to defend him, brandishing shillalahs, and breaking each other's heads until the police or a platoon of soldiers came and put an end to the riot. His soldier-blood was quickened in his veins and his fearless heart beat high amid such scenes, and he was always able to ride the storm he had raised. If there is one quality that wins an Irishman's admiration, it is courage—it touches a chord in the hearts of a race that is the mother of heroes. There was a generous and princely element in his nature that showed itself in dealing with the most violent opposers. There was more than this—a mighty faith in God and a Christliness of spirit that went beyond nature in its reach and power.

He was pre-eminently the apostle of Irish Methodism.

To the last he was active, preaching when he was seventy-four years old, fourteen, sixteen, and sometimes twenty sermons a week. Loved and venerated by all classes, he died in Dublin in 1839, the Centennial year of British Methodism. "I have no fear of death!" he exclaimed with his dying breath, and the brave, generous, glowing heart ceased to beat, and his immortal spirit was taken up to be with his Lord.

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A LUNATIC.

COULD we with ink the ocean fill;  
Were every blade of grass a quill;  
Were the whole world of parchment made,  
And every man a scribe by trade.

To write the love  
Of God above,

Would drain that ocean dry;  
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky.

## HOW WOODEN SHOES ARE MADE.

AN industry that cannot last many years more, thanks to the rapid cheapening of leather shoes by means of machinery, is the manufacture of wooden shoes, still the only wear of thousands of French peasantry. A writer in *Chambers's Journal* pleasantly describes the manner in which this industry is carried on. The surroundings are certainly picturesque. An encampment has been formed in the beech woods, and suitable trees are selected and felled. Each will probably give six dozen pairs of wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrated with damp, but the beech sabots are light, of close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud, and in this respect are greatly superior to leather.

All is animation. The men cut down the tree; the trunk is sawn into lengths, and if the pieces prove too large they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the *sabots* roughly with the hatchet, taking care to give the bend for right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the hole for the interior, scoops the wood out with an instrument called the *cuiller*.

The third is the artist of the company; it is his work to finish and polish it, carving a rose or primrose upon the top if it be for the fair sex. Sometimes he cuts an open border around the edge, so that a blue or white stocking may be shown by a coquettish girl. As they are finished they are placed in rows under the white shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire, which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm golden hue. The largest sizes are cut from the lowest part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is out in rain from morning to night. The middle part is for the busy housewife who is treading the washhouse, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next come those of the little shepherd, who wanders all day long with his flock, and still smaller ones for the school-boy. Those for the babies have the happiest lot; they are seldom worn out. As the foot grows the mother keeps the little sabots in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe.

SONG OF THE WIRES.

"TICK, tick! Tick, tick! Tick, tick!"  
Hark to the voice of the telegraph wires  
Ticking out every word!  
A be-in-a-hurry, impatient voice,  
That over all others is heard.  
Now 'tis a message of sorrow and care,  
And then of pleasure and song,  
A tender thought, or a parting prayer,  
Or a whisper of cruel wrong.

"Tick, tick! Tick, tick! Tick, tick!"  
The wail of battle, the horror of fire,  
The speed of a horse or ship;  
The crash of markets, the flight of kings,  
The word from baby's lip:  
The flood, the plague, and the earthquake shock,  
The sorrow that's on the sea,  
Are met by mother's loving thought,  
Or a lover's wedding glee.

"Tick, tick! Tick, tick! Tick, tick!"  
And the winds blow through them day and night;  
(Do the winds know what they say?)  
And the sunshine glints, and the rain sweeps by,  
And the white snows on them stay,  
And the birds rest there and plume their wings,  
(Do the birds their story know?)  
Do they feel the thrill of the mighty things  
That under their small feet go?

"Tick, tick! Tick, tick! Tick, tick!"  
Above the snow of the cotton plant,  
And above the Northern wheat,  
And over the mighty mountain chain,  
And the prairie fresh and sweet,  
And over the thousand-streeted town,  
And the desert wild and free;  
And over the mighty forest trees,  
And under the roaring sea.

"Tick, tick! Tick, tick! Tick, tick!"  
They clasp all earth in a loving ring,  
And they answer all desires,  
For there isn't a language they cannot speak—  
The wonderful Telegraph wires!  
They will girdle the earth and cross the sea,  
And the nations bind, until  
The World shall answer in every tongue  
Their messages of Good-will.  
—*Lillie E. Barr.*

"HOW TO GET RELIGION."

THOSE who want religion get it; for those who really desire saving grace put themselves in a way to obtain it, and God meets all such. It is natural to seek the gratification of our desires. If a man wants money, he seeks it; if he wants political preferment, he seeks it. If a boy wants an education, he proceeds to meet the conditions of its attainment; if he wants social enjoyment, he adjusts himself to his social opportunities. So, if a man wants religion, he spontaneously puts himself in a way to get it; and if he wants it very much he will seek it first and more ardently than he seeks anything else. Then, as we have said, he gets it. We are positive on this point, because there are no contingencies between an earnest soul and God; nor is "God slack concerning his promises." We read: "All the promises of God in him (that is, in Christ) are yea, and in him amen," (2 Cor. i. 20). The moment we begin to "draw nigh to God," that moment he begins to "draw nigh to us." The movement is like that of two weights balanced on a pulley; the instant the lower weight begins to rise, the upper one begins to descend, and they are sure to meet in the centre.

The balance of power to determine personal salvation is in the hands of the unsaved. It is locked up in the will. The Creator put it there, and then threw away the key. Hence man's responsibility. It is left to him

to make his own character and fix his own destiny. Therefore, if a man wills to have religion, there is no possibility of failure on the side of God. He is committed to fill the man with righteousness who hungers and thirsts after it. And his promises are not like notes on time, but cash down the moment we make the transfer of ourselves and property to him. Show a clean title by cancelling all claims and mortgages of sin, Satan, and the world upon you, and execute a deed of consecration, and God will and must accept the tender and bestow the promised consideration. I reverently say must, for he has put himself under self-assumed obligations to meet you on terms of salvation at that point. He has established his own conditions, and the day you meet them with the deepest sincerity you can command he has bound himself, at the hazard of his own attributes, to fulfil his engagements. If, then, you confess your sin, he will and must prove himself "faithful and just to forgive your sin, and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness." "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." There is no assurance in any pursuit like that which we find in the pursuit of religion. We may desire wealth, civil distinction, or social relationships, but a thousand obstructions may come between us and the attainment of the coveted object. Not so with salvation. It is only look and live, thirst and drink. But one says, "I do not thirst, and, therefore, cannot drink, for appetite must precede eating and drinking." True; but you can beget desire. To start with, you have painful awakenings. "Every heart knows its own bitterness." In spite of itself, every unsaved soul is a troubled sea. Fear lurks in every mind to which Jesus does not say "Peace, be still." Doubt, unrest, and apprehension surge through the soul where sin reigns or keeps the least footing.

Sin is a hornet that constantly stings the feelings. Guilt is a burden hard to carry. It will bow and break at length the strongest nerve. Even a feeling of uncertainty as to our salvation is a canker that will eat the soul out of a man of ordinary sensibility. Now, to consider this state of things naturally begets desire to be at rest. Who can be in an earthquake or tempest and not desire its cessation? Again, compare your doubt and forebodings with the quiet and confidence of those who are consciously saved. The result will be a desire that will express itself in this wise, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." It was such comparison that created in John Wesley a desire to be consciously saved. In a storm at sea he saw the Moravian missionaries calm and resigned, while he was agitated with fear. Above all, give yourself to prayer and the reading of the Scriptures, and you will not only desire, but crave and pant for the water of life. Take the Bible and kneel down at your bedside, with the sacred pages open before you. Read and pray, and pray and read, repent and believe, confess and weep, and pour out your soul as it were in solution before God, and your indifference will turn to desire, and your desire to burning thirst. And then you will be "filled with the Spirit," and blessed with "all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."—*A. Lowrey, in Divine Life.*

MATCHES.

WE do not refer to the kind of matches that are said to be made in heaven, but to the very earthly article which enables Bridget to start up the kitchen fire and Patrick to light his pipe. There is hardly any article in more common use, and in all our household economy not one the loss of which would be so constantly felt.

But how few people realize that this year is only the semi-centennial of the domestic match! The old way of striking fire was with the flint and steel. It is not known that any attempt was made to produce fire by chemical agency until the year 1805. But the matches then invented, as well as those which followed, until the year 1833, were clumsy and dangerous, and did not come into general use.

But from the year 1833 the growth of the business has been enormous. The number of matches made in the United States during the past year was about thirty-three thousand million. And yet the cost of this enormous number is a comparatively insignificant sum.

Matches can be made and sold for about fifty or sixty cents a gross of bunches, containing one hundred each, and yield a handsome profit. That is, the cost of nearly fifteen thousand matches is about fifty cents,—or three hundred for a cent. And as the average use of matches is about six hundred a year for each person of the population, the average expense should be about two cents for a person.

This cost has, however, been much increased in this country by a tax, during the last twenty years. Since the internal revenue system went into effect, during the war, the law has required a one-cent stamp to be placed upon every package of one hundred matches.

This tax, during the fiscal year just closed, yielded more than three and a quarter million dollars. It will be seen that it amounts to from two to three times the actual cost of the matches, so that the people have been paying three or four times as much as they otherwise need to have paid for this indispensable article.

It is a queer fact, as showing how the taste of the people of different countries, in respect to taxes, varies; that while Americans have borne this tax upon matches with perfect good-humor, Englishmen refuse to bear it at all.

When Mr. Lowe, now Viscount Sherbrooke, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Gladstone's former administration, he proposed to raise money for the Government by a tax on matches. But a great crowd, numbering tens of thousands of persons, assembled near the Houses of Parliament to protest against the measure, and it was abandoned. In France there is such a tax.

The match manufacture in this country is what is called a "monopoly." But the term is misused, for the business is open to all competitors. The truth is, that the large manufacturers have consolidated their business, and therefore they are enabled to sell matches for less money than smaller factories would be obliged to charge. Of course, the moment they charge too much, new, independent factories will spring into operation, for the material

from which matches are made is cheap, and the machinery and the process of manufacture are simple.

Some people have feared that this "monopoly" would now be able to force its customers to pay the same price for matches that has been paid during the last twenty years, and that thus the benefit of the remission of taxes would go into the profits of the manufacturer.

The fear was an idle one, for not only could rival companies well afford to sell matches at one-half their former price, but matches can be imported from abroad, and yet be sold at one-half the price charged when they were stamped.

Although the tax averaged only about six cents a year for each person, the relief from it was a welcome one, and the people have already received the benefit of it; for since the first of July the price has been greatly reduced.

NEWTON'S CHILDHOOD.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON is the greatest of modern philosophers and mechanics. When he was born December 25, 1642, three months after his father's death, he was so small and feeble that no one supposed he would live a day; but the weak infant grew to be a healthy, robust man, who lived until he was eighty-four years old. He began to invent or contrive machines, and to show his taste for mechanics in early childhood. He inherited some property from his father, and his mother, who had married a second time, sent him to the best schools, and to the University of Cambridge. At school he soon showed his natural taste; he amused himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and different tools, and when his companions were at play spent his time in making machines and toys. He made a wooden clock when he was twelve years old, and the model of a wind-mill, and in his mill he put a mouse, which he called his miller, and which turned the wheels by running around its cage. He made a water clock four feet high, and a cart with four wheels, not unlike a velocipede, in which he could drive himself by turning a windlass.

His love of mechanics often interrupted his studies at school, and he was sometimes making clocks and carriages when he ought to have been constructing Latin and Greek. But his mind was so active that he easily caught up again with his fellow-scholars, and was always fond of every kind of knowledge. He taught the school-boys to make paper kites; he made paper lanterns by which to go to school in the dark winter mornings; and sometimes at night he would alarm the whole country round by raising his kites in the air with a paper lantern attached to the tail; they would shine like meteors in the distance, and the country people, at that time very ignorant, would fancy them omens of evil, and celestial lights.

He was never idle for a moment. He learned to draw and sketch; he made little tables and sideboards for the children to play with; he watched the motion of the sun by means of pegs he had fixed in the wall of the house where he lived, and marked every hour.



## WHAT IS HEAVEN?

"WHAT is Heaven?" I asked a little child;  
"All joy!" and in her innocence she smiled.

I asked the aged, with care oppressed:  
"All suffering o'er, Oh! Heaven, at last, is rest!

I asked a maiden, meek and tender-eyed:  
"It must be love!" she modestly replied.

I asked the artist, who adored his art:  
"Heaven is all beauty!" spoke his raptured heart.

I asked the poet, with his soul afire:  
"Tis glory—glory!" and he struck his lyre.

I asked the Christian, waiting her release:  
A halo round her, low she murmured "Peace."

So all may look with hopeful eyes above,  
'Tis beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace, and love!

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1884.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AID AND  
EXTENSION FUND  
COLLECTION.

BY order of the Sunday-school Board, the Editor who is also Sunday-school Secretary, is instructed to call the attention of all superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools to article 354 on page 159 of the Methodist Discipline, which reads as follows:

"An annual collection in aid of Sabbath-school work shall be taken up in all our schools, to be called the Sabbath-school Aid and Extension Fund collection. It is recommended that this collection be taken up at the open session of the school on the Quarterly Review Sunday in September [September 28th], or at such other time as may be found most convenient. It shall be the duty of superintendents of circuits and districts to see that such collections are taken up."

This duty, however, is often neglected. Many schools omit to take up this collection, and at the District Meeting the minister often pays out of his own pocket what the school should have paid, or else the collection is altogether overlooked. Some circuits where there are four or five schools pay only \$1, an average of 20 or 25 cents per school. This fund, while comparatively small, is doing a great work in planting new schools, and helping poor schools

in far-off missions in the backwoods—on the distant prairies, in the wilds of Muskoka, in the valley of the Ottawa, in the new villages along the Canada Pacific Railway, among the mountains of British Columbia, and in the fishing villages on the shores of Newfoundland.

These mission schools are encouraged to help themselves as much as possible, and this Aid and Extension Fund makes up the balance that they are unable to pay. A missionary in Newfoundland writes: "It would interest you to know that the school scholars make a collection of dried fish for their papers, and then turn some into money and hand it over to me. I hope to get the cost before long. The wet season this summer down here has hindered us much in that line."

A missionary in New Brunswick, who has established several new schools, writes: "The people are very poor, and the Missionary Society is truly doing important work for God among this and some other outlying places on this circuit, so any grant which the Sabbath-school Board can make us will be a blessing to our work. I am sure our Sabbath-school papers are doing no small work for Methodism and Christianity in the bounds of this Conference."

A missionary near the Rocky Mountains who has just started three new schools—one forty miles away—writes: "If the people were able to furnish the schools with papers, etc., I would be the last one to call on the Sabbath-school Mission Fund to aid us; but, my brother, they are not. I expect to raise quite a good sum by collection for the Sabbath-school Fund, but in the meantime must call on the Society for help. I find the other Churches are doing all they can to catch the young people; but by hard labour and help from our brethren in Ontario I think we can hold our own. So I may say, brother, if we won't aid the people in Sabbath-school work, others will, and that right early."

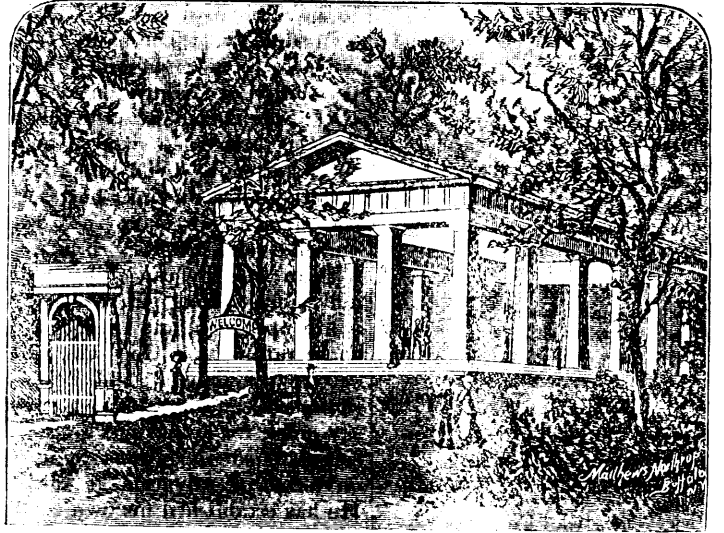
A missionary in British Columbia, writing for Sunday-school papers, says: "I find that about half the people I visit never come to church nor read any religious literature from one year to another."

A missionary in Algoma writes:—"Under very adverse circumstances we have started a Sunday-school, but it is very hard work to keep up the interest without papers. Could you not manage to get a donation for us for one year, and I think I am safe in saying that in another year we will be self-supporting."

This is the sort of work that this fund is doing. We are sure it will commend itself to every school in the land. Let it have a good collection, and hand over the money to the superintendent minister.

## OLD BOOKS WANTED!

THE Secretary of the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund has a large number of applications from poor schools for donations of second library-books. He has sent out in all about 10,000 books, and has none on hand. Will not schools send him their old libraries for this purpose. We will allow, if desired, ten per cent. of the value of the books given, and pay express charges. Address, Rev. W. H. Withrow.



THE HALL OF PHILOSOPHY, (CHAUTAQUA, N. Y.)  
The Centre of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

C. L. S. C., 1884-85.

THE Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is a school at home—a school after school—a college for one's own house, by which he may become acquainted in a general way with the school and college world, into which so many of our young people go, about which their parents know so little, and the benefits of which college people themselves need to recall in their later years.

It is for busy people, who left school years ago, and who desire to pursue some systematic course of instruction.

It is for high school and college graduates, for people who never entered either high school or college, for merchants, mechanics, apprentices, mothers, busy housekeepers, farmer boys, shop girls, and for people of leisure and wealth who do not know what to do with their time. College graduates, ministers, lawyers, physicians, accomplished ladies, are taking the course. They find the required books entertaining and useful, giving them a pleasant review of the studies long ago laid aside. Several of the members are over eighty years of age. Very few are under eighteen.

The C. L. S. C. Course requires about forty minutes' time a day for the term of four years. It need not be done every day, although this is a desirable way to carry on the work. The readings are comprehensive, clear, simple, and entertaining. They vary, of course, in interest according to the taste of the reader.

More than sixty thousand names are enrolled in this so-called "People's University." Although not a university at all, it has put educational influence, atmosphere, and ambition into the homes of the people which will lead many thousands of youth to seek the education which colleges and universities supply.

It is an easy thing to join the C. L. S. C. No preliminary examination is required; indeed, no examination is required at any time. Members are expected to fill out certain simple memoranda year after year, and forward them to the central office of the C. L. S. C., at Plainfield, N. J. But this is no task at all. A careful reading of the books is all that is necessary in order to graduate.

Persons may join the C. L. S. C. for one year. A full course requires four years, and even after graduation one

may continue to read on and add seals for years to the diploma which he receives at the end of the first four years.

The course embraces simple, entertaining, and instructive reading in ancient and modern history and literature, in physical, mental, and moral science, and in all matters that pertain to a true life—physical, intellectual, industrial, domestic, social, political, and religious. It is unsectarian and unsectional, promoting good fellowship and fraternity, inspiring help to the home, the Church, and the State. All are alike welcome to its fellowship.

The C. L. S. C. has the spirit of delightful fellowship that belongs to the college; its mottoes, songs, memorial days, vesper services, diplomas, commencement days, public recognitions, seals, badges, class gatherings, alumni reunions, etc., etc., give to it a peculiar charm and kindle enthusiasm among its members.

The course of study for 1884-85 is as follows:

## SCIENCE.

Beginner's Hand Book of Chemistry, Professor Appleton. \$1.

Scientific readings in the *Chautauquan*; The Circle of the Sciences; Huxley on Science; Home Studies in Chemistry, by Professor J. T. Edwards; Easy Lessons in Animal Biology, by Dr. J. H. Wythe; the Temperance Teachings of Science; and Studies in Kitchen Science and Art. (The *Chautauquan* is published by T. L. Flood, Meadville, Pa. Price \$1 50 per annum. Ten numbers, October to July.)

## HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

Barnes' Brief History of Greece. 60 cents.

Preparatory Greek Course in English, Wilkinson. \$1.

College Greek Course in English, Wilkinson. \$1.

Chautauqua Text Book, No. 5.

Greek History, Vincent. 10 cents.

Cyrus and Alexander, Abbot. 70 cents.

The Art of Speech, vol. i. Dr. L. T. Townsend. 50 cents.

Readings in the *Chautauquan*: Talks About Good English, Glimpses of Ancient Greek Life, and Greek Mythology.

## RELIGION.

The Character of Jesus, Horace Bushnell; cloth, 60 cents; paper, 40 cents. How to Help the Poor, Mrs.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUCCESS.

**W**HEN this important subject of the Rev. Henry Lewis, of Heart's Content, Newfoundland, writes thus:

Dear Brother,—I am now getting my papers ready for the District Meeting, among other things the Sabbath-school schedules. Now it seems to me that while we are doing the right thing in having a religious state report from each mission, I am of the opinion that a report concerning the work done in the Sabbath-schools ought to be required.

I remember when I first entered the work such a report was read in District Meetings, but the usage has been discontinued.

Could not some plan be devised whereby the spiritual results of our Sabbath-schools could not only be tabulated but related in writing, and when read would be the means of

inspiring others with noble efforts to make our schools successful in winning souls for Jesus.

Now I know that this year good work has been done for Jesus in St. John's, Bugus-Cupids and other schools in our colony, and probably a passing notice will be made of these glorious events in our District Meetings and nothing more. We might do something in our papers (which you are working up so admirably) after the fashion of the *War Cry*, or better, the *Joyful News*, and record the conversions of scholars, and thus bring to the front the conversion of children, which we all believe in and love to see.

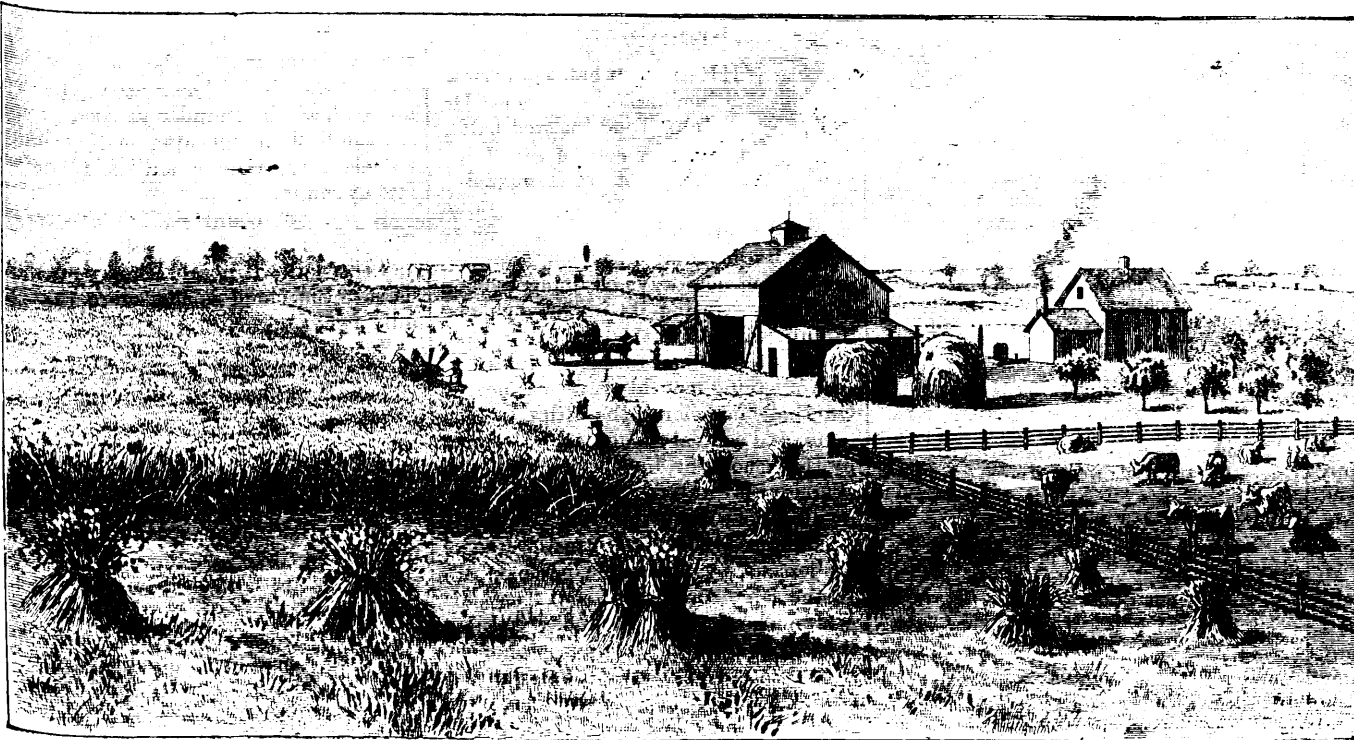
I have had it on my heart and mind to write an article on our Sabbath-school work for your Magazine, much in the same strain that Dr. Burns wrote on missions. You did well to reprint those articles in the *PLEASANT HOURS*.

God bless you in your work and give you more success. You are doing a work for God and the Church that cannot be tabulated but is recorded above.

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY, MISSIONARY AT PORT SIMPSON.

Dear Young Friends,—I visited our mission at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Island, a short time ago, where we have a small church, and a mission house is to be built soon. I was pleased on walking through the grave-yard with the missionary, to hear him say here was buried a good boy, and here was one who died happy. And in place of the great long cedar poles which they used to raise on the death of the friends, the first I saw was, "In memory of Little Charley, died June 17, 1883. 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'" "In memory of Annie, died Dec. 1st 1882. 'She is not dead, but gone before.'" I saw eight little graves in one plot. Oh how glad we are to know that many of those poor people have learned to love Jesus, and you can help to send the good news to more of them. A dear little friend from Barrie, Ont., sent me this letter:

"Mr. Crosby,—I write to let you know who sent you those papers. I



HARVEST IN THE NORTH-WEST.—(See first page)

James T. Fields; paper, 20 cents. History of the Reformation, Bishop J. F. Hurst; 40 cents. Sunday Readings in the *Chautauquan*.

Readings in *Our Alma Mater*: Lesson in Every-Day Speech, Prof. W. D. McClinton; Lessons in Household Decoration, Miss Susan Hayes Ward; Lessons in Self-Discipline; Thinking. Memory, Selection of Books, etc.; Official Communications to Members.

For information concerning the C. L. S. C., address Dr. J. H. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J.; or L. C. Peake, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

We strongly recommend young people to read this course.

These books may all be procured at the Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

OUR CLASS MOTTOES.

We study the Word and the Works of God.

Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst.

Never be discouraged.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER-MEETINGS.

**T**HEY must be short, and the prayers that are offered in them must be short, sensible, and to the point.

They must have thought in them; that is, by the remarks of the leader, or by readings of Scripture and sacred literature, there must be something calculated to enlarge the thoughts of the young people concerning God and his kingdom.

Nothing so conduces to the devotional frame of mind as the reading of hymns. Suppose, for example, at one of your meetings you took the hymn-book of the Church and selected from the various hymns twenty or thirty verses that describe the helplessness and sinfulness of the human heart. Let them be carefully read. Now and then a verse may be sung. Let Scripture passages which these verses paraphrase or illustrate be also introduced. Then let one or two hymns be carefully read and sung, such as "Jesus, Lover of my soul," etc. Thus, by the inspiration of poetry, hearts sick of sin may be led to Christ, who is the only help and refuge.

From the writings of devout souls, like Thomas à Kempis, John Wesley, the saintly Rutherford, etc., etc., let short selections be read, and perhaps dwelt upon. My doctrine is, that if we have only five minutes to pray, four minutes spent in close thought on lofty and divine subjects will better prepare us to pray for the one minute than we could pray for five without such thought.

Avoid all "put-on-tones." Let the service be a natural, thoughtful, genuine service. And let tones be struck by truth as it comes from the heart of him who holds it.

It would be a good plan to set your young people at work reading devout literature. I believe, if I may presume to make a suggestion, that the little *Chautauqua Text-Book*, Number One, on "Bible Exploration; or, How to Study the Bible," would be a good manual to put into the hands of young people.—*S. S. Journal*

VOICES FROM MEMBERS OF THE C. L. S. C.

THEIR TOILS AND SACRIFICES—WORKING ALONE—NO LIBRARY—PEOPLE WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED—A COMFORT FOR OLD-AGE—THE C. L. S. C. ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE—LIFTED OUT OF SELF AND NEARER THE FATHER—WIDENS THE FIELD OF VISION.

**M**Y work has been done, often with hands busy with other tasks, oftener racked with pain, but at the close of the year I believe I am a better wife, a stronger Christian, and a more patient Sunday-school worker for the readings of the C. L. S. C. "All rivers run to the sea." All streams of truth lead to Christ. God bless our Superintendent of instruction.

We housekeepers do not get much time, but I find "where there is a will there is a way." I have worked alone, and with no library to go to, so my work cannot help being crude. Yet such as it is, I find I have derived very much help from the work.

Since joining the Circle my father died, leaving me the care of an invalid mother and the management of a hundred and sixty acre farm, which occupies most of my time. Yet I have

found time to complete the course of reading and have enjoyed it very much.

I was constantly reminded that I was standing still while others were advancing in knowledge, and I felt quite hopeless until the C. L. S. C. held out a helping hand, which, with all my weakness, I could clasp. Sickness and death have visited my home since I commenced the course, and I think I can say that the C. L. S. C. has done much to divert my mind from dwelling too much on my afflictions. I have by God's goodness been permitted to complete the four years' required course of reading. My health, age and circumstances have prevented my connection with my local circle; but I esteem it a great privilege to be allowed the very humblest place in this grand scheme for good, and to blend my prayers and good wishes and to be called one of the number.

Four years ago I started over ways untried, paths untrodden, have done hard mining by the way. The chasm that has been bridged by course of reading, God only can know. I have been lifted out of self, nearer the Father. I have read and re-read all the required reading; also, all the earnestly-recommended reading, and all the tracts of Home College Series that were required, and a number of others. Now, in closing the four years' work, let me, with all my heart, thank you, and those who labour with you, for our Circle. If it never should accomplish anything more, it lifted one tired, discouraged life to a higher plane and to vastly higher views of life. I do humbly and sincerely thank God for the C. L. S. C.

I can never tell how grateful we are for this C. L. S. C. Course, nor with what pleasure we pursue it. We turn from the weary work of every day and really enjoy minutes of mental recreation, minutes that we would sometimes make hours.

I may truthfully say that this course has done very much to make the past four years the grandest of my life. It has given spiritual as well as mental strength. It has widened my field of vision so that I see farther out into the illimitable universe of God.

saw that you wanted them. I will send you some more tickets soon, and more papers. From H. H.—, Barrie, Ont."

And another from South Cedar, Nainimo, B. C.

"Rev. T. Crosby, Dear Sir,—Having read your letter in the PLEASANT HOURS for May 17th, which I always do read with great interest, I asked my dear mamma's permission to gather up all my tickets and simple books, which I beg you will accept for those dear little children you wrote about. I remain with great respect, F. W. T.—"

Now you see there are many ways you can help others, and by helping to make others happy you will be nappy yourselves. As dear, good Mrs. J. W. Jeffery, who loved missions and missionaries so much, used to say when she was young and would go to an evening party of little ones, when she would come home tired, "Mamma, I did try to make them all happy," and making others happy she was happy herself.

I will try and write again about the mission ship; she is to have her engines and boiler in soon.

Your Missionary,  
T. CROSBY.

#### VILE AND CORRUPTING.

**P**LEASE allow me to call attention to certain books in David C. Cook's "Sabbath Library." Such pabulum is "cheap," and worse. It needs no further comment. Superintendents will do well to look sharply to the material that comes into the hands of their scholars, and put under ban all vile and corrupting literature, even though it bears so attractive a title as "The Sabbath Library," and designed for Sunday reading. A couple of samples are offered:

"Don't you be afeared about what Davy drinks. He ain't no drunkard. That is, drink takes not much effect on him."

"Why, bless you! my maid, he'd drink a dozen men blind and stupid, and yet be hisself."

"We've been upon short 'lowance, a kind of six upon four."

"I don't want doctor's stuff, as my wife bothers me to take; I want 'double tides' and that'd float me all right in no time."

"Woman, fool! he shouted to his wife."—*From Manor House Mystery.*

"I was given to understand that the first practice a fighting pup had was with a 'good old gummer,' that is to say, with a dog that had been a good one in his day, but was now old, and toothless, and incapable of doing more than 'mumble' the juvenile antagonist that was set against him, the one great advantage being that the young dog gained practical experience in the making of 'points.'

"The next stage, as I was informed, in training the young aspirant for pithonors was to treat him to a 'real mouthful,' or, in other words, 'to let him taste dog.'"—*The Baptist Superintendent.*

No man can induce students to work hard who is not a hard worker himself; they must feel the subtle contagion of intense mental activity.—*Dr. Broadus.*

#### THE SILVER LINING.

**T**HERE'S never a day so sunny  
But a little cloud appears,  
There's never a life so happy  
But has had its time of tears;  
Yet the sun shines out the brighter  
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing  
With roses in every plot;  
There's never a heart so hardened  
But it has one tender spot;  
We have only to prune the border  
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant  
But has bitter with the sweet;  
There's never a path so rugged  
That bears not the prints of feet;  
And we have a helper promised  
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises  
But we know 'twill set at night;  
The tints that gleam in the morning  
At evening are just as bright;  
And the hour that is the sweetest  
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy  
But the waking makes us sad;  
There's never a dream of sorrow  
But the waking makes us glad.  
We shall look some day with wonder  
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow  
But the entrance is made straight;  
There's always a guide to point us  
To the "little wicket gate;"  
And the angels will be nearer  
To the soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty  
But will some day bow and kneel;  
There's never a heart so wounded  
That the Saviour cannot heal;  
There is many a lowly forehead  
That is bearing the hidden seal.  
—*Boston Transcript.*

#### CANADIANS AT CHAUTAUQUA.

**A** LARGE party of Canadians visited Chautauqua, among them the venerable "Father Douse," aged eighty-three. The *Assembly Herald* says:—A more sincere and cordial welcome could not have been given to any people than was extended to the Canadians. They were made to feel that at Chautauqua they were at home among their own people. When nations shall mingle together, without jealousy and with sincere respect for each other's rights and happiness, then will the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. A right royal reception was given to these visitors. Dr. J. H. Vincent and President Miller delivered speeches of welcome, which were full of Chautauqua catholicity. Edward Gurney, President of the Toronto C. L. S. C. replied, and his wit, and whimsical expressions and cool drollery seemed to be exactly in place. Rev. Thomas Cullen, of Toronto, was introduced, and it soon became evident that his warm heart throbbed with the best blood of the Emerald Isle. J. J. McLaren, Esq., spoke finely and at length. Prof. Sherwin, and Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald, of Nashville, made very appropriate speeches, and the address of Louis O. Peake closed a very pleasant hour.

LADY (in an Intelligence Office): "I am afraid that that little girl won't do for a nurse; she is too small; I should hesitate to trust her with the baby." Clerk: "Her size, madam, we look upon as her greatest recommendation—when she drops a baby it doesn't have far to fall."

#### REVIEWING.

**T**HE constant habit of reviewing," upon which good Dr. John Todd insisted half a century ago, in the "Student's Manual," is not yet estimated at its full value by teachers generally. Especially are Bible students slow to secure its benefits; wise men, however, are finding new ways of doing it, and are demonstrating its importance and usefulness. A method which a Connecticut school has recently adopted is that of having monthly review concerts. On these occasions, the titles, golden texts, and central thoughts are repeated by the school, or by classes, and this exercise is interspersed with the reading of more or less elaborate articles on special topics, in the line of the lessons, by the more capable pupils. In the same state there is at least one pastor who devotes a Sunday evening in each quarter to a review sermon,—a sermon reviewing not the Sunday-school lessons, but his sermons. He places on the blackboard such points from his sermons of the preceding three months as he feels to be important, and calls attention to them in a review discourse. On that evening he is always sure of a large and interested audience. Not less sure are his people to gain a clear view of truth in its relations, and to get a better hold on it for their memories. There is an old story of a sick tailor who sent word to his fellow-craftsmen that he wanted them all to be present when he should die, as he had a message for them. With his last breath, he gasped to the eager group, "Put a knot in your thread." For want of the knot which only reviewing can put in the thread of teaching, a vast amount of work is wasted. Dry and distasteful reviews do more harm than good; but of wise reviewing it is different to have too much. The more careful the "review," the more interesting and practical may be the review. But reviews there should be, in the pulpit, at the superintendent's desk in the class. Certainly every one who would have the truth at command must often recall what he has been studying that it may be labelled, classified, and, so to speak, filed away, where one can put his hand upon it at a moment's warning. "The constant habit of reviewing" is a capital habit to form in primary class, and to keep up through life.

#### THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

**N**OW, when boys hear so much said about electricity, as used to send telegraphic despatches, and know that railroad men are anxious to see the day when engines will be run by electricity instead of steam, they may be surprised to learn that the lightning which so often frightens us in the summer time is caused by electricity. There are two kinds of electricity—the positive and the negative—much of which is formed by the moist air rubbing against the dry air, and by the turning of the salt air into vapor by the sun's heat or the blowing of the wind.

When a cloud filled with positive electricity comes in contact with a cloud filled with negative electricity, we see a flash of lightning and hear a clap of thunder. When lightning passes through the air it leaves an empty space behind it, and the sur-

rounding air rushing in to fill up this vacuum makes the noise which we call thunder. The reason why we do not hear the thunder as soon as we see the flash of lightning is that light travels more than a million times as fast as sound.

If you can count five as slowly as the tick of a clock between the flash and the noise, it is said that you may be sure the cloud is not more than a mile away.

Sometimes the lightning is zig-zag or forked; sometimes it is straight and sometimes it is sheet lightning, and sometimes it takes the shape of a ball of fire!

When a thunder cloud is near the earth, the lightning comes straight down to the earth, because there is little air for it to pass through. When the clouds are farther from the earth, the air in the path of the lightning is pushed closer together, and, as lightning passes more quickly through thin air than through the thicker air the electricity runs from side to side to find the easiest passage to the earth, and so looks forked instead of straight.

The sheet lightning is the shining on distant clouds of flashes of zig-zag lightning; or else it is caused by slight discharges in the clouds which do not contain electricity enough to send forth a zig-zag display.

#### HOME FROM THE FROZEN SEAS.

**H**OME from the frozen seas!  
Back from the ice-locked land,  
Nations upon their knees  
Watching the little band.  
Home from the icy waste!  
Back from the snowy lea,  
Honor to the men who faced  
Death for the Polar Sea!

Home from the land of night,  
Back to a summer's day,  
Cold the auroral light,  
Sweeter the sunlight's play.  
Open each heart and hand,  
Welcome, with songs of glee,  
Men of the fearless band  
Seeking the Polar Sea.

#### HONOUR IN BOYS.

**T**HERE is great confusion in boys' notions of honour. You should not go to your teacher with tales of your schoolmates, but when questioned by those in authority over you, parents, guardians or teachers, it is your duty to tell who did a mischief, or broke a rule, no matter what result to yourself or how unpopular you become. Boys have a false honour which hides mean and skulking actions in each other, which ought to be ridiculed out of them. The most cowardly injuries and injustice among boys goes unchecked and the weaker are abused and bullied in a way every decent boy should resent, because this false notion of comradeship leads them to lie, prevaricate, or keep silent to screen the guilty. Teachers and parents ought to put down this ignorant, petty "sense of honour" for something more intelligent and upright. When you know of a wrong, and keep silent about it when asked, you become a partner in the wrong, and responsible for the original meanness. It is a pity that boys and grown-up people do not carry the same strictness of principle they show in screening bullies and frauds into points of genuine honour and courage.—*Wide Awake.*



THE FATHER'S HAND.

"I'm only an old wife, now, sir, and I've time to sit on the strand, watching the boats come in, and the children at play on the sand,— Seventy years, sir—all my days—I have lived beside the sea, and it has been meet and money and joy and sorrow to me!

Father and husband and boys, sir—there was not a man of them all could have lain still in the house, sir, when the winds and the waters call:—My father and husband sleep in the graves of our folk by the shore, But both of the boys who left me,—they never came back any more!

Of I've been ready to sink, sir, but one thought would keep me afloat, —I learned it, sir, as a little lass at play in my father's boat. (Do you know, sir, it's often struck me, the lesson of life is writ plain out in the world around us, if we'd but give our minds to it?)

My father hadn't a lad, sir, so he paid the more heed to me: He would take me with him in summer, far out on the open sea, And he'd let me handle the oars, sir, and pull with my might and main, But if I'd been left to myself, sir, I'd ne'er have seen home again!

"Pull, little maid!" he would cheer me, but still kept his hand on the oar: Though sometimes I'd try to turn us to some pretty nook on the shore, Still straight went the boat to the harbour, and as I grew stronger each day, I found that the only wisdom was in rowing my father's way!

And I think, sir, that God our Father keeps hold of the world just so, We may strive and struggle our utmost, that we may stronger grow— Stronger, and wiser, and humbler, till at last we can understand The beauty and peace of his keeping the car of all life in His hand!

For the Father knows what we really want is labor and rest with Him, So He bears us straight through joy and loss, over discontent and whim; Though oft it's not till we sit, like me, a-watching life's sinking sun, We feel our best is our latest prayer, and that is "Thy will be done."

—Sunday at Home.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

ONE day when I was a lad a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them but was fearful my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, he at once gave me permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself for joy, and rushed into the kitchen, and got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out of the gate when my father called me back.

He took hold of my hand and said in a very gentle voice: "Joseph, what are you going for—to pick berries or to play?" "To pick berries," I replied. "Then Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time and not getting many berries. If you do as they do, you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries stick to your bush!"

I went with the party and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places

and ran off to the new-found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept ringing in my ears; and I "stuck to my bush." When I had done with one, I found another. When night came I had a large basketful of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half as tired as they were.

I went home happy; but when I entered I found that my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basketful of ripe berries, and said: "Well done, Joseph. Was it not just as I told you? Always stick to your bush."

He died a few days after, and I had to make my own way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party; I stuck to my bush. When I had a fair place and was doing tolerably well I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little better. When the other young men said, "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head and "stuck to my bush." Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I staid with the old house until the principals died, and then I took their place. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto: "Stick to your bush."—Sunday-school Visitor.

AN OHIOAN'S OPINION OF CANADA.

M. R. W. J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Columbus, O., in the *Country Gentleman*, gives his impression of things Canadian and Torontonion in a complimentary fashion. He rather under-rates our one-hundred-thousand population, but nevertheless does the city justice in other respects. He says:—

We have been accustomed to regard the Canadians as "slow" and old-fogyish, and lacking in enterprise, and sadly needing to be annexed; and it makes us open our eyes when we travel in Canada. We have not found the expected "slowness" of the Canadians yet; and it will well repay an American to visit Toronto for a day or two at the time of the great fair, look over the grounds, buildings, and exhibits, and study the city and the people. The city is peculiar in some respects. It is more solid than our cities of the same size; there are finer wooden buildings, and those of brick and stone seem more substantial. It apparently does a heavier mercantile business than Cleveland or Buffalo with twice as large a population. One reason for this probably is that it is the distributing centre for a large area. I spoke of the substantial character of the buildings. Visit the Toronto University, of solid stone, with heavy walls and towers and finest architecture, and costing about a quarter of a million dollars itself, and surrounded by several denominational colleges, or theological schools, some of them with finer buildings than almost any Ohio or western college. Witness the Normal School buildings, with their galleries of paintings, engravings, photographs, and casts of statuary. Visit the Horticultural

Gardens (if you still have suspicions that Canada is outside the pale of civilization and needs annexing to the United States to make it amount to anything) and see the most intensely brilliant colour display of blossoms and foliage plants; acres of scarlet and crimson and purple and green in brilliant blending and beauty of design.

It diminishes our conceit, too, to find the Canadians more courteous, polite, than we are on this side. This appears in many ways; for example, in forms of expression. If a Yankee does not understand your question, he says "What?" or "Heaow?" or (at the West) "Which?" or "H'm?" or (if he can spare time) "What d'ye say?" But the Canadian says, "I beg pardon?" And the courtesy of the expression lies in the ellipsis, and in its generous assumption of all blame for not understanding the question on its first utterance.

DOING AND BEING.

A YOUNG girl had been trying to do something very good and had not succeeded very well. Her friend hearing her complaint said:

"God gives us many things to do, but don't you think he gives us something to be just as well?"

"O dear! tell me about being," said Marion, looking up, "I will think about being, if you will help me."

Her friend answered: God says: "Be kindly affectionate one to another."

- "Be ye also patient."
- "Be ye thankful."
- "Be not conformed to this world."
- "Be ye therefore perfect."
- "Be courteous."
- "Be not wise in your own conceit."
- "Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened but made no reply. Twilight grew into darkness. The tea bell sounded bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing what he commands. It is easier to do with a rush, than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.—*Watchman*.

WHEN MEN KISS EACH OTHER

AN effusiveness pervades all classes of society in Germany, and one sees old men and boys saluting each other, if he haunts the railroad stations and watches the departures and arrivals. In America kissing of friends and acquaintances is left to be monopolized almost entirely by ladies, but in Germany the men take their share of the good thing—if good thing it may be called—and kiss and hug each other on occasion in a way that is truly affecting. You will see two friends standing on the platform at the railway station, one of them going off on a journey of perhaps six hours' duration. They stand there, hand in hand, talking very rapidly and regretting the stern necessity that compels them to part. The conductor calls, "All aboard!" The two friends throw themselves into each other's arms, kiss each other first on one cheek, and then on the other; pat each other on the back; kiss again;

SURE SIGNS.

WHEN a child is patient and persevering and conquers difficulties, it is a sign he will make his mark in the world.

If he worries and frets and stewes, it is a sign he is likely to die prematurely, and to live to little purpose.

If he is in a hurry to spend each cent as he gets it, he will never be rich, but a spendthrift.

If he hoards up his pennies, and will not part with one for any good cause, he is likely to be a miser.

If he is careful, and economical and generous, he may or may not be rich; but he will have the blessing of God, and, if he is a Christian, he will never want.

If he is obedient to his parents he has the promise that "his days shall be long in the land."

If he is lazy and indifferent, and neglects his studies, he will grow up a dunce, and men cannot respect him.

If he reads dime novels, or low, trashy, vile, five-cent papers, he will likely end his days in a prison or upon the gallows.

If he loves his Bible, and his church, and his Sunday-school, he will be good and useful and occupy an honourable position among men.

Are you patient, persevering, prayerful, contented, careful, generous, and good?

Are you trying to be?

AN EXCELLENT PLAN.

WHEN a girl is ten years old, she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as the mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy. Of course, the mother will see to it that the sum is sufficient to do this, and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend just as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labour, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older these household duties should increase, with a proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know of a lady who divides the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labour, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl, or a daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage and stimulate her in the work.—*Woman's Journal*.



## BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE great Jehovah speaks to us  
In Genesis and Exodus;  
Leviticus and Numbers see  
Followed by Deuteronomy.  
Joshua and Judges sway the land,  
Ruth gleams a sheaf with trembling hand;  
Samuel, and numerous Kings appear,  
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear;  
Ezra and Nehemiah now  
Ester, the beautiful mourner, show;  
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,  
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms.  
Ecclesiastes then comes on,  
And the sweet Song of Solomon;  
Isaiah, Jeremiah then  
With Lamentations takes his pen.  
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres  
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.  
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum, come,  
And lofty Habakkuk finds room.  
While Zephaniah Haggai calls,  
Rapt Zechariah builds his walls;  
And Malachi, with garments rent,  
Concludes the ancient Testament.

## THE TWO GOATS.

AT Plymouth, England, the ruins of an old castle are still to be seen. It was built upon a very high rock, the narrow edge of which runs out beyond the walls. Two goats used to feed upon the grass and weeds that grew among the ruins. One of them got upon the edge, which was only wide enough for the small feet of a goat to walk upon. It went on until it came to a sharp point, and was obliged to turn back again. Just then it was met by the other goat, and at that place there was no room for them to pass each other, or to turn around. The one that did so must be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The goats felt their danger and made loud cries of distress. Many people heard them and ran to see what was the matter. No one could give the least help. The goats stood face to face for a long time. At last one was seen to kneel and crouch down as close as it could lie upon the edge and the other walked over him. The goat that had lain down got up again, and went on to the place where its friend had found room to turn around. It did the same, and thus both were saved.

## SMILES.

"THIS is what I call capital punishment," as the boy said when he was shut up in a closet with cakes and preserves.

AN old offender was recently introduced to a new county justice as John Simmons, alias Jones, alias Smith. "I'll try the two women first," said the justice; "bring in Alice Jones."

A GENTLEMAN of Cork ordered his man to call him at six o'clock, but he woke him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied, "I came to tell you that you had two hours to sleep."

A CERTAIN poetess is said to "make good jellies as well as good poetry." It is suggested that she also make a new departure—send her jellies to newspaper offices and can her poems.

"BRILLIANT and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or, if they don't have 'em, they're apt to get them, if they're too impulsive."

A MAN was earnestly looking into the bung-hole of a whiskey-barrel, as if in search of something he could not find. "What are you doing?" asked a bystander. "Why, I'm seeking my reputation in the place I lost it," was the mournful reply.

"I SAY, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course, I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens don't have teeth." "No, but I have."

AN Irishman, speaking of a friend he met in the street, said: "He is so much altered that I scarcely know him. I am thin, and ye are thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

"ARE you having much practice now?" asked an old judge to an old lawyer. "Yes, sir, a good deal, thank you." "Ah, I'm glad to hear it. In what line is your practice particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy."

JOSH BILLINGS says: "Most men concede that it looks foolish to see a boy dragging a heavy sled uphill for the fleetin' pleasure of ridin' down again; but it appears to me that the boy is a sage beside the young man who works all the week, and drinks up his wages on Saturday night."

A COUNTRY shopkeeper said: "Here, my friend, those balls of butter I bought of you last week all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound." And the farmer innocently answered: "Well, I don't see how that could be, for I used one of your pound bars of soap for a weight."

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

September 28.

## REVIEW SCHEME.

Lesson I. *David King over all Israel.* 2 Sam. 5. 1-12.—Who wanted David for king? Who had been king before David? Why did the people choose David? How old was the new king when he began to reign? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT. When was David first anointed?

Lesson II. *The Ark in the House.* 2 Sam. 6. 1-12.—Where had the ark of the Lord been resting? On what errand did David go? Who went with him? What happened at the threshing-floor of Nachon? Where was the ark left? What blessing did the ark bring with it? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.

Lesson III. *God's Covenant with David.* 2 Sam. 7. 1-16.—What desire did David express to Nathan? What approval did he receive? Who disapproved? What question did God ask David through Nathan? What covenant did God make with David? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.

Lesson IV. *Kindness to Jonathan's Son.* 2 Sam. 9. 1-13.—Who was Jonathan? What kindness had he shown to David? What did David seek to do in return? Whom did he find? What provision did David make for him? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? What have friends a right to expect of us?

Lesson V. *David's Repentance.* Psa. 51. 1-19.—Of what does David repent? What confession does he make? What cleansing does he ask? What is the psalmist's prayer for a new heart? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT. What promise of service does David make? What sacrifice is always acceptable?

Lesson VI. *Absalom's Rebellion.* 2 Sam. 15. 1-14.—Who was Absalom? Against whom did he rebel? How did he make friends among the people? To what city did he go? For what purpose? Rep at the GOLDEN TEXT. How did Absalom break this commandment?

Lesson VII. *Absalom's Death.* 2 Sam. 18. 24-33.—For whose safety was David anxious? Where did he go to hear the news about his son? What tidings were brought him? Who brought them? What was the king's cry of grief? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.

Lesson VIII. *The Plague Stayed.* 2 Sam. 24. 15-25.—What plague had the Lord sent upon Israel? For what reason? What was David's confession? What was his prayer? Where did he offer sacrifice? Of whom did he purchase the place of sacrifice? Why did he insist upon the purchase? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.

Lesson IX. *God's Works and Word.* Psa. 19. 1-10.—What works of God show

his glory? What is the effect of the word to God? What value does the psalmist put upon the teachings of God's word? What is his prayer for guidance and help? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.

Lesson X. *Confidence in God.* Psa. 27. 1-14.—What gave David confidence in God? What was his chief desire? What was his hiding-place in trouble? What was his answer to God's call? What was his prayer for instruction? What is the result of waiting upon God? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.

Lesson XI. *Waiting for the Lord.* Psa. 40. 1-17.—What was the result of David's patient waiting? What is the penitent's song of deliverance? What man is pronounced blessed? What is said of God's thoughts toward us? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? How may we have God's law in our heart?

Lesson XII. *A Song of Praise.* Psa. 103. 1-22.—For what does David give praise to God? What is God's character, in his dealings with men? How complete is his forgiveness? To whom is the mercy of the Lord secured? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON I. [Oct. 5.

SOLOMON SUCCEEDING DAVID.

1 Kings 1. 22-35 Commit to mem. vs. 28-30.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. 1 Chron. 28. 9.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Prophet, v. 22-28.
2. The False King, v. 24-27.
3. The True King, v. 28-35.

TIME.—B.C. 1015.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*While she yet talked*—Bath-sheba, the mother of Solomon, was telling King David of Adonijah's attempt to make himself king. *Bowed himself*—According to the Eastern custom in the presence of kings. *Hast thou said*—He asked whether David had ordered that Adonijah should be king. *Call me Bath-sheba*—She had gone out when Nathan came in. *Redeemed my soul*—David never forgot that it was God who had delivered him from his enemies. *I swear unto thee*—David had made a solemn promise, calling upon God to witness, that Solomon should succeed him on the throne. *The servants of your lord*—The body-guard of the king. *Upon mine own mule*—This was a mark of royalty, as only the heir to the throne was allowed to ride upon the mule set apart for the king's use. *Anoint him there*—This was the service by which he was formally proclaimed king. The oil used was sacred, and kept for this purpose only. *Sit upon my throne*—David was now too feeble to sit upon the throne in person. *I have appointed him*—David appointed, but under the direction of God.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. A son's ingratitude?
2. A prophet's loyalty?
3. A promise fulfilled?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Nathan ask of David? If Adonijah should reign after him. 2. What called forth this question? Adonijah had declared himself David's successor. 3. What did David promise Bath-sheba? That her son Solomon should be king. 4. What did David command should be done? That Solomon should be anointed king. 5. What were they commanded to say? "God save king Solomon."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The promises of God.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

101. What do you mean by satisfaction and atonement?

I mean that the death of Christ in our stead was so precious, that for the sake of it, God the righteous Judge can forgive our sins and receive us to his favor. 1 Peter i. 18. 19; 1 Peter iii. 18; 1 John i. 9.

[Romans iii. 24-26.]  
102. What lesson does the death of Christ teach us?

The great evil of sin, and the strict holiness of God, which could not suffer sin to go unpunished. Galatians iii. 13.

103. Is that the only lesson?  
No; we learn the blessed truth that God is love: for it was His love that provided the Saviour for men. John iii. 16; 1 John iv. 10.

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