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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1889.

[No. 17.]

A HARD BATTLE.

"A box? A box for Reeve and Marcia!" exclaimed papa, as he opened the mail from the North. "And all the way from Chicago, too. From Aunt Emma, I do believe."

When the box was opened, there, in a nest of soft, white cotton, lay two large eggs, ornamented in beautiful colours. And, wonderful to tell, these eggs had covers which, when lifted up, showed them to be full of sugar-plums. But these lovely boxes were very frail, and in their long, rough journey, one of the covers was badly crushed.

"Sister can have that. I'll have the good one," said the little boy.

He was looked at with surprise, for he had always seemed a generous little fellow.

"My dear," asked mamma, "would you do so selfish—so unmanly a thing as that? Go away, and think about it."

"I don't wish to think about it! I don't wish to think about it!" he replied, excitedly. "I want the good one."

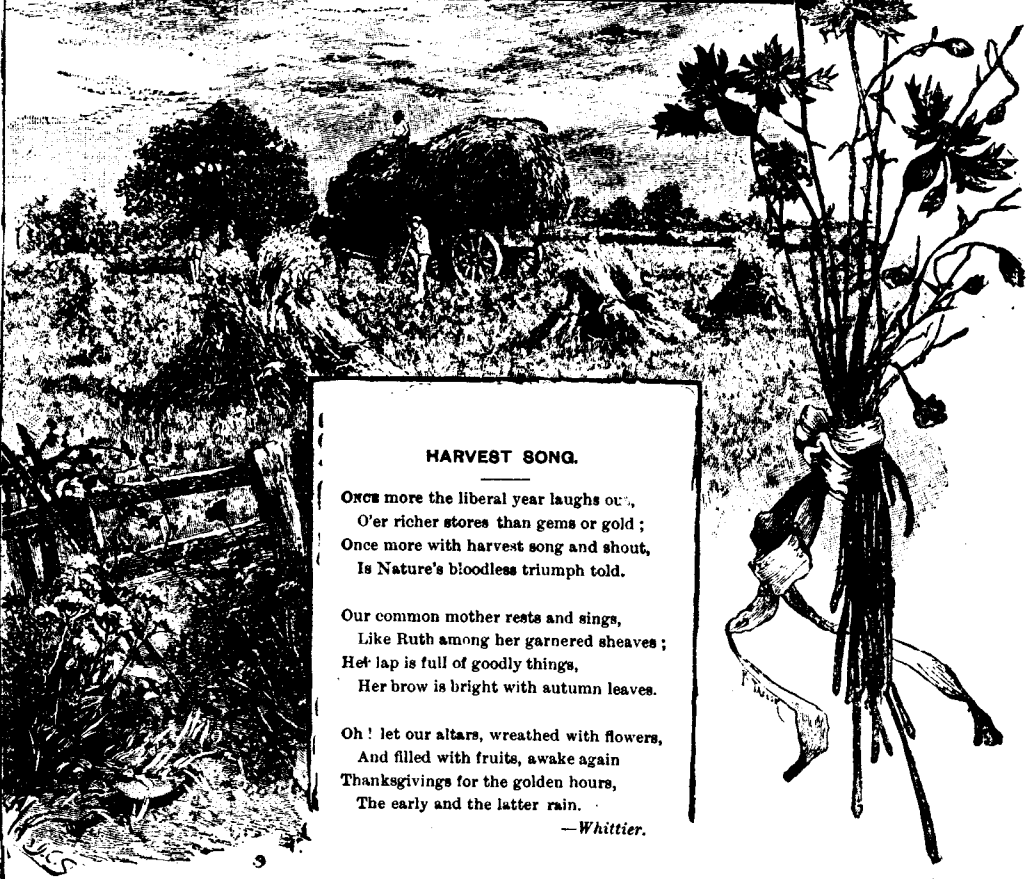
After that no more was said. He began to walk about the room. His face was flushed, and he looked very unhappy. If he chanced to come near papa, papa did not seem to see him, he was so busy reading the newspaper.

After walking awhile, he went to the other side of the room, where mamma was bathing and dressing his little sister. He was very fond of his mamma. When she was sometimes obliged to punish him, as soon as it was over he would say:

"Wipe my tears! Kiss me!"

So now, when his dear mamma did not seem to see that she had a little boy any more, he was cut to the heart.

At last he went into grandma's room. Now, he and grandma were great friends. Many happy hours did he spend in her lap, hearing stories;



HARVEST SONG.

Once more the liberal year laughs out,
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout,
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh! let our altars, wreathed with flowers,
And filled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

—Whittier.

and she called him her "blessed boy!" But now, alas! she was so busy with her knitting, that she took no notice of him whatever! This was dreadful!

He climbed up into a chair, and sat down. An evil spirit seemed to whisper, "Don't give up;" and so he began again his miserable walk. For nearly one hour did this little boy fight his terrible battle with selfishness, until at last he could stand it no longer. He came to mamma and said, in a pleasant voice:

"I will take the broken one; sister can have the

perfect one." Then, when papa and mamma had kissed him, and he had rushed into grandma's loving arms, what a load of unhappiness was lifted from his heart!
—*Little Men and Women.*

FREEZING THE FARM UP.

PEOPLE who shiver with cold do not always understand the importance and value of the frost. God who "scattereth the hoar frost like ashes," and before whose cold "who can stand?" (Psalm cxlvii. 16, 17), does all his work in wisdom; but many men do not fully appreciate how much a freezing of the ground does to set at liberty the plant-food locked up in almost all soils.

Water, in freezing, expands about one-eighth its bulk with tremendous force; and if confined in the strongest rock and frozen, will burst it asunder. The smallest particles of soil, which are in fact only minute bits of rock, as the microscope will show, if frozen while moist are broken still finer. This will go on all winter in every part of the field or garden reached by the frost; and as most soils contain more or less elements that all growing plants or crops need, a good freezing is equivalent to adding manures or fertilizers. Hence it is desirable to expose as much of the soil as possible to frost action, and the deeper the better, for the lower

soil has been less drawn upon, and is richer in plant-food. We know that in spring the ground "breaks up," and sometimes there are great holes made in the middle of the roads. This is because the water which has expanded in the frost of winter into ice, lifting and moving all the soil, now melts away, and allows the earth to break in pieces and drop down.

The cold wintry frosts not only kill weeds, and germs of disease, and make the air pure and healthy, but they also save poor farmers a deal of hard work, in spading, digging, plowing and making the soil ready for the seed.

Mother's Way of Resting.

I OFTEN marvel why it was I gave so little thought To all the helpful lessons which my patient mother taught. Now older grown, and she has gone, I often long to tell Her how they all come back to me, each one remembered well.

For in the work and cares of life that come from day to day, I find I stop to ask myself, "What was my mother's way?"

There never seemed to be with her a drudgery of life; She got along so quietly with its cares and strife. She always sang about her work, and 'mid perplexing things

The farmhouse walls re-echoed, "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings."

I never heard old "Amsterdam," but that I think how oft It bore my mother's soul from earth to unseen things aloft.

When sitting in her rocking chair, her lap with mending piled,

She used to say, "I want to rest, now read a Psalm, my child."

I learned by heart about "the hills" and "tinting up my eyes;"

Those pastures green and "waters still" the Shepherd's love supplies:

And all about "abiding 'neath the shadow of his wing;" For "God our refuge" is, our strength," I read in every thing.

Sometimes I hurried through the Psalm, though but little heed,

And then her thanks, so kindly said, encouraged me to read

Some of the words that Jesus spoke, for that was mother's way:

To read from Psalms and gospels both upon the busiest day;

For at such times she needed a much longer rest, and so While but a child I learned her favourite passages to know.

Those precious words of quiet come to my own soul, now I,

A busy woman, full of work, my daily duties ply.

I sing her hymns when fretted with my ceaseless rounds of care;

I repeat the Psalms and gospels when in my sewing-chair. I wonder if she knows it, and how glad I am each day

That my mother's way of resting was such a helpful way.

NO SALOONS UP THERE.

DEAD!

Dead in the fulness of his manly strength, the ripeness of his manly beauty, and we who loved him were glad!

His coffin rested on his draped piano, his banjo and flute beside it. And as we looked on his brown curls thrown up from the cold white brow, on his skilled hands folded on his breast, on his sealed lips, of which wit and melody had been the very breathings, the silence was an awe, a weight upon us, yet our voiceless thanks rose up to God that he was dead.

Always courteous in manner, kind in word, obliging in act, everybody liked "Ned," the handsome, brilliant Ned.

Three generations of ancestors, honourable gentlemen all, had taken the social glass, but never lowered themselves to drunkenness—never, no, not one; but their combined appetite they had given as an heirloom to Ned, and from his infancy he saw wine offered to guests in the dinner parties, and when he had been a "perfect little gentleman," was given by his father one little sip.

He grew, and the taste grew, and when his father was taken, all restraint but a mother's love was taken.

As the only child of a praying mother, now the church would hold him up, now the saloon would draw him down; now his rich voice would join his mother's to swell the anthems of the church, now make her night hideous with his ribald songs. So, all along the years he was her idol and her woe.

When her last sickness was upon her his mother said to a friend:

"They tell me when I am gone Eddie will go down unchecked, that in some mad spree or wild delirium he will die. But he will not. His fathers created the appetite they gave my boy. His disgrace is their sin, and my sin too. He saw it on our table, tasted it in our ice creams, jellies, and sauces. For this my punishment is greater than I could bear, but for the sure faith that God has forgiven me, and will answer my daily, nightly prayers, and Eddie will die an humble penitent. It is just that I be forbidden to enjoy here the promised land, but I know whom I believe, and my boy will be safe."

As death drew nigh every breath was a prayer for "Eddie," and as he chafed her death-cold hands, the pallid lips formed the words no ear could catch, "Meet—me in heaven." And so his voice responded, "I will, mother—I will."

And as from her mountain height of faith and love she caught a sight of that "promised land," with a seraph's smile she whispered, "I—thank— thee,—oh, Father," and was gone.

And his uncontrollable grief made one say to another, "His mother's death will be his salvation."

He covered the new-made grave with flowers, and when others had left the cemetery he went back and sat beside it until nightfall, and then went to his lone home, and the oppressive silence drove him out to walk. He passed a saloon; some of his old associates came out and said kind words of sympathy. His soul was dark and sad, and from the open door came light and cheerful voices, and he went in.

Before the spree was over he bade a crony "take that old book out of my sight."

That old book! the Bible he had seen his sainted mother reading morning, night, and often mid-day, and from which he had read to her those suffering, dying days.

Then a friend of his mother took him to her home, and brought him back to soberness, remorse and a horror of himself. For months he did nobly, and became active in Christian work, and raised all the urging "to just step in and see some of your old friends," and we felt there was joy in heaven.

Then he was asked to bring his banjo and sing at an oyster supper at the most respectable saloon in town, where "no one is ever asked to drink."

A wild spree was the result, and his robe was so mired we doubted if it ever had been white. And he doubted, too, lost hope, lost faith in himself, and worst of all, lost faith in God.

Kind arms were thrown about him, a ' again he was placed upon his feet. Very humble, very weak, he tried once more to walk the heavenward path.

"I am very glad to see you so well," I said one day, when I met him.

"I don't know how long it will last," he said, sadly.

"Forever, I hope," said I, cheerily.

"I shall try hard to have it, but there will come an unguarded moment—but you know nothing about it."

Some two weeks after, I met a physician.

"I have a case for you, ladies. Ned is very sick."

"Has liquor anything to do with it?"

"No, not at all. He has pneumonia; but his old drinking habit has so ruined his stomach it will go hard with him."

His nurse told us he thought he would die, and constantly exclaimed, "My wasted life! My wasted life! God cannot forgive it."

He would fear to die, and pray to live to redeem his past; then he would fear to live, and pray to be taken from temptation. So wore on a week, and then he gave up self and grew calm in Christ.

One Sunday he said his mother was in the room and wondered we could not see her, and with a smile on his face and "mother" on his lips, he passed beyond.

As I came out of the house one of his whilom associates, sober and sad, took off his hat, and asked, "Is it all over?"

Impressed with the vast meaning of these two little words, I bowed.

With a voice full of pathos he then said:

"The dear fellow is all right now. There are no saloons up there."

I walked on, repeating to myself: "No saloons up there! Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

A POINT OF HONOR.

A REPORTER called to a little bootblack near the city hall to give him a shine yesterday. The little fellow came rather slow for one of that lively guild and planted his box down under the reporter's feet. Before he could get his brushes out, another larger boy ran up, and calmly pushing the little one aside, said,

"Here! you go sit down, Jimmy."

The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to "clear out."

"Oh, dat's all right, boss," was the reply; "I'm only going to do it for him. You see, he's been sick in the hospital fur mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can. Savy?"

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it for me if you'll let him."

"Certainly; go ahead;" and as the bootblack plied the brush the reporter plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet yer life I don't keep none; I ain't a such sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys gives up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy, I would."

The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying,

"I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep ten cents and give the rest to Jimmy there."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer.—Here, Jim!" He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer for himself, a veritable rough diamond.

In this big city there are a good many such lad with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.

THAT early discipline which makes the prompt performance of duty a habit in childhood is indeed the quickest relief to parental anxieties, and the firmest foundation for the fortunes of one's children. Can any parent afford to be neglectful in this matter?

The Silver Sixpence.

It was only a silver sixpence,
Battered and worn and old,
But worth to the child that held it
As much as a piece of gold.

A poor little crossing-sweeper,
In the wind and rain all day;
For one who gave her a penny
There were twenty who bade her nay.

But she carried the bit of silver—
A light in her steady face,
And her step on the crowded pavement
Full of a childish grace—

Straight to the tender pastor;
And, "Send it," she said "for me,
Dear sir, to the heathen children
On the other side of the sea.

"Let it help in telling the story
Of the love of the Lord Most High,
Who came from the world of glory
For a sinful world to die."

"Send only half of it, Maggie,"
The good old minister said,
"And keep the rest for yourself, dear;
You need it for daily bread."

"Ah, sir," was the ready answer,
In the blessed Bible words,
"I would rather lend it to Jesus,
For the silver and gold are the Lord's!

"And the copper will do for Maggie,"
I think if we all felt so,
The wonderful message of pardon
Would soon through the dark earth go!

Soon should the distant mountains
And the far-off isles of the sea
Hear of the great salvation
And the truth that makes men free.

Alas! do we not too often
Keep our silver and gold in store,
And grudgingly part with our copper,
Counting the pennies o'er?

And claiming in vain, the blessing
That the Master gave to one
Who dropped her mites as the treasure
A whole day's toil had won.

ASHAMED OF FATHER.

WITH a weary face and tired manner, an old man entered a store on Broadway, and looking around in a wistful way said to the first person he met, "I've stopped for my little girl; I thought she wouldn't want to walk home alone, and it's about time to close, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's time to close," replied the floor-walker, "but who is your little girl, and where is she?"

"My little girl is Sally—Sally Denham, and she's here somewhere; can't you please tell me where? I'm a little near sighted, or I could find her easy enough."

"There's no such girl in our employ," said the floor-walker decidedly, "you must be labouring under a mistake, sir."

"This is Rathbone's, ain't it?" the old man asked.

"Certainly."

"Then she's here."

"I am quite sure, as I told you before, sir, that there's no girl by that name in our employ."

"Is there another store kept by a man named Rathbone?" he asked wearily.

"Yes, I believe there is," without much interest, "three blocks further down, I think."

The old man went out, and a young girl, who had heard the conversation between him and the floor-walker, breathed a sigh of relief. She was a new clerk and her name had been registered with other new ones, but not as Sally Denham (although it was Sally); it read Maude Elliot. No one in

the store knew her, she reasoned, so why should she not call herself Maude, if she wanted to, instead of that plebeian Sally. And to think her father should come after her. Her face flushed hotly as she wondered what those proud girl clerks all around her would say if they should find out that the shabbily dressed old man was her father. The girls were starting for their homes; she put on her cap and jacket and went out.

"I will give father a piece of my mind," she said to herself, undutifully, "I shall ask him never to stop for me again. I'm quite big enough to go home alone, I think."

She took a roundabout way home; it was a pleasure to walk along the street now, for she was dressed in a very neat and becoming suit, the hard-earned gift of the dear, loving old father of whom she was ashamed.

But what was the matter at home?
She was startled as she reached her door and heard the commotion within.

"Your father's killed, Sally," was the abrupt explanation of a small boy outside; "he was a looking of you up, an' couldn't find you."

The frightened girl darted past him into the house, where she found her mother nearly wild with grief. "Mother," she sobbed, "it isn't true, is it, that father is dead?"

"Yes, he was killed—was knocked over by runaway horses while looking for you. He died just after reaching home; his last words were, 'Tell my little Sally father tried to find her; tell her to find her Father in heaven, he'll watch over her even unto the end.' Where were you Sally?"

But Sally did not answer; she simply could not. She was down on her knees beside the father's dead body, sobbing out her agony of grief and remorse.

"It's my fault, all mine," her tortured soul moaned, "he wouldn't be lying here cold and still if I hadn't been ashamed of him."

A year has passed since then, and Sally Denham is still a clerk at Rathbone's. But there has never been an evening since her father's sad death that, as the time for closing the store arrived, she has not heard a voice say: "I've stopped for my little girl; I thought she wouldn't want to walk home alone."—*Selected.*

A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING ANGEL.

A TOBACCO-CHEWING minister in Illinois was caught in a shower. Going to a rude cabin, he knocked and asked for shelter.

"I don't know you," said the sharp-looking old dame, suspiciously.

"Remember the Scripture," said the traveller, "'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'"

"You needn't say that," said the woman, as she shut the door in his face. "No angel would come down here with a big quid of tobacco in his mouth."

The woman was surely right about the tobacco, whether she was about the hospitality or not. The Lord's angels do not perfume the air with tobacco smoke, nor leave the marks of tobacco where they have made their visits.

Sometimes good and beautiful women are called angels; but none of these angels use tobacco. Imagine an angel with a quid of tobacco, a filthy pipe, or a cigar in his mouth.

Christians, by and by, are to be "equal unto the angels, being the children of the resurrection;" and if they do not wish to have the angels ashamed of them, it would be well for them to let tobacco alone. And if any of the children ever wish to be like the angels, they should keep clear of this evil habit.

Tobacco was unknown until America was discovered.

The Indian savages taught white people how to use the miserable weed. Said one writer in those days:

"The naked savages twist great rolls of leaves together, and smoke like devils."

Oh, we remember now, the Bible speaks of two kinds of angels—one are the Lord's angels, and the other the devil's. Which kind would be most likely to use tobacco?

The Sea-Shell.

I WAS an inland child; the hills
Closed round our home their wooded wall;
The world beyond was hid from me;
I often dreamt what it might be;
Longed with a child's impatient feet
To tread the city's noisy street,
And heard with yearning heart the call
Of the unseen far-distant sea.

For in our quiet farm-house, kept
Its ancient mantel-piece to grace,
Was one large shell. I left my play,
How many times, to steal away,
And take it gently from its place,
And lay its pink lips to my ear,
The captive voice within to hear.
How faint, yet clear, how sweet and low,
It sang to me its ocean song!
I listened till it seemed my own,
That whisper from a world unknown!
Like one returned from far away,
The shell within its place I lay;
The hills around rose high and strong:
What though their prisoner I might be?
I knew the secret of the sea!

THE PRINTER BOY.

ABOUT the year 1725, an American boy, some nineteen years old, found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many young men in these days, who wander around seeking work, and who are "willing to do anything" because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do. So he went straight to a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman. "America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! A lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases, and, in a brief space, set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:—

"Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all in the office.

He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, Postmaster-General, Member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and, finally, died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honours; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties, towns, and villages in America, named after that same printer boy—Benjamin "Franklin," the author of *Poor Richard's Almanac*.—H. L. H.

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The Years Pass On.

"WHEN I'm a woman you'll see what I'll do—
I'll be great and good and noble and true;
I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor
No one shall ever be turned from my door;
But I'm only a little girl now."
And so the years passed on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said,
"I'll try to do right and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian and give up the joys
Of the world, with all its dazzling toys;
But I'm only a young girl now."
And so the years passed on.

"Ah me!" said a woman gray with years,
Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears,
"I've been putting off the time to be good
Instead of beginning to do as I should;
And I'm an old woman now."
And so the years passed on.

Now is the time to begin to do right;
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright;
Make others happy by good deeds of love,
Looking to Jesus for help from above;
And then you'll be happy now
And as the years pass on.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1899.

I CANNOT SAVE MYSELF.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

PEOPLE try to. They are always trying. Trying a hundred ways. The commonest way is trying to save themselves with excuses. "I have done no harm," the man says. "Don't talk to me as if I were a drunkard or a thief, or a filthy sinner. I pride myself that I am as upright and as truthful and as honest as your religious folks. Why do I want any other than my own goodness to save me? I've done no harm."

Done no harm! Why do you really believe that the Almighty God has created you—body, soul and spirit—that he has given you these wonderful gifts of life and reason, and sent you into the world, and fed you and clothed you and made a thousand things minister to you, and all that you may do no harm? You planted an apple-tree in your orchard. You cared for it and dug about it and dressed it and pruned it, but after all that, it gave you nothing but leaves. "Come," you say, "this won't do. I'll have you down and I'll put something better in your place." Now, suppose the offending tree began to plead in an injured tone—"Cut me down, Sir! Surely not. I never did you any harm.

Pray don't talk about such a thing—just as if I were a stinging nettle, hurting folks,—or a thistle sending troublesome seeds into the fields. True, I don't bear fruit; but I am covered with leaves, and you like sometimes to rest in my shadow better than under some of my neighbours' that make a good deal more show with their blossoms. Surely, you will never cut me down!"

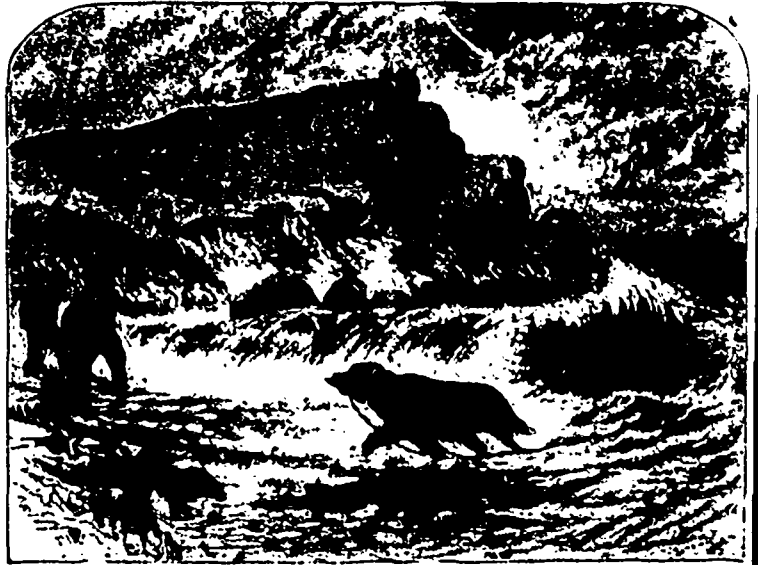
"Impudence added to injury," you cry. "Why, I put you in my garden and let you have my ground and my care that you might yield fruit; and here you boast about doing no harm!" And seizing the axe there and then, you cut down this lumberer of the ground.

This excuse will not cover us. God made you and me that we should serve him and do his will. He sent us into this world for this. And for this he gave us sense to understand, and a heart to love with, and an immortal spirit, and his word to guide. If, then, we never trouble ourselves to think about him, and never yield him any love or any service, surely it is a miserable thing to talk about our doing no harm. This cannot save us.

Other people try to save themselves by turning over a new leaf. They turn over the nice white page, all clean and fair, and they are going to begin another chapter in their lives upon it. They begin, perhaps, with a wonderful flourish about the first letter. But alas! my friend, here are all the back chapters still. You have not destroyed them by turning over a new leaf. The tradesman finds himself getting under water, and he takes his cash-book and turns over a new leaf and says that he will begin again, and start afresh. Ah, but he forgets the carried over and the brought forward. New figures on a new leaf, won't pay old debts or satisfy the creditors. Turning over new leaves is of no use at all if we cannot get rid of the old ones. That is what we want. Every new page in our life's account is headed with the brought forward. The failure and sin of our life will follow us still. It is a great fact—fixed and unalterable. There it is—all our forgetfulness of God, our disregard of his laws, our rebellion against him. There it is and nothing can undo it. The Judge of the whole earth cannot pass it by. Not in anger but in righteousness he marks and punishes every sin. He will by no means clear the guilty. There is no help for us here.

And besides this, you and I, good reader, know too well how soon the new leaf comes to be just as bad as any of the others. Though it was all so clear and fresh, and though we began with so fine a flourish, yet mistakes and blots and smudges come all over it, just as over the rest, and soon it is no better than those before it. Our good resolutions are not strong enough to hold us. They are rotten cords that snap with the first strains of temptation, and away we go again. Our new beginnings soon run into the old habits and the old ways. We have tried it again, and it has always failed us. Failure is written over all the past, and will be written over all the future if we can find no other strength to help us than our own. If our lives teach us anything they teach us this a hundred times over,—

I CANNOT SAVE MYSELF—WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED!



A DOG SAVING A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

A DOG SAVING A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers which, owing to some change in wind or weather had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous.

The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend the dog looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being a great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water and made his way through the raging waves to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no, he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about at a short distance from the boat. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning, "Give him the end of a rope," he said, "that is what he wants." The rope was thrown, the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore, where, a few minutes afterwards, boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of our four-footed friend—were placed safe and sound!—*Mims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

SOME DIFFERENCE.

A FEW short years ago, a little fellow, Eddy, not slow in roguery, complained that James had been throwing stones at him. The teacher inquired into the matter, and found the charge correct. She said to Eddy:

"What do you think you should do if you were teaching and had such a boy as that?"

"I think I should flog him," was the reply.

Upon this, James began to fear the result, and so he filed in his complaint.

"Eddy throwed a stone at me t'other day," said he.

"Ah," said the teacher, "I must know about this matter. Is it true, Eddy, that you have been throwing stones at James?"

Eddy hung his head, and confessed it. After a little thumbing of the strings, she says:

"Well, Eddy, what do you think you should do with two such boys as you and James?"

"I think," said he, sobbing, "I should try 'em again!"



"I used to cling to brother, as I rode him to and fro."

"Sell Old Robin?—No, Never!"

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"SELL Old Robin," did you say? "Well, I reckon not to-day!"

You are not so green, of course, as to feed a worn-out horse out of pity and remorse?"

Yes, as long as I am master of a shed and bit of pasture!"

He is old and lame, alas! Don't disturb him as you pass! Let him lie there on the grass, while he may, and enjoy the summer weather, free forever from his tether.

Sober veteran as you ses him, we were young and gay together;

It was I that rode him first—ah, the day!

Was just a little chap, in my first pantaloons and cap, and I left my mother's lap at the door; and the reins hung loose and idle, as we let him prance and sidle—

For my brother was behind me, with his hand upon the bridle; Yearling colt and boy of five, hardly more!

Poor Old Robin! Does he know how I used to cling and crow,

As I rode him to and fro and around? Every day as we grew older, he grew gentler, I grew bolder,

Till, a hand upon the bridle and a touch upon his shoulder, I could vault into my seat at a bound.

Then I rode away to school, in the mornings fresh and cool;

Till one day beside the pool where he drank, Leaning on my handsome trotter, glancing up across the water

To the Judge's terraced orchard, there I saw the Judge's daughter In a frame of sunny boughs on the bank.

Was it Robin more than I, that had pleased her girlish eye,

As she saw us prancing by? Half, I fear! Off she ran to get some cherries, white-hearts, black-hearts, sweet-hearts, straightway!

Boy and horse were soon familiar with the hospitable gateway, And a happy fool was I—for a year.

Lord forgive an only child! All the blessings on me piled

Had but helped to make me wild and perverse. What is there in honest horses that should lead to vicious courses?

Often Mary urged and pleaded, and the good Judge interceded,

Council blamed, insisted, threatened; tears and threats were all unheeded, And I answered him in wrath—it was done!

Bad to worse was now my game; my poor mother, still the same,

Tried to shield me; to reclaim—did her best. Creditors began to clamour. . . . All we had was pledged for payment; all was sold beneath the hammer: My Old Robin there among the rest!

As I wandered off that night, something far off caught my sight, Dark against the western light, in the lane; Coming to the bars to meet me—some illusion sent to cheat me! No, 'twas Robin, my own Robin, dancing, whinnying to greet me! With a small white billet sewed to his mane!

The small missive I unstrung—on Old Robin's neck I hung; There I cried, there I clung! while I read, In a hand I knew was Mary's— "One whose kindness never varies

Sends this gift." No name was written, but a painted bunch of cherries On the dainty little note smiled instead!

There he lies now! lank and lame, stiff of limb and gaunt of frame,

But to her and me the same, dear old boy! Never steed I think was fairer! Still I see him the proud bearer

Of my pardon and salvation; and he yet shall be a sharer— As a poor dumb beast may share—in my joy.

By such service and his goodness, he has fully earned his pension; He shall, therefore, have his pasture with a little kind attention

From myself and my dear Mary—guardian angel and my "sweetheart."

While our children try to climb him, as I did so long before them.

And so hard-hearted as you are, Dan—eh? You don't say! You are crying?

Well, an old horse—our dear Robin—has his uses after all!

TEMPERANCE.

BY OLLIE DOUGLASS.

WHEN we speak of any one being temperate, we naturally suppose he does not use intoxicating drinks. I presume all the readers of this paper have seen men staggering along the streets under the influence of liquor. What a terrible thing it is, to be bound and chained by the habit of intemperance! We find so many such—especially in the large cities. The most of the suffering found there is caused by drinking. A circumstance related in my hearing the other day corroborates this statement. I will give you the substance of it:—

A young lady was reared in affluence, then married. Her husband proved to be a drunkard. She did all in her power to care for herself and family; but, in spite of all her efforts, she became a total wreck. After ten years they were found almost freezing and starving to death.

This was caused by intemperance. What a blessing it is to be where we are free from the influence of it! There are a few States in the Union that have put it away; and you never see, written in large letters, "Saloon," "Beer," "Ale," etc., but the air is free from the vile odor of these drinks.

Children! make it a point never to touch anything of the kind. I have known some boys who thought they would take just a little to see how it tasted; but, by so doing, they might like it, and it would become their ruin.

Boys! don't touch it, for it will "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder." Our will-power is strong, and if we will let it alone it will be well for

us. The Lord is able to keep us temperate in all things; and if we give ourselves to him, he will take us and keep us from the evil; he will wash us and make us white. Nothing unclean can enter heaven. If we want to see Jesus, we must keep free from bad habits, and shun the very appearance of evil. The Lord help us all to be temperate.

IT'S THE SURE END.

BY MIRA M'LEOD.

As my husband was riding on the cars one day, he had his Bible with him and sat in his seat reading, and a young man who occupied a seat near looked up and made some remark which opened a conversation. He noticed the young man who kept his hands in one position and wondered as to what might be the cause. But soon the young man said, "Drink is what got these things on me." Sure enough, he was hand-cuffed to the arm of the car seat, and another glance easily detected the officer in charge of the prisoner. And then followed the sad story, how he had taken but one glass too much, and had never thought to injure any one in all his life, but his brain was crazed, and the crime committed, and now he was taking this journey into the city, thence to the great prison on the hill to spend two years behind stone walls and iron bars. He will be far away now from all his friends, and, like all such captives, his life will be made "bitter with hard bondage."

I thought as my husband related the sad incident of his past life, how he was brought up, dearly loved by his parents, and of the time when he never could think of such a thing as "getting drunk;" but a little downward step at a time took him farther and father from his real manhood, until under the awful influence of the terrible drink the deed was done, which costs him two years of freedom. But will two years atone for the past? Or a whole life-time bury the act into forgetfulness? No! no! A blighted life and a lost, lost soul, unless he gets to the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ. And think of it, all from the first glass of liquor!

Then I thought of my brothers, and my own little boy, and our neighbours, bright manly little fellows growing up to face these awful temptations, will they be of the number to fall into this snare of the enemy? And again I cry unto God, "Hasten the day when the word of the Lord shall be fulfilled."

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth."

"For a nation is come up upon my land, strong, and, without number, whose teeth are the teeth of the lion, and he hath the cheek teeth of a great lion." Surely God means legal prohibition.

WHAT A SMILE DID.

A LADY of position and property, anxious about her neighbours, provided religious services for them. She was very deaf—could scarcely hear at all. On one occasion one of her preachers managed to make her understand him; and, at the close of their conversation, asked: "But what part do you take in the work?" "Oh," she replied, "I smile them in and I smile them out!" Very soon the preacher saw the result of her generous, loving sympathy in a multitude of broad-shouldered, hard-fisted men, who entered the place of worship delighted to get a smile from her as she used to stand in the doorway to receive them. Why do not the working classes attend the house of God? They would, in greater numbers, if self-denying, Christ-loving Christians would smile them in and smile them out.

A Little While.

A LITTLE while, oh hands,
Of labour weary;
The days of toil are short,
Though dark and dreary;
The coming time is glad, and blest
With full and perfect peace and rest,
After a little while.

A little while, oh feet,
All torn and bleeding;
This way will bring thee home,
And Christ is leading.
Soon thou shalt find cool waters sweet,
And pleasant pathways for thy feet,
After a little while.

A little while, oh eyes,
Thy love-watch keeping;
A few more bitter tears,
Then no more weeping;
Beyond the reach of grief and pain
Thy loved ones thou shalt see again,
After a little while.

A little while, oh brow,
With fever burning;
These hours of noonday heat
Have no returning;
Life's later hours are full of calm,
And eventide shall bring thee balm,
After a little while.

A little while, oh heart,
With sorrow breaking;
A few more hours of night,
And then comes waking;
And lasting comfort shall be given
When breaks the golden day of heaven,
After a little while.

PILGRIM STREET:**A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.**

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XVI.**LITTLE PHIL.**

THE great annual holiday of the Lancashire people is Whitsun-week, when every man, woman, and child throughout the cotton manufacturing districts, regards it as a long-established right that some treat or other should be provided for him. What Sunday fell late that year, but there was a pleasant surprise in store for Tom, for early in the morning Joey Pendlebury made his appearance with a bundle under his arm, upon which was written, in Banner's well-known hand: "For Thomas Haslam, with R. Banner's best wishes." It contained a new suit of fustian clothes—strong and serviceable—and a pair of clogs, such as Tom had not worn since his father had pawned the set of clothes which he had left behind him in his wretched flight to Liverpool.

Tom sat down and cried for joy, and then made haste to dress himself in time to go to the church which Banner attended. Banner was standing before the church-door in his uniform, until the congregation had assembled, and Tom grasped his hand and looked up into his face, but he was quite unable to speak a word. As for Banner, he had to 'loosen his stiff' stock and clear his throat before he could bid him to go in and sit down in the first seat he came to in the gallery, which was the one the policeman occupied when his duty was over. It was near the organ, and Tom trembled as the deep, booming tones resounded through the church, and seemed to come back again upon his ear; but it was a thrill of delight, not the trembling of fear; and in a little while his voice, faint but clear, joined in the chant and the hymn, and he felt overpoweringly happy.

But there was still another pleasure in store for

him—the foretaste of an undreamed-of delight. As they came out of church, Banner gave him a ticket to go with Phil's school to Alderley, a place about twenty miles from Manchester, upon the following Thursday. The master of the school had given his permission for Tom to accompany them, and they were to start at half-past five o'clock in the morning, and spend the whole hvelong day out in the country. Tom looked upon the ticket with a feeling almost of reverence, and he felt as if he should not be able to close his eyes at night for thinking of the joy that was to come.

There was a great enjoyment on the morning of Whit-Monday. All the Sunday-school teachers and scholars belonging to the churches in Manchester and Salford were accustomed to form processions from the various schools, and march—with music and banners—through the streets, till they all met in St. Ann's Square, near the centre of the city, and from thence, in one monster procession, to tread their way through a great crowd of spectators to the Cathedral, where, once in the year, they all joined in public prayer to God.

Tom was up at dawn in the morning, but the city was awake before him; and the sun, when it broke through the clouds that hung about it, shone down upon the busy streets, already filled with a joyous stir and tumult. By-and-by, as the morning wore on, might be heard the distant sound of music in every quarter—but all tending to one centre; and up from the side streets there came, one after another, long files of children gaily dressed, with flags heralding their way, and their feet marching in time to their bands of musicians. Tom had half hoped to hide himself in some corner in St. Ann's Square, but two ranks of policemen stretched across it from side to side, standing back to back and shoulder to shoulder, and at the word of command each rank marched forward, sweeping the square of all the bystanders, and driving them all into the side streets, so as to secure room for the gathering crowds of Sunday-schools.

Tom was swept away with the rest, so he ran as quickly as he could to gain a good place on the road to the Cathedral, where the whole of the procession must pass before his eyes; for it was little Phil he longed and hungered to see, as he marched along with his companions, the inmates of the school at Ardwick.

It was a good place under the Cathedral walls which Tom managed to secure before the thickest of the throng gathered—for it would seem as if all the population of Manchester had turned out to see the children's procession. At last it began to file past through the middle of the crowd, along a path kept clear by the police force; and one school after another went by, closely regarded by Tom. But soon there could be heard in the distance a cheer and hurrah running along the throng, coming nearer and nearer, such as had not greeted any of the other schools. It was the Ardwick Ragged School array, with its good band of music, played by the boys themselves; and all the people shouted at the sight of these children, who had been saved from the vice and misery and ignorance of the streets.

Tom's eyes were very dim, but his heart beat triumphantly; and he gazed through the mist of his tears for little Phil's fair hair and beautiful face. He saw him at last, and then he tossed his cap up into the air, and shouted as loudly as he could amid the din and clamour: "Hallo, Phil! Little Phil!"

"So yon is little Phil!" said a voice in his ear, which made the glad throbbing of his heart stand still, and the flush to die out of his face. It was his father's voice behind him, and he was gazing

eagerly at the boys of the Ragged School, just little Phil, who was one of the youngest and last, and who, on sight of Tom, and beckoned gaily to him. But Tom could speak, his father had pushed a way among the crowd, and was lost to his sight; and little Phil was turning round to look back upon him with his bright face. But, for Tom, all the glory of the day and the brightness of the spectacle were faded, and a great dread of Phil's future had fallen upon him.

If his father should persist in claiming him, and insist upon removing him from the school, what a terrible change it would make in the young child's life! He had borne wretchedness and privation, and the sights and sounds of evil for himself, but he felt as if he could never bear them for Phil. He shuddered to think of him hearing the wretched language he heard, and seeing the wickedness he was forced to see. Tom had never told what he suffered, even to Nat Pendlebury and Alice; much less to Banner would he have betrayed the vices of his father. But if little Phil were to be brought into close home-fellowship with them, why, he had far rather, a thousand times, follow little Phil's coffin to some quiet grave.

The music was still playing, and the streets were flying, but Tom gave no heed to either. He gave up his good place to a boy who had been jostling him, and wended his way homewards, half-fearing and half-hoping to meet his father. But Haslam was not there; and Tom took his bundle and with a very sad heart went off to the market for supplies. His customers must be provided with food, however heavy his spirit was; and so he toiled along his customary route until evening. Haslam was still absent when he reached home, and, in spite of his dejection, Tom soon fell into a weary slumber, which was not broken by his father's return during the night.

But, before Tom could set out again for another day's work, he felt that he must find out his father's purposes with regard to little Phil. It did not seem a favourable moment for speaking, for his father had been drinking heavily overnight, and was now suffering from the effects of it. But Tom could not go away uncertain whether or no he should see Phil in their close and dirty lodging-room when he returned at night.

"Father," he said; "Father, thee sees how off little Phil is! He's got good clothes, and good food, and good learning, and all for nothing! He will let him be at his school, and not go making work about him? He'll cost thee a sight of me if he comes out."

"I'll have him out!" cried Haslam; "I'll have him out, and make him of use to me, for thee worth nothing to me. Who's so much right to a lad as his own father? The chaplain 'ud tell thee, police I'm a changed man, and quite fit to train my own child. I can teach him to sing psalms and say prayers as well as any of them. I must have the training of little Phil. A trim, bright fellow, as over I set eyes on! I'll make a man of him! Who was it put him into that school, I want to know?"

"Mr. Worthington!" answered Tom, with a faint hope of influencing his father. "It's Mr. Worthington's mill where Mr. Pendlebury is the night watchman."

"Worthington!" answered Haslam, fiercely. "Why, it's him as got me sent to jail for ten years, and it was his wife's brother—Hope, his name—that set the judge and jury dead against me, and I might have got off but for him. It 'ud spite thee a little to take Phil from the school, though it's not all the revenge I'll have. Thee hast settled thy mind for me, lad."

Oh, father!" cried Tom, falling down on his knees, just hearken to me for once. Don't thee go and steal little Phil here! Don't learn him to swear, and drink! Leave him where he is, and do almost anything to please thee. I'd almost as lief see thee a thief again for little Phil to have a chance of getting up good."

"Get up, blockhead," said Haslam, "and be off with thee. Phil's my son, and I'll have him. I suppose, if nobody had taken a fancy to him, he'd have been thrown on my hands to keep. They'd have no work about taking him out of a work-house; and I'll have him out of the school. He'll be of more use to me than thee; for thou hast a dog-dog, jail-bird look about thee that 'ud frighten me."

"Then," said Tom—with a white but resolute face—"as sure as ever thee brings Phil into this house, I'll tell Mr. Banner all I know about thee. I'll tell him that thou'rt out all night, and that thou art not the changed man thee boasts of. He'll have to give me; and maybe he can get the justices to let thee thou'rt not fit to have the care of little Phil. I don't want to do it, father; but as sure as ever I see little Phil in this room, I'll go straight off to Mr. Banner."

There was a baffled and vicious expression upon Haslam's face, but he was silent for awhile, and when he spoke it was in a quiet and conciliatory manner. He would let Phil be for awhile, he said; but he must go and see him, and let him know his father; for maybe he was not happy in the school, and then Tom would not object to taking him out.

There floated before Tom's mind a vision of a home, with a good man for his father, and little Phil living with them, and growing up before his eyes into a good and clever man. But it was a dream only; and with a sigh of mingled regret and thankfulness, he bade his father good morning, and went out with a heart once more at rest.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING TO DO.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

It was a dreary day. The rain poured down in torrents out of doors, and the rain fell indoors down upon the pretty Belle Holme's cheeks. Her mother had come to visit a sick friend; her father would not be home until six o'clock; as for Biddy, the maid-of-all-work, she was very busy in the kitchen. Presently the door bell rang, and Aunt Ella, enveloped in a gossamer, made her appearance.

"What's the matter? sick?" she asked, taking a glance at the child's tears and forlorn looks.

"No, I'm not sick, but I'm lonely. I hate rainy days. I can't go out, so I've nothing to do but sit here and mope, and it's so forlorn."

Aunt Ella threw off her wet wraps and rubbers, sitting down by the grate, put her feet on the fender and took out her work.

"I should think it would be forlorn," she replied to Belle's remark. "I am quite sure I could endure it."

"Tears again filled Belle's eyes. She thought that she truly must be a martyr and that her Aunt was being hard on her.

"To have nothing to do but to sit around moping must be forlorn indeed," Aunt Ella continued. "It is fortunate that a girl of your age has failed to find out what she was put in the world for. Do you think you were put here to mope, or to serve the old man?"

"What a question!" Belle said in a grieved tone. "The question is all right: let me hear the answer."

"To serve him, of course," slowly from the child.

"Well, one would never think it, judging from your actions; would they?" smiling.

"I suppose not," reluctantly.

"Well it is quite time to let your light shine; don't you think so?"

"What light? Shall I light the lamp?" asked Belle.

"Yes; do, please—the lamp of your own life. The Lord said, 'Let your light shine;' there's no shining where a healthy girl like you sits around doing nothing. Get your work, dear, and keep me company."

"I haven't any work, but here are some brown towels," going to her mother's basket and taking them out; "mamma said she was going to hem them by hand."

"Those will do nicely. Bring them to me, and I will turn your hems for you."

After Belle had sewed industriously for some time, Aunt Ella said, "The world doesn't look half as dreary as it did awhile ago, does it?"

"No; it does not. It's strange, isn't it?"

"No; it is not the least bit strange. Just as soon as one forgets one's self and thinks of others, the world grows brighter."

As the clock struck five Belle finished her last towel.

"Six towels hemmed!" she said indignantly. "How glad mamma will be!"

"She'll soon be here, will she not?" asked Aunt Ella.

"She will meet papa at the office; they'll come in on the street-car at six o'clock."

"I wonder what you're going to give them for supper? they'll be tired and hungry, I suppose."

"I give them for supper?" questioningly.

"Biddy is ironing, is she not?"

"Yes, but she has to stop and get supper; that's her business."

"But suppose she is very busy and very tired, whose business is it then, since your mother is not here?"

"Hers, of course; Biddy's paid for doing the work."

"It is a quarter-past five," Aunt Ella said, looking at the clock. "It's about time that Biddy were getting tea. I wonder what she intends to get?"

"I'll see," Belle said, going to the kitchen, from which she soon returned, saying dolefully, "Biddy says she isn't going to fuss getting up things; her ironing isn't finished yet."

"I will show you how to get supper if you would like to have me; would you?"

Belle had never imagined that she could cook; but Aunt Fannie helped her for a half-hour and then went home.

When Mr. and Mrs. Holmes sat down to their cozy supper-table they both looked very much pleased. The covered dish of hot milk-toast, the chipped beef and eggs, the cream potatoes, were delicious.

"It was very kind and thoughtful of you, Biddy," Mrs. Holmes said, "to stop your ironing to get us this nice supper."

"But 't isn't me, ma'm, that deserves the praise; it's little Miss Belle that did everything her ownself."

It took Mrs. Holmes some time to realize that her little daughter had prepared the supper, but when she did her words of praise made the child's heart glad.

"MOTHER," said a dear little child one night, waking up as her mother went through the chamber, "I asked God to take care of some poor child to-night, and I told him to-morrow I would try to hunt her up and help her, too."

He Who Loved Us Long Ago.

BY SARA B. HOWLAND.

FOR the weary, way-worn traveller
Journeying onward, in the road
Leading from this world of sorrow
To his Father's blessed abode,
There's a Light that's shining ever
That will lend him all its glow.
'Tis the gentle Christ, our Saviour,
He who loved us long ago.

FOR the one whose heart is bleeding
From the wounds of earthly care,
Whose fond hopes and brilliant fancies
Brought him naught but sore despair,
There's a Balm, whose blessed healing
This poor suffering one may know.
'Tis the loving Christ, our Saviour,
He who loved us long ago.

FOR the one whose life of sinning
Reaped its due reward of pain;
Who, while dying in his anguish,
Never dares to hope again,
There's a Healer, strong and tender,
Who has power to cure all woe;
'Tis the blessed Christ, our Saviour,
He who loved us long ago.

FOR the little child who wanders
In the earth, so sad and lone,
And whose heart is ever craving
Love which he can call his own,
There's a Father, far exceeding
In his love all friends below;
'Tis the loving Christ, our Saviour,
He who loved us long ago.

THINGS MONEY CANNOT DO.

SOME boys and girls have an idea that money can do almost anything; but this is a mistake. Money, it is true, can do a great deal, but it cannot do everything. I could name you a thousand things it cannot buy. It was meant for good, and it is a good thing to have, but all this depends on how it is used. If used wrongly it is an injury rather than a benefit. Beyond all doubt, however, there are many things better than it is, and which it cannot buy, no matter how much we may have of it.

If a man has not a good education, all his money will never buy it for him. He can scarcely ever make up for his early waste of opportunities.

Neither will wealth itself give a man or a woman good manners. Next to good morals and good health, nothing is of more importance than easy, graceful, self-possessed manners. But they cannot be had for mere money.

Money cannot purchase a good conscience. If a poor man, or a boy, or a girl—any one, has a clear conscience that gives off a tone like a soundbell when touched by the hammer, then be sure he or she is vastly richer than the millionaire who does not possess such a conscience. Good principles are better than gold.—S. S. Visitor,

A MINUTE'S ANGER.

NOR long ago, in a city not far from New York, two boys, neighbours, who were good friends, were playing. In the course of the game a dispute arose between the boys, and both became angry; one struck the other, and finally one kicked the other, who fell unconscious in the street, was taken home, and now for four weeks has suffered most cruelly. The doctors say that if he lives he will never be well, and will always suffer and need the constant care of a physician. If the boys had been the greatest enemies they would not, could not, have desired a worse fate for each other than this. But, instead of enemies, they were friends and loving companions. Now everything is changed. One will never be able to walk, or to take part in active games; the other will never forget the sufferings he has caused. A minute's anger caused this.

The Genius of the Bottle.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

THERE'S a queer little bottle stands here on my desk,
It is shaped like a boat and is quite picturesque,
With a figure head just the least trifle grotesque.

It holds in its depths, though you never may know it,
And I envy not wholly be able to show it,
The treasures of romance, passion, and poesy.

There are staid, sober facts for the solemn and wise,
And fables for those who like truth in disguise:

There are sweet dreams and fancies that point to the skies

There are songs that are sweet as the voice of the lark,

There are jests that belong to the days of the ark,

There are arrows of wit that fly straight to the mark.

And tales of devotion, and honor, and truth,
And stories of danger, and beauty, and ruth,
That quicken the pulse in the bosom of youth.

There are truths that flash out like a sword in the light,
That shine like a star in the darkness of night,

To guide straying feet from the wrong to the right.

There are sweet psalms of faith, full many I ween,
And solace of sorrow, and praises serene,
And glad songs of strength whereon weakness may lean.

All this in the bottle, although I can prove it,
And the Genius stands there in his glory above it.

This strange little bottle. Ah, me, how I love it!

And whatever he gives of its marvellous store,
With pride that is humble I bring to your door,

And grateful and happy I pray evermore.

O Genius that stands on this strange bottle's bank,
O aid me for ever and ever to link
My heart to the world in this bottle of ink.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1063] LESSON VIII. [Aug. 25

THE ANOINTING OF DAVID.

1 Sam. 16. 1-13. Memory verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam. 16. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. As Man Looketh, v. 1-10.
2. As the Lord Looketh, v. 11-13.

TIME.—1063 B.C.

PLACE.—Bethlehem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Fill thine horn with oil*—The oil meant is probably the holy anointing oil described in Exod. 30. 23-33. *Take a heifer with thee*—That is, in order to conceal from the public the real nature of his mission. *Trembled at his coming*—He was known for a stern judge, and they feared he would be for punishment of some sin. *He was rudely*—Many think this refers to the colour of his hair, since red hair was regarded as a rare mark of beauty in the Orient.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in the lesson are we taught—

1. The need of preparing for God's worship.
2. That God calls men to his service?
3. That God qualifies men for his service?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How was Saul's place as king to be filled? By another chosen by God. 2. Who was made the messenger of this choice? Samuel, who had anointed Saul. 3. In what words did God announce to Samuel the man of his choice? "Arise, anoint him: for this is he." 4. What was the effect of this act upon David? "The Spirit of the Lord came upon him." 5. What did God tell Samuel was his method of choice? "Man looketh on the outward," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Conversion.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

40. What is meant by saying that God is all-wise?

That God does everything in the best and most perfect way, for the accomplishment of his purpose.

With him is wisdom and strength, he hath counsel and understanding. Job 12. 13.

B.C. 1063] LESSON IX. [Sept. 1

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

1 Sam. 17. 32-51. Memory verses, 45, 46

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us? Rom. 8. 31.

OUTLINE.

1. Saul and David, v. 32-39.
2. David and Goliath, v. 40-51.

TIME.—1063 B.C.

PLACE.—Some point in Southern Judah.

EXPLANATIONS.—*A shepherd's bag*—Probably somewhat like a knapsack. *His sling*

This has been a very effective weapon of war. In early times and in classical story frequent mention is made of it. *All this assembly*—That is, the two armies.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

By what in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God gives wisdom to his servants?
2. That faith in God gives courage in danger?
3. That God honors those who trust him?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What event was the occasion for the story of our lesson? A war with the Philistines. 2. To what issue did the Philistines challenge Israel? To that of single combat. 3. Who offered to take up the challenge? David, the shepherd of Bethlehem. 4. What was the one purpose of his offer? To show that God ruled in Israel. 5. What thought of the Apostle Paul is like that of David? "If God be for us," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Trust in God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

41. What is meant by saying that God is holy?

That his nature is perfectly good and without the possibility of evil, and that he cannot allow sin in his creatures.

Ye shall be holy; for I am holy.—Lev. 11. 44.

The Troubled Geese.

No doubt all our boys and girls have read the story of how the geese saved Rome. You remember, the Romans had been driven within the walls of the city. At night the victors—the Gauls—tried to get over the walls into the city, where the poor, tired, discouraged Romans were sleeping. The noise the Gauls made alarmed the geese, which began to cackle. This woke the soldiers, and the city was saved.

Here is a Russian fable. Can you find the moral?

A peasant was one day driving some geese to town, where he hoped to sell them. He had a long stick in his hand, and drove them pretty fast.

But the geese did not like to be hurried; and happening to meet a traveller, they poured out their complaints against the peasant who was driving them.

"Where can you find geese more unhappy than we? See how this peasant is hurrying us on, this way and that; and driving us as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow! He never thinks how he is bound to honour and respect us; for we are the descendants of the very geese that saved Rome so many years ago."

"But for what do you expect to be famous yourselves?" asked the traveller.

"Because our ancestors—"

"Yes, I know; I have read all about it. What I want to know is, What good have you yourselves done?"

"Why, our ancestors saved Rome."

"Yes, yes. But what have you done?"

"We? Nothing."

"Of what good are you, then? Do leave your ancestors at peace! They were honoured for their deeds; but you, my friends, are only fit for roasting."

Superstitions About Storks.

The Germans hold the stork to be an almost sacred bird. They have many strange, and some beautiful, superstitions connected with this bird. Among these is the old-time tradition that the stork invariably brings luck along with it, and an increase of fortune to the household over which it condescends to build its mighty nest. As they generally select the highest houses with the tallest roofs for this purpose, we assume the higher the house the better the condition and the chances of the individuals dwelling within.

Another pretty legend is that with which they entertain the German children, who are taught to believe that the storks fetch the new-born babies with them to their nests, and from those elevated positions considerably drop the little ones through the chimney-tops into the homes where they will be most appreciated.

In a quaint old street back of the cathedral, at Worms, we saw a stork's nest with the parent birds and the young ones in it. The nest was about three feet high, and as wide in diameter, built of thick twigs, carefully woven in and out, basket fashion. The chimney on which this nest was built was a very lofty one, covered with tin at the top, allowing the smoke to escape from one side—German fashion. This made a solid foundation for the entire structure.

"I AM looking for employment," said a young man who entered the office of a business man. "You will find it in the dictionary, my friend," replied the merchant, "under the letter E."

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