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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, AUGUST 22, 1885.

No. 17.

YOUNG ITALY.

THIS is a fine specimen of the gondolier boys that one sees about the canals in Venice—although the gondoliers are for the most part men. He is not burdened with a superfluous quantity of clothing, the climate being warm and the work somewhat hard. The boys of Venice are almost amphibious—as much at home in the water as on it. I have seen them swimming about the canals like water-rats. They learn to swim when almost babies—as is very necessary since the doors of the houses open right on the canals. I have seen the little children crowding on the door steps till I wondered that half of them were not drowned. I venture to say that this boy—bright as he looks—does not know his letters. Indeed few Venetians, old or young, do. I was going past an old church one Sunday, when I heard a buzzing like a hive of bees within. I went in and found a Sunday-school taught by a couple of nuns. I asked to see the lesson book, and found that it was a catechism which the nuns were teaching the children by rote.

Behind the boy in the picture is seen the prow of a gondola.

The gondola, in its best estate, is a sombre-funereal-looking bark, draped in black, its steel-peaked prow curving like a swan's neck from the wave. Its points are thus epitomized by Byron:—

"This a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called a gondolier;
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapped in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do."

WITHOUT NOTE OR COMMENT.

A LITTLE more than twenty-five years ago Robert J. M. Goodwin was one of the two or three most promising men in Asbury University, at Greencastle, Ind. His habits were good, his industry untiring, his ambition high, and his ability considerably above that of most men in his class and college. He was a man full of combativeness and abounding

energy. Courageous, high-spirited, witty, and generous, there was no man more generally loved by his fellows than he. He came of a family of high character, the habit of whose members it was to wind distinction in life, and his promise in that way was greater than that of any other Goodwin

turned to Indianapolis, and entered again upon the practice of his profession, quickly distinguishing himself at the bar. All the fair promise of his youth and early manhood seemed about to be fulfilled abundantly, and the brilliancy shown in his college career had obviously ripened

to a hospital for the insane, to be treated for chronic alcoholism. He was discharged thence as a patient who had recovered; but, as is usually the case, the habit returned as soon as the restraint was removed, and in his drunken resentment the poor fellow shot and killed his brother who had placed him in the hospital.

For this murder he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and a few days ago he committed suicide in his cell. The sad story of his downfall seems one worth telling in this plain way for purposes of admonition. — *New York Commercial Advertiser.*



YOUNG ITALY.

of them all. When the war came he entered the service, and although neither his training nor his taste was military, he quickly distinguished himself, rising to the rank of colonel, with the brevet rank of brigadier-general conferred for meritorious service. When the fighting was done he re-

turned to Indianapolis, and entered again upon the practice of his profession, quickly distinguishing himself at the bar.

But the good habits of his youth had given place to intemperance. His thirst for alcohol had become uncontrollable. In a little time his intellect was in ruins. The man was a sot. His friends sought to save him, and sent him for a time

to a hospital for the insane, to be treated for chronic alcoholism. He was discharged thence as a patient who had recovered; but, as is usually the case, the habit returned as soon as the restraint was removed, and in his drunken resentment the poor fellow shot and killed his brother who had placed him in the hospital.

THE BROTHER'S PART.

BROTHERS should be their sisters' guardians. Every young man knows what true gallantry is, and what it requires of him. He is to honour every lady, whether rich or poor, and show her every respect. He should be ready to be to every woman a true knight, ready to defend her from danger, to shield her from every insult, to risk his own life in her behalf.

Now to whom should every young man show the highest gallantry? To whom, if not his sisters? Have they not the first claim on his affections? If he is not a true gentleman to his own sisters, can he be at heart a true gentleman to any other woman? Can a young man be manly, and treat his own sisters with less respect and honour than he shows to other young ladies? He must consider himself their true knight, whose office is to throw about them every needed shelter, to serve them, and to promote their highest good in every way.

Besides this standing between his sister and danger, every brother should also show her in his own life the ideal of the truest and most honourable manhood. If it be true that the best shield a sister can make for her brother is to show him in herself the loftiest example of womanhood, it is true also that the truest defence a brother can make for his sister is a noble manhood in his own person. If he is going to shield his sister from the impure, he must show her in himself such a high ideal of manhood that her soul shall

unconsciously and instinctively shrink from every thing that is vulgar, rude, or evil. Let no brother think that he can be a shelter from evil to his sister if his own life be not unsullied and true.—*Selected.*

MY FATHER'S WAY.

"**M**UST look to the sheep in the fold. See the cattle are fed and warm; So, Jack, tell mother to wrap you well— You may go with me over the farm. Though the snow is deep and the weather cold, You are not a babe at six years old."

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay,
But the sky was as blue as June;
And father and son came laughing home
When dinner was ready at noon—
Knocking the snow from their weary feet,
Rosy and hungry and longing to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said,
"That I feared I could scarce get through,"
The mother turned with a pleasant smile,
"Then what could a little lad do?"
'I trod in my father's steps,' said Jack;
"Wherever he went I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face,
And a solemn thought was there;
The words had gone like a lightning flash
To the seat of a nobler care.
"If he tread in my steps, then day by day
How carefully I must choose my way!"

"For the child will do as the father does,
And the track that I leave behind,
If it be firm, and clear, and straight,
The feet of my son will find.
He will tread in his father's steps, and say,
"I am right, for this was my father's way."

Oh, fathers, treading in life's hard road,
Be sure of the steps you take;
Then the son you love, when gray haired men,
Will tread in them still for your sake,
When gray-haired men to their sons will say,
"We tread in our father's steps to-day."

THOSE HORRID BOYS.

WHEN we moved into the neighborhood, I told my husband there was one thing which would prove an insufferable annoyance. The streets were full of boys—horrid boys!

I fancied I never did like boys, and having none of my own it seemed shameful to have to put up with such a tribe of other people's, as these were about us.

Mr. Wilborn said, soothingly, with a kind of twinkle in his eye,—I suppose the man remembered he was once a "horrid boy" himself—

"Oh, well, wife, I wouldn't worry; perhaps the little chaps won't trouble you as much as you anticipate."

But just at that moment with a whoop and a bound came a half dozen of them round our alley; we were at supper, and as I turned to see what was the matter, I was only just in time to see a half dozen pairs of heels flying over the back fence.

"Well, did you ever!" I gasped.
"Oh, yes," said Mr. Wilborn, "I have 'shinned it' over the neighbours' fences more than a hundred times; my turn to take it now, that's all."

Well, it looked like a terrible trial. Of course, like every other woman, I wanted to be as popular with my neighbours as possible, so resolved not to make any more fuss about it than I could help, but I had a guilty suspicion that poor Horace would hear fussing enough.

Well, they clattered and raced and whistled; they tooted and sung and climbed, and were veritable boys, I can assure you; yet at the end of three days I had not seen or heard anything absolutely objectionable, only

the general racket and running fire of sport continually kept up.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, which happened to be Saturday, a perplexity occurred. I had received a note saying some friends were coming to tea, and as my girl had not yet arrived there was no one to send on some necessary errands.

I went to the door and looked anxiously forth to see how far off a store might be, and if I could take four-year-old Addie with me. One neighbour's boy was perched on the railing separating our piazza from the next one. Another was sitting on the fence. Two of the others lurked in the alley.

As my anxious face looked forth the monkey on the fence actually took off his cap as he inquired respectfully: "Have you lost anything, Mrs. Wilborn?"

"Oh, no," I said pleasantly, "I was only thinking of going on an errand, and didn't know just how to."

"Why, send us!" said the merry boy, with a bound off the fence and a nod towards the others.

"Will you really go?" I inquired, as railing, fence and alley delivered up their phalanx.

"Why, bless you, yes, ma'am," said a boy with dimples,—that "horrid boy" actually had dimples—"why, that's what we're for! We hang around just to do errands and be useful. Mamma says that's what boys were made for."

I laughed a relieved laugh as I produced a basket and told off my wants and in less than fifteen minutes those mimic locomotives came choo-chooing around the yard with everything I sent for, and the change all right.

I was proceeding to give a cent or two all around, when with a whistle off they bounded, one little chap lingering to say with mock dignity:

"We young gentlemen never take pay until we do something."

Two or three days after, just as Horace was starting out to business, we missed little Addie. She had skipped off while we were eating breakfast, and we thought she was with the girl who came the day before. The child was nowhere to be found. With pale face Horace and I rushed to the door.

Boys everywhere.

"Oh, boys," I cried, "my little girl has run away; what shall I do?"

"Do! Why find her of course!" was the unperturbed chorus. "She hasn't run away from us, you better believe," said one consoling little fellow; "there isn't a corner in the city where sissy could hide and we not poke our noses in less time than you can say Jack Robinson."

"Oh, bless the dear boys!" I exclaimed, "how they do cheer me."

Horace looked at me but said never a word.

I put on my bonnet to join the search but before I reached the end of the long block two boys came around a distant corner carrying Addie "arm-chair" on their clasped hands. A shrill whistle recalled the other scouts.

Horace produced a handful of small change but a low bow from the boy with dimples was accompanied with the remarkable speech:

"We coves don't take change until folks know us and then they never offer it."

But the time came when I broke down and cried, cried hard.

Horace came home from the city one day, when we had been in our new home about a fortnight, very ill.

I was terrified at his appearance, he looked and seemed so sick.

When he got to the door he declared afterwards he could not manage his night key, he was so faint. But a ubiquitous boy unlocked the door for him, then two others helped him into the house as deftly as if they had been men.

I met them in the hall and understood matters at a glance. A third boy had started with my message to the doctor in a trice. A fourth softly asked permission to take Addie up and down the sidewalk "for a little change," and I blessed the boy's thoughtfulness in the midst of my hurry and anxiety.

The two who helped Horace in stayed with me, moving silently about assisting in little ways until Horace was in bed and the doctor came and reassured me. Then all at once there wasn't a boy to be seen; not a boy until about an hour afterwards when I happened to go to the back door, there perched on the fence in solemn conclave were seven of my neighbour's boys, so silent I should never have suspected they were round unless I had seen them.

At my appearance one boy spoke up cheerily:

"You see we're only prowling round in case we should be wanted."

That was when I broke down and cried; not because of my anxieties, those were greatly relieved, but because I had called those dear, quiet, helpful little fellows "horrid boys."

Towards night, as a tap came at the outside door, I opened it to see a bright face look up into mine while a roguish voice remarked:

"The mourners are about to disperse for the night; are there any errands?"

I kissed right into a dimple as I replied, cheerfully:

"No, dear boy, nothing to-night, thank you."

Now they scamper freely around our yard, perch on and tumble over our fence, coddle Addie and chat with me at the open window and I think my neighbour's boys are splendid, just splendid! The merry boys!

And to my real delight I heard one of them confide to Addie the other day that the fellows all thought her papa was one of the nicest gentlemen they ever knew, and he added heartily:

"And we all think you've got just the boss mamma!"—*Christian at Work.*

THE CLOSED DOOR.

I REMEMBER it so well. It was one morning many years ago, when I was a very little child. I had been disobedient at breakfast-time, and papa had said to me gravely and sadly: "Carrie, you must get off your chair, and go and stand outside the door for five minutes."

I got down, choked back the sob that rose in my throat, and without returning to look into papa's face, I went outside the door, and it shut against me.

The moments seemed very long and silent. I remember well how my tears dropped down on the mat, I was so grieved and ashamed. The five minutes were not nearly over, but the handle of the door was partly turned,

and Johnnie's curly head peeped out. Both his arms were round my neck in a minute, and he said: "Carrie, go in; I'll be naughty instead of you." And before I could say a word he had pushed me in, and shut the door.

There I stood, with my eyes on the floor, and feeling so red and so uncomfortable, not knowing whether I might go up to the table; but papa took me by the hand, and led me to the table, and kissed me and put me on my chair, and I know I was forgiven just as much as if I had borne all the punishment; but O how I wished that Johnnie might come in!

When the five minutes were up he was called in, and then papa took us both—me, the poor little naughty child, and Johnnie, the loving brother—and folded us both in his arms, and I sobbed it all out—the repentance and love and gratefulness—while we were held close to that loving heart.

And now that I look back to that little scene, it seems a typical one. For the years went by, and I found myself outside another door, separated from the Father, sin having come between my soul and God, till I saw One who loved me come and take my place, and put me into his place of nearness, and I was forgiven for Christ's sake; and I knew the fullness and freeness of that forgiveness, for our Father drew me close to his divine heart of love, and there with the Lord Jesus, my Sin-bearer, I found "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Payment He will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.

—*Monthly Record.*

JESUS LOVE ME

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight neat form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she learned at school.

"Well what is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No; it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! it is for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.

AFTER church—"O, ma, I have heard such a splendid minister. He stamped and pounded and got mad and shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn't anybody dare go up and fight him."

OUR DOMINION FOR EVER.

OUR Dominion forever! our own dear land,
The land of the brave and the free;
Where ever we roam we'll think of our home,
And love the old Banner,
The red-cross Banner,
Triumphant by land and by sea.

CHORUS.

Then sing our Dominion for ever,
The red-cross Banner for ever!
No cravens are we,
By land or by sea,
We'll sing our Dominion for ever;
We'll sing our Dominion for ever.

Our Dominion for ever! our hearts and our homes

We'll ever protect with our lives;
For with heart and with hand we are ready to stand

And fight for the Banner,
The red-cross Banner,
In defence of our sweethearts and wives.
CHO.—Then sing, etc.

Our Dominion for ever! God bless our own land

Rose, thistle and shamrock here grow,
So closely entwined, they are ever combined
To adorn the old Banner,
The red-cross Banner,
That triumphs o'er every foe.
CHO.—Then sing, etc.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

Two bright boys were on the horse-car with me one day. They were dressed with care, and any one would think, I am sure, that they were watchfully cared for in their homes. Boys and girls always attract me, and these boys had faces that made me like them at once. They had pleasant voices, too, and I was not sorry when the crowding of the car pushed them nearer me. The first thing that I heard distinctly startled me. The taller—I think the older—of the two said: "I was lucky this morning! I got a ride down town free."

"No such luck ever happens to me," said the other.

"Nor very often to me; the conductors are awful sharp."

I've been sorry and anxious about those two boys ever since, for they have the beginning of a very fatal disease. A little cold, you know, often develops into pneumonia, and a tiny red spot proves to be the beginning of a malignant and almost incurable disease. The cold and the red spot may not end so sadly, but the disease which was attacking these boys is almost "sure death." Just such good boys are found among the victims of embezzlement, forgery, misappropriation, and defaulting. Cheating in little things makes boys ready for stealing. Don't laugh at it. It is dangerous to begin to take what is not freely given to you without paying a fair price for it. It is the germ of deadly disease.

He who cheats another cheats himself far more. And this is for the girls, too. Do not take a slate-pencil, a sheet of paper, a horse-car ride (unless it be a free gift, and then pay for it in gratitude), without giving for it the equivalent due. Five cents kept in your pocket when it rightfully belongs to another ought to make you unhappy. Five cents gained by cheating is no gain; it is "devil's money"—the price of sin. Do you think I speak strongly and harshly? How else shall I warn you? If I saw you touching small-pox, should I not shout to you to beware? If I detected on you the tiny red spot which threatens death, would you not expect me to warn you quickly and loudly? Yet none of these terrible

things are so bad as this "little" evil which my horse-car companion did and boasted of to his comrade. Your fathers are saying, "Whore shall we find honest men?" Only where there have been honest boys. If you find in yourselves a "lucky" feeling because of any such "bad bargains" as getting a ride for nothing, make haste to get rid of it, and with earnest heart pray as David did: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."—*Christian Union.*

THE HOUSE.

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"A HOUSE, Hobson—you buying a house? Bless my life! who's died and left you money, man? I wish I had that luck; but I never shall."

"No one has left me money; I earned every cent of it."

"Eh? You don't say. Why, I heard you were paying eight hundred cash for the house and lot, and meant to lay out two hundred more in paint, fences, small fruits, cow-shed, and so on."

"Well, it is true. That is just the figure."

"I cannot see how you did it. We earn the same wages, we have neither of us been sick, your family is one larger than mine, and, though I'm not in debt—and I've always taken credit for that—I'm not forehanded a dollar, and you are buying a house. With no rent to pay, and a garden to draw half your living from, you'll soon grow rich at this rate. Tell us your secret, if you've a mind to do a good turn to an old neighbour."

"My money is the saving of seven years, since I was married. You know, I've lived in comfort, and now and then had an outing with the family, and none of us lacked, while none of us wasted. The week I was married I said to Polly: 'My girl, let us own a house.' Says Polly, 'You're joking, Tom; we own a house! If we pay our rent we'll do well.' 'See here, Polly,' I said, 'I'll spend no money on whiskey, beer, or tobacco. Free of that spending, and all the wasting those things bring, I'm sure I can in time buy a house; for plenty of workingmen, Polly, spend at the tavern what would buy 'em a house twice over. With a home of your own in your eye, Polly, and me wasting naught, you'll be likely to save where you can, and a house we'll have.'"

"But I cannot believe that mere savings out of beer, a bit of liquor, and some tobacco will build a house, Hobson."

"Try it. In seven years you'll have us good a house, or mayhap in much less time. Wages are higher, and your missis has more experience in housekeeping than Polly had when she began."

"But a few shillings a week, Hobson."

"Money breeds money, my man. Your bit of money will inspire you all to save and earn. You'll lend it at some interest, too; and the time you put in at the corner-store you will spend in earning extra dollars. There's demand for work. Besides, until you study it up, you've no idea the amount of good cash that goes in bad smoke and drink. You get a book called 'Our Wasted Resources.' It is a

tough name, but there's good plain talk in it. You'll find it in the library or you can buy it in New York. That's a book will open your eyes as to what we are doing with our money. It shows plain that if there was prohibition in this country every working-man could have a house of his own, and his wife could have a nice silk Sunday gown."—*National Temperance Almanac.*

THE WAY THEY DOCTOR PEOPLE IN INDIA.

A LADY physician in Bombay was called in great haste to see a Mohammedan woman, who was supposed to be dying. The lady, being convinced that the patient's illness must have continued for several days, asked the family friends why she had not been called earlier. They replied that they wished to send for her a week before, but the woman insisted upon calling one of their own hakims (doctors) instead. They said that the hakim came, wrote a text from the Koran in Arabic, and told the patient to soak the slip of paper on which the text was written in a glass of water, and to drink the water for a few days, when she would be quite well. The poor woman followed the directions carefully, and drank the water for several days, when she became so very ill the family were alarmed and sent for the doctor.

Fortunately it was not too late, and the woman recovered, perhaps to trust to the same foolish remedy at her next attack. The natives of India have numberless superstitions in regard to diseases. If they are suffering from rheumatism, they tie a peacock's feather around the leg to cure it. If they have fever, they brand the chest and stomach with a hot iron. Little children are often seen with wide, deep burns, six or eight inches long, which their parents have made to cure them of disease.

If a man's bullock is lame, he ties a red rag around its horn, and will declare most positively that it will cure the lameness, if only it is allowed to remain. When a horse is eating its grain, the keeper spreads a towel over its back to make the grain digest properly, and will insist upon it that the horse will die if the towel is removed.—*Day Spring.*

HERBERT'S COMPROMISE.

THE group of the academy boys gathered under the large chestnut tree that shaded one corner of the yard. It was a very warm June day, and everyone was longing for the vacation so close at hand. Lessons had never seemed so irksome or play more tempting.

"I'll tell you a plan, boys," exclaimed one; "to-night, after supper, when it gets cooler, let's row down the river to the old mill and have a swim. It will be moonlight coming back."

"Jolly!"

"First-rate!"

"Just the thing!"

"Then you'll all go?"

"Of course we will!"

"I don't know," said Herbert Gray, doubtfully. "I don't believe I care to go," he added, indifferently.

"Don't care to go! Why not?"

"It will be too warm, and I'm so tired."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Besides, I have a book I want to read."

"Let the book wait."

Why was it that Herbert's heart beat and his cheeks flushed as he stood there with his eyes on the root of the tree against which he was idly stubbing his toe while the boys waited for the decision? The truth is he was a coward just then, and he was painfully conscious of it. The real reason why he did not want to go down the river was because there was to be a prayer-meeting that night at the church he attended, and he thought he ought to go there. None of the other boys cared for religious meetings, and they would ridicule his choice. He was not a Christian himself—that is, he had not fully decided the question. He had been trying to compromise the matter by being as good as he could without openly professing allegiance to Christ. Somehow, he now felt that he could not keep up such a course much longer; neither was he ready to decide against the right. So, with a single heavenward thought that was an almost unconscious appeal for help, he faced the boys bravely, and, speaking quickly but firmly, said:

"I'll tell you honestly why I can't go with you; I am going to church to-night."

There! now they might say what they choose. He was no longer afraid.

Most of them said nothing. A few, seeing it was no use to coax him, said, "All right!" and moved away; but one, who, like Herbert, had been standing on doubtful ground and unwilling to own it, announced his intention of going with him. It is needless to say that neither of them ever regretted the courageous stand he took, and to both of them owed much of their future influence over their companions.—*Everybody's Paper.*

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

WHY are the toads so plentiful after a thunder-shower? All my life long no one has been able to answer that question. Why, after a heavy shower, and in the midst of it, do such multitudes of toads, especially little ones, hop about the gravel walk? For many years I believed they rained down, and I suppose some think so still. I asked an explanation of this of a thoughtful woman. Her reply was that toads came out during the shower to get water. However, this is not the fact. I have discovered that they come out not to get water. I deluged a flower-bed the other night with painful after-painful water. Immediately the toads came out of their holes to escape drowning, by tens and twenties and fifties. The big ones fled in a ridiculous streak of hopping, and the little ones sprang about in the wildest confusion. The toad is just like any other land animal: when his hole is full of water, he quits it.—*C. D. Warner.*

PREACHING FAITH.

ONE summer evening, looking out of his window, Luther saw on a tree at hand a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all! He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart;
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill!
Thought they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet;
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die!

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

Rev. W. K. WITHROW, U.S., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 22, 1885.

PRAYING CHILDREN.

MR. D. L. MOODY recently told the following touching stories about praying children. He said: I remember a man who enlisted in our war, and left a wife and two children, and the wife was not in good health. One cold day in November, in the first year of the war, the news came that he was shot in battle, and the mother was in great sorrow. Soon after the landlord came round for his rent, and she told him her trouble, and said she would not be able to pay the rent so regularly as before, as she had only her needles; and sewing machines were just coming in then, and as she could not buy one, she had a very poor chance. The man was a heartless wretch, and he said that if she did not pay the rent regularly he would turn her out. After he went away the mother began to weep. Her little child, not quite five, came up to her and said—

"Mamma, is not God very rich?"
"Yes, my child."
"Can't God take care of us?"
"Yes."

"Then what makes you cry? Mayn't I go and ask Him?"

The mother said she might, if she liked. The little child knelt at her bedside, where the mother taught her to pray, and the mother told me the child never looked so sweet. She stood weeping over her misfortunes and the little child knelt down and said, "O Lord, you have given and have taken away my dear father, and the landlord says he will turn us out of doors, and my mamma has no money; won't you please lend us a little house to live in?"

And then she came out to her mother, and said, "Mamma, don't weep. Jesus will take care of us. I know he will, for I have asked him."

It is upwards of twenty years, and that mother has never paid any rent from that day to this. A beautiful cottage was provided for her and her two children, and she has lived there without paying any rent. When the fire swept over Chicago and burnt up her house, a second little home was put up for her, and there she is.

Another incident connected with the same family. They heard I was going to the army a few weeks after they were provided for, and the mother came to me with her two little children, and they brought down all the money they had, some pennies which they had been putting away in a little bank or at least the elder one, and it was like the widow's mite. I thought at first I could not take the money; but then I thought it is God who has prompted them to give it. They wanted me to take it down into the army and buy a Bible and give it to a soldier, and tell the soldier who got it that the children who gave it were going to pray for him, as they used to pray for their father. They wanted some soldier to pray for—God bless such children. I bought two Bibles, and one night I was preaching, and had a lot of men hearing me, and I told them this story, and holding one of the Bibles, I said, "If there is a man here who has the courage, the moral courage, who is not a Christian, to rise and take this Bible and have the prayers of these two fatherless children to follow him through the war, let him step forward."

To my surprise sixteen men sprang to their feet, moved forward, and knelt around me, and it seemed as if heaven and earth came together. The prayers of those little children had followed the Bibles. I am so thankful that we have a God who hears and answers prayer.

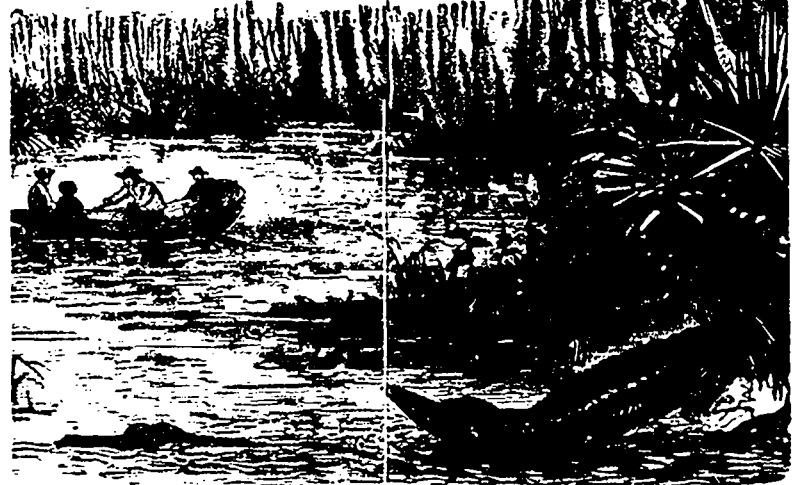
LETTER FROM DR. COCHRAN.

Enoshima, Japan, June 18, 1885.

My Dear Dr. Withrow,—How often I have thought of you since my return to Japan. Your recent serious illness gave us much concern until we heard that you were quite convalescent. I hope you may have a run of good health for many years to come to further by tongue and pen the good and great cause so dear to us all. You will see by the heading of this that I am not writing from Tokio. I have been hard at work since my arrival in the country last August and feel weary and worn, and so have come away here for a few days' rest and change. Enoshima is a picturesque little island, about 100 acres in extent, about 34 miles from Tokio. I am just now the

only guest in a large native hotel. From the front room in the third storey I look out on a pretty hill—richly wooded to the top—from the green bowers of which the dark copper roofs of temples and monasteries peep in many places, and the silver tones of the temple bells tell out the passing hours. Now and then the droning voice of the priests chanting prayers to Buddha is wafted to me on the pleasant breeze.

The work of the mission has taken a fresh impulse. We are full of hope for the future of the good cause. The school is filled to its utmost capacity: we have over 40 boarders and 70 day pupils, all between the ages of 12 and 23 or 24. By the kind and prompt liberality of our Society we are now at work enlarging the school buildings, so that from September next we shall be able to receive 100 boarders and 200 day pupils. This will place us in a position of considerable influence as educators in the land, and increase also our evangelistic power. The thirst for English and Western science is unabated, in fact it is increased to a boom all over the land, the government having lately passed an ordinance requiring English to be taught



AN AMPHIBIOUS ANIMAL.

in all the common schools of the country. The difficulty now is to find qualified teachers. This has brought to the schools of the capital where English may be learned a vast influx of students wishing to qualify as teachers. Think of a nation of 37,000,000 with a fairly good system of public institutions, introducing the English language into all the schools of the land—this means that our science, our Bible, and our Christianity shall come into direct contact with the developing intellect and conscience of the whole nation. The like of this has never been seen since history began her course; and we must not forget that the rulers of Japan know what all this means, viz:—the speedy christianization of the country, and wish to have it so fulfilled. We are having a box of books sent from the Book Room soon, and will esteem it a favour if you could send us a package of Sunday-school papers well filled with pictures for the use of the students, who pore with delight over English illustrated books and periodicals. Many of them can read enough to make out the meaning of a story. We are purposing to have a reading room for the students in connection with the school. All contributions to it thankfully received.

WHEN a saint comes to die, his greatest grief is that he hath done no more for God; and his greatest joy is, that God hath done so much for him.

AN AMPHIBIOUS ANIMAL.

THIS long word means something that can live in two elements; and this ugly creature is one of the animals that are equally comfortable on land and water. Some of my readers have seen him alive, no doubt. Some more of you may have seen one of his grandchildren swimming about in a glass tank; for the young alligators are often brought home as curiosities by Northern travelers. I knew a little boy who kept one in a bath-tub a whole winter. It grew so large and strong that his mother was at last afraid of it, and had it sent away from the house.

The mother alligator lays her eggs in the sand, and leaves them to be hatched by the sun. She stays in the neighbourhood to protect them, and when the young ones come out of the shell, she leads them,—as an old mother duck might lead her brood of ducklings,—down to the water, where they soon learn to take care of themselves. They live upon fish chiefly, and do not often attack human beings, though tales have been told of their carrying off young animals, and even children. The skin of the alligator is tanned into a sort of leather, which is quite handsome. Ladies' shopping bags are made of it. The teeth are often mounted with gold, and used as ornaments. Ear-rings, brooches, and bangle bracelets, made of alligators' teeth, are often sold in Florida.



THE PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER.

THE PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER.

"I WILL come to see you at Christmas, and bring you some pretty toys," is the message a little boy received from his uncle in a far off city. He had gone with his father to see the telegraph office, and asked him to send his uncle some message. He did so. After waiting half an hour the answer came. The little boy thought this very wonderful indeed. As they walked homeward he could talk of nothing else but the telegraph wires.

"Father," said he, "did you ever hear of a message being sent so far, and an answer returned in so short a time?"

"Oh! yes, my son; I know a way by which messages are sent, and answers brought back, in a much less time than by the telegraph wires."

"Do tell me," said the little boy, "what it is, and how it can be quicker and better than that?"

"You remember," replied his father, "that it was some time before you could get a chance to send your message. You had to wait until others were attended to. But in the way I speak of, you are not hindered by others. Thousands can send their messages at the same moment, and answers can be sent back to them all. Then there are the wires, and the machinery, and the electricity, and the man who works it. These must all be kept in good order; and they take a good deal of care and attention. Besides, there are only certain hours in the day when your messages can be sent. Now by the plan I tell you of, you need none of these things. You need no man to tell the message to, no wires to carry it, no machine to keep in order; and you can send your message at midnight, or at day-dawn, or any moment you please."

"What, father," said the little boy, "and get an answer to your message as soon as by the telegraph?"

"Yes, and a great deal sooner," said the father, "even before you tell with

your lips what you want, the answer may come back. Besides, the office of the telegraph is always in some town or city, and you must go to it before you can send your message. But the way I speak of does not require this. You may be in your chamber, or lying on your bed, or hunting in the woods, or in the fields, or at school, or anywhere else, and you can send your message, and get an answer immediately. Then you always have to write down your message by the telegraph. But the other way you need not write it down at all. The little boy who has not learned his letters, and the poor servant who cannot read, can send their messages as well, and get the answer as soon as the wisest and greatest men in the world. However simple and ignorant, they may be attended to just as soon and as kindly as the king on his throne."

"Well, well," said the little boy, "that is, indeed, a wonderful thing. Why have I never heard of that before? Do tell me where I shall find an account of it."

"I will," said the father; "you will find it in the Bible."

By this time they had reached home and the little boy ran and brought the Bible. The father told him where to open, and he read the following:

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—Isaiah lxx. 24. When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."—Matthew vi. 6.

The little boys in the picture have learned the power of prayer, and alone together they kneel before their Saviour to pray for each other. They have chosen the way of eternal life and will be kept from the sins and sorrows of the world. Their lives can not fail of being useful and happy.

RED JACKET.

BY THE REV. JOHN M'LEAN, M.A.,
Methodist Missionary at Blood Reserve,
N. W. T.

THE remains of Red Jacket and of several other notable Indians were reinterred about a year ago in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo.

The Indian graveyard had not only been neglected, but the rights of the Senecas had been invaded, hence there arose the necessity for guarding and preserving the remains of those who were once great in their nation, and respected by the government.

Red Jacket has been called the last of the Senecas. He was a pure Indian, dignified in his manner, and keenly alive to the interests of his fellows in the five nations. Sometimes it is said that there are no Indians capable of having their intellects developed, and worthy the lasting friendship of the white man—especially at the present time, many of those who have suffered through the rebellion in the North West are crying out that there are very few good Indians, and that as a race it is time wasted to spend years amongst them trying to lead them to Christ and civilization.

Red Jacket was not a Christian Indian, and though lacking the aid of those who were desirous to help him, he exhibited the influence of an untaught genius whilst striving to help those of his own race. He had a powerful intellect, a very tenacious memory, and when he addressed his people assembled in council, the convincing power of his logic was overwhelming. The Huron Iroquois sedulously studied the art of oratory, and many of their councillors excelled in it. Amongst them all, there was none equal to Red Jacket. He was one of the greatest Indian orators that ever lived on the American Continent. He felt deeply for his people. He saw the warriors, the aged and the young passing away. The nation that had once been so powerful was fast dwindling into significance and his heart was sad at the gloomy prospects of being left alone, the last of his race. He beheld with indignation the encroachment of the white men. He saw land speculators and others taking away the land that belonged to his people. He heard fair promises made to them by those in authority and these never fulfilled. He saw the missionary carry the Bible in his hand to tell the red men of Christ and salvation, but he looked around and saw hundreds of those who called themselves Christians who were more vicious than the Indians. The white man had given his Indians whiskey to destroy their bodies, minds, and souls—ammunition and guns they had furnished by which they killed each other, diseases they introduced which carried away many of his people, and, as he thought of these things, his soul burned within him at the wrongs inflicted on them. Thus it was that he watched jealously the white man and was unfriendly to the missionary. Yet in his last hours he was heard to say ere he left this earth, "Where is the missionary?" He had been called "Always Ready" when, as a bearer of despatches during the war of 1812-14 he could ever be relied on and was always found at his post. Then he was called "He Keeps Them Awake." When the remnant of his people were disconsolate he cheered them. His voice asserted

their rights, and he was ever their friend.

The noble Seneca passed away mourning the sad condition of his people. What might he not have been had he yielded to the holy influences of the Gospel, which becomes the favour of life unto the Indian, and lifts him nearer to God.

[Red Jacket was born 1752, and died at Seneca village, near Buffalo, N. Y., in 1830—Ed.]

A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG.

THE doors are shut, the windows fast;
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings,
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road,
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire,
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat;
The traveller stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar,
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall,
A kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom,
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

—January Atlantic.

I LOVE IT.

A DRUMMER BOY, only sixteen years of age, lay wounded to death on a battle-field.

"What can I do for you?" asked a comrade, kneeling by his side. Slowly the dark eyes lifted with an earnest glow, as he whispered:

"My Bible—give me my Bible!"

After a moment's search the soldier drew the book from the breast pocket of the dying boy and placed it in his hands. The cold fingers received it with a loving clasp, and the closing eyes were filled with deep content.

"I love it," he whispered; "I've loved it ever since I learned to say 'Now I lay me' at my mother's knee. I'm glad she taught me to love the Bible. 'Yea, though I—walk—through—the—valley—'" but before the verse was finished the spirit of the brave lad had flown beyond the valley to the mountain tops of heaven. What a comfort it will be in a dying hour to know that the Bible has been our guide and our delight!—Ex.

THE *Sunday-School Times* speaks thus of Withrow's *Valeria* which ran as a serial through the *Methodist Magazine*, and the republished Canadian edition of which sells for 75cts.: "Rarely does the general reader, of any age, from youth to maturity, meet so thoroughly satisfying a book as *Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs*, by the Rev. Dr. W. H. Withrow, author of *The Catacombs of Rome*, and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity. *Valeria* is a picture of daily life in a Roman household, in the year of our Lord 303. The story is vivid and pathetic; and the notes and incidental historical references to the period of the story make the book valuable to teachers as well as to pupils in the Sunday-school. (16mo, illustrated, pp. 243. New York: Phillips and Hunt. Price, \$1.)

A HEART LIKE JESUS.

WANT a heart like Jesus,
So spotless, pure and clean,
Where malice, envy, hatred,
Can never enter in;
A heart washed in the fountain,
And cleansed from every stain,
Filled with the Holy Spirit,
And kindled by its flame.

I want a heart like Jesus,
So holy and so good;
Oh, teach me, Lord, to ask it,
And seek it as I should,
I want a heart of meekness,
To live the life divine;
And in this life of darkness
Like Jesus brightly shine.

I want a heart like Jesus,
Compassionate and true,
To suffer persecution,
And press all dangers through;
A heart filled with thy glory,
And freed from every sin,
Where thoughts impure, unholy,
Can never enter in.

I want to live for Jesus,
I want to die for him
I want a heart of music
That can his praises sing,
A heart forever holy,
I long and mean to have,
To show to every nation
A Saviour's power to save
—The War Cry.

TOM'S OFFERING.

THUD was a loud knock heard upon the door; and it was the very door, too, upon which a piece of black crape fluttered.

The ladies within the house were a little startled, for it was an unusual occurrence for any one to knock upon the front door. There was a bell in plain sight, and it was customary for people to ring it very softly when the sign of death was placed so near to it. Indeed, it seemed almost irroverent for any one to knock in that way upon the door, while little Annie, the household idol, was lying still and cold in the room close to the door.

"Some tramp, I guess," one of the ladies said. "I will tell him to go to the back door," she added, going toward the place where the knock was heard. To her surprise she found a little ragged boy standing there with a few wild flowers in his hand.

"Are you Annie's mother?" he asked in an eager voice.

"No," the lady answered; and then she asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Tom Brady, and I want to see her," he answered quickly.

The lady hesitated, and was about to say to him that Annie's mother was in deep affliction and could not see him, when the lady in question came to the door herself.

"What do you want, little boy?" she asked kindly.

"Are you her?" asked the little fellow, with tears in his eyes. "I mean, be you Annie's mother?" he explained.

"Yes," was the lower answer.

"Well, I heard that she died, and I brought these flowers to put upon her coffin," he said, while the tears came larger and brighter into his eyes.

"What made you bring them, little boy?" the mother asked, while the tears came into her own eyes.

"Cause she always said 'Good-mornin' to me when she went past our house upon her way to school, and she never called me 'Ragged Tom' like other girls. She gave me this cap and coat, and they were good and whole when she gave them to me; and then when our little Jean died, she brought

us a bunch of flowers to put on his coffin, and some to hold in his hands. It was winter then, and I don't know where she got the flowers. They looked very pretty in Jean's hand, and he did not look dead after that. He was dead, though, and we buried him down among the apple-trees. I could not get such pretty flowers as she brought to us, but I went all over the big mountain yonder, and only found these few. You see it is too early for them, but I found two or three upon a high rock where it was warm and sunny. Will you put them upon her coffin?" And the little fellow reached out the half-blown wild flowers that had cost him such a long, weary tramp.

"Yes, and we will place some of them in her hand, too," the mother answered in a broken voice.

"Could I see Annie just a moment?" the boy asked almost pleadingly.

"Yes, come in, little boy," the mother again answered, as she led the way to the little dead girl.

The boy looked at the sweet face very earnestly, and then he took from his torn coat-pocket another half-blown flower and placed it in the shiny golden hair of little Annie.

"Will you let it be there!" he asked in a sobbing voice.

"Yes," was the only answer.

He went out softly, and the sweet spring violet remained just where his trembling hand had left it. The others were placed in the little white hand and upon the coffin. Surely the ragged Irish boy could not have expressed his gratitude to his little friend in any better way.—*Zion's Herald*.

LITTLE WORKERS.

IN the crowd of ladies and gentlemen who were watching the laying of the railroad track over which our wounded president was to be borne to the cottage by the sea stood a little boy. As he watched the work go on, the desire woke in his heart to do something to help. Suddenly he darted out towards the men who were driving the spike through the rails into the sleepers, and said to one of them:

"Sir, would you please let me drive one spike into that rail?"

The man looked at him a moment. It was a little arm that was stretched out for the heavy hammer, but there was a big purpose moving the arm, and the purpose was born in a big, true heart. The labourer gave him the hammer, saying:

"I'm afraid, me boy, it's a heavy job for you, but go ahead and try."

And so he did. He struck with all his might, and the workman helped him on by striking every other blow, until at last the spike was driven home, and the little boy who helped ran to his father, saying:

"I've done something for the president, haven't I, papa?"

Yes; he had done something for the president, something for himself in the building up of character, and something for the boys and girls of the land in showing them that the children can help along, if they only think they can.

God calls the boys and girls as well as the grown people to help in the building of his great kingdom. Indeed, there is work to be done which none but they can do. When God called Samuel he called all the children. When Samuel answered, "Here am I," and the Spirit caused it to be

written in God's Book, it was that all the world might see the way in which God wants His children to answer to his call. Are you listening, dear child, for his voice?—*Good Cheer*.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD KNOW.

Don't be satisfied with your boy's education or allow him to handle a Latin or Greek book until you are sure that he can

1. Write a rapid business hand.
 2. Spell all the words he knows how to use.
 3. Speak and write good English.
 4. Write a good social letter.
 5. Write a good business letter.
 6. Add a column of figures rapidly.
 7. Make out an ordinary account.
 8. Deduct 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from the face of it.
 9. Receipt it when it is paid.
 10. Write an ordinary receipt.
 11. Write an advertisement for the local paper.
 12. Write a notice or report of a public meeting.
 13. Write an ordinary promissory note.
 14. Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, months, or years.
 15. Draw an ordinary bank check.
 16. Take it to the proper place in a bank to get it cashed.
 17. Make neat and correct entries in your day-book and ledger.
 18. Tell the number of yards of carpet required for your parlour.
 19. Measure the pile of lumber in your yard.
 20. Tell the number of bushels of wheat in your largest bin, and the value of it at the current rates.
 21. Tell you something about the great authors and statesmen of the present day.
 22. Tell you what railways he would take in making a trip from Toronto to San Francisco.
- If he can do all this and more, it is likely that he has sufficient education to enable him to make his own way in the world.
- If you have more time and money to spend upon him, all well and good. Give him higher English, give him literature, give him mathematics, give him science, and if he is very anxious about it, give him a little Latin or Greek, or whatever else the course he intends pursuing in life demands.

JUSTICE BY A HINDO JUDGE.

FOUR men, partners in business, bought some cotton-bales. That the rats might not destroy the cotton, they purchased a cat. They agreed that each of the four should own a particular leg of the cat; and each adorned with beads and other ornaments the leg thus apportioned to him. The cat, by an accident, injured one of its legs. The owner of that member wound around it a rag soaked in oil. The cat, going too near the hearth, set this rag on fire, and being in great pain, rushed in among the cotton-bales where she was accustomed to hunt rats. The cotton thereby took fire and was burned up. It was a total loss. The three other partners brought a suit to recover the value of the cotton, against the fourth partner, who owned this particular leg of the cat. The judge examined the case, and decided thus: "The leg that had the oiled rag on it was hurt; the cat could not use that leg—in fact, it held up that leg, and

ran with the other three legs. The three unhurt legs therefore carried the fire to the cotton, and are alone culpable. The injured leg is not to be blamed. The three partners who owned the three legs with which the cat ran to the cotton will pay the whole value of the bales to the partner who was the proprietor of the injured leg."—*Translated by Dr. H. M. Scudder*.

THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

DO you know where the summer blooms all the year round;
Where there never is rain on a picnic day;
Where the thornless rose in its beauty grows,
And little boys never are called from play?
O hey! it is far away,
In the wonderful Land of Nowhere.

Would you like to live where nobody scolds,
Where you never are told, "It is time for bed;"

Where you learn without trying, and laugh without crying;
Where snarls never pull when they comb your head?

Then O hey! you must hie away
To the wonderful Land of Nowhere.

If you long to dwell where you never need wait;

Where no one is punished or made to cry;
Where supper of cakes is not followed by aches,

And little folks thrive on a diet of pie—
Then O hey! you must go, I say,
To the wonderful Land of Nowhere.

You must drift down the river of Idle Dreams,
Close to the border of N. Man's Land;
For a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown strand.

And O hey! if you get there, stay
In the wonderful Land of Nowhere.

HELP YOURSELF.

PEOPLE who have been bolstered up and lured all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes they look around for something to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go.

Once down, they are as helpless as capsize turtles or unhorsed men in armour, and cannot find their feet again without assistance.

Such sillon fellows no more resemble self-made men, who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping-stones, and deriving determination from defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or sputtering rush-lights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted into achievements train a man to self-reliance; and when he has proved to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him.

It is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from their own energetic action by "boosting" them over obstacles which they ought to surmount alone.

DRAW NEAR TO HIM.

If you stand a quarter of a mile off from your father, you will be sore puzzled to know what he says or what he means; but if you go within five feet of him, every thing will be plain. So, if you stand off and away from God, your Heavenly Father, in the midst of earthly a'sorptions, you will undoubtedly be much at a loss to know what is his will; but if you live near to him, walking with God (as the Scripture expression so significantly gives it,) you will have no difficulty of this sort.—*Anna*.

CHILDREN'S CENTENNIAL.

WHAT hath God wrought, the century
past!
Our Church from nothing bringing;
O'er distant lands her bands are cast,
E'en heathen now are singing.

CHORUS.

O day of days, glad Children's Day!
To truth and worship given,
A hundred years may thy bright ray,
Shine from a favouring heaven!

"A feeble folk" to thousands grown,
What tribute can we render?
We've much received; the debt we own,
And offerings large would tender.
Choro.—O day of days, etc.

We all would cheerful givers be,
And bringing now our treasure,
We hope to see fair learning's tree
Bear fruit in grander measure.
Choro.—O day of days, etc.

God bless our Church while time shall last,
Save her from fear or doubting,
And when another century's past,
May children still be shouting.
Choro.—O day of days, etc.

"DO IT NOW."

AMONG the mountains of Switzerland
is a small hostelry, where tourists are
accustomed to stop and refresh them-
selves before making the grand ascent.
In the waiting-room of this inn is a
placard suspended in plain sight,
containing, in large type, these three
words—*Do It Now*.

When the inn-keeper was asked the
meaning of this, he explained that he
was continually bothered by tourists
asking him when they should go here,
or when they should go there, or when
they should do this, that, or the other
thing, and so he had the placard put
up that it might save him the trouble
of answering so many questions.

Wise man! No doubt many a tourist
has had occasion to thank him for
opening his eyes to the danger of
procrastination; for often the printed
protest, the silent admonition, will
have more effect than the spoken
word.

We are travelling up the mountain
heights, and are more or less disturbed
by anxious doubts and fears; and it
would be well if we kept before our
eyes this simple admonition: "Do it
now." And what a world of trouble it
would save us to-morrow, if we were
careful to do all that we ought to do
to-day!

You have a difference with some
member of the family, and sometime
intend to say you are sorry, and ask
forgiveness! Do it now! A friend has
been bereaved, and it is in your heart
to write a few comforting words. Do
it now!

A poor family are in need of assist-
ance; their case appeals strongly
to your sympathy, and you suppose
you ought to look after them. Do it
now!

You have endeavoured to lead the
life of a Christian, but have not yet
entered into membership with any
church. Do it now!

There was one sermon of the pastor's
which seemed to lot in the light, and
some day you mean to thank him for
it. Do it now!

You were rather hasty in your
temper yesterday, and must correct
the tendency to answer back. Do it
now!

You have a fashion of frowning
when asked to do a favour; but some
of these days you may be able to
render more cheerful obedience. Do
it now!

You know that your manners need
polishing, and that you ought really to
give up using slang words and phrases.
Do it now!

Don't delay doing whatever is neces-
sary to the improvement of your
character, or the benefit of your follow-
creatures. The habit of putting off
grows upon us; and if we accustom
ourselves to act upon each good impulse,
we shall be surprised to find how much
we can accomplish, and how our own
activity serves as a spur to those who
are willing to do when they see others
doing.

"The slight purpose never is o'erlooked,
Unless the deed go with it."

—S. S. *Classmate*.

A YEAR OF GRACE.

DR. SUTHERLAND remarked at the
Toronto Conference that he doubted
if ever, in the annals of Methodism
in any land or at any time, a more
remarkable ingathering of souls was
recorded than during the Conference
year just closed. An increase of over
20,000 after making up for all the
losses by deaths, removals, suspen-
sions and the like, is something for
which to be devoutly thankful. It
represents an increase of considerably
over ten per cent of the entire
membership. At this rate the Church
would more than double in member-
ship within a single decade. And
why not? The same infinite resources
of divine grace are available in the
future as during the past—the sus-
ceptibilities and needs of the human
heart are still the same. "Let Zion
arise and shine, the glory of the Lord
being risen upon her." The fields
wave white unto the harvest on every
side. Ever new generations are
coming on the field of being to be
discipled for Christ, and wide doors of
opportunity are being opened in many
lands.

It is, we think, no fanaticism to
regard this unprecedented year of grace
as a seal of the Divine approval on
the union of Canadian Methodism.
The removal of causes of estrangement
and strife and petty jealousy, the
substitution of brotherly love and
Christian co-operation, finds its natural
result in this remarkable ingathering
of souls. It is noteworthy that the
year following the previous union
with the New Connexion Church was
signalized by an addition of over 8,000
members to the united Church. Such
gracious results, with the increased
resources which shall flow therefrom,
will go far to remove any temporary
difficulty felt from the overcrowding
of the ranks of the ministry. Indeed
that difficulty has already largely
disappeared, and in our magnificent
territory in the North-West there is
already an earnest demand for more
labourers for the harvest.—*Methodist
Magazine for August*.

A PERSON who suspected that a min-
ister of his acquaintance was not truly
orthodox, went to him and said, "Sir,
I am told that you are against the
perseverance of the saints." "Not I,
indeed," was the answer; "it is the
perseverance of sinners that I oppose."
The other replied, "But that is not a
satisfactory answer. Do you think
that a child of God cannot fall very
low and yet be restored?" The min-
ister answered, "I think it will be
very dangerous to make the experi-
ment."

TRUSTWORTHY.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"HERE, Ellis," said Deacon Cary
to a lad of fifteen, as he stepped from
the morning train. "Here is a good
round-trip ticket that will carry you to
Springfield and back without costing
you a cent. Take it, and run up and
spend Sunday with your mother. It
will save you a round two dollars, and
that will buy you a new jacket, which,
I dare say, you need."

The boy took the ticket from the
outstretched hand, and looked it over
with a glad smile lighting up his
face.

"It is all right," continued the
deacon, "and good until it is used, you
see. I made my trip upon it, and the
careless conductor failed to call for it
either way. Keep it, and use it," he
said, as the boy offered him the bit of
pasteboard. "You are welcome to it,
and your mother will be glad to see
you, I am sure."

"But you have used this ticket
already, Mr. Cary," urged Ellis.

"It's not my lookout if the conductor
fails to attend to his duty. The ticket
is my property yet, and I make a
present of it to you," the deacon replied,
a little impatiently.

Ellis Conway looked at the card in
his hand, and thought of his poor, sick
mother, and of all the delicacies the
extra two dollars would buy for her
comfort, and he was sorely tempted to
take the next train to Springfield;
but the next moment his better self
had triumphed, and tearing the ticket
into small bits, he deliberately cast
them into the fire, saying as he did so:
"The temptation is removed now. If
I had used it, the railroad company
would not have been much poorer, but
I would, for I would have lost my
self respect, and I cannot afford to be
on bad terms with myself."

Deacon Cary muttered something
about over-righteousness, but a few
months later, when in need of a trust-
worthy clerk, Ellis was the first one
he invited to fill the vacancy. He
explained to his partner: "A boy
who scorns to cheat a railroad company
will be perfectly trustworthy among
piles of money."

BOATS THAT GNATS BUILD.

DID you ever hear of the wonderful
boats that gnats build? They lay eggs
in the water, and the eggs float until
it is time for them to hatch. You can
see these little egg rafts on almost any
pool in the summer.

The eggs are so heavy that one
alone would sink. The cunning mother
fastens them together, until they form
a hollow boat. It will not upset, even
if it is filled with water! The upper
end of these eggs is pointed, and looks
very much like a powder flask.

One egg is glued to another, pointed
end up, until the boat is finished. And
how many eggs do you think it takes?
From two hundred and fifty to three
hundred. When the young are
hatched, they always come the under
side leaving the empty boat afloat.

These eggs are very, very small.
First they are white, then green, then
a dark gray. They swim like little
fishes, and hatch in two days. Then
they change again to a kind of sheath.
In another week, this sheath bursts
open and lets out a winged mosquito.
It is all ready for work. There are
so many of them born in a summer,

that were it not for the birds and
larger insects, we should be "eaten up
alive."—*Our Little Folks*.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE ECHO.

WHAT is this I hear them saying,
In the Band of Hope displaying
Bright new cards, a promise making
Always to abstain from drinking,
Must I also sign the pledge?
Sign the pledge.

But when Christmas comes so jolly,
With its mince pies and its holly,
Mince pies flavoured with rich wine,
Wine which comes from our own vine,
Must I always answer no?
Answer no.

But, my Echo, this is trying,
And for cider I'll be sighing,
Cider which comes sweet and clear
In the autumn of the year.
Must I also t'his refuse?
This refuse.

Echo thou shalt be my teacher.
Never known was such a preacher.
Will my singing help another?
Is each one my sister, brother?
Will I gain a sure reward?
A sure reward.

NOTHING BUT WATER ON
THE TABLE.

THERE is a certain large boarding-
school for boys in England, where we
have seen sixty or seventy of them at
their desks; and fine, merry, strong,
clover lads they were. No intoxi-
cating drinks whatever are placed on
the table, and yet several brewers and
wine merchants send their sons there
for education. This proves that even
dealers in strong drink do not regard
it as essential to their intellectual
activity and physical health. Well,
one of the young gentlemen had a
white swelling in his knee, and was
sent home for medical treatment.
When the family doctor arrived and
examined the limb he evidently
thought it a serious case, and said:

"What sort of a school are you at?"
"Oh! a jolly school."
"What kind of a master have you?"
"Oh! a jolly master."
"But what sort of a table does he
keep?"
"Oh! a jolly table."
"Yes, yes; but what does he give
you to drink?"
"Oh! the governor's a teetotaler;
he puts nothing but water on the
table."

"Then," said the doctor to the
patient's anxious mother, "we can
save his limb. Do not fear; he will
soon get better." And he did so, and
went back to his desk, his games, and
his "jolly table"—not less jolly to
him now that he knew water-drinking
had been so good for him.

SUFFERING PATIENTLY.

THERE was a little boy who was so
crippled that he could not open his
Bible, which he had always before him,
A gentleman asked him why he was so
fond of reading it.

"I like to read the Bible," said he,
"because it tells me of Jesus Christ."

"Do you think you have believed
on Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, I do."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he enables me to bear my
afflictions patiently."

"Is there any fixed rule for writing
poetry?" wrote a correspondent to a
country editor. His reply was—
"There is. Don't!"

THE CHILDREN'S ARMY.

BEHOLD the children's army stand,
Hope of the Church in every land,
Their golden banners bright and fair,
Are floating in the summer air,
While sweet and clear their voices sing,
The songs of Zion and her King.

CHORUS.

March on, young pilgrims, Bethlehem's star
Is gleaming o'er you near and far,
And round you unseen angels stand,
To guide and guard your youthful band.

O Church of Christ! behold to you
This trust is given, guard it true;
And since in Zion's courts they stand,
Be faithful to your Lord's command.
Sleep not upon your vantage ground,
For wily foes are lurking round.

CHO.—March on, etc.

Let their young feet go not astray,
Teach them to walk the narrow way,
Make wise their tender hearts with truth,
That choosing wisdom in their youth,
Their after years in knowledge fair
May well reward the Church's care.

CHO.—March on, etc.

A PLUCKY BOY.

THIS famous electrician, Thomas A. Edison, like many another genius, began life as a poor boy. At twelve, he was selling pea nuts and papers on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and using his odd minutes to study chemistry. He turned an old baggage-car into a laboratory, and, for fear that somebody would touch his chemicals, he labelled every bottle "Poison."

He picked up a little knowledge of printing and of telegraphy, and when about sixteen saved the life of a little child, by snatching him from the track before a swiftly-coming train. In gratitude for the heroic act, the child's father offered to teach young Edison the art of telegraphy, but all the time he was trying experiments with chemicals, sometimes resulting in accidents which cost him his place.

But he kept on working until he invented the system of telegraphy whereby four messages can be sent at once over the same wire. This was quickly followed by the phonograph, the telephone, the electric light, and various other inventions. He was described by the U. S. Patent Commissioner as "the young man who kept the pathway to the Patent Office hot with his footsteps."

A WRITING-LESSON.

THE eminent Dr. Potts, when a clerk in Philadelphia, took a bill to a Quaker, and had signed the receipt with one of those hieroglyphic sometimes seen on bank-notes. The Quaker, taking up the paper, said blandly: "Friend, what is that at the bottom?" "That, sir, is my name." "What is thy name?" "William S. Potts." "Well, William, will thee please to write it down here plainly, so that a witness in court would know it?"

William learned a lesson that day, and ever afterward he wrote his name so it could be read.

Would that some of our good friends who write letters to editors and publishers could fall in with such a Quaker as that!

ONE of our sextons, in making his report of burials, is explicit to a commendable degree. For instance, such entries as this occur: "Died, John Smith; male; aged three days; unmarried."

BEEF-TEA BETTER THAN WINE.

A YOUNG lad was knocked down by a team in a London street and taken to a large hospital. One morning the doctor examined him and said:

"Nurse, give him two glasses of port wine daily;" and, looking kindly at the lad, he said: "You will get on very well, my boy."

The young patient looked up and replied:

"Please, sir, don't order me the wine."

"Why not, my boy?"

"If you please, sir, I belong to a Band of Hope."

"Oh!" answered he, "do you? Well, nurse, give him a pint of new milk in the morning, and as much beef tea as he likes;" and, laughing cheerily, he said to the boy, "You will get on very well, my lad." And he got quite well without the wine.

WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR?

A PASTOR, walking out recently, met a little girl belonging to his flock. As they walked on together, he spoke to her of her studies, and was pleased to find her manifest an interest amounting almost to enthusiasm in the cultivation of her mind. "But why, Ellie," asked the pastor, "are you so anxious to succeed in your studies? What do you mean to do with your education after it is finished?"

"Oh, sir," said the little girl, "I want to learn that I may do good in the world. I don't want to die without ever having been of use in the world."

Noble purpose! Who of our young friends are studying and living for so noble an end?

CHARLES LAMB said of a clumsy girl who was always running against things and breaking them, "I believe that girl would break the Bank of England if she should run against it!"

"WHY, Sam! how do you expect to get that rule along with a spur only on one side?" "Well, boss, if I gets dat side to go, aint de udder one bound to keep up?"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 900.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 30.

THE STORY OF NABOTH.

1 Kings 21. 1-19. Commit to mem. vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord. 1 Kings 21. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. Ahab's Greed, v. 4-8.
2. Jezebel's Guilt, v. 7-16.
3. God's Justice, v. 17-19.

TIME.—B.C. 900.

PLACE.—Jezebel, in the kingdom of Israel.
EXPLANATIONS.—*Heavy*—Depressed. *Turned away his face*—Became peevish and disconsolate. *Set Naboth on high*—Make him conspicuous. *Sons of Belial*—Those who would not hesitate to lie; good-for-nothing, worthless fellows. *Thou didst blaspheme*—The penalty for blasphemy was stoning to death. In Israel two witnesses were sufficient to condemn a man under charge of blasphemy. Jezebel, although an abominable idolatress, here causes to be enforced the law of Moses to compass her purpose. *Carried him forth*—Public executions were outside the city gates. *Take possession*—Virtually amounting to confiscation of the property. The proclamation of the fast had for its object the assembling of the people under colour of religion. *Where*

dogs licked the blood—Dogs in eastern countries were a wild, vagrant lot, and blood-thirsty.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The sinfulness of selfishness?
2. The cruelty of power in the hands of the wicked?
3. The sure retribution of divine justice?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why would Ahab eat no bread? Because Naboth refused him his vineyard.
2. What did Ahab's wicked wife, Jezebel, say to him? "I will give thee the vineyard."
3. To accomplish this object, what did she do? Caused Naboth to be stoned to death.
4. What did she then say to Ahab? "Arise, take possession of the vineyard."
5. What did God command Elijah to go and say to Ahab? That dogs should lick his blood.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Human depravity.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

27. What is the difference between the visible and the invisible Church?
By the visible Church is meant the whole number of those who belong to Christian societies; the invisible Church is the company of all true believers in every age.

B.C. 896.] I. JON X. [Sept. 6.

ELIJAH TRANSLATED.

2 Kings 2. 1-15. Commit to mem. vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him. Gen. 5. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Journey, v. 1-8.
2. The Request, v. 9, 10.
3. The Chariot, v. 11, 12.
4. The Mantle, v. 13-15.

TIME.—B.C. 896.

PLACES.—1. Gilgal, north of Bethel, twelve miles north of Jerusalem; 3. Jericho, in the Jordan valley.

EXPLANATIONS.—*When the Lord would take up*—The fact that Elijah was to be translated was well known beforehand. *I will not leave thee*—Elisha, as the prophet's successor, was especially desirous of his parting blessing. *The sons of the prophets*—The almost total cessation of the spirit of prophecy in Eli's days caused seminaries to be instituted for the instruction of those who were to succeed in the priestly office; and these schools were first established in the cities of the Levites. The students were called "sons of the prophets," as some venerable prophet presided over them, called their father. It is supposed that these schools were discontinued during the Babylonish captivity, and were succeeded by synagogues and schools of the doctors of the law. *Took his mantle*—The mantle was the badge of his prophetic office. *A double portion of thy spirit*—A large measure of prophetic power and divine influence. *A hard thing*—Something the prophet of himself could not bestow. *A chariot of fire*—Figure of speech—the idea of fire indicating the glory of the appearance. *Took up also the mantle*—Assumed with it the successorship of Elijah.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The devotion of true friendship?
2. The prayer of a humble heart?
3. The evidence of divine favour?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Elisha say to the repeated requests of Elijah that he should tarry while Elijah went on? "I will not leave thee."
2. What followed Elijah's smiting the waters with his mantle? "They were divided hither and thither."
3. For what did Elisha ask of Elijah? A double portion of his spirit.
4. How did Elisha go up into heaven? "Elijah went up by a whirlwind."
5. What did the prophets which were to view at Jericho say when they saw Elisha? "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Victory over death.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

28. Is the Church one?
The invisible Church is one in Christ, but visible Churches may have and have many forms.

29. Is the Church holy?
It is called to be holy, and the invisible Church is holy; but there may be many unworthy members in the visible Church. [Matt. xiii. 30, 47-50; 1 John ii. 19.]

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