

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X						
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X						

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

No. 18.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS. OTTAWA.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE present writer has seen some of the most notable public buildings in the world, and he records it as his deliberate conviction that, for beauty and picturesqueness of situation and archi-

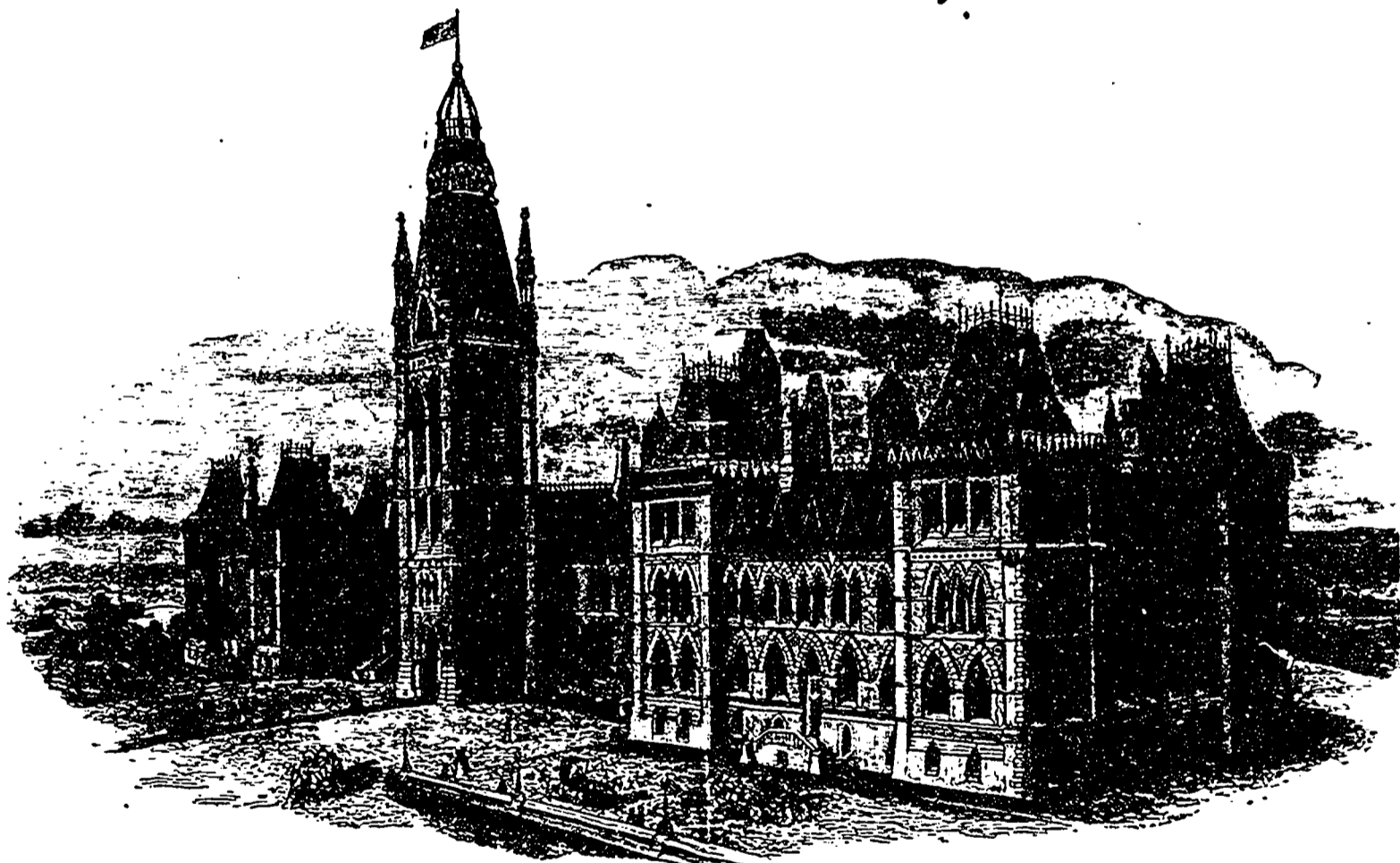
they do not, we think, equal the stately building at Ottawa. The engraving only shows the central building of three groups. The departmental offices flanking this one, to the right and left, are also exceedingly fine. As seen against the western sky at sunset these many-towered structures present a sight of ever fresh beauty. And to walk about the terraces and note how the buildings

mountains rolling away in gigantic billows to the far horizon, make one of the noblest sights one can behold. We once saw from this spot a thunder storm come rolling down the valley, and it was really sublime.

It makes one proud of his country to stand upon this spot and view those stately buildings. They are well worth a long journey to see.

this be gentlemen. In this country every boy may grow up to be a gentle man if he will. It is not necessary that he should become rich—though most boys think it is—nor is it necessary that he should become a great scholar, nor that he should become a distinguished man.

But some impatient ones are asking, How can we become gentlemen? How



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

ture, the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa are unequalled, so far as he knows, in the world. The Parliament Buildings on the bank of the Thames far exceed them in extent and magnificence, but the site will not compare for grandeur. Neither the buildings of the Corps Legislatif at Paris; nor of the kingdom of Italy at Rome; nor of the Republic of Switzerland at Berne; nor of the kingdoms of Belgium or Holland at Brussels or at the Hague, will for either situation or architecture compare with them. The Capitols at Washington and at Albany are both magnificent in architecture, though not as picturesque as our own; but in situation, though both occupying noble sites,

and turrets group themselves in ever varying combinations, is an unwearying delight. Then the details of the architecture—the quaint corbels, and gargoyles, and grinning faces, and grotesque animals, and the capitals of the columns, made up of Canadian plants and animals, are a study for hours. The library at the rear, both within and without, is one of the most beautiful buildings we ever saw.

The view, from the terrace, of the broad Ottawa, two or three hundred feet below, with its rafts, and steamboats, and barges, and its tree-clad banks, and in the distance the Suspension Bridge and boiling cauldron of the Chaudière, and the blue Laurentian

HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

WE want a few private words with the boys. The truth is we have a great idea of boys. We used to think men were made of boys. We begin to think now that those were old fashioned notions, that they are all out of date. We look around and see a great many persons grown up, with men's clothes on, who are called men. But they act and behave so that we feel certain that they were never made out of boys. If they had been, they would know how to behave better. Where they came from we do not know. But what we wish to put into the ears of the boys is

can a boy go about making himself one? Can he work for it? Yes, he can, and the harder he works in the right way the better. Can he study for it? Yes, but he must use his eyes and his ears. Reading books and newspapers is not enough. He must think and feel, as well as speak and act. Can he buy it? No, he cannot. Money will buy a great many things, but it will not buy what makes a gentleman. If you have money you can go to a shop and buy clothes. But hat, coat, pants, and boots do not make a gentleman. They make a fop, and sometimes they come near making a fool. Money will buy dogs and horses. But how many dogs and horses do you think it will take to

make a gentleman! Let no boy, therefore, think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one or all of these these things do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, have no horses, live in a poor house, and spend but little money, and still be a gentleman. But how! By being true, manly and honourable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and respecting others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments. — *Parish Visitor.*

ROOM AT THE TOP.

NEVER you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell,
The work is the work for a' that
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, lad,
Look where the millions stop,
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
There's always room at the top.

Courage, and faith, and patience,
There's space in the old world yet:
The better the chance you stand, lad,
The further along you get.
Keep your eyes on the goal, lad,
Never despair or drop,
Be sure that your path leads upward;
There's always room at the top.

RESCUE THE CHILDREN.*

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,

Canon of Westminster, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, &c.

IN working for the children of England we are working for the future. The past is past. Whatever may have been its horrors—and it would require the pen of the Recording Archangel to delineate them as they are in all their ghastliness—they are now irrevocable:

The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

And the present is the present, with all its miseries and all its discouragements. Here and there,—but, alas, here and there only,—a drunken man, or still more rarely, a drunken woman, may be saved. Saved, but too often scathed and injured, as one plucked out of the fire, or, if I may borrow the terrible imago of the peasant-prophet, “as a shephord tears out of the mouth of a lion two legs and the piece of an ear.” But we know, alas, by bitter experience, of failure and helplessness in the work of reclamation, that, for the most part, confirmed drunkards will still be drunkards, and will die the drunkard's death; and the drunken homec will still be drunken homes, with all their indescribable squalor; with all those hideous secrets which few know; with all those tragedies before which, in their loathliness, the worst horrors of Grecian tragedy grow pale. But when we work for the children we work in the region of hope. And that is why I would say to every Temperance reformer, Do all

you can, strain every effort, to save the children, to rescue the children. “Give me the children of the nation,” said Cardinal Wiseman, “and in twenty years England shall be Catholic.” Give me the children of the nation I say, and in twenty years England shall be temperate, aye, (and the more words open out a vista of progress and prosperity, such as now we can hardly conceive), England shall not only be temperate but even a nation of abstainers. For it is said that there are 600,000 drunkards in England. Who will fill the gap when these go down, go down prematurely, go down in their helpless misery and consummate degradation, to the drunkard's grave? Who will fill the gaps? Those who are now children—sweet and innocent children. Those who are now boys and girls, honest and merry boys and girls. God grant in His mercy that it may not be your boys or mine! But it will be the children of somebody, the boys and girls of some like ourselves. It is something then to rejoice in—it is a gleam of hope in a troubled sky—to be told that if there are 600,000 drunkards in England, there are 900,000 children enrolled in her Bands of Hope.

Persons who strain at the very tiniest and most microscopic gnats, while at a single gulp they are daily ready to swallow the most monstrous camels, talk of its being unfair to children to induce them to take the pledge. Now, which is the most unfair to children, to induce them to take the pledge, and so to try to save them, or, with the pitiless obstinacy of callous prejudice, to leave them defenceless before the rushing tide of enormous evils, and the wild-beast-spring of terrible temptations? You talk of its being wrong to give children the pledge, do you consider it quite right to leave them helpless to drink and all its consequences?

Consider with me for a moment to what they are exposed?

They are exposed to *shameful neglect*. Go to the wynds of Glasgow, go to the filthy back streets of Liverpool, go to the foul feverish slums of all our great cities, and see children—children full of eternity, children for whom Christ died—in the low infamous rooms of the low infamous streets—growing up in the haunts of crime and misery, amid the reek of gin, and the sounds of blasphemy, dirty, dissolute, diseased, with always at least one prosperous place hard by—the public house—flourishing like some bloated fungus in a region of decay and death.

And not to neglect only:—they are exposed to daily and horrible *accidents*. A drunken driver is driving his van, in a drunkard's heavy, brutal way, through the streets of Southwark, a woman is passing with a babe in her arms and leading a little girl by the hand. He runs over them, severely injuring the woman, killing the little babe of eleven months, and breaking the leg of the little girl of four. He is only drunk, so no one thinks more about it!

More children are every year sacrificed to drink in England than were ever burnt to Moloch in the worst ages of Judean apostacy in the Valley of the Children of Hinnom.

Again, they are exposed to dreadful congenital sickness. In her last book the graceful authoress of “John Halifax” describes her visit to the East London Hospital for Children. She went into a ward where were children

suffering from every form of constitutional corruption—rickets, hip complaint, bone disorder, cancer. “These,” said the nurse, “are our worst and most painful cases.”

Is there anything worse to which they are exposed? Yes, they are exposed to *sin*. Neglect, accident, sickness, and cruelty, these may maim and torture the body, murder and suicide may end the life, but sin ruins the soul. And how often are the children of the drunkard trained in *sin*!

And, lastly, even if they be not trained in *sin*, how fearful is the lot of the drunkard's children from the fatal taint in the blood, the awful *hereditary craving* for alcohol, which either drives them into the same terrible destruction as their parents, perpetuating the crimes and miseries of the world; or else involves the necessity of a lifelong helpless struggle, lest the wild beast of temptation should leap out before them, and hurl them down with its fatal spring—a struggle noble indeed, and heroic, and requiring as much virtue and resolution as would make a dozen ordinary saints, but one which makes life one awful and continuous martyrdom, almost from the cradle even to the grave.

There are thousands of persons in England (like the popinjay in Shakespeare's play of Henry IV.) who call anyone “an untaught knave, unmannerly,” if, in the strictest performance of his duty, he “brings a slovenly unhandsome corpse between the wind and their nobility.” But I appeal to you, nay, I appeal to a higher, I appeal even to a Divine tribunal, which is the worst sensationalism,—the feeling which will not suffer us to ignore these facts, or the false sentimentality, the heartless callousness which lets these things be, lets them go on from day to day, and from year to year, and never stirs a finger to resist their hideous repetition? But to you, I say, do what you can to save these children. Listen to the ever-rising groan of their inarticulate agony. You pitied the factory children, and interfered by legislation for their protection; but the wrongs of the factory children neither covered so vast an area, nor involved such cruel sorrows, as those caused to children by drink. Nay, you even pity the dumb animals. You will not allow the horse to be overdriven, you will not allow so much as a cat to be tortured. Nay, you interfere by law on behalf of the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea. You protect the sea-birds which wail round our coasts, and will not suffer them to be wantonly shot, merely that they may flutter away on their wounded wings to die in lonely places. Will you not try to protect the children of England from all the horrors on which I have so passingly, so slightly, and so inadequately touched? Will you not try to break down the system which now exposes them to all this neglect and cruelty, and murder, and accident, and sickness, and lifelong struggle with hereditary taint? Are animals, and birds, and fishes worth protecting, and are little English children not worth an effort in their protection? Little children like those into whose rosy innocent faces you look at home—little children for whom Christ died—little children of whom He said that their angels do behold the face of My Father in Heaven—little children of whom He said “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.”

THE FLOATING POPULATION OF A CHINESE CITY.

AS we approach Canton, one of the strangest sights of this strange land is the vast wilderness of boats, which serve as the only homes of a floating population of more than 100,000 human beings. As our steamer made its way slowly through this city of boats to her wharf, it seemed as if half of Canton was afloat on the water. All around us were acres, yea, square miles of junks, moored in blocks or squares, with long streets or canals between them, while darting hither and thither were hundreds on hundreds of others, carrying passengers or freight. These boats are of various sizes and shapes, and are partly covered with bamboo matting, the one or two apartments furnishing space for parlor, kitchen, dining room, bedroom, woodshed, barn and an idol shrine. These multitudes on multitudes of men and women, parents and children, grand-parents and babies, find a home, each boat often sheltering more souls than Noah had in his ark. There thousands are born, grow up, grow old and die, seldom being on land until carried there for burial. Many of these boats are manned by women and girls, whose large, bare, unbound feet prove that they are not Chinese ladies, and yet they have learned to “paddle their own canoe.” Babies are fastened to the deck by strings, and other children wear life-preservers of gourds or bamboo, to keep them from sinking if they fall overboard, though the parents do not seem to grieve much if one does get drowned. There are larger and more gaily and decorated junks called “flower boats,” used as floating pleasure houses of no good reputation. A few years ago a typhoon swamped thousands of these small crafts, and hundreds of inmates were drowned.

PAPER RAILROAD TIES.

THE wooden sleepers under our railway tracks consume an enormous amount of wood every year; 70,000,000 railroad ties are needed annually in the United States alone, and the life of the underlying lumber is only five years long. Three hundred thousand acres of forest are yearly cut down to supply the wood needed for railroad construction and repair. The railroads would in time strip the country of every tree. It has now been found that paper made from straw can be so manipulated as to supply the sleepers and ties now made wholly of wood. It will last ten times longer than wood, and does not cost much more originally. There is no end of straw and other fibrous materials which can be used in the manufacture of paper, while our woods are disappearing, each tree of which it takes nearly a hundred years to mature. Paper has been used to make every part of a house including all the furniture and utensils. Of late years it has been very generally used in the construction of car-wheels. Its employment for railroad ties will save our forests.

“POLLY,” said a lady to her servant, “I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning.” In a few minutes Polly returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was 72 years, 7 months and 28 days old.

* Speech at the Annual Meeting of the National Temperance League, Exeter Hall, May 2, 1881.

OVER THE ORCHARD FENCE.

BY HARRY J. SHKILMAN.

It 'peared to me I wa'ant no use out in the field to-day;
I somehow couldn't swing the scythe, nor toss the new-mown hay
An' so I thought I'd jest sit here among the apple trees,
To rest awhile beneath their shade ay' watch the buzzin' bees.

Well, no ' Can't say I'm tired, but I somehow wanted rest,
To be away from everything seemed sorter to be best;
For every time I go around where there is human kind,
I kinder hunger after what I know I cannot find.

It's sing'lar how in natur' the sweet apple blossoms fall,
The breeze, it 'pears to know and pick the purtiest of 'em all;
It's only rugged ones, perhaps, can stand agin' the blast—
The frail and delicate are made too beautiful to last.

Why, right here in the orchard, among the oldest there,
I had a nice young apple tree jest startin' out to bear,
An' when the ckinocitl storm comes terin' 'cross the farm,
It tore that up, while to the rest it didn't do no harm.

An' so you've been away a spell? Well, how is things in town?
Dare say it's gettin' close an' hot, To take it up and down,
I like the country best. I'm glad to see you're lookin' spry
No! Things don't go just right with me; I scarcely can say why.

Oh, yes! The crop is lookin' fair, I've no right to complain,
My corn runs well, an' I have got a purty stand of grain;
My hay is almost made, an'—Well, yes; Betsy! She's so so—
She never is as hearty as she ought to be, you know.

The boys! They're in the medder lot down by the old mill race;
As fine a picco of grass ground as I've got upon the place;
It's queer how, when the grass grows up, an' gits to lookin' best.
That then's the time to cut it down. It's so with all the rest

Of things in natur', I suppose. The harvest comes for all
Some day, but I can't understand jest why the best ones fall;
The Lord knows best. He fixes things to suit His own wise laws;
An' yet it's curious oftentimes to figger out the cause.

Mirandy! Yes, she's doin' well; she's helpin' mother now
About the house. A likely girl to bake, or milk a cow,
An'—No! I'm not half the man I were ten years ago;
But then the years will tell upon the best of us, you know.

Another! Yes, our Lizzie were the best, the purtiest of them all;
Our baby, only seventeen, so sweet, an' fair, an' tall,
Jest like a lily; always good, yet cheerful, bright, an' gay—
We laid her in the churchyard, over yonder, yesterday.

That's why I felt I wa'ant no use out in the field to-day.
I somehow couldn't swing the scythe, nor toss the new-mown hay;
An' so I thought I'd jest sit here among the trees an' rest;
These things come harder when we're old; but then the Lord knows best.

A DANCE to be recommended: Fashionable young people are calling upon somebody to invent a new dance. Suppose somebody invents one where in the young lady dances around the house and helps her mother a little at housework—how would that step take?

THE PROPOSED CHANNEL TUNNEL.

INTEREST has lately been revived in the projected tunnel beneath the English Channel to connect England and France. The first Napoleon was interested in the plans of a French engineer who proposed to construct such a tunnel.

The plans upon which the enterprise now discussed was based were published in 1867. At last it was taken up by two companies, one English and one French. Borings were made at Dover and at Calais, and sections of tunnel were made under the water. On the English side a small tunnel was driven a distance of about a half mile.

The situation for such a tunnel is remarkably good and the work is of the simplest. The points chosen are those where the English and French coasts approach each other most nearly. The railroad systems of the two countries can be easily connected by a tunnel. The water is shallow so that the boring need not be very far below the bed of the channel. The rock through which the tunnel would be constructed is believed to be soft chalk throughout.

The boring machine which has been tested was found to be capable of making such headway that in five years at the fullest the tunnel could be completed. And in all the work that has been done no fissures in the chalk were met, and there was no trouble from water.

The perfect practicability of the tunnel having been shown, there is no longer any question that the enterprise would pay. There is an immense business between England and France and it would be vastly increased if the facilities for doing it were improved.

The English Channel is the terror of travellers. The best sailors are made seasick at times by its passage.

Not only would this be overcome and a short railway journey of less than an hour be sufficient to make the journey, but trade would be greatly benefited by the tunnel.

At present goods going from London to Paris, or in the opposite direction, must be trans shipped twice. They go to Dover or Calais by rail, are taken out and placed in a vessel and on arriving at the other side of the channel they must be discharged from the vessel and placed again in railroad cars.

If the tunnel were built goods would go directly from one capital to the other, and from any part of the European continent to any part of Great Britain without change.

All that is lacking to the success of this enterprise is the consent of the British Government. That is withheld. The question whether it would not be a danger to England in the event of a war, has been submitted to admirals and generals who have generally declared themselves opposed to the scheme.

It is said that a small body of troops might suddenly pass through the tunnel, seize Dover and the English end of the tunnel and so allow the entrance of a large army and the invasion of the English isles.

Various ways have been proposed for rendering the tunnel useless and impassable in case of a sudden alarm, but they have all been condemned as insufficient, and at present both the

Cabinet and Parliament stand opposed to the construction of the tunnel.

There is another reason for this opposition which is just as real as the military reason although it is not so generally avowed. England is a maritime nation. Thousands of merchants and ten of thousands of sailors get their living by the shipping trade between England and France. Were the tunnel to be constructed it would be the quickest and cheapest mode of transportation between the two countries, both of goods and passengers, and the shipping business would receive a blow.

Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that the tunnel will be built before many years. The same arguments which England has been using to promote the construction of a second Suez canal can be used to favour this enterprise; and it is so manifestly for the advantage of trade that England be connected with the continent that the opposition will be overcome.—*Youth's Companion.*

MR. LINCOLN AND THE LITTLE BOY.

EX-GOV. Rice tells this story of Lincoln:—

On an occasion (while he was in Congress) when he and Senator Wilson found it necessary to visit the President on business, he says:

"We were obliged to wait sometime in the ante-room before we could be received; and, when at length the door was opened to us, a small lad, perhaps ten or twelve years old, who had been waiting for admission several days without success, slipped in between us, and approached the President in advance.

"The latter gave the senator and myself a cordial but brief salutation, and, turning immediately to the lad, said, 'And who is the little boy?'

"During their conference the senator and myself were apparently forgotten. The boy soon told his story, which was in substance that he had come to Washington seeking employment as a page in the House of Representatives, and he wished the President to give him such an appointment. To this the President replied that such appointments were not at his disposal, and that application must be made to the door-keeper of the house at the Capitol.

"But, sir," said the lad, still undaunted, 'I am a good boy, and have a letter from my mother, and one from the supervisors of my town, and one from my Sunday-school teacher; they all told me that I could earn enough one session of Congress to keep my mother and the rest of us comfortable all the remainder of the year.'

"The President took the lad's papers, and ran his eye over them with that penetrating and absorbent look so familiar to all who knew him, and then took his pen, and wrote upon the back of one of them, 'If Capt. Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified,' and signed it 'A Lincoln.'

"The boy's face became radiant with hope, and he walked out of the room with a step as light as though all the angels were whispering their congratulations.

"Only after the lad had gone did the President seem to realize that a senator and another person had been for some time waiting to see him.

"Think for a moment of the President of a great nation, and that nation engaged in one of the most terrible wars waged against men, himself worn down with anxiety and labour, subjected to the alternations of success and defeat, racked by complaints of the envious, the disloyal, and the unreasonable, pressed to the decision of grave questions of public policy, and encumbered by the numberless and nameless incidents of civil and martial responsibility, yet able so far to forget them all, as to give himself up for the time being to the errand of a little boy, who had braved an interview uninvited, and of whom he knew nothing, but that he had a story to tell of his mother, and of his ambition to serve her."

WITHOUT A REMEDY.

ENTERED the house of a neighbour one afternoon, where a young lady was staying for the time, who lived in the country.

She looked unusually sad; and I thought I saw her wiping the tears from her eyes. I hardly knew how to commence a conversation, but said something about the unusual crowd that had come out to hear the candidate for governor speak. She only answered, "Yes!"

I said, "I have not seen so many drunken men in town in many days as I have seen to-day."
Again she answered sadly, "Yes!"

After some moments of silence scarcely knowing what to say, I casually remarked, that I had seen her father. "Yes," said she; "and he has been drinking!"

With what sadness and heart breaking she uttered these last words—"he is drinking!"—no one could realize who did not see her sad, despairing face. At length she said:

"Oh, my poor mother! I dread this night for her! Pa is very kind when sober; but when drunk, he is very abusive. Oh, my poor mother; how I pity her! and the children, this will be a sad night to them."

After a little she added: "And both pa's brothers were in town drunk, and my grandpa too!"
From the words she used, and the manner in which she used them, and from the tears that fell like rain from her eyes, I concluded that little could be known by any one of the agony of heart another may feel.

A GOOD TIME TO BEGIN.

MONDAY morning, that is a good time to begin to get ready your offering for next Sunday. From her child's couch, a mother brought to us a warm little bed-fellow found there, a two-cent piece, carried to be in anticipation of next Sunday's offering! And her word to her father for Sunday-morning was, "Tell papa to put something in, the first thing!" That girl will have an offering. "The first thing," Monday morning, 'begin for Sunday. Earn what you can, and save what is given, pouring it out into the treasury of our dear Church.

THE BEST LOGIC.

Boys, do you know how to convince another boy that he does wrong?
Girls, do you know how to convince another girl that she does wrong?
I will tell you how. DO RIGHT YOURSELF. It is the best logic in the world.

BE SOMETHING.

Oh, to be something, something,
 They aim in life should be
 To be something for the Master,
 Who is so much for thee,
 Thou art needed in life's battle,
 To fail in Jesus' night,
 So buckle thy armour on and go
 Prepared to defend the right

Oh, to be something, something,
 When so many are standing by,
 Who are "nothings" in Christ's service,
 But fold their hands and sigh.
 Rouse up to life and action,
 For Jesus leads the way,
 Do not stand idly waiting
 While others win the day.

Oh, to be something, something,
 When there's so much to do
 In the ranks of the Master's army,
 And the labourers so few.
 He smiles on our feeblest efforts
 To be something in His sight,
 So boldly march on in Jesus' strength
 And ever "dare to do right."

MEMRI, N. B.

Miss E. S.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	3 50
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	5 50
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Under 6 copies, 66c.; over 6 copies	0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly, 20 pp. 8vo.,	0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 12c. a	
dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.;	
60c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly,	0 20
single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 22
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single	0 20
copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 22
Over 20 copies	0 22
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	\$ 50
Starbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20	
copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,
 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

O. W. Coates, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal.
 S. F. Huestis, Wesleyan Book Room,
 Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883

SUNDAY SCHOOL AID AND EXTENSION FUND COLLECTION.

WHILE this collection was taken up last year with greater uniformity than ever before, and is larger than ever before, yet in the three Western Conferences there are 170 out of over 700 circuits that make no returns. We attribute this to the fact, that, while the other collections of the Church are taken in the congregations, under the special direction of the ministers, the Sunday-school Aid Collection is taken up in the schools by their superintendents. To secure uniformity, it was suggested by the Rev. Dr. Potts, that the collection be taken up on one of the Quarterly Review Sundays. The last Sunday in September would be a very suitable time. It is very desirable that this suggestion will be very generally adopted. If superintendents would kindly call attention to the fact that this collection is required by the Discipline, it would secure much more general observance.

The grants from this Fund have been distributed through every province of the Dominion and island of Newfoundland, especially in the newer regions of the Upper Ottawa and the Muskoka

and Algoma territory, in Manitoba and the North-West, and in the mining settlements of British Columbia. Many grateful testimonies have shown the warm appreciation with which they have been received.

We hope that this collection will be taken in all our schools on next Quarterly Review Sunday, September 30th. Let it be duly announced the Sunday before, and its purpose—to help poor schools—explained, and we have no doubt that a great improvement in this respect will follow. The collection should be handed to the Superintendent of the Circuit when taken.

THE TORONTO MURDER.

THE moral of the shocking murder perpetrated on York street is not hard to perceive.

It appears that the murderer either was drunk or pretended to be so. Should it turn out that he had been drinking freely, the moral responsibility for the crime must be shared by those who supplied him with the liquor. It is not at all likely that a man in his sober senses would have acted as he did, but while on the one hand intoxication cannot serve as an excuse for or extenuation of his crime, it is clear on the other that it is not unjust to hold those who made him intoxicated as partly to blame. The man who sells whiskey to another man never knows what even the immediate consequences of drinking it may be. The engine-driver who has just fired his brain with a glass of whiskey jumps on his engine unconscious of any change in himself, but his senses are less acute than they should be, or he is made a little more reckless than his wont, and a terrible disaster to his train-load of passengers is the result. The "rough" takes his glass, and while standing on the street corner gets into a squabble with a stranger returning from his work. His passion masters him before he is aware of it, and he shocks the community by laying dead at his feet the youth on whom helpless relatives are dependent for support. If the traffic which produces such results cannot be completely abolished, let us by all means have as few drinking places as possible. The more numerous the saloons the greater the quantity of liquor consumed, and the greater the consumption of liquor the greater the liability to such crimes as the York-street murder.—*Toronto Globe*.

[The sooner, say we, that this deadly traffic, which so often results in bloodshed and murder, is abolished, the better.—Ed.]

We have received a letter from Red Bay, Labrador, enclosing \$7 to pay for books of the C. L. S. O. Course. This is an illustration of the far-reaching influence of this wonderful circle whose waves break on the shores of the remotest lands on earth. We know nothing so good for the isolated student as the help afforded by this course of study.

Much inquiry has been made about the book on Deep Breathing, mentioned in a late number. It is published by M. L. Holbrook, New York, is a small book of 48, xxiv pages, price 50 cents. It can be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, or Halifax.

The Palace Beautiful. By Wm. WILKINSON NEWTON, pp. 348. New York: Carter & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Bunyan's immortal allegory has furnished suggestions for many a song, and sermon, and story. It furnished the name for this book and for several of its most interesting chapters. It is beautifully illustrated both by pictures and by stories and anecdotes, which enforce the truths taught, and fasten, as by nails, in the memory. Young people will read the book with avidity. We commend it heartily for Sunday-school libraries.

Was It Right? By Mrs. O. F. WALTON, pp. 362. New York: Robt. Carter & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.25.

Those who have read "Christie's Old Organ,"—one of the most charming stories ever written—will be glad to read this new story by the same author. It is characterized by the same depth of feeling and religious teaching, and has the added interest and instruction of describing scenes and incidents in Egypt and Palestine.

LITTLE DUTIES.

A LETTER carrier in one of our large cities, a few months ago, found on reaching the post-office, after a long round of delivery, a letter in his bag that he had overlooked. It would have taken him half an hour to return and deliver it. He was very tired and hungry. The letter was an ordinary unimportant-looking missive. He thrust it into his pocket and delivered it on his first round next day.

What consequence followed? For want of that letter a great firm had failed to meet their engagements; their notes had gone to protest; a mill was closed, and hundreds of poor workmen were thrown out of employment.

The letter-carrier himself was discharged for his oversight and neglect. His family suffered during the winter for many of the necessaries of life, but his loss was of small account compared to the enormous amount of misery caused by his single failure in duty.

Another case. A mechanic who had been out of work a long time in New York went last September to collect a small sum due to him. The gentleman who owed it, being annoyed at some trifle, irritably refused the money. The man went to his wretched home, and maddened by the sight of his hungry wife and children, went out to the backyard and hanged himself.

The next day an old employer sent to offer him a permanent situation. Here was a life lost and a family left paupers because a bill of a dollar or two was not paid at the right time.

The old Spanish proverb says, "There is no such thing as a trifle in the world." When we think how inextricably the lives of all mankind are tangled together, it seems as if every word or action moved a lever which set in motion a gigantic machinery, whose effect is wholly beyond our control. For this reason, if for no other, let us be careful to perform promptly and well the duties of life—even the most trivial.—*Selected*.

GENIUS finds its own road and carries its own lamp.

A MERMAID.

WHEN the late Mr. Hawker, of Morwenstow, was a student he was very fond of practical jokes; and the following absurd hoax that he played on the superstitious people of Bude is worth relating. At full moon in the July of about the year 1825 he rowed out to a rock at some distance from the shore, plaited seaweeds into a wig, which he threw over his head, so that it hung in lank streamers half way down his back, enveloped his legs in an oil-skin wrap, and, otherwise naked, sat on a rock, flashing the moonbeams about from a hand mirror, and sang and screamed till attention was arrested. Some people passing along the cliff heard and saw him, and ran into Bude, saying that a mermaid with a fish's tail was sitting on a rock combing her hair and singing. A number of people lined the beach, and listened awe-struck to the singing and disconsolate wailing of the mermaid. Presently she dived off the rock and disappeared. The next night crowds of people assembled to look out for the mermaid, and in due time she reappeared, and sent the moon flashing in their faces from her glass. Telescopes were brought to bear on her; but she sang on unmoved, braiding her tresses, and uttering remarkable sounds unlike the singing of mortal throats which have been practised in Do-re-mi. This went on for several nights, the crowd growing greater, people arriving from all the villages round, till Robert Hawker got very hoarse with his nightly singing, and rather tired of sitting so long in the cold. He therefore wound up the performance one night with an unmistakable "God save the King," then plunged into the waves, and the mermaid never again visited the "sounding shores of Bude."

SEARCHING QUESTIONS.

WHAT right has a Christian lady to give herself away to a skeptical scoffer—a man that hates her Bible, her Christ, and her God—a man that tramples the law of God under his feet? What right has a Christian man to become linked with a scoffing, swearing woman, that has no faith in God and the Bible? "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers." Yet the moment you touch this question they throw up their heads and say, "I will marry whom I please." Well, we give you the word of God, and if you go against that you must reap what you sow. There are hundreds of men and women in this country weeping, and they are reaping bitter fruit. Oh, how many times I had a mother come to me with a broken heart and say, "I want you to pray for my drunken son." "How came your son to be a drunkard?" "Well, my husband set a bad example. He insisted upon having wine upon the table." "How long have you been a Christian? Were you a Christian before you married him?" "Yes." "Did you know he was a scoffer before you married him?" "Yes, but I thought I might save him." You had better save him before you marry him, better see him converted before you risk your happiness, and possibly your own soul.

KINDNESS is an invisible force of unmeasured power.



SOMETHING ABOUT DOGS.

SOMETHING ABOUT DOGS.

THIS picture represents one of the dog teams that are often seen in Belgium. I went out one morning at seven o'clock to see the market people bring in their milk and vegetables to the open market in the public square, and I counted fifty teams, and all but one of them were drawn by stout dogs, as you see in this picture. Very few dogs run about the streets in idleness, and all of that few are small dogs. The dogs make themselves useful, and seem to enjoy it better than our dogs do their laziness. I think it is so among men, that the busy people are the happiest. Perhaps we might make it better for ourselves, and our dogs too, if we also used them as little horses. I read in one of the papers the description of two very different kinds of dogs, and I will tell you about them, and see which you desire to be like.

THE WAR DOGS.

"The ancient Greeks had the entrance to their camps and fortresses watched over by ferocious dogs, and for a long time the old city of Corinth had no other garrison. Rome, also, was at a certain period guarded by dogs. Mastiffs and blood-hounds formerly played an important part in the civil wars of Great Britain and Ireland, and packs of them were trained to charge upon the enemy, and lacerate them with their teeth—a most barbarous mode of warfare, which has fortunately gone out of practice. Blood-hounds were used in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries by the kings of England against the Bruces and Wallaces of Scotland, and the farmers living on the boundaries of Scotland and England were obliged to keep packs of hounds to defend themselves from the attacks of marauders."

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

"On the highest inhabited land in Europe—8,500 feet above the sea, and rising often above the clouds, too—where the ice never entirely melts, and there are few days, even in summer, when the snow does not fall—in the very heart of the Swiss mountains, stands a building called the Monastery, or Hospice of Mont St. Bernard. The monastery is inhabited by about forty monks. The monks, with one or more of the dogs, go down every day to a spot at a certain distance on either side of the pass, and travellers generally wait at this spot to be conducted over by the escort. Some occasionally try to find the way themselves, and thus it happens that they often lose it, or are overtaken by a snow-storm or an avalanche. The dogs, by their keen scent, are able to track out a body under the snow, and by sound call the men's attention to the spot; but perhaps the chief service they render is in acting as guides to show the way, for the snow is sometimes thirty feet deep, and every sign and landmark are obliterated; then the keen instinct of the dog comes into play; he marches in front of the cavalcade, with his tail straight up, which, when the snow is soft, is sometimes the only thing visible. Many stories are told of acts of bravery by these noble animals. In the museum at Bern there is a stuffed St. Bernard dog, named Barry, who is said to have saved the lives of fifteen persons. One of the most memorable feats recorded of him is his rescuing a little boy whose mother had been swept away by an avalanche and whom he induced to mount on his back, and thus carried safe to the Hospice."

Would not you all like best to be like the St. Bernard who saved men's lives, instead of destroying them? Better even than saving men's lives is it

to save men's souls, for God has said, "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins." Any one that does this will be more glorious even than "Old Barry," for "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and over."

A DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.

THERE is a beautiful tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied by two brothers, one of whom had a family. The other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in shocks, the elder brother said to his wife, "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and

heat of the day. I will arise, take some of my shocks, and place them with his, without his knowledge."

The brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself, "My elder brother has a family, and I have none. I will contribute to their support; I will arise, and take some of my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge." Judge of their mutual astonishment when, on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired several nights, when each resolved to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, when on the following night they met each other half way between their respective shocks with their arms full.

Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this was the temple of King Solomon erected—so spacious, so magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world! Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole sheaf than add to it a single sheaf!

OUR BOYS

WHAT is it that we so often see the boys of a family dissipated and immoral, and their sisters not so? Only because the morals of the girls are scrupulously guarded, but of the boys not. Fathers and mothers do not allow their daughters to associate with women who use bad language or behave indecently. They want their daughters to be ladies, and they use the means to make them such. But they seem to think the boys can take care of themselves. They are not at all scrupulous as to the company they keep. The girls must be kept pure even in thought. It is enough for the boys to appear decent in the company of ladies.

They hold that a lady must be pure in act and word and thought, at home as well as abroad—in private as well as in public; but a gentleman is one who does not get drunk or swear or behave rudely in company, which does not do any of these things. They would be horrified beyond measure to know that their daughters had gotten into bad company and had behaved as badly as the company they were in. But the same course of conduct by their sons excites but little concern.

Can anybody tell us why our boys should not be kept as pure and brought up as decently as our girls? Are they not as easily corrupted, and are not the consequences just as serious? Is there any sound philosophy in having a different moral standard for the two sexes in the family? Why, then, should not the boys be as carefully guarded and as strongly armed against vice as the girls?

THE THOUSAND ISLES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

My wandering soul is satisfied
I rest when blooming islands ride
At anchor on the tranquil tide.

The sky of summer shines serene,
And sapphire rivers flow between
The thousand bosky shields of green.

The pine its coronal uprears,
And banished beauty reappears
Neath the carcases of the years.

And so the summer shines serene
And sapphire rivers lapse between
The thousand bosky shields of green.

And so I drift in silence where
Young Echo, from her granite chair,
Flings music on the mellow air.

O'er rock and rush, o'er wave and brake,
Until her phantom carols wake
The voices of the Island Lake

Beneath my skill the long grass slides.
The Muskatonge in covert hides,
And pickerel flash their gleaming sides.

The braided sunbeams softly shift,
And unseen fingers, flashing swift,
Unravel all the golden web.

So day by day, I drift and dream
Among the Thousand Isles, that seem
The crown and glory of the stream.

—W. A. Crofut.

BOYS AND GIRLS, SIT ERECT.

ONE of the worst habits young people form is that of leaning forward too much while at work or study. It is much less tiresome and more healthy to sit or stand erect. The round-shouldered, hollow-chested, and almost deformed persons one meets every day could have avoided all the bad results from which they now suffer had they always kept the body erect, the chest full, and shoulders thrown back. A simple rule is, that if the head is not thrown forward, but is held erect, the shoulders will drop back to their natural position, giving the lungs full play. The injury done by carelessness in this respect is by compressing the lungs, preventing their full and natural action, resulting in lung diseases, usually consumption. Sit erect boys and girls, and look the world in the face.—*Mining and Scientific News.*

Just one year ago the Metropolitan Tabernacle Temperance Society was formed in Mr. Spurgeon's church; and since that time more than seventeen thousand pledges have been taken there.

THE LITTLE LIGHT.

THE light shone dim on the headland,
For the storm was raging high,
I shaded my eyes from the inner glare,
And gazed on the wet, grey sky,
It was dark and lowering; on the sea
The waves were booming loud,
And the snow and the piercing Winter sleet
Wove over all a shroud.

"God pity the men on the sea to-night!"
I said to my little ones,
And we shuddered as we heard afar
The sound of the minute guns.
My good man came in, in his fishing coat,
He was wet and cold that night,
And he said "There'll lots of ships go down
On the headland rocks to-night."

"Let the lamp burn all night, mother,
Cried little Mary then,
"Tis but a little light, but still
It might save drowning men."
"Oh, nonsense!" cried her father [he
Was tired and cross that night],
"The highland light-house is enough"—
And he put out the light.

That night, on the rocks below us,
A noble ship went down,
But one was saved from the ghastly wreck,
The rest were left to drown.
"We steered by a little light" he said,
"Till we saw it sink from view,
If they'd only 'a left that light all night,
My mates might be here too!"

Then little Mary sobbed aloud,
Her father blushed for shame,
"Twas our light that you saw," he said,
"And I'm the one to blame."
"Twas a little light—how small a thing!
And trifling was its cost;
Yet for want of it a ship went down,
And a hundred souls were lost.

THE HERO OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

DOUTBLESS all British boys will hear with regret that on the 13th of November last, after a long illness, there died at Gibraltar, on his way back to India, one of the most brave and noble men that ever wore the Victoria Cross. The deed which won for him this distinction was one which for cool daring and unswerving determination has, probably, no parallel in British military history.

On the joyful day in 1857 when the brave little garrison of Lucknow was relieved by the troops under the command of Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde), the name of one man in particular rang out clear above the din and clash of arms, until the hearts of our British youth leapt at the sound and longed to emulate the deed which made it famous.

The man was Thomas Henry Kavanagh, V. C., known wherever the English language is spoken as "Lucknow Kavanagh."

The siege of Lucknow is an event engraven upon the heart of the nation, for there Englishmen showed in a sublime degree the ruling characteristics of our race, viz., endurance in the midst of incredible hardships, unflinching courage in the hour of danger, and unselfish heroism at moments of supreme necessity. And with these qualities Kavanagh seemed to be endowed in an unusual degree.

Two attempts were made to relieve the beleaguered garrison and to compel the mutineers to raise the siege. The first was that of Havelock, whose efforts were watched by all England with intense interest; but though that gallant general, after a wonderful march succeeded with Outram in entering the Residency, the siege was conducted with greater vigour than

over. The little garrison was often at its wits' end to meet the constantly recurring attacks of the enemy, and Kavanagh, who had organized a regiment of volunteers from the civilian portion of the garrison, took his turn in the trenches, and was not only wounded himself several times, but his wife also was wounded.

The second and more successful attempt to relieve the garrison was made by Sir Colin Campbell, and it was to hasten the Commander-in-chief's advance that Kavanagh conceived the design which he afterwards so bravely carried into execution. The heroic little garrison was in its last extremity when General Outram was agreeably surprised by the offer of Kavanagh to leave the garrison in disguise, and, passing through the rebel lines, to communicate with Sir Colin and be his guide through the dangerous suburbs of the town.

The nobleness of this offer excited the admiration of Sir James Outram, who, however, seeing the probable result of such an adventure would be an ignominious death for the brave fellow who wished to attempt it, at first withheld his consent. Kavanagh persisted, however, and the general could not withstand the advantage which a direct and personal communication with the relieving force would give him. Taking the hero by the hand, he shook it heartily and wished him "God-speed," and Kavanagh hastened to assume the disguise which he had already prepared. So perfect was the metamorphosis that even Sir James Outram did not recognize in the native "swash buckler" who appeared at the mess-room door in the evening the undaunted Kavanagh.

Sir James himself put the finishing touches to his toilet, and after giving the hero an introductory note to Sir Colin which Kavanagh concealed in his turban, he set out in his perilous adventure accompanied by a native spy who, during the journey, once nearly landed him in the rebel camp.

Captain Hardinge, of the general's staff, escorted Kavanagh to the bank of the River Goomtee, which the latter would be compelled to ford. Shaking Kavanagh by the hand and bidding him adieu, he exclaimed, "Noble fellow, you will never be forgotten!" a prophecy which, we venture to think, will have a literal fulfilment.

Kavanagh and his companion then forded the river, on the other banks of which stood the Sepoy sentries. While in the river, the water of which was very cold, Kavanagh has himself admitted that a sense of the foolhardiness of his adventure presented itself to his mind. But after a few moments he became like a soldier in action, warmed to his work and determined to go through with it.

On reaching the other bank they were challenged by a rebel sentinel, who, after the usual inquiry, remarked that it was cold to which Kavanagh replied that it would be "colder by-and-bye." Farther on they were again stopped and questioned by the officer in command of the rebel picket, and were again permitted to pass on their way, jostling against many of the enemy's soldiers as they did so. After this many mishaps awaited them, and, guided by his companion, Kavanagh nearly walked into the midst of the rebel lines at Dilkoosah Park, they being so close as to enable him to

count the enemy's guns. The spy was exceedingly anxious that Kavanagh should not think that he was capable of any treachery. Traversing the bed of a canal, up to their waists in water, Kavanagh found his feet much cut and sacrificed by the hard boots or shoes he wore, while both the hero and his companion were nearly worn out with the terrible anxiety and fatigue. At one point a rebel sentry turned out all the guard at their approach, and they had to run a gauntlet of sharp and curious questions. This danger over, they next had to wade through a swamp for nearly two hours, after which, at two in the morning, they passed through two more of the enemy's pickets.

Suddenly the familiar and welcome "Who goes there?" of the British soldier rang on their ears, and, to their joyful surprise, they found themselves within Sir Colin Campbell's lines. The meeting between Kavanagh and the General was very characteristic of Sir Colin's soldierly bluntness.

"Who are you, sir?" he replied to Kavanagh's inquiry as to where he should find the Commander-in-chief. "I am Sir Colin Campbell!"

Kavanagh, aking off his turban, produced therefrom Sir James Outram's note.

"Is this true?" asked Sir Colin.

"Do you doubt me, sir?" inquired Kavanagh.

"No, no; but it seems so strange."

Then the famous soldier grasped the hero's hand and congratulated him on the brave deed he had performed. To his request for sleep and quietness ere he was called upon to give information, Sir Colin responded by causing a tent to be darkened specially for that purpose, where, after thanking God for his safety, Lucknow's hero reposed in peace.

Meanwhile the devoted garrison had signalled, "Is Kavanagh safe?" but Sir Colin could not make out the purpose of the signal. Later on, however, the rising of a flag on the Alum Bagh—a preconcerted signal between Sir James Outram and Kavanagh—informed the occupants of the Residency, of the accomplishment of the hero's design. It was then that Mrs. Kavanagh was informed for the first time of her husband's act, and of his safety, and received hearty congratulations on the event.

Kavanagh was entertained by Sir Colin after his sleep, and when the attack was made no man contributed more to its success by dashing courage than did Sir Colin's brave guide. Indeed, Kavanagh was the very first man of the relieving force to enter the Residency, where he was received with acclamation by its gallant defenders, and with the cry of "It's Lucknow, Kavangah!" It is to these words, which our reader will perceive form a pun on the name of the famous city, that he owned his well-known *nom de guerre*.

For this heroic deed Kavanagh was appointed Assistant-Commissioner of Oude, in which capacity he took part in the storming of a fort, and was the first man among the mutineers. He was wounded several times, and bore the scars on various parts of his body, for he was ever foremost in any engagement he took part in. He was the first civilian to receive the Victoria Cross, which was attached to his breast by the Queen, at Windsor, in the presence of the Royal Family.

Very few Englishmen were aware that until the other day this noble countryman had been sojourning in our midst, and that the paying portion of St. Thomas's Hospital—termed the "Home"—had been unfortunately honoured with his presence for about six or seven months. Kavanagh was on his way back to India to resume his post as Registrar of Lucknow, accompanied by one of his married daughters, when he died.

Brave, gentle, and good, he was the *beau ideal* of a hero, and was of course a perfect gentleman. When a boy he had yearned (as he told the writer of this record, who enjoyed the proud privilege of being his friend) for the opportunity to do some act of distinction, and when it came he could not resist the impulse.

Could Kavanagh have had his choice of a spot wherein to "sleep the last sleep," there is no doubt he would have chosen Lucknow; but he could not have wished for a nobler resting-place than the famous old rock over which the flag for which he so heroically acted continually waves. And to such a hero there could not have been paid a more generous or appropriate tribute than the "military honours" in the midst of which his remains were tenderly consigned to a soldier's grave.

"They've laid him in historic ground
Beneath the meteor-flag he crown'd
With glory bright;
And long as over it doth wave
Above that rock and o'er his grave,
Shall England love the man who gave
To Lucknow light."

—*Boy's Own Paper.*

GRANDPAPA AND LITTLE FLO.

DOWN the shady lane they go,
Grandpapa and little Flo,
Hand in hand;
Happier man was never seen,
Nor a happier child, I ween,
In all the land.

See! those locks all snowy white
Falling on his shoulders light
Tell his age;
Four-score years—aye, even more;
God has added to his store
Another page.

Little Flo, a fairy child,
With great eyes, so blue and mild,
Leads the way.
Seeks the smoothest place of all
For his feet lest he should fall
By the way.

Down the lane they always go,
Grandpapa and little Flo,
When 'tis bright;
And the birdies in the trees,
Flitting light among the leaves,
Bless the sight.

THE SAFER CHURCH.

A GREAT preacher in London was defending his wine-drinking to me, and I said:—"Suppose John B. Gough were a poor inebriate in London, and were to be converted, which church would be better for him to join—yours, where you set him the example of moderate drinking, and where you put before him at your own table intoxicating liquor, or would it be better for him to join Mr. Spurgeon's church, where the pastor sets the example of total abstinence?" That argument touched him, although he was invulnerable to every other. That is the argument we are to apply under our free-church system, to the conscience of every man and woman who would belong to the *rescue section* of religious society.—*Joseph Cook.*

THE END OF THE WAY.

The following beautiful lines were written by a young lady in Nova Scotia, and invalid for many years.

My life is a wearisome journey;
I'm sick with the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am journeying
Will more than my trials repay;
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward;
I often am longing for rest;
But He who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is useful and best.
I know in His word He has promised
That my strength shall be as my day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me to wail too forsake me,
Or give me one trial too much;
All His people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and by I shall see Him and praise Him
In the city of unending day,
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken,
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out to my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Will be plain and clear as the day;
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary,
I shall rest when I'm safely at home.
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Saviour Himself hath said "Come."
So when I am weary in body
And sinking in spirit, I say,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty;
There are cordials for those who are faint;
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint;
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often through each weary day,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

THE WHITE HORSE OF BERKSHIRE.

BY FREDERIC ALLDRED.

SCATTERED over the world are many structures designed to commemorate great military conflicts. To preserve the memory of that notable little battle fought just outside the city of Boston we have the Bunker Hill Monument; the field of Waterloo is marked by a stupendous mound surmounted by a lion cast in gun metal; and many other struggles of the Napoleonic wars are similarly kept in mind. But no modern monument is so singular as the memorial of a great victory which was won in England more than a thousand years ago.

During the latter half of the ninth century the warlike Danes—the "seawolves of the North"—constantly ravaged and pillaged the fairest portions of southern and eastern England. In the year 867, while King Ethelred was on the throne, they landed in the Humber in great force from a fleet of three hundred vessels, marched inland, plundering and burning, and took the city of York. Proceeding southward, they worsted the Saxons at Merton, but near Oxford they were met by a strong army under Alfred, the King's brother. The Danes here received such a decided defeat that they were glad to enter into a treaty with the victors, and to hastily return to their own land. For some years thereafter the kingdom was not molested by these barbarous marauders.

The country folk were so overjoyed at this hardly won victory over their fierce foes that they proceeded to carve on a neighbouring hill-side a monument, which endures to this day. This is a figure of a galloping horse, 510 feet long, known as the White Horse of Berkshire, while the valley which it overlooks is still known as the Vale of White Horse. Seen from a distance, against the background of herbage, it looks as though a giant, standing in the valley, had amused himself by sketching in white crayons on the face of a slope 200 feet above, but the lines that appear so slender from afar are really deep and broad trenches cut in the yellowish-white clay soil. These ditches are 18 feet wide and 6 feet deep; the horse's eye is 6 feet long, and his ears measure 45 feet. At a distance of 16 miles across country, in ordinary weather, the White Horse can be seen; and it is fully as interesting a monument of former times, though not as ancient, as the Druidical temple of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain.

Once a year the people for fifty miles round gather on the spot to cleanse the trenches from weeds and all vegetable growth; for on the clearness and sharpness of its outlines, seen at a distance, does the distinctness of the figure largely depend. These meetings form a sort of rural carnival; many hands make light work; the great trenches are carefully trimmed and scoured, for the Berkshire folk take great pride in what is certainly the largest horse in the world. This labour of love ended, they engage in all kinds of rustic games, and then part until next year's gathering re-unites them. Perhaps the unintermitted observance of this simple rural festival for a thousand years of eventful history is even more remarkable than the strange monument which is thus annually renewed.

YOUNG ATHEISTS.

A SUGGESTIVE scene took place lately in a railroad car that was crossing the Rocky Mountains. A quiet business man, who had been slowly watching the vast range of snow-clad peaks, seen for the first time, said to his companion:

"No man, it seems to me, could look at that scene without feeling himself nearer to his Creator."

A dapper lad of eighteen, who had been chiefly occupied in caressing his mustache, pertly interrupted, "If you are sure there is a Creator."

"You are an atheist?" said the stranger, turning to the lad.

"I am an agnostic," raising his voice. "I am investigating the subject. I take nothing for granted. I see the mountains, I smell the rose, I hear the wind; therefore I believe that mountains, rose, and wind exist. But I cannot see, smell, or hear God. Therefore—"

A grizzled old cattle-raiser opposite glanced over his spectacles at the boy. "Did you ever try to smell with your eyes?" he said quietly.

"No."
"Or to hear with your tongue, or to taste with your ears?"

"Certainly not."
"Then why do you try to apprehend God with faculties which are only meant for material things?"

"With what should I apprehend

Him?" said the youth, with a conceited giggle.

"With your intellect and soul, but—I beg your pardon, here he paused, "some men haven't breadth and depth enough of intellect and of soul to do this. That is probably the reason you are an agnostic."

The laugh in the car effectually stopped the display of any more atheism that day.

But this is a question which cannot be laughed or joked away. Every thinking man in his youth, must face for himself that terrible problem of life—"What is God?" and "What is He to me?" A young man decides that question, his future life takes shape.—*Youth's Companion.*

LORD WOLSELEY ON SUCCESS.

IN a letter dated December 13, 1882, addressed to the children of Woodville National School, General Wolseley said:—

"I hope your children's entertainment will be a complete success. Please tell them from me that I believe success in life is within the reach of all who set before them an aim and an ambition that is not beyond the talents and ability which God has bestowed upon them. We should all begin life with a determination to do well whatever we take in hand, and if that determination be adhered to with the pluck for which Englishmen are renowned, success according to the nature and quality of our brain power, is, I think, a certainty. Had I began life as a tinsmith, my earnest endeavour would have been to have made better pots and pans than my neighbour's, and I think I might venture to say without any vanity that with God's blessing I should have been fairly successful. The first step on the ladder that leads to success is the firm determination to succeed; the next is the possession of that moral and physical courage which will enable one to mount up, rung after rung, until the top is reached. The best men make a false step now and then, and some even have very bad falls. The weak and pining cry over their misfortune and seek for the sympathy of others, and do nothing further after their first or second failure; but the plucky and the courageous pick themselves up without a groan over their broken bones or their first failures, and set to work to mount the ladder again, full of confidence in themselves and with faith in the results that always attend upon cheerful perseverance."—*Temp. Record.*

HOMELY BUT GOOD.

AM JONES was talking to a man of weak faith the other day. The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion.

"None," was the reply. "You must get inside the fold, and the demonstration will come of itself. Humble yourself, have faith, and you shall know the truth."

"In other words, I must believe, accept it before it is proved, and believe it without proof.

"Now, hold on right here. Out West they have a place for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a platform to reach the troughs. As they step on the platform their weight presses a lever, and this throws the

water into the troughs. They have to get on the platform through faith, and this act provides the water and leads them to it. You are like a smart steer that slips around to the barn-yard and peeps in the trough without getting on the platform. He finds the trough dry of course, for it needs his weight on the platform to force the water up. He turns away disgusted, and tells everybody there's no use getting on the platform for there's no water in the trough. Another steer not so smart but with more faith, steps on the platform, the water springs into the trough, and he marches up and drinks. That's the way with religion. You've got to get on the platform. You can't even examine it intelligently until you are on the platform. If you slide around the back way, you'll find the trough dry. But step on the platform and the water and the faith comes together without any trouble—certain and sure and abundant."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BOY'S ENTERPRISE.

THE late Edwin D. Morgan, the war Governor of the state of New York, was a Yankee of the kind we read about in books. When he was a lad of seventeen he bade good-bye to his father's farm in Berkshire, Mass., and made his way to his uncle Nathan's at Hartford, Ct., having a capital of thirty-seven and a half cents, and a "good head for figures."

Uncle Nathan kept a grocery store, and took the boy into it at a salary of sixty dollars a year and his board, to be increased to seventy-five the second year, and to one hundred the third year.

In two years Edwin learned the business, and his uncle sent him to New York to buy goods, particularly corn, an article which New England then had to import. Uncle Nathan generally laid in two or three hundred bushels at a time.

"I have bought two cargoes of corn," said the lad on his return, "and probably the vessels are in the river now."

"Why, Edwin," cried the prudent old gentleman, aghast, "what are we to do with two cargoes of corn?"

"Oh," said the young man, "I have sold all of it that you won't want at a profit, and could have sold three cargoes if I had had them. I stopped in at the stores as I came from the stage office and made sales."

The next morning the young operator took the broom as usual and was about to sweep out the counting-room, when Uncle Nathan said:

"I think we can find some one else to do the sweeping here. A man who can go to New York and buy two cargoes of corn, and sell them without consulting his principal can be better employed than sweeping out a store."

Uncle Nathan took him into partnership forthwith, and, five years after, Edwin founded a grocery-house in New York, which still exists, after having enriched its founders and several associates. His strong point was judgment. He made few mistakes.

SINCE the knowledge imparted by the Spirit, respecting what is in God, is as eternal and unchanging as the Spirit of God himself, the conviction thus obtained, that "God is love," becomes also the deepest and most reliable truth of our existence.—*Schleier.*

THE LILIES.

THE Lilies, ah, the lilies!
They stand superb in light,
In field and bank and garden fair,
A wonder to the sight;
So rich their royal scarlet is,
So pure their stainless white!

Consider, then, the lilies,
O heart o mine, to day,
They neither toil or spin, to win
Their beautiful array;
I would that thou could live a life
So fearless-sweet as they.

They gather when the sunme,
Her silver bugle thrills;
When troop, to meet her shining feet,
The bright, uncounted rills;
And when the purple glories lie
All softly o'er the hills.

Each in her place appointed,
The lily dwells serene;
She can not through the thistle blow
Auror her leaf of green;
Her neighbors cannot vex her soul,
For she was born a queen.

She fills the air with fragrance,
She crowns the day with bloom;
From dewy morn to darkening eve,
Our shadows to illumine,
She bears a torch, divinely fed,
And smiles away our gloom.

Fair lilies, gentle teachers,
Evangelists of love,
The word that bids me heed your voice
Is spoken from above,
Ye are the gracious gift of Him
In whom our spirits move.

We too would wear unspotted
The garments of the King,
Would have the royal perfume
About our path to cling,
And unto all beholders
A lily beauty bring.

Marqaret Sangster.

BREVITIES.

WE can live noble lives by aiding nobly on every occasion.

MAN's most difficult knowledge is the knowledge of himself.

No one will succeed in great things unless he first succeed in small things.

"NODDING the head does not make the boat to row," says a Gaelic proverb.

THE intellect of the wise is like glass, it admits the light and reflects it.

Go straight forward in the way of duty. Providence will take care of the rest.

It is not enough to learn that which is good, but we must continue it to the end.

MAN must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.

To be both acceptable and agreeable in society, it behooves one neither to see nor remember a great many things.

THE secret of true blessedness is character, not condition; your happiness consists not in where you are, but in what you are.

INVINCIBLE fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.

SOFT words may appease an angry man—bitter words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames in order to extinguish the fire?

It is not enough in this world to "mean well." We ought to do well. Thoughtfulness, therefore, becomes a duty, and gratitude one of the graces.

SOME one has beautifully said that "Sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear."

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take their own home again, rather than take a portion out of the common stock.

WHOEVER looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

OUT of the eight hundred and ten thousand persons in England who are classed as paupers, more than five hundred thousand can trace their condition directly to the drinking habit.

It is beautifully remarked that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and more crime set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

JOHN WESLEY once said: "I desire a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Christ." This is the spirit that is needed in the temperance movement.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B. C. 1171.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 16.
A PRAYING MOTHER.

1 Sam. 1. 21-28. Commit to memory vs. 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall belent to the Lord. 1 Sam. 1. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. Promised to the Lord. v. 21-23
2. Presented to the Lord. v. 24-28.

TIME.—B. C. 1171.

PLACE.—1. The birthplace of Samuel, Ramah or Ramathaim-zophim. 2. The tabernacle at Shiloh.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Elkanah*—He was a Levite, living in the tribe of Ephraim. *All his house*—His family, servants, and children who were of sufficient age. *Went up*—To the tabernacle at Shiloh. *To offer*—Worship was always accompanied with offering. *Yearly sacrifice*—The offerings made after the crops were gathered the fall. *His vow*—Any special offering which had been promised. *Hannah went not*—She stayed at home with her babe, Samuel, whose name means, "Asked of God." *That he may appear*—She had promised to give her child to the Lord's service in the tabernacle. *Korever*—As long as he should live. *The Lord establish his word*—The answer to Hannah's prayer. She had the child for which she prayed; Elkanah hopes that he may become all that she has hoped, trusting in God's promise. *She took him*—Samuel, then three or four years old. *Three bullocks*—These were for a sacrifice. *Ephah*—A measure equal to seven gallons. *The house of the Lord*—The tabernacle. *Stew a bullock*—As an offering of consecration to God. *I am the woman*—At that very spot Hannah had stood praying for a child. *The Lord hath given me*—She saw God's hand in the blessing that had come to her. *Lent him*—Here meaning "gave him." *He worshipped*—The little Samuel, young as he was, worshipped God.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where do we find in this lesson—

1. An example of family religion?
2. An example of answer to prayer?
3. An example of gratitude for mercies?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Hannah? The mother of Samuel. 2. What does the name Samuel mean? "Asked of God." 3. Why did Hannah give this name to her child? Because she had asked him of God. 4. What promise did she make to the Lord concerning Samuel? That he should be lent to the Lord. 5. Where did she bring him to the Lord? To the tabernacle at Shiloh.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Religion in the family.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

37. When did he rise from the dead? Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week, after he had lain three days in the grave; that is, part of three days.

B. C. 1160.] LESSON XIII. [Sep. 23.
THE CHILD SAMUEL.

1 Sam. 3. 1-19. Commit to memory vs. 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.
1 Sam. 3. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. Night in the Temple. v. 1-3
2. A voice in the Night. v. 4-9.
3. The Words of the Voice. v. 10-19.

TIME.—B. C. 1160.

PLACE.—Shiloh, in central Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The child Samuel*—At this time he was about twelve years old. *Ministered*—Helped in the work of the tabernacle, trimmed the lamps, opened the doors, etc. *The word was precious*—Scarce; for no prophet or messenger had appeared from God for a long time. *No open vision*—No word through prophecy or other direct revelation of God. God speaks to men now in the Bible, and through his Spirit on their hearts. *Eli was laid down*—In his room near the tabernacle. *Eyes began to wax dim*—This means that his sight was feeble through old age. *The lamp of God*—The golden candlestick. *Went out*—The lamps went out early in the morning, except one, which was filled later than the rest, in order to keep a light always burning. *Temple of the Lord*—The tabernacle is meant, which was at Shiloh. *Samuel was laid down*—In his room, near that of Eli. *The Lord called*—By an audible voice. *He answered*—Showing a prompt and willing spirit. Not all children are equally ready when awakened suddenly. *Did not yet know the Lord*—Did not know the voice of the Lord, as he did afterward. *Eli perceived*—Perhaps from something peculiar in the manner of the call. *Speak, Lord*—So should we be ready to listen and obey when God speaks in his word or by conscience. *Samuel answered*—Not knowing that it was the Lord who was speaking. *The ears shall tingle*—The news of it should make men's ears ring like a sudden blow. *I will perform*—The warning which was now to be fulfilled is to be found in chap. 2. 27-36. *Will make an end*—Will not stop until the work is done. *Judge his house forever*—Will bring upon his family a punishment which shall be lasting. *His sons*—They were priests, and should have led the people in serving God. *Made themselves vile*—By their wicked deeds. *Restrainted them not*—Did not punish them. *Shall not be purged*—No offering should take away its guilt. *Lay until the morning*—Which was not many hours. *Opened the doors*—Going about his daily work. *Fearful to show*—Was unwilling to give Eli pain by telling the message. *God do so to thee*—This was a solemn form of oath. *Every whit*—The whole truth. *is the Lord*—Eli showed a spirit of submission to God's will. *None of his words fall*—Fulfilled the words of prophecy which Samuel spoke, and caused men to see that he was under God's direction.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How does this lesson show—

1. That a child may hear God's voice?
2. That parents should train their children carefully?
3. That we should be submissive to God's will?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the child Samuel do in the temple? He ministered unto the Lord. 2. What took place one night in the temple? The Lord called Samuel. 3. Who did Samuel suppose was calling him? Eli the priest. 4. What did he say when he knew it was the Lord? "Speak, for thy servant heareth." 5. What did God tell Samuel that he was about to do? To punish the wickedness of Eli's sons. 6. How did Eli receive the message when Samuel told it to him? He was submissive to God's will.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Divine revelation.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

38. To whom did he appear after his rising again? Christ, after his rising again, appeared many times to his disciples; he ate and drank and talked with them, and gave them most certain proof of his resurrection.

Knowledge Acquired by Electricity.

When will mankind know or realize that the utmost limits of its power have been reached? Motive force, light, communication of thought, the voice even being transmitted, all these things are now familiarized, but who would have thought that it would ever become an active and impressing method for imparting to the mind a knowledge of Scripture, Geography, History or Music but such is now actually the case.

THE ELECTRICAL INSTRUCTOR

now for sale, does all this and more. A more ingenious method of imparting knowledge and amusement simultaneously could not be devised, it is a most unique idea, and commends itself to all who have an interest in instructing and amusing children, but not only will youth appreciate them; one and all admire them.

The following subjects have been prepared: OLD TESTAMENT, NEW TESTAMENT, TEMPERANCE, GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, MUSIC.

PRICE 75 CENTS EACH.

Elegantly bound in cloth, gilt and black lettered.

The most amusing, instructive and mysterious scientific novelty of the present day.

Mailed post free on receipt of price.

Address,

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 AND 80 KING ST. EAST,

TORONTO.

STANDARD LIBRARY.

Previous numbers of this Library were known by the name Standard Series. A list of these 79 books can be had on application. It is proposed to issue 26 books in the year, or one every fortnight. The regular selling prices of the 26 books in this country, would aggregate from \$50 to \$100. Our prices will be from 15 cents to 25 cents each; the average will be about 20 cents; in all about \$5.00.

Any book in the list mailed post-free on receipt of price.

No. 15. SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS. By Paxton Hood.

He must be a bold man who will undertake to portray a Scotchman. He has generally been found too hard a case, one who could always hold his own against all comers, and finally turn the laugh upon his critics. Johnson, who hated Scotchmen, was no match for the Scot's dry sarcasm. Johnson, in his dictionary, in defining the meaning of oatmeal said: "Food for horses and Scotchmen" and the Scotchman who saw it wrote on the margin: "Were there ever such horses? Were there ever such men?" If, however, the work is to be done at all, there is not a man in Great Britain who is so well fitted for the task as Paxton Hood. No man knows them better. He was near enough to them to know them intimately. He was far enough away to be able to take in their grand proportions of character. His wit, humor, sarcasm, which abound in all his writings, are apparently concentrated in this. Some of the anecdotes we have seen before, but Mr. Hood tells them in such a quaint way that we find a new interest in them. The old as well as the young will be amused and greatly edified.

No. 14. WINTER IN INDIA. By the Right Hon. W. E. Baxter, M.P. Price 25 cents.

This is the last and the best of a number of most charming books of travel by the Hon. Mr. Baxter, who took many journeys in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. By the aid of this book we can accompany him through his winter tour in India.

We cannot give lists of the forthcoming issues.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Or, C. W. COLEMAN, Montreal, Que.,

S. F. HURSTIE, Halifax, N. S.