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THE PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1883.

No. 12.

"QUEBEC."

FROM A POEM BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

The whole of the poem of sixteen stanzas, of which three are here given, will appear in the July number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*:

FORTRESS city, bathed by streams
Majestic as thy memories great,
Where mountains, floods, and forests mate
The grandeur of thy glorious dreams,
Born of the hero hearts, who died
In founding here an Empire's pride;
Prosperity attend thy fate,
And happiness in thee abide,
Fair Canada's strong tower and gate!

For all must taste delight whose feet
Have paced thy streets or terrace way,
From rampart sod, or bastion grey,
Have marked thy sea-like river greet
The bright and peopled banks that shine
In front of the far mountain's line;
Thy glittering roofs below, the play
Of currents where the ships entwine
Their spars, or laden pass away.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
And Learning from Laval looks down,
And quiet convents grace the town,
There swift to meet the battle shock
Montcalm rushed on, and eddying back,
Red slaughter marked the bridge's track;
See now the shores with lumber brown,
And girt with happy lands that lack
No loveliness of Summer's crown.

The picture on this page will possess a special interest to every loyal Canadian for a three-fold reason.

First, it represents one of the finest views in the world. The present writer has stood upon the ramparts of the famous fortress, Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle, opposite Coblenz, which is often compared with Quebec; but beautiful as is that view it cannot compare with that of our own St. Lawrence. When a fleet of snowy-winged vessels come gliding up the river, the sails glistening in the bright sunlight, it is one of the most magnificent sights one can wish to see.

In the second place, the thrilling historic associations of the scene can be equalled by no other place in America, and by few other places in the world. Memories of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, and Maisonneuve and Frontenac and D'Iberville and Montcalm and Wolfe, and Montgomery, and many another gallant hero, fill our minds as we



ENGRAVED]
FROM AN
Original Drawing
By H. R. H.
THE
PRINCESS LOUISE.

SPECIMEN OF
NUMEROUS
Cuts of Canadian Subjects
SEVERAL BY
H. R. H., PRINCESS LOUISE
OTHERS BY
LORD DUFFERIN,
To appear in early numbers
of the
CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

HARBOUR AND PART OF LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC.

From John Charles Dent's "Last Forty Years; or, Canada since the Union of 1841.

BY KING FLEMINGSON OF THE PUBLISHERS.

gaze upon the scene. Just behind us lies Wolfe's Cove, where the British army that conquered Quebec climbed the cliff, and within sight are the famous plains of Abraham, where in fifteen minutes, was won the battle that wrested half a continent from the power of France. No city in America, and few cities in the world have been so often besieged and taken and retaken as Quebec. The red cross flag of England waves exultantly over one of the noblest scenes, and her red coats and big guns guard one of the grandest fortresses in the world.

In the third place, this picture is engraved from a drawing made by the skilful fingers of H. R. H. the daughter of our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria.* It is well known that the Princess Louise is an accomplished artist, in this magnificent scene she has found a congenial and worthy subject. We are happy to announce that in the July and successive numbers of the *Methodist Magazine* we shall present a series of papers on Canada — with numerous handsome full-page illustrations. Several of these will possess special interest as being engraved from drawings by H. R. H. the PRINCESS LOUISE. They are exquisite engravings of Quebec and its vicinity, and will be accompanied by a fine poem on the ancient capital by the Marquis of Lorne. These pictures and poem will be an admirable souvenir of the Governor General and Her Royal Highness who are soon about to take their departure from among us, others are by Lord Dufferin. We confidently expect, also, through the courtesy of the Hon. J. H. Pope, Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion, to present a series of fine engravings, with descriptive letter-press, illustrative of the picturesque features of its principal provinces, and especially of the great North-West, to which attention is being so conspicuously directed. Several other illustrated articles

* We understand that George Virtue, the publisher of Dent's "Last Forty Years," have made an arrangement with James Campbell & Son, whereby this cut, trimmed down to suit the size of a 12mo page, will appear as frontispiece to the Fifth Book of their series of Royal Readers — just published.

of much interest will be given, as "THE ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND," "AT HOME IN FIJI," "ITALIAN PICTURES," etc., and six concluding papers by Stanley on "THE DARK CONTINENT." Also papers of fresh and living interest, which we cannot now enumerate. We want six hundred new subscribers to take a "trial trip" for six months for One Dollar—in the confident anticipation that those who do so will become permanent patrons of the Magazine.

We are happy to announce that at no period since the Magazine was established has it exhibited such progress as during the present year. During the last six months the increase of subscribers has been over six hundred; and this is in addition to a steady increase for several years past. The list of contributors for the present year is the strongest, we think, ever announced for any Canadian Magazine. They embrace such distinguished writers as Prof. Goldwin Smith, the Presidents of Toronto, Victoria, Albert, McGill, Sackville, and Princeton Universities, and Professors of several of these institutions; Drs. Douglas, Jeffers, Williams, Sutherland, Burwash, Burns, Stevenson, Bishop Carman, J. C. Antliff, H. J. Nott, and several others of the foremost writers of the different branches of the Methodist Church in Canada.

THE MOTHER HEART.

I AM cutting papers to-day, mother,
(Papers to cover a shelf),
And saving out bits for my scrap book;
But unlike my former self,
With the thoughts that are grand and noble,
And the lines the poet sings,
I am saving some very simple
And decided childlike things.

For throned in her chair beside me,
Sits the wee one, dainty and sweet,
And I trust in the days that are coming
She will care these lines to repeat.
I think that, in planning her life-work,
The same fair future I see
Which you saw in the long ago, mother,
When you planned and prayed about me.

I long to come home at the twilight,
And sitting down at your feet,
Listen again to the Bible tales
You used long ago to repeat—
Of Adam, and Eve, and Abel;
Of Noah, who heard and obeyed;
Of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,
With the faith and the love they displayed.

There was Joseph sold into Egypt,
And Moses before the king,
And David, who slew Goliath,
With a little stone in his sling;
There was Samuel called at night-time,
And Jotham cast in the deep,
And many a dream and vision
Of prophets and kings asleep.

Then there was the wonderful story
Of the Child in a manger bed,
Who marked the pathway to glory
With tears and blood that He shed.
Dear mother, that "old, old story"
Is the light of my life to me,
And I want to train up my children
To be all He would have them be.

—Selected.

SALVATION ARMY BARRACKS.—The new barracks of the Salvation Army, Toronto, are near completion. The building is a peculiar looking structure, and it is evident, from the embossed front of the building, that the designer has been at considerable pains to give it a military appearance. No windows are placed in the sides, light being admitted by two skylights in the roof. The barracks will have accommodation for 1,400 persons, and when completed will cost \$2,500.

LITTLE FRANK'S GOSPEL.

ONE sunny autumn day little Frank was sauntering back from school, when, as he neared his home, he saw Eliza, the wife of one of his father's servants, dragging along a large branch of a tree, which the wind a few days before had blown off.

"Let me help you, Eliza," said the kind-hearted boy; and thereupon he lifted up the other end of the bough thus lightening the burden for her.

"Thank you, Master Frank," said the woman. "Ah! if you could help me to bear my burden of sins, that would be a comfort. But here I go dragging them about day after day, and every day they grow heavier."

"But, Eliza," said the child, "mamma says we don't need to carry any of the burdens of our sins. Jesus Christ has carried it all for us, if we believe on Him."

"Ah!" said Eliza, as she related the story, "that minute I saw it all. I had been trying to bear my own sins, when the Bible says: 'Who Himself bare our sins in His own body on the tree.' I went home just believing this, and I have been happy ever since."

TEXT, SERMON, AND APPLICATION.

"HALLOO, old man, what are you holding up that tree for?" shouted the leader of a band of young students to a worn-looking, trembling man, who was leaning against a tree by the roadside. They were a company of collegians, on a geological and botanical expedition, but who just now seemed particularly interested in a specimen of the animal kingdom.

"Never mind, lads; it's the other way—I've got just sense enough left to know that, yet. I'm holding up the tree!"

"Good! Didn't I tell you so?" cried one of the collegians.

"No; I mean—I mean—it's the other way; the tree's holding up me! But don't make fun of a poor miserable fellow-student! For I know you to be college-born and college-bred. Hold on to your hammers, young men; crack out the crystals, run over your quartz, and your jasper, and your stalactites, and petrifications; and dig out your roots, and pack your tin boxes with your ferns, and lady's slipper, and Indian turnips. I never cared much for such trifling articles; but the other kind of roots, now—why, they stick to me yet. Have you got a Homer aboard, or a Virgil? I can help you to a bit of rare poetry, and give it to you as smooth as a senior!"

A loud laugh and "hurrah" came from the group, as a copy of Homer was produced and handed to the singular genius they had encountered. To their astonishment, not a place could they turn to but their "miserable fellow-student" could indeed render quite as fluently and with as much correctness as the best of them. They all gathered about him, when another of their number produced a Virgil, from which he immediately proved himself as much at home in Latin as in Greek.

"Don't be mistaken boys, don't think ragged coat-sleeves, and knees that are able to be out, and 'high rents' in overcoats, and a low-crowned hat being always to a brainless man. No! I've made my scientific expedi-

tions, and tramped with the best of you; but I got started with too much wine aboard, and it's brought me—well, just against this old tree, hardly able to tell which supported the other! Don't laugh! It's a serious business." And here he put his handkerchief to his face, and they were obliged to stop their mirth before the poor man's grief. Then he continued: "It's a serious business! I'm ruined! And I've ruined part of my family; but by God's mercy to a poor sinner, I've saved a part. I don't expect to save myself, but I'll try whenever I'm sober enough, to save somebody else. And my text, and heads, and whole sermon, and application is this.

'KEEP TEMPERANCE MEN TEMPERATE!'

Now, boys, if you think you're safe, and haven't signed the pledge, you're not safe. Just as sure as you see me, who was once a 'fellow-student,' just so sure, ten years from now, some of you may be 'holding up a tree' by the wayside, the jest of a rabble of boys—excuse me, the wonder of a company of young gentlemen!—if you don't take a firm stand on the side of temperance. A glass of wine is more tempting to a scholar than to a wood-cutter or a farmer. And a glass of brandy upsets a student's wits quicker than a blacksmith's. There's no safety if you once begin. So I say, 'keep temperance men temperate!' Begin with the boys. There's safety for you. The little boys. Yes, and the girls; for, did you never hear it, women will sometimes drink; the girls, too—they're temperate to begin with—keep them so. I tell you it is not every poor, miserable, idle, brainless fellow that goes to make up the list of drunkards. No; some of them have been cared for by the tenderest mothers; they have slept on beds of down, and sat at rich men's tables, and sipped their first draughts of the choicest wines from cut-glass goblets, in rich men's luxurious parlors; the tempter likes such best."

"My friend, you said you had saved a part of your family," said one, as the man seemed lost in thought, after his unexpected temperance harangue.

"Ruined—yes, I said ruined a part, and saved a part. I killed my wife by my cruelty, and my eldest—my first-born—I taught in my own way until he was suddenly brought to the grave. Two other boys—noble boys (and they would go through college with the best of you, with a tithe of the money I've squandered)—I have, I hope, saved from following my sad example, by having them sign the pledge. They are temperate—heavenly Father keep them so! And now, as you are going to leave me, take this word from one who can preach better than he can practice. Touch not, taste not the drink. Sign the pledge, do all you can for the lives of men by getting others to sign it. Never scorn the idea of taking a child's name, be it boy or girl. Give the 'Band of Hope' workers your helping hand. Consider the world richer for every name you add to the list; for I fully believe the greatest hope of ever ridding the world of the curse of drunkenness lies in the secret of my text to-day—Keep temperance men temperate! Take it for your motto. Act upon it. Let it be an incentive to your earnest work in the name of humanity. I haven't much hope for the poor drunkard—do what you have a mind to for him. Laugh at him, pray for him, try to save him,

if you have faith enough, but begin where your work is easy, and where it is sure—keep temperance men temperate!"—*J. P. B., Band of Hope Review.*

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ONE hundred years ago there were no stoves or furnaces to warm the churches—there were no steamboats, or railroads, or telegraphs, or telephones, or any of the various kinds of machinery that now lighten the toil of the farmer and the mechanic. It is wonderful to see the progress in almost everything that can promote the ease and comfort of man that has been made within the past hundred years. And who can tell what progress will be made in the century to come?

One hundred years ago the first Sunday-school was established, and now they are found in almost every land on the globe.—*Well-Spring.*

TRUSTING PROVIDENCE.

IN one of our Northern harbours in Newfoundland, a number of fishing boats were anchored. One of H. M. ships of war was there also.

On the Sabbath morning, the ship of war was about to leave. An honest and pious Methodist fisherman went aboard, and meeting one of the officers said, "Mister, I wonder you English folk don't set us a better example, by keeping the Sabbath instead of sailing." "Oh," said the officer, "but our business is urgent, and tomorrow may not be favourable."

"But you should trust in Providence."

"Providence?" replied the officer; "why there are a pair of boots one of the men has had out all morning expecting Providence to clean them."

"But where be the brushes and blacking?" asked the fisherman.

"Down below I suppose," was the answer.

"Well what a stupid the fellow must be, to think Providence would clean his boots without brushes and blacking," said our friend with a laugh.

The officer said he was clean beaten, and confessed it was right that men should "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A GENTLEMAN called upon a rich friend for some charity.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the widow's mite?" said the gentleman.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend.

"How much are you worth?"

"Seventy thousand dollars."

"Give me, then, your check for thirty-five thousand dollars. That will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her all."

People often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite; but her example rightly interpreted would fill to overflowing the channels of true benevolence.—*Sunday School Weekly.*

THE poorest school is not too poor to do something for missions.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE

HAVE you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
 Away in the sunny clime
 By humble growth of an hundred years
 It reaches its blooming time;
 And then a wondrous bud at its crown
 Breaks out in a thousand flowers;
 This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
 Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
 But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
 For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
 That grows in the sunny clime,
 How every one of its thousand flowers,
 As they drop off in their time,
 Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
 In the place where it falls on the ground;
 And fast as they drop from the dying stem,
 Grows lively and lovely around?
 By dying it liveth a thousand fold
 In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the death of the Pelican,
 The Arabs' Gimel el Bahr,
 That lives in the African soitudes
 Where the birds that live lonely are?
 Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
 And cares and toils for their good?
 It brings them water from fountains afar,
 And fishes the seas for their food.
 In famine feeds them—what love can devise!
 The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the Swan,
 The snow-white bird on the lake?
 It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
 It silently sits in the brake;
 For it saves its song till the end of life,
 And then, in the soft, still even,
 'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
 It sings as it soars into heaven!
 And the blessed notes fall back from the skies
 'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one,
 A greater and better than all?
 Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
 Before whom the hosts of them fall?
 How He left the choirs and anthems above,
 For earth in its wailings and woes,
 To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross,
 And die for the life of His foes?
 O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!
 What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!

Have you heard this tale—the best of them all—
 The tale of the Holy and True?
 He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
 Lives on in the world anew,
 His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
 As the stars fill the skies above;
 He taught us to yield up the love of life
 For the sake of the life of love.
 His death is our life, His loss is our gain;
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
 Who for others do give up your all;
 Our Saviour hath told you 'his seed that would grow,
 Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
 Must pass from the view and die away,
 And then will the fruit appear:
 The grain that seems lost in the earth below
 Will return many-fold in the ear.
 By death comes life, by loss comes gain.
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.
 —Dr. Henry Harbaugh.

As one result of Methodist Union, we expect the mightiest revival of God's work this land has ever known. The consolidation of forces will necessitate a grand onward movement; the quenching of rivalries will beget a kindlier spirit; hope and expectation will stimulate to prayer, and effort will bring the blessing. This has occurred already, and will occur on a far wider scale. One of the most blessed revivals of the year has been at St. Thomas, where a Union Service of the different Methodist Churches has resulted in the conversion of over 150 souls. Let all who love Christ and Methodism look and pray and labour for a glorious revival to consummate Methodist Union.—*Outlook*.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK IN JAPAN.

WE have pleasure in giving the following extract from a recent letter from Miss Cartmell, the representative in Japan of the Woman's Missionary Society of our Church:—

I prize very highly the prayers of little children, and I long to have their sympathy awakened in my work, and to be able to tell the little folks here of the efforts of the children at home. I have not yet recovered from the deep impressions made upon me by the welcome I have received from the Japanese themselves. Very many have called upon me, some even before I had arrived, they were so anxious not to be late in tendering their congratulations upon my coming among them. I am told that the attendance at the Sabbath-school is larger, owing to the children's eagerness to see the new comer. Their expectations from me are so far beyond the possibility of realization that I want to fall back upon something else, that they may find my coming has a practical side, and be not too greatly disappointed. I am very much pleased that I bought some illumined cards with Scripture texts before leaving home. These I hope to use in stimulating regular attendance at Sabbath-school. In San Francisco I also purchased a roll containing twelve scenes in the life of Christ. These are well executed and beautifully coloured pictures which I intend to take with me as I visit the schools once a month, showing one new picture each time and constantly reviewing for me. I showed the first one last Sunday, the wise men presenting the infant Saviour with gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Afterwards the assistant told the children of how I had come so very far to teach them, how I wanted "to make their hearts good," and that they must remember all I said. But I had not said a word. I have not yet had any one who could interpret for me. It is just dawning upon me how very difficult this language must be. The ladies who have been for years in the country cannot give the simplest Sabbath-school lesson without the most laborious preparation; much less interpret while another speaks, and the Japanese do not understand English well enough to do it. So I am shut up to the one resource—"praying to my Father in secret who can reward openly." Yesterday I commenced my visiting in the homes. Accompanying Mrs. Eby, I called on three families. We were received with evident pleasure, and served with tea in their dainty little cups. With the tea, in the first house, we were given candy and preserved oranges; in the next, "mochi," or cakes made of ground rice; but in the next, three wonderful cakes were brought, and a pair of chopsticks. One cake looked something like a very large tomato, and was of a bright red colour; another, green, represented a piece of bamboo, and the third, brown, must have been meant for a pine apple. We thought they looked too pretty to break. Finally, they were put into a nice little box and given to Nellie Eoy, who accompanied us and received her share of attention, the people being greatly pleased to hear her talk Japanese so correctly and fluently. Afterwards we called at the hospital to see the mother of "Asagawa," one of the

native preachers. This good woman has been very ill for some time, and has been removed to this institution that she may receive the best attention. She is enduring her suffering with Christian resignation, and when she understood who I was,—among other things, she said, "Your Saviour is my Saviour." The devotion and tenderness of the son was very beautiful. I returned, thankful for the privilege I had enjoyed. I have commenced my studies, and have been fortunate enough to secure the services of Dr. McDonald's teacher for one hour each evening. My idea is to employ a young woman whose whole time can be at my disposal, one who will be able to teach me the language, translate what I may write in English, act as guide through the city, and as interpreter during my visits, etc. There is a Miss Wadda, who has long been anxious to become a teacher, and devote her whole time to Christian work, and, with this in view, has refused several offers of marriage. This is the person who said, "It seems like a thousand years till the ladies will come." I have thought it would be delightful to get a person whose heart the Lord has so prepared for His work, one whom I could train for a Bible woman.

DRINK AND THE SABBATH.

IN the intelligent city of Manchester, every beer, wine, or spirit shop was visited on the Sabbath-day, and the number of those who entered during legal hours accurately counted. For though food may not be sold on Sunday, this pernicious drink is vended under the sanction and protection of the law. The number of houses was 1,437; the number of visitors, men, 120,124; women, 71,609; children, 23,585; total, 215,318; about half of the entire population of Manchester, although many may have made several visits. We shall not pollute these pages with an account of the scenes that were witnessed in that Christian city on the Lord's Day. One district is described as a "perfect hell upon earth." One house, the "Swan Inn," was visited by 1,732 persons during the day. Many of the visitors were of very tender years. What fearful Sabbath desecration is thus caused! Besides this, it is said that there are 40,000 malsters in Great Britain employed all day long every Sunday in the manufacture of the liquor, to say nothing of those who are engaged in its sale.

Rev. Canon Stowell, M.A., says, "That dark and damnable traffic has turned the day of God almost into a day of Satan, and has made it questionable whether, for the mass of the people, it would not be better to have no Sunday at all."

The debauch begins on Saturday night, and frequently lasts all through the Sabbath and far into the week. It is said that 30,000 people go to bed drunk in Glasgow every Saturday night. The ale-house is their church, drinking their worship, and liquor their God. This vice turns the milk of human kindness into the gall of bitterness and hate, and converts the love of wife and child into a demoniac frenzy, impelling the human fiends to their destruction. This is the cause of that brutal wife-beating, which on the continent is considered the national characteristic of an Englishman, and

not that he is in any wise devoid of the natural affections.—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts*.

BREVITIES.

VOICES of the night—dogs that bark.
 A REAL teetotal curiosity—a pair of water-tight boots.

THE Bunyan article and pictures are necessarily postponed to our next number.

"A TART temper," says Washington Irving, "never mellow with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use."

AN Irishman once received a doctor's bill. He looked it carefully over, and said he had no objections to pay for the medicines, but the visits he would return.

"If you can't keep awake without," said a preacher to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put in the sermon."

LITTLE two-year-old went to church for the first time, and the choir were in the high gallery, with a clock on the front. "What did you see at church?" asked auntie, when he came home. "I saw some folks sing, up on the clock-shelf."

OUR little Caddie, four years old, was accused by her mother of having lost her memory, and the child looked bewildered for a moment, and then light seemed to dawn upon her, for she exclaimed, "I dess I know what memory is. It's the ting I forget wiv."

A LITTLE girl in her second term at school was amusing herself one day at home by writing texts on a card. One read in this way: "Little children, keep yourselves from idles." Pretty good advice, though not exactly what the Bible verse means.

AN old farmer said to his sons, "Boys, don't you ever speckerlate or wait for somethin' to turn up. You might jest as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail 'twixt your legs, and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

"What are you doing there, Jane?"
 "Why, pa, I am going to colour my doll's pinafore red."

"But what have you got to dye it?"
 "Beer."

"Who on earth told you beer would dye red?"

"Why ma, ssid that it was beer that made your nose red, and—"

"Here, Susan, take this child."

A TOUCHING incident is related by the Bay City *Tribune* of Prof. Cocker, of Michigan University: "Shortly before his death he called the attention of his pastor to a worn and faded shawl spread on his bed, and requested to have it wrapped around his body and buried with him. He had made it himself when a young man in England, had worn it in all his journeyings to and fro over the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, when residing in Australia, when he escaped from the Fiji Islanders when they were preparing to kill and roast him, and when he was shipwrecked. It accompanied him when he landed in the United States, and even clad the remains of his dead child when, penniless and disheartened, he first arrived in America. His wish was gratified."

THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER.

The world is growing better,
Though taken a while away
The hand of stately labour
With a friendly hand we greet,
We will not drink the bitter
When so little makes it sweet.

The world is growing richer,
In wealth brought from the earth—
But, better far, with treasures found
In mines of sterling worth,
For not in hoards are hidden more
Than simple claims of birth.

The world is growing better:
With fewer musty creeds,
With more of human sympathy
To answer human needs,
With precious harvests garnered
As the growth of precious seeds.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1883.

SUNDAY SCHOOL GRANTS.

ON the day before the date of this writing the executive committee of the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund of the Methodist Church of Canada held its regular meeting in this city. Twenty-five applications for aid were carefully examined. Two of these were reserved for further inquiry, and aid was granted to twenty-three applicants as follows: 140 books, 19 Banners, 200 each of PLEASANT HOURS and Home and School, 237 copies of Sunbeam, 110 Berean Leaves, the whole amounting to \$124. In many cases the applicants pay about half the amount of the grants made; in others less, and in a few nothing. All applicants, however, are urged to pay something. The amount reported as sent the secretary in part payment on grants since the previous meeting was \$69 95.

The Conferences to which the grants were made were as follows. Toronto 9, London 4, Montreal 1, Nova Scotia 1, New Brunswick 2, Newfoundland 5. The greater number given to the Toronto Conference results from the fact that many missions in the North West, Muskoka and Algoma districts receive aid from the fund. About ten of the schools, or nearly half of those aided, were new schools just started. The Sunday-school Board is especially anxious to help this class of applicants, and requests the ministers to establish such schools at every preaching place

where now there are none. Such new and needy schools will be helped as liberally as the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund will permit. For money to carry on this work no fund is dependent upon the collections required by the Discipline to be taken up in every school in the entire Connection, and upon the amounts contributed by schools asking aid. The latter amounts have during the past year very greatly increased. It is confidently anticipated that the collections in the schools will exhibit a corresponding increase. Since last October the number of grants made has been 145.

At the meeting of the Sunday-school Board a resolution was also passed inviting publishers to send specimens of their Sunday-school books free, for examination as to their suitability to be placed upon our Winnowed List which now numbers over sixteen hundred volumes of carefully selected and approved library books.

HOW THE GRANTS ARE APPRECIATED.

The following extracts from letters will show the manner in which grants are received and the amount of good which in remote and needy neighbourhoods they do. We do not give names as we have not the permission of the writers. The following is from a school in Nova Scotia:—"Dear Sir, I beg to enclose you \$3, this being the amount mentioned when you made the grants of the books and papers to our school. I am pleased to inform you that as a result of your liberal grant, the attendance of Sunday-school scholars has materially increased, and the excellent papers you send us are anxiously looked for and very much appreciated."

The following is from a missionary near Lake Nipissing to whose school a grant was sent:—"The people desire me to return you their best thanks for the kindness thus afforded them. Gladly would they take the papers and pay for them during the coming year, were they able. Any help that could be afforded them in the matter, would be highly prized by them and myself."

The following is from an Indian Mission:—"The papers kindly sent us are quite an attraction both to scholars and their parents. In fact a pagan Indian with whom I conversed one day told me that he read our Sabbath-school papers, his children being members of the school. We would like to have a library, an old one would answer every purpose. We could distribute the books every alternate Sabbath. In a short time I will, it spared, take up a collection for general Sabbath-school purposes."

Another brother writes:—"I have a preaching station in connection with this circuit, ten miles from the village. There is only a mere handful, so to speak, of Methodist people, but I have established a school, and already we have gathered forty children. It is just useless to ask them to give anything towards the school. If you can send us any books or papers they will be highly appreciated."

A zealous brother in Newfoundland, writes thus:—"A number of PLEASANT HOURS and Sunbeams have been sent, and the teachers and officers have made up their minds to let every scholar have one, and if there are more than one or two in one house we can distribute these papers. To this end we intend that every scholar shall pay, but as our people are poor we must wait

until the summer, and then a collection of fish will be made. I will be good for \$4 or more. I know it does not cover the entire cost, but I expect that when they get the papers they will pay up. I hope to get our school this year to move in the line of progress."

From a new settlement in Manitoba nearly 3,000 miles west of the one last mentioned—this gives one some idea of the extent of our Church operations—we have received the following:—"By to-day's mail I received the books you have so kindly sent for the help of our Sunday-school here. Allow me to thank you on behalf of the people belonging to our Church in this village, and myself, for the kindness you have shown us by helping in the starting of the Methodist Sunday school in this place."

From Newfoundland again comes this:—"I am grateful for the very liberal grant of Sunday school papers you are sending to my mission. Also for the back numbers, which are very useful. I will mail to you the \$5 promised as soon as I can get a Dominion note of that value. The Berean Lesson is now introduced in our schools. I am sure our Sunday-school work will feel the benefit of the grant of papers etc., given."

This is from the smallest of the provinces, Prince Edward Island. "I forward the enclosed to you on behalf of the Sunday-school Superintendent. I may say that this school deserves encouragement, for though very, very poor they are very zealous, and anxious to keep up a Methodist school. Your kindly consideration of their appeal for help will greatly oblige."

A grant is made to the settlement of Oka Indians at Bala, on the Indian reserve back of Gravenhurst, where we are told that all, old and young, are anxious to learn to read in English out of the Testament.

A missionary writes from Manitoulin Island:—"All are highly pleased with your generous donation. God is greatly blessing us."

Such is the sort of work being done by the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund. We invite hearty co-operation both in asking for grants and in contributing to the fund. When application for aid is made, please state number of scholars in primary and advanced classes, number of teachers, wants of the school, and how much it can give towards the grant. Address Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto.

OUR OWN.

THE following remarks of the Sunday-school Journal apply with equal force to "our own" papers.—Ed.

The editors and publishers of the Berean System of Lessons spare neither pains nor money in providing assistance in the preparation of lessons. They pay good and wise men and women for the time expended in the study of the several subjects. They buy good paper, use good type, good ink, fine engravings, and seek to make the apparatus of the Sunday school compare educationally and typographically with the apparatus of our best secular schools.

The Church in the highest eulogy—the General Conference—elect men to edit and to publish these helps. It is to their interest to do the work thoroughly, not cheaply. It is to their interest to provide at as low figures as possible the aids required by the average Sunday-school, but they dare

not so cheapen their publications as to run the risk of bankruptcy, or even temporary suspension. The Church has no private funds to waste in ridiculous and contemptible rivalry with private enterprises or competing religious houses. In a dignified, honourable, and substantial way it supplies careful instruction, in harmony with the standards of the Church, at reasonable financial figures, and expects every loyal Methodist minister, and every true Sunday-school superintendent and teacher, to use the publications thus supplied.

Criticisms upon methods are cordially solicited and welcome. The administration does not claim infallibility. It invites suggestions. Practical teachers in out-of-the-way places are as likely in their work to make discoveries as to principles and methods of teaching and management as is the editor in the quiet of his office.

The editor is therefore only too glad to be enlightened by those whose experience qualifies them for that service; and while we must not be in too great haste to modify our plans, we shall hold ourselves ready to receive hints from every quarter at all times.

Let us stand by our own helps, since our own are, in the long run, much the cheapest, and, in the judgment of many wise men and women in all denominations, much the best that are furnished the Sunday-school teachers of to-day.

A PLEASANT LETTER.

WE would like to receive many letters like the following, which has just come to hand:—"Dear Sir: One evening I read for my little boy, Willie, from the PLEASANT HOURS, the story, by Mr. Crosby, of the Indian Boy, Peter who died through cold and exposure during a duck hunting expedition. He listened very attentively and when I had finished said, 'Pa, when you send your money to the missionaries send my silver dollar,' in which shape he had his accumulated savings. I enclose the amount (one dollar) which you will please forward to Mr. Crosby (with this letter) to be used by him in his work as he sees fit. I hope it will encourage him in his labour of love to know of the interest the children are taking in his work, and lead him to write more of his experiences in the PLEASANT HOURS."

God bless the dear boy! May he grow up more and more in sympathy with this grandest of causes. He will find in self-denial for the cause of God a richer, sweeter, enjoyment than any he can receive from the gratification of self.

THE Baptist Teacher says:—"The Bible Class Teacher, published by Mr. D. C. Cook, carries at the head of a recent issue, this remarkable announcement: 'The Bible Class is a place where the teaching should be kept clear of theology, and limited simply to the facts of the Bible.' Let Baptist readers ponder that statement carefully, and consider what the practical outcome would be from the adoption of a help that is prepared on such a plan." Others beside Baptists may ponder whether this broad-gauge teaching, which will suit any Church, is to be desired for our Methodist schools in Canada.



ON THE LOOK-OUT.—(See next page.)

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND AND ITS SENTRY GHIM

HERE is a land of Immortals—
The beautiful of lauds;
Beside its ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And death the sentry grim;
The Lord therefore has given
The opening keys to him;
And ransomed spirits sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Pass through the gate in dying
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing;
They're blessed in their tears,
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears.
Death like an angel seeming,
"We welcome thee!" they cry;
Their face with glory gleaming,
'Tis life for them to die.

—Canadian Methodist Magazine.

ON THE LOOK-OUT.

THE picture on the previous page will be looked at again and again, many times over. What a wide-awake, sharp looking man he is! Look at his eyes! As the breeze is freshening he holds his cap, and peers away into the distance; and should an object, however small, be in sight, you'd see him put the spy-glass to his eye in an instant, and by its aid he would endeavour to satisfy himself respecting it. A good look-out at sea is a necessity, if collisions are to be avoided; and, when nearing the land, making the harbour, or sailing up or down a river, without a good look-out, accidents are sure to occur. Our "look-out" is none of your dazy, afternoon kind of people. He might truly say, "This one thing I do: I keep a good look-out."

What trouble comes of not keeping a good look-out. Some young people live for the present, and for it alone; or, if they are, by some strange combination of circumstances, led to think of the morrow, they say, with lamentable levity, "To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant." "The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; the simple passeth on, and is punished."

It is the duty of every one to keep a good look-out. Before embarking in any enterprise, count the cost; in its prosecution keep a good look-out, so that nothing that prudence and skill can do, shall be lacking.

We are sailing in troubled waters, more or less of danger is around us.

"Rocks of Pride on either hand,
And quicksands of despair."

We must needs keep a good look-out. "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Moses said of his people, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." Latter end! Yes, look to the end. Ask, how will this end? "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Keep a good look-out.

If we are safely sailing to the haven we love, there are many thousands

floating about on spars and planks; others have not yet left the fast sinking or burning ship, while others are stowed in some frail boat. The only hope of each and all is, that some friendly sail will see 'hem, bear down upon them, and rescue them. Keep a good look-out—scan well the horizon—let no flag of distress escape your notice. KEEP A GOOD LOOK-OUT.—Ensign.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

WITH the opening of the schools in the spring, there has come a regular "boom" in our Sunday-school papers. Never have we received so many orders at this season of the year as during the last month. Instead of our now paper, *Home and School*, pulling down the circulation of *Pleasant Hours*, it seems to have actually helped it. It is far ahead of what it ever was before, and that of *Home and School* has surpassed the most sanguine anticipations. Indeed, some think the latter rather the better paper of the two. We intend to make each as good as we possibly can. The success which has attended our efforts shows that our schools know when a good thing is given them, and will loyally respond and heartily patronize the periodicals of our own Church. We know of no Church in Christendom which furnishes for its schools so much good reading, saturated through and through with religious, temperance, missionary and patriotic sentiment, as the Methodist Church of Canada. Most of the great American Churches give a four-page paper, just half the size of ours, for the same price; and those few which give as much reading charge a great deal more for it. It is only the generous patronage of all our schools which will enable us to develop the Sunday-school literature of our Church as we earnestly desire to see it developed, and that patronage we confidently expect in a still larger measure to receive.—Banner.

THE HOME COLLEGE SERIES.

DR. VINCENT whose whole energies seem to be devoted to the work of diffusing popular Christian Education, has devised a new method for carrying out this result. This plan which we judge will be very successful, he thus describes:—

"The 'The Home College Series' will contain one hundred short papers on a wide range of subjects—biographical, historical, scientific, literary, domestic, political, and religious. Indeed, the religious tone will characterize all of them. They are written for everybody—for all whose leisure is limited, but who desire to use the minutes for the enrichment of life.

"These papers contain seeds from the best gardens in all the world of human knowledge, and if dropped wisely into good soil, will bring forth harvests of beauty and value.

"They are for the young—especially for young people (and older people too,) who are out of the schools, who are full of 'business' and 'cares,' who are in danger of reading nothing, or of reading a sensational literature that is worse than nothing.

"One of the papers a week read over and over, thought and talked about at 'odd times,' will give in one year a vast fund of information, an intel-

lectual quickening, worth even more than the mere knowledge acquired, a taste for solid reading, many hours of simple and wholesome pleasure, and ability to talk intelligently and helpfully to one's friends.

"Pastors may organize 'Home College' classes, of 'Lyceum Reading Unions,' or 'Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles,' and help the young people to read and think and talk and live to worthier purpose.

"A young man may have his own little 'college' all by himself, read this series of tracts one after the other, (there will soon be one hundred of them ready,) examine himself on them by the 'Thought-Outline to Help the Memory,' and thus gain knowledge, and, what is better, a love of knowledge.

"And what a young man may do in this respect, a young woman, and both old men and old women, may do."

The series consists of neatly printed 16 page 12mo tracts, with tinted cover and outline questions on the text, and cost only five cents each.

The subjects, so far, are—Carlyle, Wordsworth, Longfellow and Irving, by Dr. D. Wise; Rome, Egypt and England, by Rev. J. I. Boswell; the Sun, by Rev. C. M. Westlake, and Political Economy, by Dr. Steele.

We wish that ten thousand Canadian boys and girls—from seven years old to seventy—would begin to read these books.

"THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN."

IF the duke of Wellington could say, "The victory of Waterloo commenced at Eton," it might be said of the little Scotch boy who trudged a mile and a half daily to the school at Perth that he then began his march to the chair of lord chief-justice of England. Indomitable perseverance marked him even then.

Before he was ten years of age William Murray, the future "silver-tongued Mansfield," was noted for great diligence and close application to his studies. It is recorded of him that he never failed in recitation, never required punishment for remissness in behaviour or in lessons, and was usually at the head of his class. His remarkable clearness of intellect and command of language was manifested very early.

We regret that the limited space in the *Banner* will not permit us to give the number of teaching hints, methods of study, of school management and the like, that we would wish. But in our new Sunday-school paper, *Home and School*, we have abundance of space, and give the cream of all the Sunday-school exchanges that come under our notice. Teachers will find this very helpful. We hope that schools that do not take it for the scholars will at least order enough to supply each teacher. Only 25 cents per copy per year.

We had reason to consult the Toronto City Directory to-day and were surprised to find the following proportions of names. They are not counted one by one, but computed at so many on a page. Hunter's, 70; Wilson's, 144; Smith's, 280; Brown's, 144; Thompson's, 168; Robinson's, 96. The importance of giving the street and number in an address is obvious.—Ed. P. H.

THE OLD CONJUROR.

BY REV. A. E. GREEN, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

AN old conjuror named "Ulcheat" living at Kit-hicks has long been the terror of the poor superstitious people. He professed to be able to kill or cure by sorcery, and in this way extorted much property from the Indians. This last fall he was heavily fined at Port Simpson by the magistrate for extorting money by sorcery. Two weeks ago this old conjuror came to the Mission-house, and asked to speak with me. Several of our Christian natives were in the room while he spoke to us as follows:—"Bring me the food of Jesus! I am filthy! I am bad! I am come to the fountain! Help me! help me! Long I have worked for the Devil. Long my heart has been troubled! Now I am come to Jesus for rest. When a little child has lost its father and mother, and its home, it cries in great trouble. Anyone who may see the lost one takes it by the hand and leads it to its father. Lead me; I am lost! Lead me to my Father. You know God, take my hand, lead me to Him. I want Him to forgive me and give me a new heart." We pointed him to the Lamb of God, and our native Christians prayed earnestly with him. The following evening in meeting he said, "I feel strange to-day! I feel like a little bird beginning to fly! The weight is gone from my heart. My trouble seems all gone! Last night I could not sleep; I wanted to sing. I feel that I belong to Jesus!" This man was simply dreading by the natives, but the power of God has reached his heart. He tells the people that he had no power to ill wish them, but his bad heart wanted their property, and so he professed himself a conjuror to get it. Now he is returning the things so taken to their owners. The other day he came up to the house, and coming in the inner room, he said, "If ever I came up to this house when I was doing the devil's work, I used to feel ashamed, and so sat down just inside the door, but to-day I come right in for I am washed in the blood."—Outlook.

I AM COMING, KEEP LOOKING UP.

A LITTLE girl who was playing near the edge of a precipice, suddenly felt the ground give way beneath her feet, and before she had time to spring back to a place of safety, had slipped over the brow of the abyss. With the instinct of despair, and that love of life implanted in us all, she snatched at the grass and tall weeds within her reach. Her little fingers dug deep into the ground, and stayed her downward course. There she hung, suspended in the air. Moments seemed ages, until she heard a voice, which sounded very far off, saying in a firm encouraging tone. "I am coming; keep looking up!" Instinctively she obeyed; she never glanced downward, but clung faster to her only chance of safety. Again the voice—this time nearer—spoke hopefully: "I am coming; keep looking up!" In another moment two strong hands had seized her own in a firm clasp, and she felt herself drawn gently and cautiously upward. Then she was lifted into great loving arms, and closed her eyes upon her father's breast.—Christian at Work.

KNITTING THE STOCKING.

THE supper is o'er, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood fire's glow,
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago.

When grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been
Sweeter than
Thau now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is grey;
But the light that shone in the young girl's
eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the firelight
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they will have ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night—
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright:

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours has just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to work
And the ribbing is almost play:
Some are grey-coloured, and some are white;
And some are ashen grey.

"But most are made of many hues,
With many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces without a break,
That in life are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We count, and yet would ahun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done."

The children came to say "good-night,"
With tears in their bright young eyes,
While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

JUST FOR FUN.



IT was rather a favourite excuse with Willie Goodwin, whenever he was deep in mischief, or had to plead guilty when accused of some boyish scrape, that it was done just for fun.

Many a time he resolved to try to be more orderly and let boyish pranks alone, but the next prospect of fun would banish all his good resolutions, until the penalty recalled them again. He was nearly fifteen when the tragedy I am about to tell you sobered him for life. He was a middle-aged man when he told me the story, but even then he could not speak without emotion of his last piece of "fun."

"We had been out for a walk," he told me, "Frankie Ford, Tom Lee, and I, and we were coming home at twilight when we met Sammy Willets, who was rather a favourite butt for teasing with all the boys. He was a very timid, rather sickly boy, of about fourteen, peevish and easily irritated, and, the rougher, stronger boys said, a coward. As soon as we saw him coming, the spirit of mischief seemed to possess us all, and each one planned how to tease the poor timid boy.

"Let's hide and jump at him," one suggested.

"Let's tell him his house is on fire, and see him run," cried another.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I said. 'We'll coax him down to Rutland's barn for a game of romps, and shut him up!'

"Rutland's barn was a large barn standing alone, at some distance from any other building.

"Although it was twilight, the summer evenings were long, and Sammy was not surprised to be told we were going to Rutland's barn for an hour of play before bed-time. He was quite willing to join us, and we were soon in the old barn, making it ring with our shouts and laughter.

"The hour passed rapidly, and it was getting quite dark when we sent Sammy into the hay-loft on some errand, ran out ourselves, and drew the big doors after us. It was hard work to fasten them with the rusty iron latch, but we accomplished this, too, and then ran off.

"Just as we were at the edge of the field we heard one fearful scream, but we only hurried on, laughing at the thought of Sammy's discomfiture.

"I must say, in our defense, that passing one night in the old barn would have been no great misfortune to any of us. We were all hardy country boys, full of life and health, free from superstition or morbid fears, and we could none of us realize what the dark loneliness was to a timid, sickly boy, with rather a weak mind.

"It must have been after midnight when we were roused at home by a violent knocking at the door. My father spoke from the window, asking what was wanted, and I heard our neighbour, Mr. Willets, asking anxiously,

"Is Sammy here?"

"No. Is he not at home?"

"He has not been home since sunset. I am very much worried, because he is not well."

"I'll ask Willie if he has seen him."

"In another moment father was by my bed, and I told him where they would find Sammy. Never shall I forget the father's cry of horror:

"It will kill him. My poor, timid boy. He is afraid of the dark, and the doctor has told us we must humor him, because he is not strong enough to bear fright. Will you come with me, Mr. Goodwin?"

"I was dressing as rapidly as I could, and was by my father's side when he lighted a lantern and joined Mr. Willets.

"Let me go," I begged. "I never meant to hurt him. I wouldn't mind staying there all night a bit, and I did not think it would really hurt him. O, sir, do you think it will kill him? It was all a joke—just for fun."

"God forgive you, boy," he answered me in a choked voice. "I am afraid it will be dear fun for us all. Sammy, my poor boy! Who will tell his mother if harm has come to him? Our only one—our poor, sickly boy!"

"So he lamented as we hurried across the fields, every word increasing my terror and remorse. It was my proposal, and I felt myself the only guilty one, though the others had helped me to carry out the cruel joke that seemed any thing but fun now. We reached the barn at last, and undid the heavy fastenings of the door. Mr. Willets called his boy by name every moment, but no answer came.

It seemed to me hours before the heavy doors swung back. One of them would not open wide, and looking for the cause, we found poor Sammy, white and senseless, lying on the floor behind it. His father lifted him up.

"He is not dead," he said. "Can we get water?"

"I hurried to the well and brought water, but the boy was too far gone for that. O, the long distance it seemed to Mr. Willets, and beyond that to the doctor's, where I ran at once! Never shall I forget the face of Sammy's mother as she took the boy's face in her hands and looked into it. It was so white and still, I dared scarcely believe he really lived as I hurried to the doctor's. He did live, recovering his health after a long, dangerous illness; but his mind was gone forever. Some fright in those lonely hours of darkness gave a shock to the weak mind that was never cured, and he lived only to be an idiot.

"It is some years now since we laid him in his quiet grave, the victim of a boyish prank. I tell you it was the last piece of mischief I ever did 'just for fun.'"

THE SLED UNDER THE HAY-STACK.

BEFORE us was the wide, level marsh. The mowers had been there, and the hay had been piled up into brown, bushy hay-cocks. Under some of these hay-cocks were sleds that the farmer might readily haul off his harvest when the marsh was frozen. Preparations had been made for the future.

When you see boys or girls busy at their studies, saving their pennies, and above all cultivating habits of purity, temperance, and prayer, then they are getting ready for their future and putting the sled under the hay-stack. Ought not every one to think of and prepare for the future? And in life ought we not to be making ready for death? Thanks, farmer-friend, for your lesson of the sled under the hay-stack.

THE DRUNKARD.

HAVE you seen the drunkard reeling along the street with a slouchy look and rum-red eyes? He has spent all his wages for that which is destroying his body, and which will at last damn his soul. He is going home to make his wretched family still more wretched. He is the servant of a hard master; and his wages are rags, ruination, and remorse. His reward for good service in the ranks of King Alcohol is bruises and a broken head.

Yea, no doubt you have seen him. Every boy has seen the drunkard stagger past; or nearly every town and village in the land has its drunkards. All of these drunkards that you have and all that you have not seen were once, like yourselves, boys with never a thought in their pure souls of growing up into the most debasing of all God's creatures, drunkards.

There was a time in the life of each when he took the first dram; and this was the very time when he crossed the danger-line and vent over into the enemy's country. How much better it would have been if they each had seen the danger right then and there, and beat a hasty retreat over into the ranks of the cold-water army, where they would have been safe.

There is no safety for a boy who

does not want to become a staggering sot but in the total-abstinence plan. This is the Bible plan: "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

SMALL CHANGE.

THE first thing in a shoe is the last. WHAT is that that has a mouth yet never speaks and a bed in which it never sleeps?—A river.

THE London *Freeman* says that the native Christians of Madagascar have given more than a million dollars during the past ten years for the spread of the Gospel.

THE *Christian Register* asserts that there is nothing which helps us so much to feel that our own lives have been worth living as the humble but grateful consciousness that we have helped some other soul fulfil its destiny.

THE *Religious Herald* thinks that it looks as if the strategic point in the warfare for the world's conversion to Christ is the heart of woman. That won, and the family is won; and when up goes the family, down goes heathenism.

HOUSEKEEPER, (showing party of American visitors round old baronial mansion): "And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the ancient banquetting hall, erected by the third Baron in the reign of—" Miss McShoddy (interrupting): "My! it's an elegant feedin'-room, ain't it pa?"

THE Walla Walla *Watchman* says:—"In Westphalia, Germany, a list of the notorious drunkards is published by the police, and the dealers are forbidden to sell them liquor. It seems a little hard on the saloon-keepers to deprive them of a customer just as soon as he is educated up to a profitable basis."

WHY HOBSON OBJECTED.—"Hobson," said Muggins, "they tell me you've taken your boy away from the graded school. What's that for?" "Cause," said Hobson, "the master aint fit to teach 'im." "Oh," said Muggins, "I've heard he's a very good master." "Well," replied Hobson, apologetically, "all I know is he wanted to teach my boy to spell 'tators with a 'p.'"

MRS. CARLYLE'S diary shows that when the Princess of Wales was engaged to the future King of England she was a poor, but graceful girl, who always wore long cloaks. Once when she visited Windsor the Queen said: "I think you always wear a jacket; how is that?" "Oh," said little Alexandra, "I wear it because it is so economical. You can wear it with any sort of gown; and you know I have always had to make my own gowns. I have never had a lady's maid, and my sister and I make our own clothes; I even make my own bonnets."

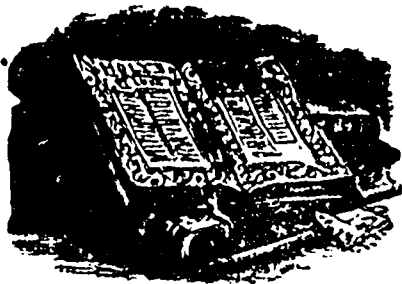
HERE is a coloured man's estimate of the effect of whiskey drinking upon domestic happiness. At a temperance meeting recently held in North Carolina, among the speakers there was an old darkey who is reported to have said: "When I sees a man goin' home wid a gallon of wiskey and a half-pound of meat, dat's temperance lecture 'nuff for me, and I sees it ebery day; I knows dat ebery ting in his house is on de same scale—gallon of misery to ebery half-pound of comfort."

OVERHEAD.

BY BARA DUNCAI.

Oh! lift thine eyes, my soul, and see
The calm clouds sailing over,
The guarded oak's strength, the shy leaves
that
Fair-pinioned birds that hover!

Oh! lift thine eyes, my soul, and see
Earth's faith in her Defender;
And for thy tired self learn alone,
The lesson of surrender!



Search the Scriptures.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 24.

[TO THE SCHOLAR.—1. Read over the lessons of the quarter carefully as they are given in the Home Readings. 2. As you read each lesson see how the Questions upon it, given below, are answered. 3. Learn the Title and Golden Text of each lesson. 4. Find on the map all the places named in the lessons. 5. Review all your work on Saturday, and once more on Sunday.]

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Lesson I. Simon the Sorcerer. Acts 8. 14-25.—In what place was he? Who came there? What followed the laying on of their hands? What did Simon try to do? How was he rebuked? Repeat GOLDEN TEXT. How may wrong hearts be made right?

Lesson II. Philip and the Ethiopian. Acts 8. 26-40.—Where did they meet? Who was the Ethiopian? What was he doing? What did Philip do for him? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? Why should a believer rejoice?

Lesson III. Saul's Conversion. Acts 9. 1-18.—Who was Saul? What did he do? Where was he going? How was he stopped? What did the Lord say to him? Who laid his hands on him? What is it to be converted? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.

Lesson IV. Saul Preaching Christ. Acts 9. 19-31.—What had Saul been? What was he now? Where did he preach? What did his enemies do? How did he escape? Where did he go? Repeat GOLDEN TEXT. How may we stand up for Jesus?

Lesson V. Peter Working Miracles. Acts 9. 32-43.—What miracle took place at Lydda? What woman died at Joppa? Why was she especially mourned? How was she restored? Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.

Lesson VI. Peter Preaching to the Gentiles. Acts 10. 30-44.—Who are the Gentiles? What Gentile was the first Christian? Who told him to send for Peter? What did Peter tell him? Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.

Lesson VII. The Spread of the Gospel. Acts 11. 19-30.—What led to the spreading of the Gospel? Who were its first preachers? Where was the first Church of the Gentiles? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? Who came to visit it? What did its members do for the people in Judea? How does this show that we can help others?

Lesson VIII. Herod and Peter. Acts 12. 1-17.—Who was Herod? What did he do to the Church? What did he do to Peter? What did the Church do for Peter? How was Peter delivered? How does this prove the GOLDEN TEXT?

Lesson IX. Paul and Barnabas in Cyprus. Acts 13. 1-12.—Who were sent out as missionaries? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? Where did they begin their work? Whom did they meet as an enemy? What happened to him? What ruler was converted?

Lesson X. At Antioch. Acts 13. 13-52.—What Antioch was this? Where did Paul preach in that city? What was the result of his preaching? What did the preachers say when the Jews opposed them? What is said in the GOLDEN TEXT? What led to their leaving Antioch? What example do we find in their conduct?

Lesson XI. At Iconium and Lystra. Acts 14. 1-18.—What took place at Iconium? What miracle was wrought at Lystra? What was its effect on the people? What did the apostles do and say? What is the GOLDEN TEXT?

Lesson XII. End of First Missionary Journey. Acts 14. 19-28.—What change took place in the feelings of the Lystrans? What did they do to Paul? What did Paul do? Where did the missionaries next preach? What did they do on the return journey? What report did they bring? How does the GOLDEN TEXT present our duty?

Special Quarterly Service.—Topic: The Church. 1. The foundation of the Church. 2. The elements of a true Church. 3. Our duties toward the Church.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B. C. 1451.] LESSON I. [July 1.

JOSHUA SUCCESSOR TO MOSES.

Josh. 1. 1-9. Commit to memory vs. 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Eph. 6. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The call. v. 1, 2.
2. The Work. v. 3-6.
3. The Guide. v. 7-9.

TIME.—B. C. 1451, at the close of the wandering of the Israelites in the wilderness.

PLACE.—The plains of Moab, on the east of Jordan opposite Jericho.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Lord spake*—Either through the high-priest or directly to Joshua by an inward voice. *Moses' minister*—His servant and follower. *Moses my servant*—The highest honor to be a servant of God. *Therefore arise*—They were not allowed to enter Canaan while Moses lived. *Go over*—Jordan lay between them and the land of Canaan. *I do give them*—It had been promised to them four hundred years before. *Shall tread upon*—A promise that they should possess the land as far as they should occupy it. *The great sea*—The Mediterranean Sea. *Going down of the sun*—On the west of Canaan. *Your coast*—Your boundary. *I was with Moses*—In giving him authority over Israel, power over his enemies, and wisdom for his work. *Be strong*—Earnest, determined. *Shalt thou divide*—After the land was conquered it was to be divided into twelve portions. *Swear [promised] unto their fathers*—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. *This law*—In the books from Exodus to Deuteronomy. *Not depart out of thy mouth*—That is, "You must talk about it," repeat its laws, etc. *Meditate*—Study it. *Then . . . prosperous*—God will give true prosperity to those who obey his law.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. That we may have God's presence and help?
2. That we should be bold in God's cause?
3. That we should study and obey God's law?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who commanded Israel after the death of Moses? Joshua. 2. What was God's promise to Joshua? "I will be with thee." 3. What was God's command to Joshua? "Be thou strong and very courageous." 4. What was he commanded to study and obey? The law of the Lord. 5. What was promised in the way of obedience? "Thou shalt have good success."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The authority of God's law.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

27. When Jesus Christ had honored God so much in his life, how came he to die so shameful a death?

Although Jesus Christ had so much honored God in his life, yet he came at last to the shameful death of the cross, because he was appointed of God to be a sacrifice to take away the sins of men, who had deserved to die.

JOSEPH COOK, having just returned from a world-wide survey, says: "Infidelity and materialism are decreasing, and Christianity is spreading, not only in America, but all over the world."

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