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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887

[No. 19.]



HELPFUL HANDS.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## The Angel of Temperance

Into the homes of sadness  
She came with eyes of light  
With summer sounds of gladness.  
A spirit pure and bright  
She came with health and happiness  
And whispered words of love,  
A light amid the darkness  
To point the soul above.

Into the homes of sorrow  
Her presence brought relief,  
And then a glad to-morrow  
Dawned on a night of grief:  
And hearts of lonely anguish  
That long had drooped in pain  
Smiled as her blessed footsteps passed,  
And dared to hope again.

Her shining robes were pure and white,  
Her bright hair wreathed with flowers,  
So sweet their breath, so softly bright,  
To gladden earthly bowers.  
She came to lead the erring  
To the bright and better land,  
And souls grew strong for victory  
That clasped her helping hand.

Where'er she came, smiled peace and love  
And earnest words of prayer  
Were softly raised to God above,  
Souls sought forgiveness there.  
Where'er she came, came faith and hope  
To spirits dark and cold,  
The weary, wandering feet were led  
Back to the Saviour's fold.

She is the Angel, Temperance,  
A spirit brave and fair;  
Oh, take her to your homes and hearts,  
And peace will enter there,  
And every heaven-born flower shall bloom,  
A d'evil will depart,  
And she will lead our feet to him  
Who bless'd the pure in heart.

A. SAVAGE.

## HELPPFUL HANDS.

M. L. C.

WHAT difficulties our little friend in the picture has met with, while gathering his bundle of sticks! His work is done now, so he sits on the stump to rest before carrying his load home; and his sisters are helping him all they can. Little Bessie is trying to remove the annoying grain of dust from his eye with the corner of her apron, while Bertha works carefully that she may remove the thorn from his foot without hurting him. Ned thinks it does hurt a little, but he is glad that the girls are so thoughtful and he will not complain.

Hard work, is it not, to gather those small sticks in the woods, and tie them securely in that bundle! Harder still to carry them more than a mile to the farm-house yonder; but I think Bertha will carry them part of the way, and little Bessie will carry the basket. That is right, children, do what you can to help one another.

Difficulties lie in the way of every duty, but they must be met with determination to overcome them. No doubt Ned felt that thorn in his bare foot before his sticks were all gathered, but he did not stop until his work was done: then his sisters came just in time to help him.

We cannot expect our pathway to be strewn with flowers all the way, but when we meet with the little perplexities, let us do the best we can, and when we see anybody else in

trouble, let us help them all we can, thus making their burdens lighter, and while helping others, we will be happy ourselves.

## NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

## CHAPTER X.

ON GUARD.

AFTER Miss Sally's simple funeral was over Jack went home with Mr. John Boyd, quite glad that Will, after a hurried hand shake, made an excuse of business, asking his cousin to call at the store before he left town.

When Jack reached the dreary boarding-house he was taken up to see Aunt Hannah, who lay on her pillows thin to emaciation, pale almost as the aunt he had just seen shut into her coffin, and her weak voice interrupted by a constant little cough that told its own story. But she was very glad to see Jack, though more than once tears ran over her eyelids as she looked at him; perhaps she saw and mourned over the contrast between the kindly, frank young face, beaming upon her with real affection, and the pinched sour visage of the boy she had borne and petted and waited on, only to be neglected by him on her death-bed. She had sowed tares, she was now reaping tares; but Manice had put into the fields, over which the Lord had set her, only good wheat. Her children were respected and loved by all who knew them.

After Jack had been with his Aunt Hannah a little while, and told her some pleasant and cheerful things about his occupation in the city, he saw that she was tired, and went down stairs into the dingy little parlour where his uncle waited for him. He found Mr. Boyd with his head dropped on his arms on the table. He, too, had been overcome with bitter disappointment and accusing memory as he saw Jack and Will side by side at his aunt's grave. He went back to that day, so long ago, when Manice had said, after the Thanksgiving dinner, that her boy must learn self-denial. He saw now how it had strengthened a nature too much like the dead father's, and made within the boy a strength and manliness utterly wanting in his own son, who had never known an ungratified wish or been controlled in any manner, but he said not a word. He rose and wrung Jack's hand.

"Uncle John, are not you ever coming to the city to see me?" the boy asked, as much to break the silence as because he expected his uncle to come.

"Not at present, my lad. If ever I am sent there on business I shall surely look you up. But I don't do much pleasure-travelling now."

Jack looked at him with pitiful eyes. Was this weak, flaccid, poorly dressed man the strong, florid, cheery gentleman he had admired and loved from

his boyhood? Was this the result of living to one's self rather than to God and man? Perhaps he would not have had this thought but that he had heard a man at the funeral just over remark to another on Mr. John Boyd's broken-down look, and the other's answer:

"Yes, you can't eat your cake and have it too. John Boyd has spent when he had, and now he hasn't got it to spend."

An odd verdict, Jack thought. But its very want of grammar fixed it in his mind. He knew that his uncle was nominally a Christian, but not practically, there is a vast difference, and Jack was finding it out.

But he could not stay long. There were affliction, sympathy, and regret in his face and grasp as he bade his uncle good bye, and went back to his mother's house, for he must take the night train.

"Now, mammy," he said, "you'll move back into your old room, and have a 'spar' room' again, as Mimy calls it. No more boarders for you, ma'am! The girls and I will see to that."

"O, Jack, I want to talk to you about a plan. You know, dear, that poor Aunt Hannah has but a very little while to live. The doctors count the days now, and it does seem as if there would be no place for Uncle John then but here. You won't object to me giving him the aunts' rooms?"

Jack looked at his mother with his heart in his eyes.

"Please, Mrs. Manice," he began, in Mimy's very tone, "isn't there nothin' in creation you won't do for every body?"

Manice laughed.

"Don't brandish your double negatives at me, Jackeymo! I never taught you to go further in negation than one 'no.'"

"And I don't know where I should have been by this time, my mammy, if I had not learned that. No wonder I want to double it up now and then; but, seriously, it seems to me as if you needed plenty of rest, and your own old sunny room again. If you have Uncle John here, why can't he take my old room where you are now? and why does he need a parlour?"

"My dear, I would not give him any thing but the best I have. When people have come down in the world, Jack, they get pretty sensitive to small things. I want to help poor John's self-respect, it has had so many shocks that even so little a matter as that he has the best room in the house will please him; and it is a great deal for him to have a sitting-room of his own where he can get away from every one. A woman always has her bedroom for that purpose, but a man never likes it. I think every one needs to be entirely by himself sometimes. If Christ went so often 'apart' and 'alone,' in his divine humanity, why should not mere human beings need a little solitude? I think they always do."

"Well, ma'am, I give it up. You

carry too many guns for me, always, Mrs. Boyd. I own beat."

Manice kissed him, and he went to bid his sisters good-bye, wondering as he looked back from the door at their frank, fair young faces, if ever they would be like their mother.

Happy Manice! Her harvest had begun.

All the way back to the city Jack was contriving how he could manage to buy his mother a warm cloak. He did not want to lessen his quarterly remittance to her, which he knew helped her to live without the rigid economy she had been forced to practice while her children were young, and now she needed it more than ever, for the aunts' annuities had died with them, the good price they had paid for their board had been Manice's great resource, and now that was gone.

Jack had meant to get himself a new winter overcoat. The old one was not ragged or thin as yet, but it was certainly shabby, and Jack, like most young men, liked to be well and neatly dressed. It is the right thing to like—if it is not overliked. To use this world as not abusing it is as much a Christian's privilege as a sinner's; but the trouble is when and where to stop.

Jack's dress was limited by his purse, and Manice had trained him in such a horror of debt that no suave and solicitous tailor ever had persuaded him to have a garment "charged." If he could not pay for it he went without it, and so spared his spirit many a heavy load that he knew not of by experience.

Now, he considered whether that old coat could not be restored to least to decency. He had heard tales of wonderful scourers and dyers who "made auld claes luik amaist as weel's new" at comparatively small price, and he resolved to carry his ancient garment to the most noted of such repairers as soon as he could. But there would be no time to-night, to-morrow night was prayer-meeting, the next night a reading for the benefit of the Sunday-school of his church.

The coat could wait, and luckily it had to, for the third day after his return he had a long letter from Anne telling him that in putting the aunts' rooms in order preparatory to their cleaning and repainting, they had found in Aunt Sally's table-drawer a short will, written since Aunt Maria's death, in which the two handsome Paisley shawls belonging to the aunts were left to their two nieces, as well as their watches and chains; Aunt Sally's serviceable cloth cloak, almost new, fell to Mimy, while Aunt Maria's best black silk, crape shawl, and seal-skin jacket were given to Manice. "And isn't it good about the seal jacket," wrote Anne; "we've just found out, thanks to Mimy, that mother meant to go without a new cloak this year; she has helped Aunt Hannah so much, Mimy calls it the 'mantle of charity.' 'Tis so, she says, 'it'll cover up them peccoliar ways of Miss Mari's clean

out o' sight. We like our watches too, Jack, they are really useful, and though Alice and I had been laying up a little here and there as we could spare it, to buy us silver watches, we began to think it was slow work. But the sack for mother was the best of all. And O, I forgot the dear old aunty had a dozen new shirts for you, all made and marked, ready to be washed. Minny will do them up and send them."

But even this small bequest was not to be quite peaceful. There is some trouble, some ill-feeling always about a will, however little it leaves, and Will Boyd chose to feel aggrieved that his aunt's family profited by the few things Miss Sally left. He blustered a good deal, and even threatened to break the will on the ground of undue influence, but he could not get a lawyer in the place to undertake so absurd a case; so he let the matter drop as soon as he clearly saw that his share of the spoils would not even pay for the prosecution of the suit. Happily Mrs. Manice never heard of her nephew's project. Minny did, but kept it from the family, contending herself with the contemptuous remark to her informant,

"Well, I ain't, so to say, surprised a mite. That feller's as small as a poppy-seed, and he's growing smaller every day; ef his soul was shut up in a hazel-nut shell 'twould rattle round when you shook it. My land! I believe he'd make a suit out o' his old coffee-bags if they wa'n't scratchy, rather 'n spend a cent on good clothes."

About a week after this letter from Anne, one morning Mr. Gray asked Jack to come into the directors' room a moment, as he wanted to speak to him. Jack assented cheerfully. He had a "conscience void of offence," and dreaded nothing from the interview. But Mr. Gray had not asked him in to find fault with him.

"Jack," said he, "in view of the frequent bank robberies about the country, our directors have resolved to get some one to sleep in the bank. Frank cannot be spared from home, his mother is a widow and he her only child, and Mr. Jones is about to be married. We could hire a man, but prefer some one whom we know. If you will do it, we will pay you three hundred dollars a year for the service. What do you think about it?"

Jack's eyes sparkled, then they grew dark; he thought of his mother.

"Mr. Gray," he said, "I'd like to do it first-rate. I'd just like to catch 'em in here, sir! But I think I ought to ask mother."

"So you ought, my lad; it is her right. I don't deny that there may be some risk encountered, but there may not be any, either. A city bank is less likely to be entered than one in the country. But write at once and ask your mother; tell her you will sleep in the directors' room, where we shall put in a cabinet-bed for you. And we shall provide you with a revolver, and have you taught to use it; but

perhaps you'd better not mention that, eh?"

"I guess I'll tell her every thing. I always do," said Jack.

So shortly after he received this letter.

"DEAR JACK: I want you to decide for yourself about sleeping in the bank. You understand the matter better than I can, and you are old enough to have your own opinions and act on them. I will acquiesce in whatever you feel is right. One thing, if it should ever happen that you need to use a revolver anywhere, in the bank or not, be cool and careful. Do not take life if you can help it; you can disable a man effectually without killing him. And it is an awful thing to send a sinful soul into God's presence without a moment for penitence or prayer. I say again, my boy, I trust you to decide. Your very loving mother,  
"MANICE BOYD."

Jack gave the letter to Mr. Gray, who read it, and then looked up at him. "Well!" he said.

"I have decided to come," said Jack.

(To be continued.)

#### DOING A LITTLE THING.

THE privilege of doing good is not confined to the great or to the talented. The humblest may contribute towards the accomplishment of great results, and if they are on the watch for opportunities, they will not fail to find them. Many years ago, a good woman in London, whose life was consecrated to the work of saving souls, was passing, one evening, by a public garden. Noticing a young man standing there, she stepped up to him and said:

"I suppose you are waiting for some one."

"Yes, I am waiting for a companion to go with me to the garden."

"Come," said the old lady, "come with me and hear Mr. Blank preach."

The young man consented to the sudden proposal, and she led him to the place of prayer. The word was preached with power. The young man was convinced of sin, and turned to God, and became a worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

That young man was John Williams, "the Apostle of Polynesia," who, at the age of twenty years, gave himself to missionary labour; was sent by the London Society to the Society Islands in 1816; discovered Raratonga in 1823, reduced the language to writing, and, with the aid of others, translated the New Testament into it; wrote his narrative of missionary enterprises in the South Sea Islands; and perhaps awakened more interest in the missionary cause in the thoughtful minds of England than any other man; and was finally murdered by the natives at Eromanga, New Hebrides, Nov. 20, 1839. And yet the hinge on which that man's life seemed to turn was the act of that godly woman, who invited him to come with her and hear the

servant of the Lord declare the message of salvation.

It was a little thing to do, but what mighty results followed that faithful, kindly invitation! Let no one say he can do nothing in the cause of God. There is something for every one to do, and the Heavenly Master can crown all faithful labour with abundant success.

#### HOW TO BEAUTIFY A HOME.

ALMOST everybody knows what a relief to the eyes a little spray of green is in the winter. The wealthy can indulge in expensive conservatories, but those in moderate circumstances, and even the very poor, can secure a pretty object at a small expense by following the directions given. To begin with an acorn, which any little urchin can procure in the woods, and a pickle-jar, which any housekeeper can supply. Procure a fine healthy acorn and crochet around it a little network case. Take off the cup first, and leave a loop of the cotton to hang the acorn, point downward, in the glass. The glass must have so much water in it that the tip of the acorn scarcely touches: keep it in a dark closet until it has sprouted, and then put it in the light. A chestnut thus kept in water will sprout in the same way. A sweet potato will grow luxuriantly, and may be trained around walls and picture-frames. A carrot grown in sand is, if well managed, a highly ornamental object. A good sized and healthy root must be selected. Cut off quite evenly the top of the carrot, and place it on the top of a pot full of sand, so that the leaves look as if they sprang from it. Moisten it well and keep it in the dark until it has begun to sprout; be careful to keep it damp, and move it into the light directly the leaves appear. If the cultivation is successful, an ornament pretty enough for any room will be the result, and which will have to the unacquainted the appearance of a pot of ferns.

#### "MIND MOTHER" SERMON.

THIS is to be a "mind mother" sermon. Of course you must mind father, too; but then he is away all day, and you are not old enough to help him much, so you are mother's right-hand man or woman, and have to mind her most. There are two ways in which you ought to mind everything she says:

*Mind her instantly.* The very first time she speaks. When mamma says, "Harry, please bring me some coal, or water, or run to the store," don't answer, "In just a minute, mamma." Little folks' minutes are a great deal longer than the ones the clock ticks off. When you say "yes" with your lips say "yes" with your hands and feet. Don't say "yes" and act "no." Saying "Yes, in a minute," is not obeying; but doing yes is.

*Mind cheerfully.* Don't scowl when you have to drop a book, or whine because you can't go to play with the

other boys. You wouldn't own a dog that minded you with his ears laid back, growling and snapping. When Carlo comes to you at your whistle, you want him to come wagging his tail, and barking good naturedly. A boy ought to mind a great deal better than a dog.

Suppose your mother frowned every time she gave you a doughnut? The doughnuts wouldn't taste half as sweet. Suppose father snarled at you as he handed you a dime for candy? You wouldn't enjoy the candy one bit for thinking how unwillingly father gave the money. Don't you suppose mamma feels the same way when you obey her with a pout and a cry? Jesus, the Son of God, minded his mother.—*Our Children.*

#### The Autumn Sun.

BY SARAH A. BOLTON.

There's not a cloud in the sky above us;  
All is blue, as the sea is blue,  
And the kindly sun comes down to love us,  
Tender and human, and warm and true.

He colours the woodbine red and yellow;  
He strows the meadow with ripening grain;  
And he fills the air with a haze as mellow  
And sweet and precious as love's refrain.

He dips the mountains in dyes celestial,  
He bathes the sea with a golden sheen;  
When he sinks away from sights terrestrial,  
He floods the twilight with hues unseen.

Or dreamed of by mortals; and when the morning  
Opens upon the world again,  
He comes as though angels were adorning  
His path, to gladden the hearts of men.

The flowers lean out from their darkened places  
To feel his breath in the balmy breeze;  
And the rain streams up for his embraces,  
Then kisses the soil and the grateful trees.

O sun, dear sun! in your warm caresses,  
The blood flows quicker in heart and brain;  
You are soother of sorrows and all distresses,  
You are bringer of blessing, and healer of pain.

#### "PERSONAL LIBERTY."

"I AM a temperance man, but I have my doubts whether you have a right to pass such a law as you Prohibitionists are after."

"Why?"

"Well, if people want to sell what others want to buy, I don't think the law has a right to prevent. You haven't a right to say that people shall not drink if they want to."

"Of course, then, you object to the law that closes saloons on Sunday?"

"O no. That is another matter. That is done simply to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath."

"You admit, I suppose, that the Sabbath was made for man?"

"Certainly."

"You admit then that it is proper to close the saloons for the sake of the Sabbath-day, while you deny that it is proper to do the same thing for the man himself, for whom the Sabbath is made! Is a part greater than the whole nowadays?"—*Selected.*

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

**\$250,000**  
FOR MISSIONS  
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

REMEMBER

S. S. AID COLLECTION

OR  
REVIEW SUNDAY,

SEPTEMBER 25TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of Circuits and Superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the Circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the Lay Treasurer of the Fund. The claims upon this Fund are increasing faster than the Fund. We need a large increase this year to even

partially meet the many applications made. Over 150 new schools have been started last year by means of this Fund and 115 the year before. No fund of this comparatively small amount is doing more good.

## WORK OF THE S. S. AID AND EXTENSION FUND.

The Editor of the Sunday school papers performs also the duties of Secretary of the Sunday-school Board of the General Conference and executive administrator of the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund. During the last quadrennium this Fund had made over 950 distinct grants to poor schools, involving a correspondence of over 3,000 distinct communications. With each of these schools a distinct account is kept and credit given for the partial payments on grants.

## EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER.

The following is an extract from one only out of several hundreds of letters received by the Secretary of the Sunday-school Board, showing the nature of the operations of the S. S. Aid Fund, and the character of the benefits it confers. It will be observed that these schools are doing all they can to help themselves and to pay back part or the whole of the grant given by the S. S. Board.

The Rev. J. Calvert, missionary of our Church at Rivers Inlet, B. C., writes as follows: Could the children of the interior, who have done so much for missions, see, if only for a moment, the joy the little Indian children manifest, when presented with a copy of the Sunday-school papers, I am sure they would be amply repaid for the services they have rendered to the Church in helping to sustain and extend missionary enterprises.

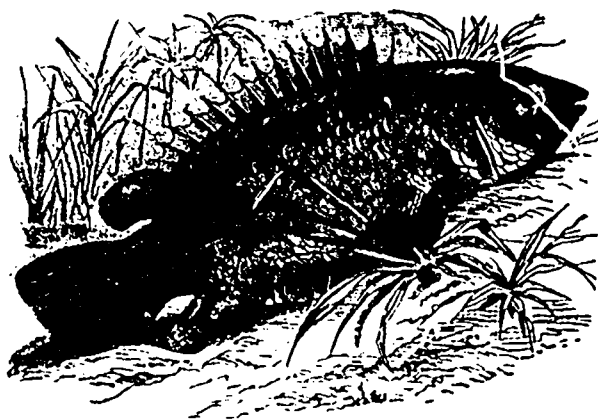
It will be gratifying to you to know our work here is not without encouragement. Many a "Sunbeam" brightens our pathway. "Happy Days" and "Pleasant Hours" we find in "Home and School." True there are some things that try us, but there are many to make us glad. My heart has often melted as I have heard the little Wee-kee-no children sing a little hymn, composed expressly for them in the Chinook jargon, one verse of which runs as follows:

Chako Konaway tlicum  
Mamook elahai,  
Mamook Kloshe tum tum  
Kopa Jesus acta.

The interpretation being:

Come all people, to help  
To make friends (or peace),  
With Jesus now.

By-and-bye the Wee-keenos will come. They are pagan yet, but they are coming. I do not think the day is far distant when they will believe our report, and the arm of the Lord shall be revealed to them. The children of our Sunday-schools may help us in our efforts to this end by



THE TREE-CLIMBING FISH.

their labours and prayers. We hope to send you in the near future some missionary stories.

Yours in him we love,

J. CALVERT.

Supplying just such needs as these, all over the continent, from Labrador to the borders of Alaska, and helping to plant new schools wherever a handful of children can be gathered together, and a loving heart to point them to the Saviour - is the work that the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund is doing. But it needs funds to do this work, and appeals to every school to give one good collection in the year. Even the schools that receive help, no matter how poor, are required to contribute what they can to this Fund.

## A TREE-CLIMBING FISH.

Of all land-frequenting fish, by far the most famous is the so-called climbing-perch of India, which not only walks bodily out of the water, but even climbs trees by means of special spines, near the head and tail, so arranged as to stick into the bark and enable it to wriggle its way up awkwardly, something after the same fashion as the "looping" of caterpillars. The tree-climber is a small, scaly fish, seldom more than seven inches long; but it has developed a special breathing apparatus to enable it to keep up the stock of oxygen on its terrestrial excursions, which may be regarded to some extent the exact converse of the means employed by divers to supply themselves with air under water. Just above the gills, which form of course its natural hereditary breathing apparatus, the climbing-perch has invented a new and wholly original water-chamber, containing within it a frilled bony organ, which enables it to extract oxygen from the stored-up water during the course of its aerial peregrinations. While on shore it picks up small insects, worms, and grubs; but it also has vegetarian tastes of its own, and does not despise fruits and berries. The Indian jugglers tame the climbing-perches and carry them about with them as part of their stock-in-trade; their ability to live for a long time out of water makes them useful confederates in many small tricks which

seem very wonderful to people accustomed to believe that fish die almost at once when taken out of their native element. - From "Fish out of Water," by GRANT ALLEN, in *Popular Science Monthly* for January.

## Work for God.

"SHALL I read to you, dear sister?"  
Whispered a little child.  
The sick one answered, "Yes, my dear;"  
And lovingly she smiled.

The child had brought her Testament,  
And said, "What shall I read?"  
"Just where you like; you're sure to find  
Something my soul will need."

Then the soft voice so lovingly  
Read of the Saviour's care,  
And the love of God the Father,  
Who numbers every hair.

'Twas little that the child had done,  
But little actions make  
A sacrifice God will accept,  
If done for Jesus' sake.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S CHRISTMAS.

If the world's people, those who make no profession of living for Christ, turn aside from their occupations and celebrate his birthday, how much more should his professed followers delight to make this day a waymark on their journey to the land where he has gone before them. How this day should bring to their memories the humility with which he came to earth, and the loving kindness with which he endured all that was his to endure for our sakes while he lived. Remembering these things, how their hearts would glow with grateful love to him, and what new consecrations would be made tending to a closer walk with such a loving friend. Nor would we exclude happiness and joy from this day of days. No, let your renewed life speak to others, and, in the sunshine of love to God and your fellow-men, banish melancholy and discouragement, which ill-become a Christian, and give your happiness a chance to recommend itself to others and constrain them to seek for it from the same source.

"ALWAYS pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I have nothing to pay with!"  
"Then don't go," replied the wise uncle.





CINGHALESE BARBER.

**The Faithful Friend.**

In a very humble cot,  
In a rather quiet spot,  
In the suds and in the soap,  
Worked a woman, full of hope,  
Working, singing, all alone,  
In a sort of undertone :

"With a Saviour for a Friend  
He will keep me till the end."

Sometimes, happening along,  
I had heard the semi-song,  
And I often used to smile,  
More in sympathy than guile,  
But I never said a word  
In regard to what I heard,  
As she sang about her Friend,  
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow, nor in glee,  
Working all day long was she,  
As her children, three or four,  
Played around her on the floor,  
But, in monotone, the song  
She was humming all day long :  
"With a Saviour for a Friend,  
He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she,  
Just as poor as poor could be,  
But her spirits always rose  
Like the bubbles in her clothes ;  
And, though widowed and alone,  
Cheered her with the monotone  
Of a Saviour and a Friend,  
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub  
On the washboard in the tub,  
While the baby soaped in suds,  
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,  
Or was paddling in the pools  
With old scissors stuck in spoons,  
She still humming of her Friend,  
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds,  
Have their root in human needs,  
And I would not wish to strip  
From that washerwoman's lip  
Any song that she can sing,  
Any hope that song may bring,  
For the woman has a Friend,  
Who will keep her to the end.

**CINGHALESE BARBER.**

THIS extraordinary looking scene may be witnessed almost any day in Ceylon. The better class of the Orientals are very scrupulous about personal cleanliness, and practice frequent washings and shavings. The barbers use no chairs, but the slavee stands and submits to have his nose pulled and his features manipulated by the shaver. You would think, to look at the head of the right hand figure with the hair comb and chignon, that it belonged to a woman, and the style of dress would heighten the illusion. But it is the custom of the country for men to dress in this manner; and when they are beardless, a very effeminate look it gives them.

**THE BETTER PART.**

"To be worthy of love is even a better thing than to receive it, and this is not the end." This sentence was the last one of a letter from a woman of fifty-five, who knew what she was saying. The keenest joys of life had never come to her. She had struggled with fate, almost ever since she was a child, for a livelihood for herself and a dependent relative—struggles scantily rewarded by any thanks or tenderness even from her who had shared their fruit.

She had written much, and always purely, but she had never been able to catch the passing fancy,—never made a "hit,"—and had received but small returns for her labours,—small returns in that which procures food and clothing and comforts for the body.

Not for her those shining successes

which lifts an author above want, and puts him in a position to do his best work. Bits of verse, —the humble daisies of the poetic garden,—stories good rather than great,—these were her contributions to literature, likely to die as soon as their author, leaving not a single immortelle to blossom on her grave.

No deep, dear human love had ever blessed her. Early orphaned, she had no husband, or brother, or father, to make a home for her, and she had never earned enough to make one for herself. She had longed, with all her woman's heart, for love and fame and home, and not one of her longings had been fulfilled.

Judged by the standard of this world, her life had been a failure, and she recognized that, and spoke of it in the letter from which we have quoted. But she would not so judge herself. If she had not gained all that she sought, she had gained the best part of it.

"I might be discontented," she wrote, "if I stopped to think of the difference between my wishes and my havings; but if I have not prospered, at least I have been fed; and if I have not been famous, at least I have striven to do good and not harm, and some humble souls have thanked me for the help my words have given them.

"And if I have not been loved, at least I have tried not to be unworthy of being so; and, after all, to be worthy of love is even a better thing than to receive it, and this is not the end."

No, this is not the end. The only real overthrow of life is when sense triumphs over soul, and we barter future glory for present gain. To gain the whole world and lose one's own soul, were to sell life itself for a child's toy.

How brief all these things are for which most of us strive! To-day we are here. We concern ourselves about the fit of a gown, the success of a railroad. To-morrow the white shroud clothes us, and other men, not we, ride on the railways we have built.

All the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them—what are they when we look down from the mountain-top?

If God be for us, who, then, can prevail against us? And if the thing for which we strive with our whole soul's might be not earthly riches or greatness, or even to be happy and beloved, but only to do God's will, to make our souls fit temples for his Spirit, then can there come to us no failure, since God himself is on our side, and must prevail.

So we, if we are God's children and his soldiers, can bear what the world calls defeat—and look upward and onward to the coming glory, when the past will be as a dream to one who awakes, and on the whole joy of the eternal "Now" our glad souls may enter.—*Selected.*

**THE LOVE OF CHRIST STRONGER THAN REVENGE.**

A NATIVE of New Zealand who had, as a convert and professing Christian, come to the Lord's Supper, suddenly rose, leaving the communicants just before the taking of the bread, and took his seat in a distant part of the chapel, but almost immediately, as if a new thought darted into his mind, came back again to his former place and received the bread and wine. When the missionary inquired the cause of this strange conduct, the heathen convert said, "When I went to the Lord's table, I had no idea with whom I was going to partake, but, when suddenly I observed who was next to me, I saw a man whom but a few short years ago I had sworn to kill the very next time he crossed my path, for he had killed my father and had drunk his blood. Now, can you imagine what I felt when thus unexpectedly I found him close beside me? An awful dread took possession of me, so that I could not stay, and felt compelled to go to a seat away from him, but when I got there the heavens seemed to open before me, and I saw the last great Supper of the Lamb, and I heard a voice saying, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;' and then I returned to my place with all my dread gone and peace in my heart."

**"I WILL TELL IT."**

MANY a physician has gained his practice by one patient telling others of his cure. Tell your neighbours that you have been to the hospital of Jesus and been restored, though you hated all manner of meat and drew near to the gates of death, and maybe a poor soul just in the same condition as yourself will say, "This is a message from God to me." Above all, publish abroad the Lord's goodness, for Jesus' sake. He deserves your honour. Will you receive his blessing, and then, like the nine lepers, give him no praise? Will you be like the woman in the crowd who was healed by touching the hem of his garment, and then would have slipped away? If so, I pray that the Master may say, "Somebody hath touched me," and may you be compelled to tell the truth, and say, "I was sore sick in soul, but I touched thee, O my blessed Lord, and I am saved, and to the praise of the glory of thy grace I will tell it, though devils should hear it; I will tell it and make the world ring with it, according to my ability, to the praise and glory of thy saving grace."—*Spurgeon.*

LUCY, a mite of a girl, roaming around the orchard with her brother Tom one day in June, found a nest with some very young birds in it. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, running in, "there's a nest out there in the apple tree, and it's got a whole lot of baby birds in it, and the birds haven't any leaves on 'em."

**A Song for a Boy's Birthday.**

ONCE upon a winter night,  
When the snow lay cold and white,  
Dropped a baby from the skies  
With a pair of big brown eyes;  
Without clothes, or food, or name,  
Right into our hearts it came,  
And we loved it from that minute  
As if there were "millions in it."

Soon a happy year had flown;  
He could creep, and stand alone,  
Know mamma and Rob and Fritz,  
Do a hundred pretty tricks;  
He was sweet, but still a tartar,  
So we called him little Arthur,  
"Pet," and "Darling," "Love," and "Pride,"  
And a hundred names beside.

When another year went by,  
Could I tell if I should try  
Half how lovely he had grown?—  
Walking, like a man, alone,  
Talking with such babbling words  
Like the cooing of the birds,  
With a tangled crop of curls  
Hanging round him—like a girl's.

Three years old: now look for squalls,  
Trials, troubles, cries and falls!  
Up and down like any rocket,  
In his dress a little pocket  
Filled with tops and nails and strings  
And some fifty other things;  
Three feet tall, or taller, maybe—  
Can this be my little baby?

Still another birthday: dear,  
What a four-year colt is here!  
Leaping, running, skipping, prancing,  
In and out on swift feet dancing,  
Handling marbles, spinning tops,  
Spending cents in candy-shops;  
In kilted skirt and buttoned jacket,  
Always ripe for fun and racket!

Now, as sure as I'm alive,  
That outrageous boy is five!  
Send him off to school at once—  
We don't want to own a dunce!  
Full of tricks as any marten—  
Get him to a Kindergarten;  
There he'll learn to use his wits,  
Without any ugly fits.

Six—and what do I behold!  
No more waving curls of gold,  
But a little wig of brown,  
Closely cropped about the crown;  
No more skirts, but little breeches  
Full of many seams and stitches;  
Growing every single day,  
In the most surprising way.

Seven to-day; a Boy at last!  
Time and tide have travelled fast;  
There he sits so fine and tall,  
Jacket, trousers, boots and all;  
He can spell, and read, and write,  
He is good and gay and bright,  
And his life goes bravely on,  
—But where is my baby gone?

So now I hope—what do I hope? Oh, scores  
and scores of things!  
I hope he'll learn to comb his hair, and tie  
his own shoe-strings;  
I hope he'll never catch a cold in hail or  
snow or rain,  
And grow to be full six feet high without  
one growing pain;  
I hope he'll keep his clear bright eyes, and  
his quick, sparkling wits,  
And never, NEVER, tell a tale on Jack, or  
Rob, or Fritz;  
And never lose his merry laugh, or smile  
so gay and pleasant,  
And lay up money in his box to buy each  
one a present;  
In short—I hope to end my rhyme, and not  
to make it longer—  
Not only may my darling grow both better,  
wise, and stronger,  
But be, in heart and mind and soul, in all  
his walks and ways;  
A "could not be a better" boy, through all  
his happy days.

—Wide Awake.

**DR. SUTHERLAND AT  
CHAUTAUQUA.**

At the opening exercises Dr. Vincent said:—Now we are very glad to have a word of greeting from our next door neighbour, the great Dominion of Canada, a country larger than our own—a fact which we are compelled to acknowledge, however, and when once in a while such a man as Dr. Sutherland comes, we believe it to be a fact.

ADDRESS OF DR. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND.

Dr Alexander Sutherland said:—Chancellor and beloved friends, I think that to-night I may, without the slightest irreverence, bring you a veritable apostolic greeting, and say to you, "They of Canada salute you, especially they of the C. L. S. C. household." It has been a joy to me to have the privilege of spending a few days on this renowned spot, and to see for myself something of the growth of what I believe is one of the grandest and greatest educational forces of our time. [Applause.] The praises of Chautauqua have been sung so often and upon every possible occasion, that it would be simply monotonous if I attempted to repeat them. But I want for the minute that I stand before you to emphasize that which I conceive to be the central idea of this whole system, and this whole work, and it is expressed in one of the "mottoes" of this very society, that you "keep your Heavenly Father in the midst." And I will tell you why I attach such importance to that particular thought of your association, and it is because I have seen in the drift of modern times a disposition, or perhaps I had better call it a tendency, to rule God out of his creation, and also out of the study of his creation. And to me it seems sure that that will be a dark day beyond description when that central idea goes out of the educational forces that are moulding the thought and the destinies of the nations. And the wider my observation, the wider seems to me to be the scope, and the greater seems to be the importance of the educational idea that is going out from Chautauqua, and it seems to me that Christian men should everywhere bind themselves together (as the Presbyterian would say in a "solemn league and covenant"), that there shall not be a divorce between the highest culture and the profoundest piety—(applause)—that these things which God hath joined together shall not be put asunder. [Applause.] It is a horrible thing when men get to studying and teaching along lines, taking only a part of your motto, "we study the works," and study the works only, and so there comes a time in their experience when, to use the words of John Ruskin, they say in their hearts "there is no God." But no such sense of spiritual folly can come to a man or to a woman who "studies the works of God," and through it all "keeps the Heavenly Father in the midst." [Applause.]

I rejoice to have the privilege of bringing you greetings from the other side of the line; for although we are living under another flag, we feel that we, too, belong to the great republic of letters.

I join with you all in the earnest prayer that Chautauqua may be blest more and more, and that the circle of its influence may widen with each revolving sun. [Applause.]

**A WARNING.**

It is apt to be too late to save a drunkard when his habits have driven him to *mania-a-potu*, but the *New York Sun* tells of a shoemaker in Angelica, of that State, who minded the warning in time to escape. Going to his barn one day, he "saw snakes." One was a crooked stick, and the other a whiplash—but they moved. He tells the rest of the story as follows: The cold sweat of fear came out on my forehead. I wiped it off with my handkerchief, and sat down on the lower round of the hay-mow ladder, for I felt faint. Then I stared straight ahead at a corn-stalk. It soon began slowly to wriggle and curve! With bursting eyeballs and all the strength of mind I possessed, I forced that corn-stalk back from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, and then I staggered feebly out into the open air. I leaned against the fence, and for fear I should see more of those horrible twisting things, I clung to a post and closed my eyes.

"Time is called, Jim," I said to myself. "Whiskey and you part company to-day;" and soberer than I had been for many months, though with no more strength than a baby, I managed to get back to the house.

There was a fight, though! I didn't tell my wife, for I had made a good many promises that hadn't been kept, and I thought I'd go on alone for a while. I got up in the morning, after a terrible night, with the thirst of a chased fox upon me. Water wouldn't quench it, and I tried milk. I crept into the milk-room, slipped a straw into the edge of a cream-covered pan, and sucked out the milk until only the cream was left, lowered smooth and unbroken to the bottom. Then I tried another, and another until the fierce craving was somewhat dulled. It was a household mystery what became of the milk. No cat could lap it, my wife said, and leave the sides and cream untouched, and where did it go?

I let them talk, for the struggle was too sore and fearful to be spoken of, and I went on drinking the milk.

The road from my house to my shop lay by the groggery. When I left my gate in the morning, I took the road, and on a dead run, as if pursued, I made the distance. I ran hard all the way home to dinner, and back after that meal, never, in fact, trusting myself to walk or even take to the sidewalk for months. The cure was

slow. I kept all the brakes hard set yet. A single glass of hard cider would undo the work of all these years, but that glass doesn't touch my lips while the memory of those little crawling black reptiles stays with me!

"And did your wife finally learn what became of the milk?" he was asked.

"Yes," and his voice broke. "I told her on her deathbed."

"Jim, dear," she said, when I had finished, with her hand clasped in mine, "Jim, dear, I knew it all the time."

The struggle ended in victory, but who would be willing to enter upon a course that would impose upon life an experience like this?

**PLOUGHING AROUND A ROCK.**

"I HAD ploughed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer to a writer in *The Advance*, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, beside losing the use of the ground in which it lay, because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labour to remove it. But to-day, when I began to plough for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it, and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and was so light that I could lift it into the waggon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face.

"Imagine the farmer ploughing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, 'O Lord, remove that rock!' when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone.

"We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not care to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble and call it by its name, one-half of its terror would be gone.

"The trouble that lies down with us at night, and confronts us on first waking in the morning, is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

"Let us not allow our unmapped trouble to make barren the years of our lives; but may we face it, and with God's help work out our own salvation through it."

Many a Christian has been ploughing around a duty, a cross, a bad habit, and we know not what, for more than five years, afraid to touch it or examine it, and it stands in the way to-day as it did at first. Rout it out, man; it is an easy job when you once take hold of it.

Day Dreams.

From the slightest grammar unopened lay  
The little maid dreamed of a fairy  
Image thread that led far and away  
The deep, tangled maze of the forest  
through:—

"Oh! I wish there were things to do to-day,  
Queer riddles to solve, great prizes to  
gain,

Enchantments to break, magicians to slay,  
And that I, a queen, on a throne might  
reign!

"But the puzzles are lost, the queens are  
dead,  
And there's nothing to do," she sighed and  
said.

A little lad leaned on his hoe in the morn,  
And longed for a horse and burnished  
shield,

To ride away from the pumpkins and corn,  
To the tourney's list on the tented field:—

"Oh! I wish there were things to do to-day,  
Great dragons to kill and battles to fight;  
I would break a lance in the fiercest fray,  
I would fling a glove at the proudest  
knight.

"But honour is lost, and glory is fled,  
And there's nothing to do," he sighed and  
said.

And the poor little maiden never knew  
That knowledge was ready to crown her  
queen,

And the clue that led this labyrinth through  
Lay hidden the leaves of her book  
between.

And the little lad never even guessed  
That the dragon Sloth conquered him  
that day,

While he lightly dreamed of some idle quest,  
And his unused hoe in the young corn lay.

But honour and fame passed the dreamers  
by,

And crowned brave Toil, who found no time  
to sigh.

—Sunday School Times.

LITTLE SAILOR JEM.

"How is it I don't hear you speak  
bad words?" asked an "old salt" of a  
boy on board a man-of-war, as they  
were sitting together up on the rigging.  
"Oh, because I don't forget my  
captain's orders," answered the boy  
brightly.

"Captain's orders!" cried the old  
sailor; "I didn't know he gave any."

"He did," said Jem, "and I keep  
them safe *here*," putting his hand on  
his breast. "Here they be," said Jem,  
slowly but distinctly; "I say unto you,  
swear not at all; neither by heaven,  
for it is God's throne; nor by the  
earth, for it is his footstool; neither by  
Jerusalem, for it is the city of the  
great King. Neither shalt thou swear  
by the head, because thou canst not  
make one hair white or black. But  
let your communications be, Yea, yea;  
Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than  
these cometh of evil."

"Them's from the good old log-  
book, I see," said the sailor, "which I  
don't know much about these days."

"Then, I'm afraid, you've lost your  
reckoning, sir," said Jem, "and are  
drifting on to the breakers."

"What, then?" asked the old man.  
"You'll be wrecked," answered Jem;  
"wrecked forever."

The old sailor had been wrecked.

He knew what it was to be in a ship  
breaking up and going to pieces on a  
wintry coast. He knew what it was  
to be lashed to a spar, half naked,  
hungry, cold, benumbed, tempest-  
tossed. He had heard the shrieks of  
the perishing. Yes, he well knew  
what being wrecked was.

"Wrecked forever," said the old  
sailor slowly; "that's a long time,  
boy."

"Yes, sir," said Jem; "it is so."

Jem looked wistfully at him, and  
the old man turned away his head.

"That wrecking forever is a bad busi-  
ness," said he.

"Yes, sir," said Jem, "it is so."

"And is there no way of escape?"  
said the old man.

"Our minister that used to preach  
at the Bethel, I'll tell you what he says.  
He says the admiralty of heaven has  
got out a lifeboat for poor souls. That  
Lifeboat is Jesus Christ. It was launch-  
ed on Calvary and has been round  
picking up poor souls lost in the stormy  
waters of sin ever since; and he used  
to tell us, 'Stretch out your arms to  
get in; and pray, Lord save me, or I  
perish.'"

"And does he?" asked the man.

"I know about myself," said the boy  
humbly. "I was going down, and  
cried to the Lord, and he had mercy on  
me and took me in, and I've shipped  
with him ever since. He is a good  
captain, the captain of our salvation,  
sir. Won't you ship, too?"

"I should be a poor hand for that  
craft," said the old man feelingly.

"Besides saving you, he'll fit you for  
his service," said Jem. "There's no  
difficulty on that account. He's good  
—very good."

"Thank ye, boy, a thousand times,"  
said the old man, with a tear on his  
weather-beaten cheek. "I'm afraid we  
old sinners are too water-logged and  
sin-soaked to be worth saving; but  
you young ones jump into the lifeboat  
before it's too late, and ship for the  
port of heaven. It's a blessed chance."

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Few utterances are more impressive  
than those which come from lands  
recently evangelized concerning the  
slowness of the Christian Church in  
proclaiming the Word of Life. Mr.  
Lewis, a missionary of the London  
Society at Bellary, was not long ago  
asked by a Brahmin: "Do the Chris-  
tian people of England really believe  
that it would be a good thing for the  
people of India to become Christians?"

"Why, yes; to be sure they do,"  
was the reply.

"What I mean is," continued the  
Brahmin, "do they, in their hearts,  
believe that the Hindus would be bet-  
ter and happier if they were converted  
to Christianity?"

"Certainly they do," said Mr. Lewis.

"Why, then, do they act in such a  
strange way? Why do they send so  
few to preach their religion? When  
there are vacancies in the civil service

there are numerous applicants at once,  
when there is a military expedition, a  
hundred officers volunteer for it, in  
commercial enterprises, also, you are  
full of activity, and always have a  
strong staff. But it is different with  
your religion. I see one missionary  
with his wife here, and a hundred and  
fifty miles away is another, and a hun-  
dred miles in another direction is a third.  
How can the Christians of England  
expect to convert the people of India  
from their heathen faith with so little  
effort on their part?"

Is there any good answer to be  
made to these questions? —*Missionary  
Herald.*

HOW TO DO IT, AND HOW NOT  
TO DO IT.

IN A MODEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A FIXED hour and moment for the  
opening of the school will contribute  
largely to its success. A prompt super-  
intendent will make prompt teachers  
and scholars. Time lost in a Sunday-  
school is as valuable as time lost in a  
counting-room or workshop. Take a  
school of three hundred members, with  
five minutes unnecessary delay by a  
careless superintendent, and 1,500  
minutes are wasted. Twenty-five  
hours, or six months of lesson hours,  
by the tardiness of one man. General  
Mitchell, the Christian soldier and de-  
vout astronomer, once reproved an  
army officer who came to apologize for  
a little delay— "only a few moments."

"I have been in the habit," said the  
General, "of calculating the value of  
the thousandth part of a second." Let  
every leader of a Sunday-school try to  
win Henry Martyn's honourable title,  
"The man that never wasted an hour."

Why is it that some men pray in  
the Sunday-school for "all the world  
and the rest of mankind?" If any-  
where on earth there should be defi-  
nite prayer, it should be when one  
stands before a company of children.  
The lesson of that hour should be the  
subject, and the only plea to be pre-  
sented to him who hears and answers;  
and the prayer should begin, and end,  
with the one subject.

"Lord, save me or I perish!" was  
Peter's direct request, and Mr. Moody  
says, "If Peter had put as long a pre-  
amble to that petition as some men do  
nowadays, Peter would have been forty  
feet under water before he got to his  
cry for help." Pray for the Sunday-  
school: its needs and those only, should  
be the rule at the opening of every ser-  
vice. Dr. Payson, when a student,  
began to beg God's blessing on his  
daily studies, and gave, as the result,  
"I have done more in one week than  
in the whole year before." So a bless-  
ing on the coming Scripture lesson for  
both teacher and scholar should be  
pleaded for, and the Holy Spirit will be  
the chariot by which the desired gift  
shall come. All of our schools and  
churches introduce into their service  
the "Lord's Prayer." It is surprising  
to some of us laymen, why many min-

isters fail so signally in their efforts  
properly to lead a congregation in  
this petition. They will seem to start  
right, the congregation join in, but by  
the time the "daily bread" is reached,  
the leader is going at express speed,  
and those who attempt to follow must  
pass over half the sentences in order  
to reach the Amen with the leader.  
If such persons would occasionally  
exercise their gift with their Sunday  
schools, they would learn how not to  
do it. —*S. S. Record.*

Do It Now.

If you're told to do a thing,  
And mean to do it really,  
Never let it be by halves;  
Do it fully, truly.

When father calls, though pleasant be  
The play you are pursuing,  
Do not say, "I'll come when I  
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,  
And you should then begin it,  
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,  
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words  
In telling what you could do  
Some other time; the present is  
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,  
And stop to plan and measure;  
'Tis working with the heart and soul  
That makes our duty pleasure.

PIERRE CARY

DREAMING AND DOING.

"It's all very pleasant and easy to  
dream about doing, but it's a great  
deal more sensible to do, in my  
opinion." Grandma Burr pushed back  
her spectacles and smiled pleasantly  
at the girls who were sitting by the  
window laying great plans for future  
work. They had just completed a  
beautiful plan for a girls' society  
which should help everybody and  
cover itself with glory, and when  
Grandma made this remark it made  
them just feel a little uncomfortable.

"Grandma is so discouraging," sighed  
Kitty, a little later.

But Grandma was right. She knew  
that Kitty was a dreamer, always  
looking into the future, and living in a  
world of shadows. She wanted her to  
learn that

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

and this seemed to be just what Kitty  
did not care to learn.

Ah! boys and girls, don't be  
dreamers; be doers. Take hold of the  
work just before you with a will, and  
do it just as well as you can. You  
may be sure that if it is given you to  
do, then strength will also be given  
you to do it.

"Do noble deeds, not dream them all day  
long,  
And so make life, death, and that vast  
forever  
One grand, sweet song."

An editor explains that when he  
advises his readers to lay in their coat,  
he does not mean that they are to sleep  
in it.



### What Boys Should Aim At.

Why seek ye to be great, boys?  
 Seek rather to be good  
 Be noble, kind, and brave, boys;  
 Scorn the part of a slave, boys,  
 And fear not man, but God.  
 Hate falsehood and deceit, boys,  
 They cannot bring but ill,  
 Keep a tender heart within, boys,  
 And a conscience free from sin, boys,  
 And a self controlled will.  
 Bear with you into life, boys,  
 Through all the coming years,  
 The innocence of youth, boys,  
 Its frankness and its truth, boys,  
 Its joys and hopes and fears  
 At times it may be hard, boys,  
 To keep the rule of right,  
 But he who gave the word, boys,  
 Your Saviour and your Lord, boys,  
 Will help you in the fight.  
 Thus on your side shall be, boys,  
 Almighty strength and love,  
 Your life be bright and fair, boys,  
 Your death without despair, boys,  
 And after, rest above.

### LESSON NOTES.

#### THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO  
 MATTHEW.

A. D. 60.] (Sept 25.

#### TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Rom. 13. 8 14. Commit to mem. vs. 12-14  
 GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time  
 your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting  
 and drunkenness. Luke 21, 34.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The Law of Love.
2. The Law of Life.

TIME.—60 A. D.

PLACE.—The place from which this epistle  
 is thought to have been written is Corinth.

EXPLANATIONS.—*One no man*—This does  
 not mean, contract no debt in the regular  
 course of honest business, but may mean,  
 hold no feeling as a grudge against another,  
 only cherish the feeling of love. *Worketh  
 no ill*—Does no harm of any sort whatever.  
*The night is far spent*—Paul, perhaps, looked  
 for the coming of the Lord soon, as was  
 common in the early Church. *Rioting and  
 drunkenness*—Common sins among the  
 people of the day.

#### TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The duty of self-denial for the sake of  
 others?
2. The duty of earnestness in every good  
 work?
3. The duty of setting a good example to  
 all?

#### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who fulfils the law of Christ? "He  
 that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."
2. What will such love make men do? It  
 will make men "walk honestly as in the  
 day."
3. What does that man do who  
 indulges himself at the risk of injuring his  
 neighbour? Breaks the law of love: for  
 "love worketh no ill to his neighbour."
4. How may one show that he is awake to  
 the duty of the present hour? By avoiding  
 "rioting and drunkenness, . . . strife and  
 envying."
5. What is the only sure safe-  
 guard against the dangers of intemperance?  
 By putting "on the Lord Jesus Christ."

#### FOURTH QUARTER.

A. D. 28.] LESSON I. [Oct. 2.

#### THE CENTURION'S FAITH.

Mat. 8. 5-13. Commit to mem. vs. 5-10.  
 GOLDEN TEXT.

I have not found so great faith, no, not in  
 Israel. Mat. 8. 10.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The Centurion.
2. His great Faith.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Came . . . a centurion*  
 —A soldier in the service of Herod Antipas,  
 in command of one hundred men. *My*

*servant*—Not a soldier, but a personal  
 attendant. One to whom, he was greatly  
 attached. Luke 7. 2. *Sick of the palsy*—  
 Sick with a kind of paralysis. *Unusually*  
*tormented*—Very ill. *Man under authority*  
 —He was only a subordinate officer, being  
 himself obliged to yield instant obedience to  
 those who were his superiors. *My shall*  
*come from the east and west*—The broad  
 announcement is here made that the most  
 distant Gentile peoples should have abun-  
 dant representation in God's kingdom.  
*Sit down with Abraham*—Or rather, recline  
 at table with Abraham; that is, all classes  
 of men shall partake of the choicest blessings  
 of God's kingdom in company with the  
 righteousness of God's chosen people. *The*  
*children of the kingdom*—The Jews; they  
 considered themselves to be heirs of God to  
 the exclusion of all others.

#### TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That our faith may prove a blessing to  
 others?
2. That great faith may exist in spite of  
 great handicaps?
3. That great reward awaits those of  
 great faith?

#### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who came to Jesus asking him to  
 work a miracle? A Roman centurion.
2. What did he ask? That his servant  
 might be healed.
3. What did Jesus say of  
 his faith, in the GOLDEN TEXT? "I have,"  
 etc.
4. What did he tell the people? That  
 people of all nations should be saved.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTIONS.—The power of  
 Christ.

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

1. Was this humiliation unto death  
 necessary? Yes; to fulfil the purpose of  
 God, which was declared in the predictions  
 of Scripture.

Luke xxiv. 46. And he said unto them,  
 Thus it is written, that the Christ should  
 suffer.

#### THE TWO PURSES.

ONE for the Lord and one for myself.  
 Let every one provide two purses, or  
 boxes, or banks, made of no matter  
 what, and no matter where. Only be  
 sure to have two places for money—  
 one of which shall be consecrated to  
 the Lord, and the other for personal  
 or business purposes.

A young lady said to her father, "I  
 would like to put something into the  
 box as it is passed around on the Sab-  
 bath."

Her father willingly gave her part  
 of his donation, and thus she added  
 the influence of her example to the  
 custom, but nothing to the increase of  
 the collection. This did not satisfy  
 her, for she wanted to give something  
 of her own. She had positively of her  
 own only about six or eight dollars  
 yearly of interest money on a small  
 invested capital. This she had been  
 accustomed to use for Christmas and  
 birthday gifts among her friends. She  
 resolved to have two purses, and to  
 put into one for the Lord at least one-  
 tenth of her income. Although it  
 made but a small sum, she had more  
 satisfaction in giving than ever before.  
 But the delightful part came when  
 from one cause and another, wholly  
 unexpected, she received the next year  
 a far greater sum for her own disposal  
 than she had ever had before, and a  
 good portion of it went into the Lord's  
 purse.

"I never think of touching what is  
 in the Lord's purse for any but religious  
 purposes," said she, "and never borrow  
 from it for my own use. It is sacred  
 to the Lord. It is his purse, and I

never enjoyed my money before as I  
 do now."

Another young lady who was listen-  
 ing said: "I also keep two purses, and  
 conscientiously put one tenth of all I  
 receive into the Lord's purse. It is  
 not much, but I am glad to do it, and  
 in consequence always have a little  
 money ready for every good cause."

Ah! it is a good way—it is a right  
 way. If you have not tried it, begin  
 now, and learn its blessedness by your  
 own experience.—*Christian Givee.*

#### NELLIE'S FUCHSIA.

WALKING along one of the crowded  
 thoroughfares of London one day in  
 early summer, I stumbled against a  
 donkey-cart, bearing a load of flowers  
 in pots, which the vendor was doing  
 his best to dispose of. Some of the  
 flowers were really very pretty, and  
 the one he at the moment held up  
 in his hand would have graced any  
 conservatory in the land. It was a  
 fuchsia, and its flower bells presented  
 a charming mixture of colours. I did  
 not care to have it for myself, but the  
 thought struck me, how delighted poor  
 little Nellie would be with it. Nellie  
 was a lame, befallen girl, living in  
 one of the back streets of Lambeth,  
 a dingy, dirty street in which the sun  
 seldom shed its beams, and where flow-  
 ers were like angels' visits. I at once  
 bought the fuchsia (it only cost eight-  
 pence) and carried it to Nellie's home.  
 I wish you had seen her face when I  
 gave her the flower. It was a perfect  
 study. It seemed lit up all over with  
 a joy that came from the land

"Where everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers."

It was with some difficulty I could per-  
 suade her the flower was intended to  
 be her property. She thought I had  
 brought it in just for her to look at as  
 I carried it home, and nothing more.  
 When the conviction grew upon her  
 that she had to have it with her as  
 her own, she could not contain herself,  
 and fairly wept for joy. As I came  
 away from Nellie's room I could not  
 help thinking how easily, and at what  
 a trifling expense, we might assuage  
 the sorrows and contribute to the joy  
 of our suffering fellow-creatures.

#### "NUMBER ONE FOOL."

"Do you like whiskey?" said a  
 white man one day to an Indian.

"No, sir," replied the Indian.

"Why not?"

"Whiskey not good. Whiskey  
 make Indian number one fool," replied  
 the dusky son of the forest.

The Indian was right. Strong  
 drink drives sound sense out of the  
 brain and good feeling out of the  
 heart. It changes all its slaves into  
 hard-hearted fools. Do not touch it,  
 boys. Do not smile on any young  
 man who drinks it, girls.

GREAT occasions of serving God  
 present themselves seldom, but little  
 ones frequently.

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