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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1886.

No. 17.

TOLEDO.

It was a fresh morning near the close of February when my friend the Rev. Mr. Jameson, of Madrid, met me at the railway-station in the south of that city for a trip to the ancient metropolis of Spain, Toledo. The sun shone with a comforting warmth, and the three hours' ride southward over the rolling plateau of Central Spain, which would have been pleasant in itself, was made doubly so by the society and conversation of my companion. His full information with regard to the country and people, freely given, shortened the way both happily and instructively. It was agreeable, too, to note the graceful courtesies of the Spaniards in that too often most selfish place the railway carriage. On entering they would lift the hat and salute all in the compartment; at leaving they did the same with a kindly *Adios!* Did one open a basket of refreshments, he offered it to all with a smiling face that was a gratification even though you might be expected to decline. Americans might learn something from Spaniards on the railway.

This elevated plateau of old Castile has little beauty or attractiveness. The Castilian farmer has no love for shade-trees: indeed, he looks upon them with apprehension; hence these

plains are treeless and cheerless. The villages are closely-packed clusters of houses with the church rising high above them, like a hen with her chicks about her. The open country is bare, and for nine months in the year barren of crops.

But the fifty miles are soon crossed, and Toledo suddenly rises to view—suddenly, for it has no suburbs. The rugged rock on which it is built is so encompassed (on three sides fully) by the dashing Tagus that the city stands out from the country about it like a fortress. Guarded by lofty walls, which surmount the granite cliffs, only the towers, and especially the huge Alcazar, appear as you approach the city.

The train draws up at the station outside of the city and its encircling river, but a rickety and rattling carriage drawn by mules receives you and dashes toward the portal, through it, over the historic bridge Alcantara, with the Tagus obafing its craggy banks below, through another arched and turreted portal, again through the noble Moorish gate of the Sun, between the solid walls, up and up, until you emerge within the defences and are deposited in the Zocodover, the little open space where the wits and gallants of Toledo in the olden time were wont to gather to exchange the

news and retail the gossip of the day.

Toledo is full of attraction to the visitor for what it is as well as for what it has been. Its Oriental aspect, its narrow, steep, winding streets, descending and ascending continually; the blank walls of the tall stone houses with their closed gates studded with iron spikes, the Saracenic arches, the old synagogues, the churches associated with Ferdinand and Isabella, the vast and magnificent Gothic cathedral, and all that meets the eye,—speak of wealth, luxury and power and of long centuries of exciting history. But the

Toledo of to-day is a city of the past, save as its buildings recall that past. A Roman army captured it before our Lord was born; Gothic kings reigned here; under the Moors it grew in grandeur, and under the Christian Spaniards it was a centre of learning and of ecclesiastical as well as of civil power for Spain. Goths, Jews, Arabs and Christians adorned it with palace, synagogue, mosque and church. The huge square building seen so conspicuously in our illustration was rebuilt by Charles V, doubtless on the site of a Moorish palace, as is indicated by the title, Alcazar, the title given by the Arabs of Spain

to their government houses. It is now used for a military school, a "West Point" for the army of Spain.

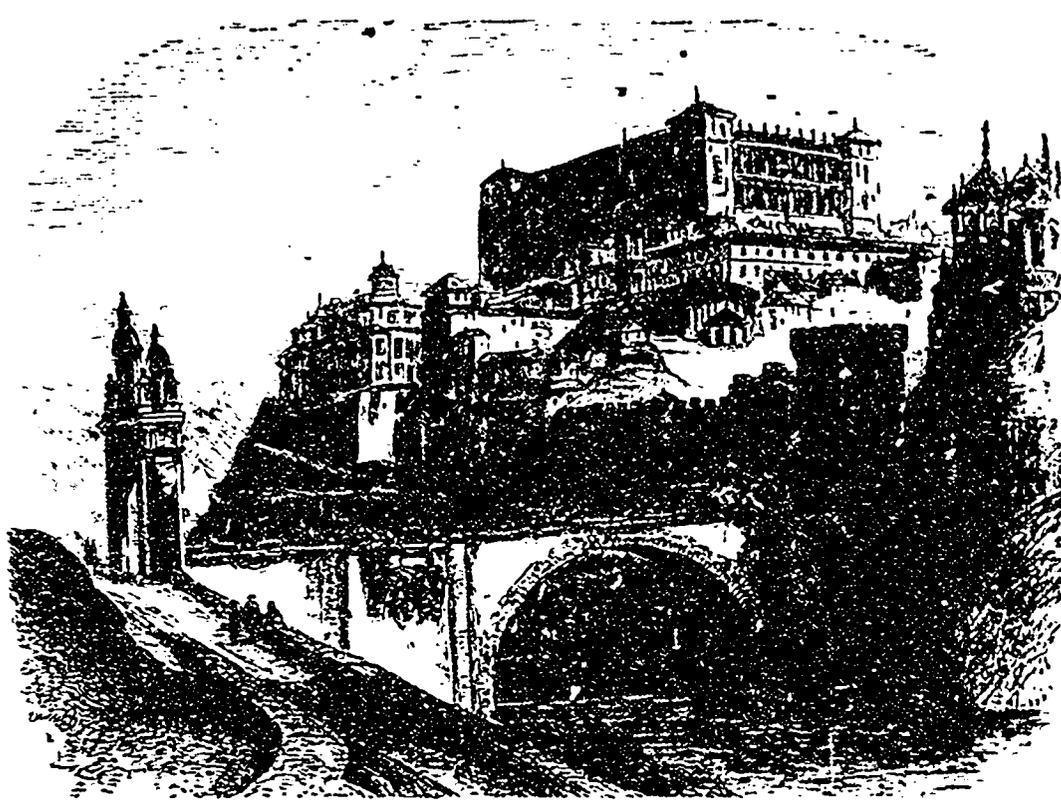
But with all these grand buildings rich in art and architecture, and with its lofty historic memories, Toledo is a dead city. No traffic resounds in its streets; even the manufacture of its famous "Toledo blades" is carried on without the walls. Its population has shrunk from two hundred thousand to twenty thousand. Many of its convents have been suppressed. Although it has more black robed priests than it needs, their numbers and wealth are so reduced that they cannot fill even its narrow streets and give them life. The rumble of cart or carriage is almost unknown. Many of the churches are unused and closed. The old Inquisition has become a *posada*—a tavern.

I do not know that there is one Protestant in all Toledo, though my com-

panion recognized in a shopkeeper from whom I bought a small memento of Toledo's cutlery a man who had attended Protestant services and seemed interested in the truth, but it is a glorious fact that the gospel may be preached in Toledo if the Churches of Christ will send their messengers thither, whilst it is a sad fact that our zeal so far falls to enter the doors opening so widely and so appealingly even in the ancient strongholds of fanatical zeal and blind superstition.

JOHN W. DULLES.

HONOUR thy father and thy mother.



TOLEDO



SPANISH PAIEST.



SPANISH LADY

SEPARATED AND UNITED.

IN an ancient shaft of Falun
Year by year a body lay,
Preserved, as though a treasure
Kept unto the waking day

Not the turmoil nor the passions
Of the busy world o'erhead,
Sounds of war, or peace-joyfings,
Could disturb the placid dead.

Once a youthful miner, whistling,
Hewed the chamber now his tomb;
Crash! the rocky fragments tumbled,
Crossed him in abyssal gloom.

Sixty years passed by ere miners,
Felling, hundred fathoms deep,
Broke upon the shaft where rested
That poor miner in his sleep.

As the gold-grains lie untarnished
In the dingy soil and sand
Till they gleam and flicker, stainless,
In the digger's sifting hand;

As the gem in virgin brilliance
Rests till ushered into day,—
So, uninjured, uncorrupted,
Fresh and fair the body lay.

And the miners bore it upward,
Laid it in the yellow sun:
Up from out the neighbouring houses
Fast the curious peasants run.

"Who is he?" with eyes that question;
"Who is he?" they ask aloud.
Hush! a wizened hag comes hobbling,
Panting, through the wondering crowd.

Oh! the cry—half joy, half sorrow—
As she flings her at his side!
"John! the sweetheart of my girlhood!
Here am I, am I, thy bride.

"Time on thee has left no traces,
Death from wear has whittled thee;
I am aged, worn, and wasted,
Oh, what life has done to me!"

Then, his smooth, unfurrowed forehead
Kissed that ancient, withered crone!
And the death which had divided
Now united them in one.

THE ODD THREE HALFPENCE.

A TRUE STORY.

ON the first Monday evening in every month a clergyman used to have a little missionary meeting in his school-house, to pray for the missionaries in foreign lands. One evening he was telling the people who were assembled, what cause there was for sending missionaries to these distant lands.

While the minister, Mr. B., was speaking, he observed all the time a poor working-man, black with labouring in the neighbouring iron-works, who had come in rather late, and stood with his back to the wall, at the end of the room, exactly opposite to him. It was not the man, however, who attracted his notice so much as a little girl he held in his arms. She was a very little one, and looked very delicate; her face was pale and thin, and her eyes too bright and large, as if she were in a decline. But what surprised Mr. B. was to see the deep earnest attention with which this sickly-looking child listened to every word he said. Whenever Mr. B. looked at that little pale face, it was the same, quite full of earnest attention and interest. When all was over, he reminded his people that the poor heathen could not hear of God without a preacher, and no preacher could go to them unless he was sent; and that to send him, and to build school-houses, and give him the means of keeping them up, and of living himself, a good deal of money was necessary; and that no one should go to missionary meetings, and hear what

they had been hearing, without doing something to help the expenses of missions. He had brought some little tin boxes, prettily covered, and with pictures of some Indian places on the side; and he offered to give one of these boxes to any one who would undertake to save a little, over so little, from their own expenses, and drop it in these to help the heathen. He told them that a penny saved from self might be a penny given to God; and that a penny saved by self-denial was worth more than a pound which cost the giver nothing.

Now, while he stood holding one of the boxes in his hand, and speaking thus, he could scarcely help smiling to see the sickly child, with one arm round the blackened neck of her father, the other pointed to the box, while her little coaxing face and eager manner showed she was trying to get her father to go forward and ask for one for her. Mr. B. could easily believe that the pretty box pleased the child, and when he saw that she had partly prevailed on her father, and that he had moved on a good deal nearer, but was still ashamed to come quite up and ask for the box, he held it out, and said,—

"Will you take a box, my friend? Perhaps your little girl may some day earn something to put into it!" The child smiled, as her father answered, "Why, yes, sir, if you please. My little girl here wants to have one; but I do not know if the lass will be able to gather much for you."

Mr. B. smiled, and said, "Let her try; where there's a will there's a way; and if she saves or earns one penny for God's work, it will do herself good."

The child eagerly received the box, and a flush of pleasure passed over her pale face.

A year passed away. A year makes many changes in the world; changes in ourselves, changes in the few people we know. There was another missionary meeting, and the boxes were to be sent in that had been given out. But a year had passed and made its changes; some hands had taken them, and other hands brought them back. The year before they had brought a sad change to the poor blackened man and his little girl; his wife had died. The child had lost her mother, and she was delicate, and wanted her; but she was her father's only one, and he loved her tenderly. His wife's long illness and death left him many debts: all his work and labour could scarcely pay them; but he did pay them, and then he was content to labour on for his little girl and himself.

And now another year had come, and another change had come too. That time last year the man had stood leaning against the wall, holding his child in his arms, and she loved him dearly. He stood there now again, leaning against the wall; but the child was not in arms, and tears were in his eyes.

Where was she? His hand held the missionary box which hers had so gladly taken; she was with God, far better, far happier than she had been when her kind, tender father held her feeble little body in his arms. The child was gone to the Saviour, who had hidden her come to him.

When everyone else had given up their boxes, counted the contents, and gone away, the man stood near to Mr. B. His words were few; Mr.

B. had buried his child, and knew that the lamb had been taken to the fold above; but the father's face was pale with feelings which his manner did not show.

"That was her box, sir," he said; "the box she got this night twelve-months. She made me give her a halfpenny every Saturday night out of my wages, when she had been good and pleased me: she never lost her halfpenny, sir;" and then one great tear burst out, and rolled down his cheek. "Count it," he said, hastily pushing the box over the table; "there were fifty-two weeks; fifty-two halfpence is twenty-six pence; two and twopence, sir. You will find it all right, I think."

"I am sure of that," said Mr. B.; and they counted the money, which seemed to be all halfpence. At last up turned a large penny piece; and, when all was counted, there was two shillings and threepence halfpenny, instead of two shillings and twopence. Mr. B. did not mind the difference at all; but the father looked quite puzzled. He counted it over again; but there it was, just three halfpence too much;—and that big penny, too, which he had never given his child.

"I cannot make it out, sir," he said, rubbing his forehead; "my blessed child would never do anything wrong; but there it is. How that odd three halfpence came there, I do not know."

"Perhaps you may think of it again," said Mr. B., seeing he looked distressed about it, but not knowing why. "I will look in upon you sometimes in the evenings, and trust God will comfort you, and be a father to you, instead of the child he has taken."

The man bowed his head, and went away; but long and painfully did he think how those odd three halfpence got into the missionary box.

The poor have often a strong sense of honesty; indeed, honesty and industry are the first lessons taught by the respectable and decent parents of England to their children. Now this was the secret of that poor man's distress. His little girl used often to go on messages to the shops, both for him and for the neighbours, who kindly assisted in the care of his house after his wife died. The father knew how anxious she had been to put money into the box, how eagerly she ran to it with her halfpenny every Saturday night. He could not bear to think that the dear child, who was now in the grave, could have been so foolish and ignorant as to suppose she would do God's service by giving money she had not properly earned, to any good object; or that she could be tempted to drop the penny into the missionary box, which she had not paid at the shop. The thought, however, distressed him much; he feared he was wronging his departed child by even imagining it; yet how could the three halfpence get there? His child never got any money but what he gave her for it.

Thus was he still meditating as he sat at his lonely fireside one morning, just after his breakfast was ended. A lady, knowing that it was the only hour to find him in, called at the door about some message. She spoke kindly to him of his affliction, and consoled him by expressing affection for the dear child he had lost, whose sweetness, gentleness, and patience in suffering, she had been much touched with.

In the fulness of heart, the bereaved father mentioned to this kind lady the anxiety he felt about the odd three halfpence in the missionary box. "My sweet child would never do what was wrong about money," said he; "but how came they there?"

The lady thought for a minute, and then cried out quite joyfully, "I can tell you!" She then told him that the day before Elly's death, she had called in to see her, after having been shopping in the town. The child's mouth looked hot and dry, and she asked her if she would not like an orange. "Very much," was the reply. She searched for some money, but had only three halfpence left, which were folded in a shop bill. She gave them to the dying child, and desired her to send the old woman who nursed her for the orange.

"I remember it perfectly," she said, "because I was so sorry I had no more to give; there was a penny piece and a halfpenny in the paper. I was sending my maid, the next morning, with some nice things to the child, when the old woman came up to say she was dead. I asked her if she had got her the orange, and she said she had never heard the child speak of it. I reproached myself at the time, as we all do when kindness is too late; I thought it was weakness that prevented her from asking for what she wished to have, and regretted I had not gone and got it myself."

"God be praised, and may he forgive me!" said the poor father, "the child denied her dying lips the orange, and so the odd three halfpence got into the missionary box."—*Missionary Present.*

A WORKING BAND.

THE "working band" is made up of girls eleven, twelve and thirteen years of age. They like to play and have "good times" as well as other girls, but when I tell you what they did one summer vacation not very long ago, you will see that they have learned something about self-denial. These are all school-girls, and when the hot days came on it was very pleasant to think about vacation. You know how that is, girls and boys, and so you are the better able to appreciate the self-sacrifice which led these girls, as soon as school was closed, to unite in a working band, which was to meet every Saturday afternoon. A dear lady who had long been an active worker in the Lord's vineyard won these young hearts to the work, and they met at her house.

We will not tell you about their meetings, but we will tell you this, that in the autumn they sent away a barrelful of warm, serviceable clothing which they had made or collected from friends who were willing to help on the good work, to a home for poor old people who had no children to love and care for them, but who were tenderly cared for by one of the Lord's children. Among the articles in the barrel were three quilts pieced by the school-girls and sewed with their own hands. So you can see that these same hands were doing something besides fancy-work.—*S. S. Work.*

True goodness is like the glow-worm in this, that it shines most when no eyes but those of heaven are upon it.

ONLY A PENNY.

NELLIE K.

"MAMMA, I've only a penny,"
I heard a wee girl say,
"And it seems so very little
For me to give away."

"To give away! where!" said mamma.
"Why, don't you understand!
I want ever so much money
For our new mission band."

"There's a lot of little heathens
In a country far away,
Who don't know hardly anything,
Not even how to pray"

"A-we do here. Their gods, you see,
Are made of stone and wood;
They're taught all kinds of wicked things,
And so they are not good."

"We are going to send them Bibles,
So they'll know the God we do;
And when they read how good he is,
They'll love our Jesus too."

"And then they'll all be happy,"
Said the child in sweet content.
"But it takes a lot of money,
And I only have a cent."

"If it were only a five-cent piece
It would not look so small;
But it seems as if a penny
Was not anything at all."

"My dear," said her mamma quietly,
Though a smile o'er her features played,
"You say you have only a penny;
Of what are dollars made!"

"Of cents," said the little maiden.
"Then, darling, don't you see
That if there were no pennies,
There would no dollars be!"

"Suppose that every little girl
Should say as you have done,
'A penny's such a tiny thing
It can't help any one'—"

"How many Bibles do you think
That you would send away!
So don't despise the pennies,
But save them day by day;

"And soon you'll find you have enough
For all you want to do.
For in saving up the pennies,
You save the dollars too."
—Children's Work for Children.

PLEASE ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS.

WHERE do you intend to spend your eternity? You have been deciding questions all your life; have you decided this one? Have you thought that indecision is decision? Christ says "He that is not with me is against me." Apply this test to your life: are you for or against him? If you do not choose to love and follow Christ here, heaven would not be a place of happiness to you. What pleasure could you take in being forever with the King to whose easy yoke you will not now submit? In this life, must your soul be attuned to the heavenly music, or your eternity will be one long discord.

When do you expect to die? You cannot tell how soon the time for you to choose happiness may be over. How many of those whom you have known, have gone from you when they least expected it! God forbid that the one, whose eyes now rest upon this page, should be of those who wait for a tomorrow, which they are never to see. To-day, put yourself in Christ's hands for cleansing and guidance; then you will be no longer against him who has loved you with an "everlasting love"—who died that you might live.

Do you say you do not know how? This is his own direction.—"Ask, and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be

opened unto you: for every one that seeketh receiveth; and he that knocketh it shall be opened." He does not say wait and it shall be given you, but "seek." Who waits for wealth, or honour, or power, or pleasure, to come to him? Do we not seek these things? How much more then, eternal life! "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his life!"

But if we think of this life only and not of that to come: are you happy, are you satisfied? Surely he who made you understands you best. He intended you to be a worker "together with him." Your highest earthly happiness will be found only in this service. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" You have often proved that it satisfieth not. Try working for Christ—with Christ. " whatsoever he saith unto you do it;" then you will have satisfaction. Do not wait for some mysterious influence to draw you irresistibly towards Christ. Take him at his word:—"Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." O, do not put it off. Come to him now; for, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

One other reason why you should belong on the right side. Every day your life touches other lives, and these, in turn, other lives—a widening circle of influence. Even when it may be forever too late for you to say, "I will seek the Lord," your influence will still be going on. Which way has it been? Which way will you have it for the future? God has left this matter for you to decide. Settle it now; settle it right. M. C. Picton, Ont.

"LOOSE THEM, AND LET THEM GO."

VISITORS to York Minster, England, will remember the crypt which is pointed out as the place in which the golden statues of the twelve Apostles were kept, on seeing which the sturdy old warrior, Oliver Cromwell, uttered the sentence at the head of this paper. Of course the command was obeyed, and immediately the statues were removed and melted into coin which was put into circulation for the good of the realm.

Are there not thousands of volumes in our Sunday-school Libraries, which are not even useful as ornaments, for they are no longer in demand, having been already read, and they are put into a dark corner as useless lumber, and will soon become mildewed and may be moth-eaten.

If we possessed the authority of Oliver Cromwell, we would issue our mandate and say, "Loose them, and let them go." There are many schools in the poorer localities of our large and growing Dominion as well as in Newfoundland where the said books would be most gladly received. Since the formation of the Sunday-school Relief and Extension Fund of the Methodist Church over ten thousand volumes which were no longer needed in schools, particularly in the cities of Ontario and Quebec as well as the Maritime Provinces, have been

sent to localities which, but for them, would have been without Sunday-school libraries.

Let the Superintendents of Sunday schools who may be replenishing their libraries this season, send the books which they no longer require to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Methodist Book Room, Toronto, and he will repair such as may be somewhat worn or defaced, and, with the addition of a few new books, he will send them forth on their errands of mercy. He has in his possession many letters which he has received acknowledging the receipt of books thus sent among the fishermen of Newfoundland, the poor struggling settlers in Muskoka, and the hardy pioneers of the great North-West "Loose them, and let them go." E. B.

AN ARAB SHEIK.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

If you were to visit an Arab town (for about two-thirds of the Arab race dwell in fixed abodes), you would find it a curious place. It might be walled about with a low rampart of sun-dried mud, with here and there a mud tower. The streets would be found to wind irregularly between low houses with flat mud roofs, small windows and no outside ornaments. If it were a town of any size, the broadest street would be the market-place. As the colour of these sun-dried mud houses is light yellow, it is said that from a distance the town looks like a dust-heap in the centre of a ring of gardens and palm trees.

The chief room in an Arab's house is the coffee-room. It is furnished with mats, cushions and a little furnace for making coffee. Here the men meet, and the women come sometimes if no strangers are present. Guests are very cordially received, and an Arab host is extremely polite according to his national idea of politeness. He never asks a guest where he is going or whence he came or how long he will remain.

Arab cooking is very simple, coarse ground wheat cooked in butter, a few vegetables, boiled mutton, dates and fruit, with flat baked-cakes,—these are about all that is eaten unless the family is wealthy. Tea, boiled camel's flesh, rice, fish and a few other dishes may be added. The coffee is without milk or sugar, and the fresh grains are each time sifted, roasted, pounded and boiled.

Arabs, if they are strict Mohammedans, do not drink wine, and they make but one solid meal a day—that of supper, after sunset. As a rule, they are dignified, often very calm under great provocation. But under this self-control is a revengful temper that can remember an insult or an injury for years and at last punish either with bloodshed.

The Arabs are a fine-looking race, tall, well formed, with dark eyes and hair. They are simple in their dress and cleanly in their habits. In the towns there are a few schools, but little is taught there save the recitals of the Koran. At home the boys, who were very intelligent, learn of their fathers to read, to write and to know some grammar, history and poetry.

The Bedouin Arabs, or dwellers in the open land, are shepherds or herdsmen, they lead a roving life and live in tents. They are naturally ruler and more ignorant than those dwelling in

towns. These Bedouins regard the plundering of travellers or of caravans as a sort of right—a toll or tax which it is allowable for them to exact of those who pass through their territory. To avoid this annoyance, strangers apply to the sheiks of the various towns, and for a present to these officers they are provided with an escort of Arabs to protect them from others who are more lawless.

In addition to the Arabs proper, a large number of nations allied to them by race speak the Arabic language. It is calculated that no less than one hundred and twenty millions of people, from the borders of China to the Straits of Gibraltar, use this noble tongue. Hence the importance of the American Presbyterian mission in Syria. By its schools and colleges it is training Arabic-speaking teachers and preachers, whilst by its press it is sending out Bibles, books, tracts and papers that can be read by all of these many millions. The Arabic race is a strong race. To evangelize it is a glorious work.

THE OLD MAN OF DARTMOOR.

THERE was an old man of Dartmoor who for many years obtained his livelihood by looking after the cattle distributed over those wild moorland hills. At last, through infirmity and old age, and the constant and unusual exposure to all kinds of weather, his sight entirely failed him, so that he had to seek an asylum in one of the West of England infirmaries, to end his brief remaining days. While there he was frequently visited by one of his granddaughters, who would occasionally read to him portions of the Word of God.

One day, when the little girl was reading to him the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, when she reached the seventh verse, "And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," the old man raised himself and stopped the little girl, saying with all earnestness:

"Is that there, my dear!"
"Yes, grandpa."
"Then read it to me again; I never heard the like before."

The little girl read again:
"And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."
"You are quite sure that is there?"
"Yes, quite sure."

"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I should like to feel it."

So she took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:

"Now read it to me again."
The little girl read, with her soft, sweet voice:

"And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"
"Yes, quite sure."
"Then if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words:

"And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

And with that the man withdrew his hand, his head fell softly back on the pillow, and he quietly passed into the presence of Him whose "blood cleanseth us from all sin."

ENTER not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.

VOTE AS YOU PRAY.

BY HORA PIERSON.

DOUBT, ye men of present valour
See what shades your shadows cast!
While you're waiting almost sleeping,
As did others in the past.

Are you not ashamed that thus long
You have let rum have such away!
Will you longer stand and see it
Taking homes and lives away!

Will you see the wives and children
Living on in want and pain!
Won't you do your best to check it!
Others, then, will do the same.

Will you not step quickly forward
And your freedom now redeem!
Or do you, as trembling cowards,
Want to be what others seem!

Show your courage and be manly.
Pray for what you know is right,
Stop not here, but press still onward
— And be foremost in the fight.

If you ask for prohibition,
Do not seek another way,
But be firm and show your colours,
Cast your vote just as you pray.
Newport, Ky., Feb. 18, 1886.

Henry VI., exclaimed, when he saw death at hand, "Wherefore should I die, being so rich! If the whole realm could save my life, I am able, either by policy to get it, or by wealth to buy it; will not death be bribed! Will money do nothing!"

"I have provided, in the course of my life, for everything except death," said an Italian, great but infamous, "and now, alas! I am to die, although entirely unprepared."

Contrast this with what an aged saint in prison once wrote to a young friend. "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day. and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Do our readers know who wrote these words, to whom they were written, and where they are to be found?—*Classmate.*

WOODEN SWEARING.

A minister once said, "I hope, dear children, that you will never let your lips speak profane words. But now I want to tell you about a kind of swearing which I heard a good woman speak of not long ago. She called it 'wooden swearing.' It is a kind of swearing that many people besides children are given to when they are angry. Instead of giving vent to their feelings in oaths, they slam the doors, kick the chairs, stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about, and make all the noise they possibly can. 'Isn't this just the same as swearing?' said she. 'It's just the same kind of feeling exactly, only they do not like to say those awful words; but they force the furniture to make the noise, and so I call it wooden swearing.' I hope, dear children, that you will not do any of this kind of swearing, either. It is better to let alone wooden swearing and all other kinds of swearing."

SATAN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

SATAN knows how to make his places of resort attractive; he spares no pains to entrap unwary feet. His drawing-rooms shine out warm and bright on winter nights, and many a poor shivering wretch is drawn by this display of show and comfort to enter to his ruin. These drawing-rooms are frequented by men, women, and children. The host, Satan himself, is not seen, but he is present. He sometimes employs a woman to wait upon his guests, a woman with a strong air and gay dress, who dispenses the glasses with a pleasant word for all. Nor does her heart rebuke her when some little ragged child, whose head scarcely reaches the counter, stretches up its small, blue palm with a coin in it, to receive a dram for father or mother.

But, thank God, the day is fast approaching when Satan shall no more hold his drawing-room receptions. The temperance movement, like a grand triumphal chariot, is moving on, and its course is through all the land.

America had two great stains upon her escutcheon—slavery and a licensed liquor law. One blot has been washed out with the blood of true, brave men, and already the other has begun to pale and fade in the light of the temperance movement.



THE ARCH OF TITUS.

THE ARCH OF TITUS.

BY ROBIN MERRY.

THE ancient Romans, like the people of modern nations, erected many imposing monuments to commemorate great victories, or for the special honour of distinguished commanders. Many of these were obelisks, placed on massive bases, and sustaining elaborately-carved capitals, on the top of which was placed a figure of the commander whose fame was to be perpetuated. Another favourite form of monument was the arch. Twenty-one of these are mentioned as being erected in the city of Rome. One of the most famous of these is the Arch of Titus, which after the lapse of so many centuries still remains standing. The special conquest which gave fame to this commander was the destruction of Jerusalem, the overthrow of which was accomplished after a siege of three years and six months. The arch constructed to commemorate this victory was an imposing and beautiful structure, and at this distant day it still retains the marks of the skill which was lavished upon it. We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers a view of one of the interior faces of the arch, of a most interesting character. The sides and under portion of the arch are all covered over with the richest carvings, the human figures introduced being of full life size. The section represented by our cut constitutes the chief piece of one of the inner sides of the passage. It contains about fifteen or more Roman soldiers from the triumphal procession bearing aloft the golden candlestick from the temple at Jerusalem; also, the golden table of shew-bread, the silver trumpets of the priests, and other relics obtained from the ruins of the temple. The soldiers are cut in stone in heavy bas-relief. Time has committed some pretty severe ravage upon these figures, and scarcely any of the soldiers are now left unbroken. Of some of them a portion of an arm, or perhaps the

entire limb, is gone, some feet are left with part of the leg gone, and faces, heads, and shoulders have had equally untoward experience. The conqueror Titus when he came to the throne was one of the best of the Roman emperors; but his principal fame rests upon his conquest of the ancient city of Jerusalem. The temple, so grand in its character and associations, the sacred edifice in which the Saviour so often walked and taught, was destroyed completely by his men, but, it may be added to the credit of the general, altogether against his will and orders.

A little while before Titus conquered Jerusalem, and before he became emperor in the imperial city, there was taken out of prison in Rome a man prematurely old from excessive labours, and led a little way out of the city, and in the presence of a small company of men beheaded with a sword. There remains a monument to this man's name. It is composed of a number of the epistles of the New Testament; in part, also, of the great Christian Church throughout the world, in the founding of which he bore so large a part. This man is not known as emperor of Rome, but simply as an apostle of Jesus. Which of the two monuments do you think is the grander and more enduring, the Arch of Titus or the monument of the Apostle Paul?

TEMPERANCE.

To drink well is a property meet for a sponge, but not for man.—*Demonstrations.*

It is on the plain practical ground of expediency that I advocate the system of teetotalism; believing it, and indeed knowing it, to be the only means of attaining the habit of temperance in the use of strong drinks, among the great mass of mankind, in the present state of society.—*John Forbes, M.D., F.R.S., Physician to Her Majesty's Household.*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1886.

LOOKING BACK.

THE young are looking forward; the old are looking backward. Perhaps those who are looking forward may learn a lesson from some who have gone through life, and at its close look backward upon it.

The number of misspent lives is great, and such lives do not afford pleasant reflections in the last hour. Cardinal Wolsey's lamentation a little before his death is well known: "Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have forsaken me now in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."

"O, would to God that I had never reigned!" said a Spanish monarch. "O, that those years I have spent in my kingdom I had lived a solitary life in the wilderness! O, that I had lived a life alone with God! What doth all my glory profit, but that I have much more torment in my death!" A great cardinal, in the day of



A CHINESE TRAVELLING RESTAURANT.

A CHINESE TRAVELLING RESTAURANT.

"A TRAVELLING restaurant! Who ever heard of such a thing? What is it? A thing that walks or rides? How can a restaurant travel?"

Did you ever hear of a dining-saloon on a steamboat or a dining-room car? Why not, then, have a travelling restaurant? But if any of the readers of this paper wish to know what a travelling restaurant is, let them study the picture.

No matter now about the distant pagoda in the background or the part of a temple to the right; the restaurant is in the foreground of the picture. Not only may the restaurant, but the proprietor and one of his customers, be seen. The man with the broad-brimmed hat is the restaurant-keeper, the other is the customer, and in front of the two is the restaurant or eating-saloon. This last is not only table, dishes, cooking utensils and furnace, but contains also a supply of provisions and fuel. It is a complete outfit, and is now seen in active operation.

The round basket at the right is the provision-store. In that are kept not only the provisions, but spare dishes and whatever else may be needed. Within the square box on the other side may be seen another similar basket, also used as a storeroom either for provisions or dishes, or, more likely, for fuel. Above it is the furnace, with a place for stowing away a spare cooking utensil or two. In pots or other vessels placed on this furnace the food is cooked. The pole between the two boxes or baskets is used for carrying them. They are slung by means of the ropes fastened to the ends of the pole over the owner's back, and thus he can carry his whole restaurant wherever he wishes to go. These round baskets are usually composed of several flat ones, set one directly over the other, the bottom of the top one fitting into the top of the one below.

These men go about the streets and travel from village to village, usually trying to be at the market-towns on market-days, doing what restaurant-keepers do—provide people with meals. They are ready at almost any time to get up a good warm meal of food in a few minutes. All the hungry man need do when meeting one of these is to ask for what he wants. In a moment the pole is dropped as the basket and box are set on the ground, and at once the cook begins fanning the fire in the furnace, adding more charcoal. If the fire be out, with a flint, steel and tinder-box and soft paper the man soon has a fire started, and then he fans it to a brighter, stronger heat; or, as likely, with a hollow bamboo, one end in his mouth, the other in the fire, he blows until there is heat enough; then he begins cooking. The hot charcoal fire soon does the work, while the customer and the cook look on, the latter either finishing his preparations or blowing the fire now and again to emphasize his talk to the waiting customer. When the food is ready the two men change places, the cook looking on while the other works—at eating. Of course if another customer comes he is served as soon as possible, the owner taking the longer time to rest when no customer is waiting.

The man eating is doing it as fast as he can. He has his dish or bowl close to his mouth, and with chopsticks is shovelling in the food as rapidly as his mouth will take it. That is the way Chinese frequently, if not usually, eat. They do not, as many suppose, eat rice by picking up one grain at a time, instead, after placing the bowl close to the lips, they shovel in the rice with the chopsticks as fast as they can. They do, however, pick up other articles of food piece by piece; this they can do with great skill. They can even pick the bones out of fish with the chopsticks, and can take up with these (to us) clumsy implements

the smallest particle of food. They do not use knives and forks at the table; their food is so small enough to be put into the mouth before it is brought on the table. Chinese, when they first try to use knives and forks, are as clumsy as we would be with chopsticks. They think that chopsticks are the most polite and proper things with which to eat, and regard foreigners as barbarians for eating with iron and steel instruments.

Though tables have been referred to, the people of China do not care very much to eat from tables. Anything serves them very well as a table, and, if nothing better can be found, the eater sits on the ground, and, placing his dishes beside him, taking his rice bowl in one hand, chopsticks in the other, begins at work at once. When his bowl is empty it is refilled, and the man starts anew, eating sometimes several bowls of soft-boiled rice at a meal. Rice forms the principle food of those able to buy it, though not the cheapest the people can get. With rice the hungry man wants several other dishes, from which he now and then picks a bit with chopsticks to make him enjoy the principal dish the more. On these side-dishes may be fish, pork, goat's meat (seldom beef,) beans, other vegetables, and often watermelon-seeds. Nearly everything eatable goes to make up a Chinaman's diet. He cares less about what he eats than how to get it. Food with that people is scarce, and money to buy it still more difficult to get, so they must eat anything they can; little goes to waste in China.

There are two other things in which the people of that strange country differ from us in their eating. They sometimes stand while they eat, as the man in the picture; but that is not new to us. The wives, mothers, daughters and sisters do not eat with the men; they are not considered good enough. They must wait until husbands, fathers, brothers and sons have finished, or at least eat away from them. When the Chinese sit down to eat they do not wait to ask a blessing, but begin eating at once. The Christian Chinese seek God's blessing first, but the others do not. They are heathens and without God. Like the brutes, they think only of the food, and not of Him who gives food, and the ability to enjoy it. Did you ever see Americans who acted like Chinese at the table?—J. A. Davis.

ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE SIFTER.

DID you ever sift ashes on a windy day and stand on the wrong side of the sifter? How the wind covered your clothes with ashes, making a miller of the body part of you, and giving you a head like that of an old-time judge in his bushy wig. How the dust, as if a sand-wind blowing across the Sahara, filled your eyes, coated your hands, and spoiled your temper for half an hour! If you had only stood on the windward side of that sifter, and then gone into the house with your own hair, clean clothes, and a temper like a June morning!

The wrong side of the sifter! That is where some boys and girls always get. It may be thoughtlessness. There's Fannie. If she meets a mud-puddle, she will be sure to step into

the middle of it. If there is a bumble-bee's nest in the field, Fannie is the happy mortal to lay her hand on it. If she and an ink bottle are neighbours for five minutes, the ink-bottle will leave its autograph on her new dress. It is the result of carelessness. Avoid that. Go through life, your eyes open, your hands out of your pockets, and your thoughts in your head. Be careful.

The wrong side of the sifter! Some people are there because they are mules in their disposition. Fannie's brother, Peter, is obstinate. He makes a mistake, gets on the wrong side of the sifter, and then mulishly determines to stay there, though the "jing ashes may give him the blindness of a bat and the clothes of a beggar. If on the wrong side, quit it at once. It is manly to confess an error and say, "I made a mistake." If you will not retract and retreat, look out for an ash-storm.

NOBODY'S CHILD

ONLY a newboy, under the light Of the lamp-post plying his trade in vain; Men are too busy to stop to-night, Hurrying home through the sleet and rain. Never since Jark a paper sold; Where shall he sleep or how be fed? He thinks as he shivers there in the cold, While happy children are safe abed.

Is it strange if he turns about With angry words, then comes to blows, When his little neighbour, just sold out, Tossing his pennies, past him goes? "Stop!"—someone looks at him, sweet and mild, And the voice that speaks is a tender one "You should not strike such a little child, And you should not use such words, my son."

Is it his anger or his fears That have hushed his voice and stopped his arm? "Don't tremble," these are the words he hears: "Do you think that I would do you harm?" "It isn't that, and the hand drops down, "I wouldn't care for kicks and blows; But nobody ever called me son, Because I'm nobody's child, I s'pose."

O men! as ye careless pass along, Remember the love that has cared for you, And blush for the awful shame and wrong Of a world where such a thing could be true! Think what the child at your knee had been If thus on his lonely pillow tossed, And who shall bear the weight of sin, If one of these "little ones" be lost

A BRAVE BOY.

A LITTLE boy of seven years old broke a leg, and was brought home on a stretcher. His poor mother, who was at that time ill in bed, tried to get up, but presently sank back almost fainting. They had to put the poor little fellow to some pain before they could set his leg, for the flesh was torn as well as the bone broken, and the wound had to be sewed up. But not a single cry did the dear child give; and when asked why he had borne his suffering so patiently—if it was because the pain had not been so very great—he answered quietly, "It hurt a good deal, but I would not cry out because I thought it might make mamma worse to hear me cry."

A MISSIONARY in the North-West territory writes: Let me congratulate you on the success of the Magazine. The last was the best number of any Magazine I ever read. I am proud of the production.

A HARVEST SONG.

COME, Mary, blow the horn! For the men are all a-field,
It was an hour and more ago, I saw them
in the corn.
Jose has the table spread and the harvest
apples peeled.
Come, Mary, come and blow the horn!

Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the moon
is in the skies.
With sweeter, softer voice than yours was
never woman born;
But your call will not reach to the field
beyond the rise,
So come, Mary, come and blow the horn!

Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the harvest
is begun.
Half the rye is in the sheaf, the field is
lying aborn;
The men must take a breath and be out into
the sun,
So come, Mary, come and blow the horn!

Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the heat is
very sore;
I know it by the blinking sun, the twisting
of the corn.
The soil will be dry and the men will thirst
for more.
Come, Mary, come and blow the horn!

Go, Mary, blow the horn! The wind is in
the south;
Go out upon the hill where the echo will be
borne,
Then blow a ringing blast from a full red
mouth!
Go, Mary, go and blow the horn!

Go, Mary, blow the horn! For the men are
atill a-field:
There's Peter in the yellow rye and Dennis
in the corn:
Jose has the table spread and the harvest
apples peeled.
Ab, go, Mary, go and blow the horn!

LITTLE TOMMY BROWN.

"WHAT is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure, with a thin face, large, hollow eyes, and pale cheeks, that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for someone else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colours. His shoes were old, his hair cut square in his neck, in the unprecised manner that women cut boys' hair. It was a bitter day, yet he wore no overcoat, and his bare hands were red with cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Nine year old next April. I've learnt to read at home, and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with the cap in his hands and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap with frayed edges, and the original colour of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently he said: "I never went to school 'cause—'cause—well, mother takes in wasbin', an' she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough now to help, an' she minds the baby besides."

It is not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room. While he was making his confused explanation some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out, "Miss Brown!—oh, Miss Brown! How much do you charge a dozen for collars and cuffs?" And another said: "You must sleep on a rag-bag at night, by the looks of your clothes." Before the teacher could quiet them, another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the new boy was

"old Si Brown, who is always as drunk as a fiddler."

The poor child looked around at his 'ormentors like a haunted thing. Then (before the teacher could detain him), with a suppressed cry of misery, he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. At night it came to her dreams. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble she found the place where he lived and two of the W. O. T. U. women went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house in a street near the river. The family lived in back part of the house, in a frame addition. The ladies climbed the outside stairs that led up to the room occupied by the Brown family. When they first entered they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the scapsuds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbid even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a wash-tub. When they entered she wiped her hands on her apron and came forward to meet them. Once she had been pretty. But the colour and light had all gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down, in a listless, uninterested manner. Then, taking a chair herself, she said:

"Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dim corner of the room, carrying a baby, that she lay in its mother's lap—a lean and sickly-looking baby with the same hollow eyes that little Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am, she ain't very well. I have to work hard, and I expect it affects her," and the woman coughed as she held the child to her breast.

This one room was the place where this family ate, slept and lived. There was no carpet on the floor. An old table, three or four chairs, a broken stove, a bed in one corner. In an opposite corner a trundle-bed. That was all.

"Where is your little boy, Tommy?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"

"Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going to get well." At this the mother laid her head on the baby's face, while the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him?"

He was never very strong, and he's had to work too hard, carrying water and helping me to lift the wash-tubs and things like that."

"Is his father dead?"

"No, he ain't dead. He used to be a good workman, and we had a comfortable home. But all he earns now—and that ain't much—goes for drink. If he'd only let me have what little I make over the wash-tub. But half the time he takes that away from me and then the children go hungry."

She took the child from off her shoulder. It was asleep now and she laid it across her lap.

"Tommy has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to

help take care of Sissy and the baby and me. He know he'd never be able to work hard. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood in the door and watched him go. I can't never forget how the little fellow looked," she continued, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched-up clothes—his old shoes—his ragged cap—his poor little anxious look. He turned round as he left the yard, and said: 'Don't you worry, mother, I ain't going to mind what the boys say.' But he did mind. It wasn't an hour till he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was, it broke over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but, oh, I can't bear to see my children suffer." Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her quietly, and stole a thin little arm round her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered, "don't cry."

The woman made an effort to check her tears, and wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness, she continued:—

"Poor little Tommy cried all day. I couldn't comfort him. He said it wasn't any use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But t'wasn't any use. Seemed like he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it; but he whipped Tommy. And the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he'd a-been sick any way. But, oh, my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

A faint voice spoke from the bed. One of the ladies went to him. There he lay; poor little defenceless victim. He lived in a Christian land; in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep, and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds!

His face was flushed, and the hollow eyes were bright. There was a long purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said:

"Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking." Then, in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered, "I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak to ever help mother, anyhow. Up in heaven the angels ain't to call me a drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes. And maybe if I'm right there where God is I can keep reminding him of mother, and He'll make it easier for her."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and then said, in a lower tone, "Some day—they ain't going—to let the saloons—keep open—but I'm afraid—poor father—will be dead—before then." Then he shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.

He is only one of many. There are hundreds like him, in tenement houses,

alms and alleys, in town and country. Poor little martyrs, whose tears fall almost unheeded; who are cold and hungry in this bitter weather; whose hearts and bodies are bruised with unkindness.

And yet "the liquor traffic is a legitimate business, and must not be interfered with," so it is said.

Over eighteen hundred years ago it was also said:—

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

"NOBODY'S CHILD."

A LADY visiting an Asylum for Friendless Orphan Children lately watched the little ones go through their daily drill, superintended by their matron, a firm, honest woman, to whom her duty had evidently become a mechanical task. One little toddler hurt her foot, and the visitor, who had children of her own, took her on her knee, petted her, made her laugh, and kissed her before she put her down. The other children stared in wonder.

"What is the matter? Does nobody ever kiss you?" asked the astonished visitor.

"No. That isn't in the rules, ma'am," was the answer.

A gentleman in the same city who one morning stopped to buy a newspaper from a wizened, shrieking newsboy at the station, found the boy following him every day thereafter, with a wistful face brushing the spots from his clothes, calling a car for him, etc.

"Do you know me?" he asked him at last.

The wretched little Arab laughed. "No. But you called me 'my child' one day. I'd like to do something for you, sir. I thought before that I was nobody's child."

Christian men and women are too apt to feel, when they subscribe to organized charities, that they have done their duty to the great army of homeless, friendless, orphan waifs around them. A touch, a kiss, a kind word, may do much towards saving the neglected little one who feels it is "nobody's child," teaching it as no money can do, that we are all children of one Father.

When Christ would heal or help the poor outcast he did not send him money; but he came close and touched him.

THE BREWER'S DOG.

A GENTLEMAN taking an evening walk along the road near Granttown saw two men supporting a third, who appeared unable to walk.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"Why," was the reply, "that poor man has been sadly bitten by the brewer's dog."

"Indeed!" said he, feeling rather concerned at the disaster.

"Yes, sir; and he is not the first by a good many that he has done a mischief to."

"Why is not that dog made 'way with'?"

"Ah, sir, he ought to have been made away with long ago, but it wants resolution to do it. It is the strong drink, sir, that's the brewer's dog."

Beware of the dog!

REMEMBER, BOYS.

YOUNG friends, when you are at play on the street,
Half frantic with frolic, laughter, and noise,
Don't ever forget to bow when you meet,
When you meet an old man with gray hair, my boys.

Is the aged man feeble, decrepit, and lame?
Does he lean on his staff with unsteady poise?
Never mock at his sorrow, but stop in your game,
And bow to the man with gray hair, my boys.

Remember the years are only a few
Since he on the street with his games and his toys,
Was healthy and happy and active like you;
As bright as the sun were his curls, my boys.

But age has furrowed the cheek that was fair,
While sorrows have broken his once mellow voice;
And now there is many a silvery hair
On the head where the curls were so bright, my boys.

The spring day of youth is a gem, it is gold;
But time all its glorious lustre destroys;
And then, don't you know, if you live to be old,
Your steps will be slow, your locks gray, my boys.

So when you are blithely at play on the street,
Half frantic with frolic and laughter and noise,
Remember to bow when you pleasantly meet,
When you meet an old man with gray hair, my boys.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"THERE is one thing about it," said George Logan as he went out into the world to earn his own living, "I am not going to church or to Sunday school wherever I may be."

The lad's home had for years been in a large city, where he had lived with an uncle, his parents being dead, and this relative evidently felt that in keeping the boy in Sunday school his whole duty to him was being fulfilled.

George had spent his early childhood in the country, and during the long years spent in a crowded quarter of the city his heart had constantly gone back with a great longing to the green fields and rippling brooks of the dear old farm.

Now, through the kindness of the milkman who came every morning to their door, he had a place on a great dairy farm, where his waking hours were busily occupied in doing chores and working in the garden; but on Sunday he could roam at will.

His employer's wife had reasoned with him at first, but finding him stubborn, had wisely decided to let the matter rest for the time, when the lad had said, on his own accord:

"I will ask no one to go with me, Mrs. Manners. I promise that; so you see, I shall harm no one."

"No one but yourself just now, I admit," said the good woman; "you cannot tell what harm is your work out of your disregard of sacred time in the future. I hold that no one can break one of the ten commandments with impunity."

George laughed, stuffed his lunch of doughnuts and cheese into his pocket, and walked away.

Sunday after Sunday he did the same thing, seeming to find delight in the wildness of the fields and forests, and in his own perfect freedom. At

last one sweet June Sunday morning, as he was climbing a steep hill from the summit of which a fine view was obtained, he seemed to hear a voice speaking to him. It came upon him suddenly, and said:

"You had better be in church!"

The boy looked around; he was entirely alone on the great pasture side. He used to say afterwards it was like a voice in the air speaking aloud to him. He was startled at first, and then said aloud:

"My time is my own, I suppose. I may do with it as I please."

"Sunday is God's time," said the voice. "He reserved it to Himself from the beginning. You had better be in church."

The lad was frightened now, and turning, he ran down the hill and into the shade of a thick wood. He cowered under the great, dark hemlock in a thicket from which the light of day was almost shut out. Here it seemed that all the religious teachings of his boyhood rushed upon him with bewildering force. Half forgotten chapters of committed Scripture lessons, the words of precious hymns, and at last a prayer that his mother used to repeat over him when he was almost a baby. It was packed away in his brain. Other matters had kept it hidden. He never had recalled it before; he had no idea it was there. He remembered that his mother used to kneel with him; now he heard the prayer as if anew, "Oh, Lord, let my little boy grow up to love Thee, to love Thy house, and Thy way, and Thy work, and thus to make an earnest Christian man."

"Yes, that was the prayer," he said aloud, "and she prayed so long, and so earnestly, and so faithfully, her prayers must be answered. Oh, father in heaven who heard my mother's prayers, help me now as I pray for myself," and there, in the deep lonely wood he prayed until the assurance came that his sins were forgiven.

He then went back to the farmhouse, and making himself ready, he went to the church, arriving in time for Sunday school, and astonished Mrs. Manners by taking his place decorously with her class of boys.

He related his experience in the prayer-meeting that evening, and when some one arose to explain away the marvel of "a voice in the air," the pastor interposed.

"It was the way the tender Shepherd took to call back His own," he said. "The mother's prayer had to be answered. God had passed His word. We each have a different experience. The more spiritual-minded we become the less ready we are to explain the non-explainable."

George Logan united with the church, he grew to love the Lord and His house, His way and His day, and His work, and now, as a faithful, earnest Christian man, if he has any special department of work it is in setting forth to all classes the beauty and sublimity of our obligation as children of the Heavenly King to obey His beneficent decree: "Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

THERE are a thousand things we love more than God, without being sensible of it. He whom we love is he whom we are most concerned to please, and are most afraid to offend. Let us try our love by this rule.

A "SAMPLE ROOM."

MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

WHENEVER I go to church, or up town on a shopping expedition, I pass a corner where a gilded sign hangs over the door, bearing the words: "Sample Room." On the side of the building, near the door, is a large black and gold shield, and upon it, again, in gold letters, we see "Sample Room." Very often we hear a piano and violin going within, and men singing; and sometimes we see some of the "samples" they make inside, leaning against a tree box, or staggering along the sidewalk, or even lying in the gutter! Now you know what I mean! They make drunkards inside that corner building, and then turn them out as "samples" of their work.

Not long ago, a young man went into one of these "Sample Rooms," with three hundred dollars in his pocket. He had just sold a horse to a friend, and at his friend's urgency he stepped in to have a glass of beer in honour of the trade. He had seldom entered such a place; but he went this time, took one glass of beer, then a glass of whiskey, and stopped to see a game of cards played.

Next morning he awoke in a jail, and presently found himself in court, sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars, or go to jail for ten days. He put his hand in his pocket—not a dime there! Yesterday, three hundred dollars; today, not a dime! That was another "sample" of the work done in the corner saloon. He could remember nothing, except that he went in there, and took two drinks—beyond that, his memory failed. Having no money, he had to go to jail, and bear the disgrace of having the story known at home, as well as the dreary imprisonment. Had he kept away from that place, he might have gone gaily home with his money in his pocket. As it was—boys, did he gain or lose by going there!

THE BOY'S BEST FRIENDS.

THE best friends a boy can have are his own parents. How much they love him and care for him it is impossible for him to know. By-and-by, when he becomes a man, he will doubtless have a better understanding of it. Some things, which are now very strange to him, will then be made plain. If he can now only believe this and trust his parents fully, even though he does not fully comprehend their plans for him, it will indeed be well for him.

We can hardly expect boys to be as thoughtful and as considerate as men, yet they may be thoughtful and considerate boys. This is far better than indulging in perpetual heedlessness, which is sure, sooner or later, to bring sorrow. A loving, respectful deportment toward one's parents should ever be observed, while obedience should be prompt and complete. If there be a constant endeavour to lighten the burden which daily falls on the parents, this endeavour will be appreciated, and must, in some measure, be successful.

Thoughtless acts on the part of the child may give great pain to the parents, and the day will come when these parents have passed away, and the remembrance of this thoughtlessness will give great grief. "What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth for one

day, to ask her pardon upon my knees for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain!" Here, you see, is a man's conscience stinging back the days gone by and the pain his thoughtless acts had given to his gentle, loving mother.

Boys, train yourself to thoughtfulness about others, especially about your parents. It will do you good, besides adding to their happiness; and in the coming years, when they have gone, and you become men, the thoughts of this respect for them and obedience to them will become to you a source of sweetest pleasure.

THE SPHINX RIDDLE.

You have heard, may be, of the Sphinx riddle, and know that the term "Sphinx riddle" is often applied to mysterious puzzles.

Here is the Sphinx riddle. "What animal walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?"

The study of the ancient Theban Sphinx was as follows: Juno, the wife of Jupiter, the ruler of the gods, sent the Sphinx to waste the country of Thebes in Boetia. The monster had the head and bust of a woman, the body of a dog, the tail of a serpent, the wings of a bird, the paws of a lion, and a human voice.

You have sometimes seen pictures of the Sphinx as described above, but you are more familiar with that Sphinx in Egypt, which now only shows its woman's head, and lion's paws above the sand.

The old fable tells us that the Sphinx gave out the riddle above quoted and devoured everybody it encountered who could not explain it.

So the monster became a great terror, and spread consternation throughout the country.

The Oracle was consulted, and told the people that if any one should explain the Sphinx riddle that the Sphinx would destroy itself.

Upon hearing this, Croton, King of Thebes, promised to give his crown, and his sister Jocasta, in marriage to any one who would explain the riddle.

Oedipus heard of this and went to Thebes; he met the terrible Sphinx and she propounded to him her riddle. Oedipus answered that the animal which walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening is man; for in the early morning of his life man goes on all fours, in the noon of his prime walks upright, and in the evening of life goes stooping upon a staff.

As soon as the Sphinx heard the wise man's answer, she dashed her head against a rock, and expired.

Now you know the story of the Sphinx, and what the Sphinx riddle was.

URCH'S JOHN.

"YOUR trip to Italy must have been very pleasant," said a young lady to Simpson, who had just returned from a foreign strand. "Very interesting, indeed," answered he. "Now tell me," said she, "does Italy really look like a boot? You know that is the way it looks on the map."

A GENTLEMAN was once walking through a lunatic asylum, when a patient came forward and accosted him, "Sir, have you thanked God this morning for your reason? I have lost mine!"

JOHN B GOUGH.

BY MPA. R. J. RICHMOND.

DEAD on the field of battle,
In conflict with the foe,
The field o'er which the angels
Are flying to and fro.
No foeman's hand hath smote him,
The soldier true and grand,
Whose battle-cry has been for
God, Home, and Native Land.
But the brave heart was weary;
God saw he needed rest,
And sent a bright-winged angel
To call him to His breast.
The "loved disciple" long ago
Leaned there, and knew His peace,
And the brave, toil-worn soldier
Has gained a sweet release.
A wall of bitter mourning
From myriads doth rise,
But it cannot drown the prayers
Of welcome from the skies.
"To him that overcometh,"
This is the strain they sing,
"He shall have power forever
In the city of our King.
And the thousands he has rescued
Shall join the loud acclaim,
And bless him for the work he wrought
In the Redeemer's name.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

ASHAMED of work, boys!—good, hard, honest work? Then I am ashamed of you—ashamed that you know so little about great men.

Open your old Roman history now and read of Cincinnatus. On the day on which they wanted to make him dictator, where did they find him? In the field ploughing.

What about Marcus Curius, who drove Pyrrhus out of Italy? Look him up: you will find him busy on his little farm.

The great Cato; you have surely heard of him—how he rose to all the honours of the Roman state; yet he was often seen at work in the fields with his slaves.

Scipio Africanus, who conquered Hannibal and won Carthage for Rome, was not ashamed to labour on his farm. Lucretia, one of the noblest of Roman matrons, might have been seen many a day at work spinning among her maidens.

Better even than the example of noble Romans is the advice of the wise man: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Better than this even are the beautiful New Testament words: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

There! after hearing of these instances you will surely be ashamed not to work.—Selected.

SEEING AND OBSERVING.

THERE is a great difference between seeing and observing. Observation may be spoken of as the cross-examination of the testimony of the senses or of obvious facts. The reader, says Mr. Paxton Hood, in his "World of Proverb and Parable," will remember the old story of the Chinese traveller in England. In those days, not so long ago, when the pleasant shores and banks of the Thames were lined by watermen, our Chinese traveller was landed by one of these ancient worthies who had a wooden leg. It was a fact, and it struck him; the stranger saw that the wooden leg was used to stand in the water, while the other was kept high and dry. The economy of this fact struck him very much; he saw in it strong evidences of design, and he wrote home that "in England one-legged men were kept for watermen, to

the saving of all injury resulting to health, shoes, or stockings, from standing in the water." The fact was correct, the influence or generalization was ludicrously wrong.

There is a story told by the once very popular writer, Dr. John Moore, of a French student in London, who lodged in the same house with a poor man ill of a fever, who was continually teased by his nurse to drink, although quite nauseated by the liquids she offered him. At last, when she was more importunate than usual, he whispered, "For heaven's sake, bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please!" The woman granted his request; the man perspired profusely, and recovered. The French student inserted in his note-book this aphorism, "A salt herring cures an Englishman in his fever." On his return to France he prescribed the same remedy for the first patient in fever he was called to attend. The patient died. The student inserted in his note-book, "N. B. Though a salt herring cures an Englishman, it kills a Frenchman."

THE GRIP OF THE GLACIER.

A RUSSIAN gentleman once fell into one of these chasms caused by breaks in the ice of the glacier. As his guides looked over the edge they saw him far below, wedged in between two walls of ice, waving his right arm piteously for help. They let down a rope, but it was not long enough to reach him. One of the guides ran to the nearest habitation, several miles distant, to get a longer one, while the other remained beside the spot. "Pray for me; I need your prayers," came in a faint voice from the depths. For five awful hours the poor prisoner's hand was seen rising and falling in dumb entreaty. Slower and feebler grew the motion, and at last the arm fell in stillness of death. When the guide came with the rope all was over. The man had perished in the merciless embrace of the glacier, which grasped his warm, palpitating heart as carelessly as though it had been a stone it was clasping to its icy bosom.

A single life is mightier and more merciless than the glacier with its cold and cruel clutch, grinding humanity to powder in its grasp, and crushing human souls in its adamantine embraces. But there is one Almighty Being who pours the glacier from the hollow of his hand; and He can cause sin to relax its grasp of the soul that cries to Him out of the depths. He will send the angel of mercy to fly on swift wings of love, and let down the rope of redeeming grace, which is long enough to reach where reason's eye grows dim, and the plummet line of earthly help swings idly in the void. That cable, strong and sure, can draw the helpless penitent from the very capstone of the pit to pure air and sweet sunlight that float from the gates of glory.—T. M. G.

"AUNTIE," said a pensive urchin to his instructress, "what comes o' a' the auld moons?" "Deed, laddie, I am no very sure," was the tardy reply. "They'll maybe clip them doon, and make stars o' them."

NEXT to true friends, the best acquaintances is that of good books.

THEY that drive away time spur a free horse.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A. D. 30.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 29.

JESUS COMFORTING HIS DISCIPLES.

John 14. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. John 14. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. The House, v. 1-3.
2. The Way, v. 4-6.
3. The Father, v. 7-14.

TIME, PLACE.—See Lesson VII.

EXPLANATIONS.—*My Father's house*—Heaven, God's own dwelling-place. *Mansions*—Staying places or rooms. There is room for all in heaven. *I am the way*—Christ is not only the teacher of truth, and the giver of life, but he is also the very path over which we walk to our room in our Father's house. *Hath seen the Father*—Jesus does not mean has seen God really, since God is a Spirit, but has seen an exhibition of his character. Besides he thus asserts himself to be God. *The works that I do shall he do*—Jesus thus promised the power to work miracles, and it was actually given.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The resurrection of the believers?
2. The divine unity of Father and Son?
3. The prevailing name in prayer?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What comforting words of Christ to his disciples are given in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Let not," etc. 2. For what purpose did Jesus say that he was going away from them? To prepare a place for them. 3. What did he promise? To come again. 4. What did Jesus say that he is to men? The way, the truth, and the life. 5. How may we have our prayers to God answered? By asking in his name.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The kingdom of heaven.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

44. What is meant by saying that God is gracious and merciful? That he is full of compassion, slow to punish sin, and ready to forgive.

The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.—Exodus xxxiv. 6.

A. D. 30.] LESSON X. [Sept. 5.

JESUS THE TRUE VINE.

John 15. 1-16. Commit to mem. vs 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the vine, ye are the branches. John 15. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. The Vine and the Branches, v. 1-3.
2. Abiding in the Vine, v. 4-6.
3. The Blessedness of Abiding, v. 7-16.

TIME, PLACE.—See Lesson VII.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The true vine*—In a grape-growing land this was a very natural figure, and shows the relation of Christ to every disciple. *Purgeth it*—Prunes and cleans that it may be strong. *Cast forth as a branch*—Cut off and thrown away. *My words*—My teachings. That is the true spirit which can control and sanctify life. *Ordained you*—Not ordained as is done in some churches to church officers, but set apart in the sense of being commanded to do a special thing, namely, to preach the Gospel.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The need of abiding in Christ?
2. The tests of abiding in Christ?
3. The results of abiding in Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is said in the GOLDEN TEXT? "I am," etc. 2. What does Christ tell us to do in this relation? To abide in him. 3. What shall be the result of abiding in Christ? Much fruit. 4. What does Christ call those who obey him? His friends. 5. How has he shown his love for his friends? By giving his life.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Man's end God's glory.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

45. In what manner then ought you to think and speak of God? I ought to think of God with fear and love, and speak of him with reverence and praise. [Psalm v. 7.]

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