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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, JUNE 14, 1884.

No. 12.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

AS this is intended to be a very loyal and patriotic number of PLEASANT HOURS, we devote a part of it to an account of our visit to the castle-home of our beloved Queen—the gentle lady who rules over an empire wider than that of Alexander or a Cæsar; and who, better still, sits enthroned in the hearts of her subjects as no monarch ever did before.

The most famous royal residence in England, and one of the most magnificent royal residences in the world, is Windsor Castle. When weary of the rush and the roar, the fog and the smoke of London, a half-hour's ride will take one through some of the loveliest pastoral scenery of England to the quiet and ancient royal borough of Windsor, where everything speaks only of the past. Soon the mighty keep and lofty towers of Windsor Castle come in view as we skirt its noble park. The most striking feature is the great round tower, dominating from its height on Castle-hill, like a monarch from his throne, the grand group of lower buildings. Dating back to the days of William the Conqueror, what a story those venerable walls could tell of the tilts and tournaments, and banquets and festivals, marriages and burials of successive generations of English sovereigns! And over it waves in heavy folds on the languid air that red cross banner which is the grandest symbol of order and liberty in the wide world. Here to this winding shore—whence, say the antiquarians, the name Windlesore, shortened to Windsor—came, eight hundred years ago, the Norman Conqueror, and during all the intervening centuries here the sovereigns of England have kept their lordliest state—the mighty castle growing age by age, a symbol of that power which broadens down from century to century, firm as the round tower on its base, when thrones were rocking and falling on every side.

The deathless love of the sorrowing Queen has made the chapel an exquisite memorial of the virtues and piety of the late Prince Consort. One is shown the room in which His Royal

Highness died, a place made sacred by the loving ministrations of the grief-stricken Queen, and of his noble daughter the Princess Alice.

One climbs by a narrow stair in the thickness of the solid wall to the battlements of the ancient keep, long used as a castle palace, then as a

Like a map beneath us lie the many suites of buildings, the Royal Gardens, the Home Park, the Great Park and the Long Walk and Queen Anne's Ride—two magnificent avenues, nearly three miles long, of majestic elms. Under the bright sunlight it was a grand symphony in green and gold.

Grooms in very glossy hats, and with eyes keenly expectant of fees, do the honours of the splendid establishment, but at the cost of £70,000, which is, of course, kept scrupulously neat. Many of Her Majesty's lieges would be only too happy to be as well cared for as Her Majesty's horses and hounds. I was shown the Queen's favourite saddle horse; also the superannuated charger of the late Prince Consort, whose old age is made as reposeful as the most careful grooming and comfortable quarters can make it. At the "mews" are also kept a number of state carriages, most of them cumbersome, lumbering equipages. The Prince of Wales has also a number of horses here. "Does he ride much?" I asked. "He have to," said the groom; "he's getting so stout." The basket-carriages for His Royal Highness' children were very common-place affairs, at which many Canadian young folk would turn up their noses. But even to the Palace sorrow comes, and very very touching is the following letter from the thrice-bereaved Queen; very beautiful is the Christian faith exhibited in the lines we have italicised.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN.

GRATITUDE FOR THE SYMPATHY OF HER LOYAL SUBJECTS.

Windsor Castle, April 14, 1884.

I have on several previous occasions given personal expression to my deep sense of the loving sympathy and loyalty of my subjects in all parts of my Empire. I wish, therefore, in my present grievous bereavement, to thank them most warmly for the very gratifying manner in which they have shown, not only their sympathy with me and my dear, so deeply-afflicted daughter-in-law, and my other children, but also their high appreciation of my beloved son's great qualities of head and heart, and of the loss he is to the country and to me. The affectionate sympathy of my loyal people, which has never failed me in weal or woe, is very soothing to my heart.

Though much shaken and sorely afflicted by the many sorrows and trials which have fallen upon me during these past years, I will not lose courage, and with the help of Him who



WINDSOR CASTLE.

prison—here James I. of Scotland was confined. From the leads is obtained one of the finest views in England, extending, it is said, into twelve counties. At the base is the deep moat, once filled with water, now planted with gay beds of flowers.

One of the things which one must not fail to do at Windsor is to visit the royal "mews" or stables—so called from the "mews" or coops in which the royal falcons were kept, three hundred years ago—such is the persistence of names in this old land.

has never forsaken me, will strive to labour on for the sake of my children and for the good of the country I love so well, as long as I can.

My dear daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, who bears her terrible misfortune with the most admirable, touching, and uncomplaining resignation to the will of God, is also deeply gratified by the universal sympathy and kind feeling evinced towards her.

I would wish, in conclusion, to express my gratitude to all other countries for their sympathy—above all to the neighbouring one where my beloved son breathed his last, and for the great respect and kindness shown on that mournful occasion.

VICTORIA R. and I.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.*

THE condition of the American colonists who, during the Revolutionary War, remained faithful to the mother country, was one of extreme hardship. They were exposed to suspicion and insult, and sometimes to wanton outrage and spoliation. They were denounced by the local Assemblies as traitors. Many of them were men of wealth, education, talent, and professional ability. But they found their property confiscated, their families ostracized, and often their lives menaced. The fate of these patriotic men excited the sympathy of the mother country.

Their zeal for the unity of the empire won for them the name of United Empire Loyalists, or, more briefly, U. E. Loyalists. The British Government made liberal provision for their settlement in the seaboard provinces and Canada. The close of the war was followed by an exodus of these faithful men and their families, who, from their loyalty to their King and the institutions of their fatherland, abandoned their homes and property, often large estates, to encounter the discomforts of new settlements, or the perils of the pathless wilderness. These exiles for conscience' sake came chiefly from New England and the State of New York, but a considerable number came from the Middle and Southern States of the Union.

What is now the Province of Ontario, at the close of the Revolutionary War was almost a wilderness. The entire European population is said to have been less than two thousand souls. These dwelt chiefly in the vicinity of the fortified posts on the St. Lawrence, the Niagara and the St. Clair rivers. The population of Lower Canada was, at this time, about one hundred and twenty thousand. It was proposed by the Home Government to create, as a refuge for the Loyalist refugees, a new colony to the west of the older settlements on the St. Lawrence, it being deemed best to keep the French and English populations separate. For this purpose, surveys were made along the upper portion of the river, around the beautiful bay of Quinte, on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, and on the Niagara and the St. Clair rivers.

To each United Loyalist Empire was assigned a free grant of two hundred acres of land, as also to each child,

even to those born after immigration, on their coming to age. The Government, moreover, assisted with food, clothing, and implements, those loyal exiles who had lost all on their expatriation. Each settler received an axe, hoe, and spade; a plough and one cow were allotted to every two families, and a whip-saw and cross-cut saw to each group of four households. Sets of tools, portable corn-mills, with steel plates like coffee-mills, and other conveniences and necessaries of life were also distributed among those pioneers of civilization in Upper Canada.

Many disbanded soldiers and militia, and half-pay officers of English and German regiments, took up land; and liberal land-grants were made to immigrants from Great Britain. These early settlers were for the most part poor, and for the first three years the Government granted rations of food to the loyal refugees and soldiers. During the year 1784, it is estimated that ten thousand persons were located in Upper Canada. In course of time not a few immigrants arrived from the United States. The wilderness soon began to give place to smiling farms, thriving settlements, and waving fields of grain, and zealous missionaries threaded the forest in order to administer to the scattered settlers the rites of religion.

THE LACROSSE TEAM IN ENGLAND.

A TRIP TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

BY FRED. W. GARVIN.

ON the morning of Friday the 4th May, 1883, a party of fifteen young Canadians sailed from Portland, Me., by the good ship *Sarita*, of the Dominion S. S. Co., for a protracted tour through Great Britain and Ireland with a threefold object, viz, the acquiring knowledge of and securing the wonders of the mother country, the distribution of literature respecting our own great Canada, and last, but certainly not least in the estimation of the young men composing the party, to show to our English brothers how lacrosse, our grand national game, should be played; for the party went as the Canadian Lacrosse Team of 1883. The morning was a cheerful one, although all the night before fog had hung over the bay, but at 7 o'clock all was bustle and stir, and the members of the team all on deck to see the last of America for months. The captain and officers were at their posts on the bridge. At last the signal was given, the captain gave the command, "Let go aft," and we were at last fairly on our way, and before breakfast-time were almost, if not quite, out of sight of land, and settled down to enjoy the pleasures, or suffer for the next ten days the horrors, of a transatlantic voyage.

Our company was a happy one, consisting of some forty or fifty-five persons, amongst whom I should mention the Rev. D. V. Lucas, (whom I should call the chaplain, for he took such a lively interest in our welfare, both temporal and spiritual) and his wife, of Montreal; the Rev. M. Fawcett and Mrs. Fawcett, of Scarborough; Mrs. Youmans, the temperance lecturer and advocate; a clergyman of the Church of England, and a number of others who, with our team, went to make up a very jolly party. The trip across was a most delightful one, with the exception of

two or three days in which we were all more or less prostrated with that most dreadful of all complaints *mal de mer*. On the morning of the 15th May we steamed into Alexandria Dock, Liverpool, and we were once more on *terra firma*. We were tendered a reception by the Liverpool Y. M. C. A., in their elegant and luxurious rooms, after which we were escorted to the Liverpool Gymnasium, where an entertainment was given in honour of our visit. The same evening we took train for Scotland, where we remained for a few days, visiting in rapid succession Dumfries, (the home of Robbie Burns) Glasgow, Aberdeen, Inverness, (where we were pleased to meet our old friend Mr. Lucas again, and where a grand reception and banquet was tendered us), Dundee and Edinburgh, where we arrived on the morning of the Queen's Birthday, in time to witness the procession of the Queen's High Commissioner to the opening of the Assembly of the High Church of Scotland. At Edinburgh we visited the castle, St. Giles' Cathedral, Holyrood Palace, Calton Hill, and the other attractions in that delightful city.

On the evening of May 25th we started for London, the great metropolis, which place we reached the next morning about eight o'clock, and of course it was raining. They say it always rains in London; it looked very much like it, but the three weeks for which we made it our headquarters must have been an exception as it only rained some three days during that time. We remained, as I have said, three weeks in London, visiting the different points of interest—St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Tower, Spurgeon's Tabernacle, the Houses of Parliament, Old City Road Chapel, the Fisheries Exhibition, the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park, Hampton Court, Kew Gardens and Wimbledon, and, of course, Madame Tussaud's waxworks, where the wax policeman at the door was respectfully questioned as to this or that, and we were caught in the act of asking the pardon of the little old lady sitting near the sleeping beauty.

While sojourning in London we visited in succession Reading, Cheltenham, Clifton, (Bristol), Pontypool (in Wales), Portsmouth, and Nelson's old ship the *Victory*, Canterbury and its wonderful Cathedral, the great university cities of Oxford and Cambridge, at the latter of which places we were privileged to witness the annual bumping or inter-collegiate races on the Cam, a river about the size of our Don or Humber.

On the 21st June we started northward for a tour through the midland and provincial towns, visiting Nottingham, renowned for its lace; that wonderful hive of industry, Birmingham; the writer spending the Sabbath with friends at Kidderminster; Coventry, the shrine of Lady Godiva, of whom we have all heard; and while here we took advantage of a portion of a day and drove to Kenilworth Castle, Warwick Castle, Guy's Cliff, Leamington, Stoneleigh Abbey and back, the drive taking from eight to ten hours, one of the pleasantest and most delightful, and at the same time thoroughly interesting and instructive drives in Great Britain. Walsall was the next place visited, thence on to Sheffield, where we spent the Sabbath and rested. Leeds and other towns we visited the next week, playing before large crowds everywhere.

We have now reached our starting-point, Liverpool, again; but have only just got well into our travellings. After remaining in Liverpool a couple of days, we again set out visiting and playing at Chester. What a quaint old place this is, with its half-timbered houses, Rows, Cathedral, the city wall with its Phoenix Tower and other landmarks.

From Liverpool we go across "the right little, tight little island" to Newcastle-on-Tyne. While here a party of us went down a coal mine 365 yards below the earth's surface, and three went some fifteen hundred yards to the end of the cutting, where we ourselves mined some coal, transferring it to our pockets as mementoes of the visit; we also visited the ordnance works of Sir Wm. Armstrong. After visiting many places in the north we returned to Liverpool, which place we reached just in time to take a special tender for the good ship *Oregon*, which was to take us to Ireland. We reached Belfast Lough on the morning of the 27th and boarded the tender, and after a most delightful sail of some six or seven miles up Belfast Lough we reached the good city of Belfast. Our reception here was most cordial, and it did not seem as if they could do enough for us. While in Ireland we visited, in quick succession, Belfast, Port Rush, and the Giant's Causeway, Derry, Enniskillen, and Dublin, Phoenix Park; and on the morning of the 3d August, at seven o'clock, we again sailed down the Lough, where we boarded the s. s. *Dominion*, and in a few minutes we had said our good-byes to our friends of the past three months and were on our way home, which we reached after a delightful passage of some nine days. During our trip we visited from forty-five to fifty towns, played sixty-one matches, and travelled about 11,000 miles. It seems, and there can be no doubt but that a gracious Providence had been watching over us, as, with one exception, we had not a day's sickness, a single accident, nor did we even lose a piece of baggage. During the trip the team were the means of distributing at the different points visited some half million copies of a special number of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, giving illustrations and descriptions of Canada and our great North-West, and, in addition to these, several cases of pamphlets on and concerning Canada were distributed. It is to be hoped that the trip of the Canadian Lacrosse Team of 1883 to Great Britain and Ireland may be, if not at once, at some near date, of some benefit to Canada.

The late Lord Thomond met, in one of his country walks, a half-witted man who went among his neighbours by the name of "Silly Billy." With an indistinct idea of playing the agreeable, Billy said to his lordship, making at the same time a low obeisance, "I hope your lordship is quite well." "Thank you, Billy," said he, "I'm getting on; but I have been so ill that I have been obliged to keep my bed." "Ah, your lordship," replied Billy, "you've done much better than I did, for when I was ill I was obliged to part with mine!"

"I go through my work," said a needle to an idle boy. "But not until you are *hard pushed*," said the idle boy to the needle.

* Abridged from Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo. Toronto. William Briggs.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

BY THE REV. LEROY HOOKER.

IN the brave old revolution days,
So by our sires tis told,
Kings men and rebels, all ablaze
With wrath and wrong,
Stroke hard and long;
And, fearsome to behold,
O'er town and wilderness afar,
O'er quaking land and sea and air,
All dark and stern the clouds of war
In bursting thunders rolled.

Men of one blood—of British blood,
Rushed to the mortal strife;
Men brothers born,
In hate and scorn
Shed each the other's life.
Which had the right and which the wrong
It boots not now to say;
But when at last
The war-clouds passed
Cornwallis sailed away;
He sailed away and left the field
To those who know right well to wield
The powers of war, but not to yield,
Though Britons fought the day.

Cornwallis sailed away, but left
Full many a loyal man,
Who wore the red,
And fought and bled
Till Royal George's banner fled
Not to return again.

What did they then, those loyal men,
When Britain's cause was lost?
Did they consent,
And dwell content
Where crown and law and parliament
Were trampled in the dust!

Dear were their homes where they were born;
Where slept their honoured dead;
And rich and wide
On every side
The fruitful acres spread;
But dearer to their faithful hearts,
Than home or gold or lands,
Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,
And Britain's flag of long renown,
And grip of British hands.

They would not spurn the glorious old
To grasp the gaudy new;
Of yesterday's rebellion born
They held the upstart power in scorn—
To Britain they stood true

With high resolve they looked their last
On home and native land;
And sore they wept
O'er those that slept
In honoured graves that must be kept
By grace of stranger's hand.

They looked their last and got them out
Into the wilderness,
The stern old wilderness!
All dark and rude
And unsubdued;
The savage wilderness:
Where wild beasts howled
And Indians prowled;
The lonely wilderness!
Where social joys must be forgot,

And budding childhood grow untaught,
Where hopeless hunger might assail
Should autumn's promised fruitage fail;
Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,
Might slay their dear ones at its will;
Where they must lay
Their dead away
Without the man of God to say
The sad sweet words, how dear to men,
Of resurrection hope; but then
'Twas British wilderness!
Where they might sing
God save the King
And live protected by his laws,
And loyally uphold his cause;

'Twas welcome wilderness!
Though dark and rude
And unsubdued;
Though wild beasts howled
And Indians prowled;
For there their sturdy hands
By hated treason undivided
Might win, from the Canadian wild,
A home on British lands.

These be thy heroes, Canada!
These men of proof, whose test
Was in the fevered pulse of strife
When foeman thrusts at foeman's life;
And in the stern behest
When right must toil for scanty bread
While wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,

And men must choose between;
When wright must shelter 'neath the skies
While wrong in lordly mansion lies,
And men must choose between;
When right is cursed and crucified
While wrong is cheered and glorified,
And men must choose between.
Stern was the test,
And sorely pressed,
That proved their blood best of the best;
And when for Canada you pray,
Implore kind Heaven
That, like a leaven,
The hero-blood which then was given
May quicken in her veins always,—
That from those worthy sires may spring,
In numbers as the stars,
Strong-hearted sons, whose glorying
Shall be in right,
Through recreant Might
Be strong against her in the fight,
And many be her scars.
So, like the sun, her honoured name
Shall shine to latest years the same.
—Canadian Methodist Magazine for June.

THE PIONEER PREACHER OF
UPPER CANADA.*

AT the close of a sultry day in the
midsummer of 1790 there rode
into the Heck Settlement a
man of somewhat notable ap-
pearance. He was about eight-and-
twenty years of age, of tall and well-
knit figure, save that one arm seemed
quite shrivelled or paralyzed. Never-
theless, he was a fearless horseman,
riding at a gallop through the root-
entangled forest paths, and boldly
leaping his horse across the pools made
by the recent rains. He wore a coarse
felt hat, home-spun snuff coloured coat,
to which a somewhat clerical air was
given by a strait collar and cut-away
skirts, and leathern leggings. Behind
him were the inevitable saddle-bags
and his coarse frieze coat. Riding up
to the house of Paul Heck, without
dismounting, he knocked with his
riding whip on one of the posts of the
"stoop."

"I am a Methodist preacher," he
said; "can I preach here to-morrow?"
—for it was Saturday evening.
"Fain and glad will we be to have
you," said Paul Heck, as he came
forward.

"Can I have lodging and provender
for myself and horse?" continued the
preacher.

"Ay, and welcome. Get you down,"
said Paul, extending his hand in
friendly greeting.

"Tell me first, will you warn the
neighbours of the preaching? If not,
I will do so myself before I dismount,
although I have had a long ride to-
day."

"Ay, will we; far and near. Here,
Barbara, is a Methodist preacher,"
Paul called to his good wife within the
house.

"We wish you good luck, in the
name of the Lord," said that hospitable
matron, using the language of the
Prayer Book, with which she had long
been familiar. "Thank God, I live
to see the day," she went on. "We
are Methodists, too, and we have pined
and hungered for the preaching of the
Word as the hungry long for food."

"Bless the Lord," said the preacher,
"the lines have fallen to me in pleas-
ant places. I knew not that there was
a Methodist in Canada, and here, the
very day I enter the country, I find
some."

"Ah, and you'll find a-many more
scattered up and down, and fain and
glad they'll be to see you," said Paul,

* Condensed from "Barbara Heck, a tale
of the founding of Upper Canada." Toronto.
William Briggs. Price 75 cents.

using his customary formula of wel-
come.

While the new preacher, whose
name they learned was William Losee,
the pioneer of the goodly band of
Methodist itinerants who now range
the country, was doing ample justice
to the generous meal set before him—
for he had ridden forty miles that day
—Jacob Heck, Paul's son, proceeded
to "warn" the neighbours near and
far of the preaching at his father's
house next day.

The great "living room" and ad-
joining kitchen were both filled, and
on Sunday morning the preacher stood
in the doorway between the two, with
a chair before him to support his Bible
and hymn-book. Having announced
his text, "Repent ye, therefore, and
be converted, that your sins may be
blotted out when the times of refresh-
ing shall come from the presence of the
Lord," he closed his book, and delivered,
not an exposition, but a fervent exhor-
tation, mingled on the part of both
speaker and hearers with strong cry-
ing and tears. The class-meeting, in
which the Hecks, Lawrences, Samuel
Embury, and others who now for the
first time met, was held, and was a
Bethel of delight. The afternoon and
evening congregations were so large
that the preaching had to be held in
the large barn. By night the fame of
the preacher had spread far and wide,
and, moved by devotion, by curiosity,
or by a desire to scoff and scorn, the
whole neighbourhood was present.
Of the latter class was a wild and
reckless young man, Joe Brouse by
name, who, standing near the door,
was attempting to turn into mockery
and derision the solemnities of Divine
worship. Aroused to holy indignation
by the sacrilege, Losee lifted his eyes
and hands to heaven, and cried out
like one of the Hebrew prophets,
"Smite him, my God! My God,
smite him!" "He fell like a bullock
under the stroke of the butcher's axe,"
writes the historian of the scene, "and
writhed on the floor in agony, until
the Lord in mercy set his soul at
liberty." The emotion of that rustic
congregation became uncontrollable.
Signs and groans and tears were heard
on every side. Preaching was im-
possible, and Losee and the members
of the little Methodist class gave them-
selves to prayer, to counselling the
seekers after salvation, and to the sing-
ing of hymns, which had a strangely
tranquillizing effect upon the congre-
gation.

Early the next morning Losee was
on his way to the Bay of Quinte and
Niagara Settlements, leaving an ap-
pointment for that day four weeks.
Such was the aggressive mode of Gospel
warfare of the pioneer itinerant.

The little communities scattered
through the far-spreading wilderness
were cheered by the visits of that
heroic band of missionaries who tra-
versed the forests, and forded the
streams, and slept oftentimes beneath
the broad canopy of heaven. Here
came the since famous Nathan Bangs,
who records that when he reached the
Niagara river to enter Canada there
were but two log-houses where the
great city of Buffalo now stands. His
written Life recounts his strange ad-
ventures with enraged and drunken
Indians and still more desperate white
traders, with backslidden Christians in
whom he often re-awoke conviction
for sin, and with earnest souls to
whom he broke with gladness the

bread of life. It was a day of uncon-
ventional freedom of manners. If the
preacher could obtain no lodging-place
but the village tavern, he would warn
the revellers whom he found there to
repent and flee from the wrath to
come. When in a settler's shanty he
preached the Word of Life, he was
subject to the frequent interruption of
some lounger at the door or window—
"How know you that?" or the remon-
strance from some conscience-stung
soul—"What are you driving at me
for?"

Here, too, came the venerable Bishop
Asbury, then in age and feebleness
extreme, but untiring in his zeal for
the cause of God. "We crossed the
St. Lawrence," writes his companion
in travel, "in romantic style. We
hired four Indians to paddle us over.
They lashed three canoes together
(they must have been wooden dug-
outs), and put our horses in them—
their fore feet in one, their hind feet
in another. We were a long time in
crossing; it was nearly three miles,
and part of the way was rough, especi-
ally the rapids." As Mr. Asbury was
leading his horse over a bridge of
poles, its legs slipped between them,
and sank into mud and water. "Away
went the saddle-bags; the books and
clothes were wet, and the horse was
fast. We got a pole under him to pry
him out. The roads through the
woods, over rocks, down gullies, over
stumps, and through the mud, were
indescribable. They were enough to
jolt a hale bishop to death, let alone a
poor infirm old man near the grave.
He was very lame from inflammatory
rheumatism, but suffered like a martyr.
The heat, too, was intolerable."

Yet the venerable bishop made light
of his afflictions. "I was weak in
body," he wrote, after preaching at the
Heck Settlement, "but was greatly
helped in speaking. Here is a decent,
loving people; my soul is much united
to them." After a twelve miles' ride
before breakfast, he wrote, "This is
one of the finest countries I have ever
seen. The timber is of noble size; the
crops abundant, on a most fruitful
soil. Surely this is a land that God
the Lord hath blessed."

Crossing from Kingston to Sackett's
Harbour in an open boat they were
nearly wrecked. "The wind was
howling," writes his companion, "and
the storm beating upon us. I fixed
the canvas over the bishop like a tent
to keep off the wind and rain. Then
I lay down on the bottom of the boat
on some stones placed there for ballast,
which I covered with some hay I pro-
cured in Kingston for our horses." They
reached land "sick, sore, lame
and weary, and hungry." Yet the old
bishop set out in a thunderstorm to
reach his appointment. Such was the
heroic stuff of which the pioneer mis-
sionaries of Canada were made.

The story goes on to tell how Losee
and Dunham, the first two Methodist
preachers in Upper Canada, both fell
in love with the same young lady.
How Dunham won her, and Losee lost
his wits in consequence, and had to
desist from preaching. The whole
romantic and touching story will be
found at length in Dr. Carroll's "Case
and his Contemporaries," and in With-
row's "Barbara Heck."

Why is Mrs. Jones putting baby
William to bed like a gentleman
paying his account? Because they are
both settling a little Bill (bill).

OUR WORK.

BY REV. W. H. PHIPPS.

BEY the Captain's great command,
Spread far and wide the blessed news,
Salvation free for every land,
The glorious tidings quick diffuse.
Nor fail, through any tempting bribe
Of ease, of comfort, or of wealth,
To give the boon to every tribe,
The great elixir of soul-health.

Stand ye in apostolic place,
From thence go into all the world,
Impel not by caste or race,
His banner graciously unfurl.
'Twill scatter pagan night away,
The glorious victories from afar
Proclaim the dawn of Gospel-day,
While brightly shines "the morning star."

Then let all gloom from fearful souls
Be driven far, and hope inspire;
Each noble worker Christ entells
In that best book which all admire;
And they shall shine more bright than star,
Or even sun in clearest heaven,
For winning souls is greater far,
Than any work to mortal given.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 14, 1884.

THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

THIS year is the Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of Upper Canada by the United Empire Loyalists. We have therefore given a good deal of space in this number to an account of those heroic founders and fathers of this goodly commonwealth. The editor of the Magazine is proud of the fact that his own paternal ancestors were staunch U. E. Loyalists, who left the British provinces of the Carolinas and Virginia, when they revolted from the King, and for conscience' sake went into exile in what was then the wilderness of Nova Scotia. He has often heard with thrilling interest how those ancestors—a grandfather and two granduncles—fought for King and country. One was a cavalry soldier, and, as the bugle sounded the charge, closing his eyes for a moment he lifted up his heart to God, saying, "Lord, have mercy on my soul," and gripping his sword the tighter, and putting spurs to his horse he dashed to the midst of the battle.

The sons of the U. E. Loyalists should be worthy of those patriotic sires. They met defeat, but never know dishonour. They were the heroes of a lost cause. It was theirs to sing the sublime

"Hymn of the Conquered," and yet to plant in this Northern land the germs of a new nation which shall maintain, let us hope for all time, British laws, British institutions and British liberty.

Our friend, Mr. Kirby, writes thus of those brave men: "The exile of the loyalists from the United States (Judge Jones says that 100,000 left the Port of New York alone) forms one of the grand unwritten chapters of American history, and one of the noblest. Nothing since the expatriation of the Huguenots from France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries equals it in magnitude and interest. Americans will yet be more proud of those high-principled, exiled loyalists than of those who banished them and ungenerously seized their properties, and confiscated all they had. I hope the coming anniversary will open the world's eyes to the merits of those loyal men. It will be like writing with electric light a new, true and grander chapter of American history, than has yet been written. American historians and compilers have ever most completely ignored or misrepresented the character, numbers and position of the loyalists of the revolution. They will learn that the oldest, purist and best breed of the Anglo-American stock is no longer in the United States, but in Canada, where it was transplanted a century ago, before the United States became the common recipient of the overflowings of every European nation. That old, genuine breed is here now in the fullest vigour of national life, and as true to the British Crown and Imperial connection as their loyal fathers were a century ago. When you touch the Loyal U. E. sentiment in the breasts of Canadians you make their hearts vibrate in its inmost chords.—From Methodist Magazine for June.

A missionary on the Parry Sound District writes: You will be glad to hear that our three schools, to which you gave grants, are prospering. Many of the children have shown me all the papers they have received, made into books, and kept clean and neat. The papers are an incentive both to teachers and scholars. Our Dunchurch S. S. has raised fourteen dollars and purchased a S. S. library from our Book Room.



FIG. 1.—BEGINNING THE GAME.

A U. E. LOYALIST FAMILY.

BY REV. D. V. LUCAS, M.A.

TRACE my genealogy back through seven generations. Originally the family was English. One branch went to Ireland in the time of William III. My great grandfather emigrated with his family to Boston in 1770. When the rebels pulled down the old flag, substituting the stars and stripes, he immediately removed into New Brunswick, where my father was born. From thence my grandfather removed with his family in 1807 to Halton County, near Burlington. My grandfather's family nearly all took part in the defence of Canada in the war of 1812-14, and my father took an active part in defence of the government in the troubles of 1837-8.

I am proud to know that my people have all been thoroughly loyal to the

British Crown as far back as I can trace them. But that which gives me more satisfaction is that they have been praying people.

The following story is told of my ancestor of seven generations past, which will carry us back probably to the days of the English reformation. Some robbers were prowling about at a late hour in the neighbourhood where my ancestor lived. The hour was late, and there was a light in his house only. One robber stood upon the shoulders of another and looked through the small opening near the top of the window shutter, when he saw the family on their knees at prayer. Getting down he said, "Boys, if we were all as well employed as old John Lucas it would be far better for us;" and they went away. This story the poor fellow afterwards told from the scaffold when he was about to be hanged for robbery.



FIG. 2.—THROWING THE BALL.



FIG. 3.—WHO SHALL HAVE IT!

IO VICTIS.—THE HYMN OF THE CONQUERED.*

BY W. W. STORY.

SING the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife.
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower in its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hand slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the work of their life all around them, unappreciated, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its psalm for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—
I stand on the field of defeat—
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen and wounded and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is hapless, and whisper, "They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unswayed by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, history! Who are life's victors?
Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of the day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?
—From the Methodist Magazine for June.

We have received the following from the secretary of the Whitechurch Sabbath-school: Enclosed herewith \$1.25, and yesterday's Sabbath-school scholars' collection in aid of your Children's Hospital. We are a small body, but with loving hearts feel for those dear little sufferers pictured in PLEASANT HOURS of the 17th.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

AT our request the Rev. D. V. Lucas, M.A., himself the stalwart son of a U. E. Loyalist, has given a graphic account of our national game, lacrosse. It is not true, as some people seem to think, that religion makes milk-sops of boys and men. Some of the most prominent members of the lacrosse team that went to England last year are equally prominent in Sunday, Y. M. C. A., and other forms of Christian work, and are very good specimens of muscular Christianity.

LACROSSE, CANADA'S NATIONAL GAME.

BY THE REV. D. V. LUCAS.

THE game of lacrosse has been adopted by the Canadians as their national game, just as curling is the national game of Scotland, and cricket the national game of England.

The name by which we know it is French; the game is played almost exclusively by those who speak the English language, while it is of Indian

origin; so that it may be regarded as representing in itself the aboriginal tribes; the French who were the first European settlers and pioneers of civilization in Canada, and the English-speaking Canadians, now the dominant race.

The origin of the game, like that of our Indian races, is lost in the obscurity which surrounds their early history.

Originally it bore as many names as the tribes which had adopted it. By the Iroquois it was called "Tehonshik-saheks;" by the Algonquins "Teiont-sesiksaheks." I think my young readers will say that if the game is as long, and the ball as hard as such names are to pronounce they will never have anything to do with it, preferring rather to stick to good old-fashioned "ball" whether it be "three-handed" or "base." Well, my lads, we must not be discouraged with either names or games if by learning either we may benefit either ourselves or any one else. By the Ojibways it was called "Bag-gataway." Ah, that's better; if the game is not improved, certainly the name is. We will thank the Ojibways.

By the Iroquois the *crosse* was called "Teionstikwahetaka," and the

pole which served as a goal to which the ball must be driven by the victorious side, was called "Iorhono-keto-ohikta." For fear some of my young friends may have an attack of night-mare worse than that which follows too much Christmas pudding, after trying to pronounce and remember these terrible names, I pass on to notice other parts of the game, using such words only as we can all pronounce and understand.

The *crosse*. Tracing far back we find that nearly all the tribes used a stick somewhat resembling, yet very unlike, the one now employed.

The *crosse* used by some of the tribes was an oblong hoop with net-work near the end, making it more like the *crosse* now used. My readers have only to refer to the illustrations which accompany this article to see the improvement made in the *crosse* since the game has been taken in hand by our own race.

Perhaps I had better at this point describe the illustrations which follow: To fully illustrate a game, more pictures would be necessary. We have not room, however, for more, and these will answer our purpose very well.

These two men whom you see in No. 1 are about to begin the game; they belong to opposite sides, the ball is between their sticks. Each man will draw his stick towards him till the front ends of the two sticks overlap each other a few inches, with the ball between. Now, then, who will get the ball, so as to have the first throw? Here is the first tug. We used in playing "ball" to toss up, then hand over hand to the top of the club; or, "odd or even." There is more skill displayed in the "Lacrosse" way of getting possession of the ball. Ah, this man we see in No. 2 has won, and he is about to throw it to his friends who are near the goal of their opponents. He is giving it a good throw, and if nobody were there to prevent it, it would surely go straight through the goal; but, there's the rub, somebody is there. Long before it can have reached the goal, an opponent's stick waved high in the air brings it down. Now comes the second "tug of war." Who will get the ball now, to throw it towards the other goal? There is a general rush. Look out! These



FIG. 4.—WINNING THE GOAL.

*This fine poem is quoted by General DePyster, as singularly appropriate to the U. E. Loyalists of Canada.

sticks fly about "very promiscuouslike." Now the ball goes flying through the air straight like a bullet towards the target; now it sails aloft like a kite; now it sweeps across the field with a lovely curve like a rocket; and now it is running over the ground, chased and struck at, as if it were that wicked rat

"That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built."

Here you are. That man in No. 3 with the striped shirt, the man who has lost his hat in the general tussle has the ball. You see it lying in the net-work of his *crosse*. He is running as hard as he can towards his opponents' goal. He would carry the ball right up and throw it through if it were not for that other fellow in the white shirt. That's the way it often is in this world, boys; we would have won if somebody hadn't got in our way. But never mind; if we lose this game perhaps we will win the next. "If at first you don't succeed," you know the rest. In striving for a crown in heaven all may win, for the Captain of Salvation is on our side. If we obey Him we cannot fail.

The other man in No. 3 gets the ball, he throws it right across the field, and one of his friends catches it on his stick, when it is retaken by the other party, and is hurled back and forth for a long time, till at last, as you see in No. 4, a man stands facing the goal, that is, the two poles with flags and beavers. Those other two men with their backs to the goal are determined that he shall not throw it through, but by a quick sweeping motion which, perhaps, they are not expecting, he succeeds in sending it, right close to their heads, straight through between the poles with the flags, and the game is won for his side.

Soon after the cession of Canada to Great Britain in 1760 the red cross of St. George supplanted the lilled flag of France on the wooden redoubts of Presqu' Isle, De Beuf, Venango, Detroit, Miami, Michillimackinac, and other forts in the west.

A wide-spread dissatisfaction prevailed in the forest wigwams. This was fanned to a flame by the arts and eloquence of Pontiac, a celebrated Indian chief, who sought to exterminate the English and restore the supremacy of his race. With the wiles of a Machiavelli, he laid a deep conspiracy for the simultaneous rising of all the tribes on the shores of the Upper Lakes, in the Ohio valley, and on the borders of the Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania settlements. They were to seize the forts, murder the garrisons, and ravage the frontier.

With the exception of Fort Pitt, the fort at Detroit, on the beautiful St. Clair river, was the largest and most important in the entire West. It was a large stockade, within the limits of the present city, with walls twenty feet high, enclosing about eighty houses.

Pontiac resolved to attempt a regular blockade, and proclaimed that "the first man that should bring provisions, or anything else to the fort, should suffer death." The English, however, by means of their armed vessels, commanded the river, and also procured provisions from friendly French settlers. For fifteen months the savages, about 3,000 in number, closely beleaguered the fort,—an unexampled

siege in Indian warfare,—defeating successive forces sent to its relief. To obtain food for his warriors, Pontiac levied contributions from the French settlers on the St. Clair, and, in imitation of European finance, issued promissory notes drawn upon birch-bark, and signed with his own totem, an otter; all of which, on their maturing, were faithfully redeemed.

The other forts throughout the West, with scarce an exception, were reduced by stratagem, by assault, or by siege. At Michillimackinac, the savages engaged before the fort in an animated contest of lacrosse; an exciting game of strength and skill, in which two parties, armed with raquets, strive, the one to force a ball between two stakes erected in the field, while the other endeavours to prevent its reaching the goal. The soldiers and officers lounged around the gates watching the absorbing game, the commandant indulging his sporting propensity by betting on its result. Squaws strolled unnoticed into the fort. At length, a well-directed blow tossed the ball within the gate. As the Indians rushed after it, the squaws gave them the hatchets which they had kept hidden beneath their blankets. The work of massacre began. The garrison was overpowered, and all who were not slain were made prisoners.

Such were some of the episodes of the bloody conspiracy of the Indian tribes under the influence of this forest Mithridates *

HISTORY OF THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

THE *Toronto Mail*, in a very favourable notice of Withrow's "History of Canada," makes the following remarks, which are here quoted as appropriate to the U. E. Loyalist Centennial shortly to be celebrated:

"In the earlier chapters we have a vast amount of curious and interesting information respecting the discovery of this continent, its early exploration, the character and condition of its aboriginal inhabitants, its early colonization, the trials and triumphs of the Jesuit fathers, the pioneers of the cross in the Western world, and of the conflicts of civilization with barbarism incident to laying the foundation of the state of things which happily now exists. In this part of the work we have preserved the substance of many a pithy tale of marvellous adventure which can scarcely fail to move the heart of 'Young Canada' and kindle patriotic feeling.

"Nor does this romantic interest disappear as the narrative is brought down nearer to our own times. The events of a hundred years ago, in which the chivalrous band of United Empire Loyalists were the chief actors, have done as much to excite the imagination and to kindle the feeling of patriotic devotion as those of a remoter period in which Cabots, Jacques Cartier, Champlain, LaSalle, and their contemporaries and immediate successors, were the chief agents. The part which was played by this heroic band to whom loyalty was something more than a name, or a sentiment, or even a passion—a principle stronger than death and who literally sacrificed

* Withrow's History of Canada. New edition, chap. xix. "The Conspiracy of Pontiac."

everything that they possessed but their fidelity to their convictions—deserves to be had in everlasting remembrance by the people of this country. The graceful and well-deserved tribute paid to them in this volume will be read with interest in this the year in which the centennial of their arrival in Canada is to be celebrated. Unless the children of these people be degenerate sons of noble sires, we have the material in the population of this country which affords the amplest guarantee of its future progress and prosperity. Only let the roots of the present generation strike down deep into the past, and draw from thence the elements of patriotism, loyalty, and heroic devotion to the right which were so conspicuous in the early settlers of this country, and we need not fear to meet the enemy in the gate.

On the whole, Dr. Withrow has performed his work well and done an important service to his country. It is pleasing to learn that at least one of the universities of the country has included this work in its honour course. It deserves to be widely circulated and generally read, especially by the young people of the Dominion. Nothing is better calculated to create and foster that national and loyal spirit upon which so much depends in the future of this great country than that its past history should be more accurately and thoroughly known by the Canadians. In view of these facts, Dr. Withrow's 'History of Canada' is cordially recommended to the public."

ROYAL CHRISTIAN.

KING GEORGE III., desiring that himself and family should repose in the same sepulchre, and in one less public than that of Westminster, had ordered the tombhouse at Windsor to be constructed, and Mr. Wyatt, his architect, waited upon him with a detailed report and plan of the design, and of the manner in which he proposed to arrange it for the reception of the remains of royalty. The King went minutely through the whole; and when finished, Mr. Wyatt, in thanking his Majesty, said apologetically, he had ventured to occupy so much of his Majesty's time and attention with these details, in order that it might not be necessary to bring so painful a subject under his notice. To this the King replied: "Mr. Wyatt, I request that you will bring the subject before me whenever you please. I shall attend with as much pleasure to the building of a tomb to receive me when I am dead, as I would to the decorations of a drawing-room to hold me while living; for, Mr. Wyatt, if it please God that I should live to be ninety or a hundred, I am willing to stay; but if it please God to take me this night, I am ready to go."

If a man who lives in Michigan is a Michigander, then an Illinois man must be an Illinoyster; and a Vermont man a Vermonster. A dweller in Wisconsin is undoubtedly a Wisconsiner; and a New Hampshire man can be nothing but a New Hampshyster; while one living in Indiana can lay claim to being only an Indiandiron. Is a dweller in Chicago, therefore, a Chicagoat? and one who lives in Boston a Bostunner?

THE VAUDOIS' TEACHER.

J. G. WHITTIER.

"**H**, lady fair! these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear;
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way—
Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls,
Which veiled her brow as she stooped to view
His silks and glittering pearls,
And she placed their price in the old man's
hand,
And lightly she turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh, lady fair! I have yet a gem,
Which purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown—
On the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay—
Whose light shall be a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel
Where her youthful form was seen—
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks
waved

Her clasping pearls between:
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old,
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unbathed by gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took:
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—
For the word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went on his way—
But the gem he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On the high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from the pride of sin
To the loveliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In the beauteous hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray halls,
Where an evil faith hath power,
And the courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois' vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are bound
In the perfect love of God!

HOW BOYS' MARBLES ARE MADE.

ALMOST all the "marbles" with which boys everywhere amuse themselves in season and out of season, on pavement and in shady spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large agate quarries and mills in that neighbourhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to "knuckle" with. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown up, the shovelful into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a bedstone, having its surface grooved with concentric furrows; above this is the "runner," which is of some hard wood having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bedstone where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a bushel of good marbles, ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn out 160,000 marbles per week. The very hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat analogous, however, to the other.

A BRAVE WOMAN'S EXPLOIT
—A STORY OF CANADIAN
PATRIOTISM.*

DURING the war of 1812 the Rev. Neville Trueman found ample occupation in ministering to the sick and wounded, and in visiting his scattered flock throughout the invaded territory. He was enabled, incidentally, to render important service to his country. It was toward the end of June, that one afternoon he was riding through the forest in the neighbourhood of the Beaver Dams, near the town of Thorold,—a place which received its name from the remarkable constructions of the industrious animal which has been adopted as the national emblem of Upper Canada,—where there was a small force of British troops posted. In the twilight he observed a travel-worn woman approaching upon the forest pathway, with an air of bodily weariness, yet of mental alertness and anxiety. As she drew near, he recognized a worthy Canadian matron, whom he had, more than once, seen in his congregation in the school-house at the village of Chippewa.

"Why, Mrs. Secord!" he exclaimed, reining up his horse as she attempted to pass him, furtively trying to conceal her face, "are not you afraid to be so far from home on foot, when the country is so disturbed?"

"Thank God, it is you, Mr. Trueman!" she eagerly replied. "I was afraid it might be one of the American scouts. 'Home,' did you say? I have no home," she added in a tone of bitterness.

"Can't I be of some service to you? Where is your husband?" Neville asked, wondering at her distraught air.

"Haven't you heard?" she replied. "He was sore wounded at Queenston Heights, and will never be a well man again; and our house was pillaged and burned. But we're wasting time; what reck my private wrongs when the country is overrun by the King's enemies? How far is it to the camp?"

"Farther than you can walk without resting," he answered. "You seem almost worn out."

"Nineteen miles have I walked this day, through woods and thicket, without bit or sup, to warn the King's troops of their danger."

"What danger?" asked Neville, wondering if her grief had not somewhat affected her mind.

"The enemy are on the move—hundreds of them—with cannon and horses. I saw them marching past my cottage this very morning, and I vowed to warn the King's soldiers or die in the attempt. I slipped unseen into the woods and ran like a deer, through bypaths and 'cross lots, and I must press on or I may be too late."

Not for a moment did Neville Trueman hesitate as to his duty to his country. Wheeling his horse he exclaimed, "You brave woman, you've nobly done your part; let me take you to the nearest house and then ride on and give the alarm."

"I hoped to have done it myself," she said. "But it is best as it is. Never mind me. Every minute is precious."

Without waiting for more words, Neville waved his hand in encourage-

ment, and putting spurs to his horse was out of sight in a moment. In a few minutes he galloped up to the post held by the British picket, and flung himself off his reeking steed—incurring imminent risk of being bayoneted by the sentry, because he took no notice of his peremptory challenge. Bursting into the guard-room, he called for the officer of the day, Lieutenant Fitzgibbon. A few words conveyed the startling intelligence—the alarm was promptly given—the bugle sounded the "turn-out"—the guard promptly responded—the men rushed to arms. Messengers were despatched to an outpost where Captain Ker was posted with two hundred Indians, and to Major de Heren, commanding a body of troops in the rear.

Neville, followed by two files of soldiers, returned to meet the brave Canadian matron to whose patriotic heroism was due the rescue of the little post from an unexpected attack by an overwhelming force. They found her almost fainting from fatigue and the reaction from the overstrung tension of her nerves. Leaping from his horse, Neville adjusted his cloak so as to make a temporary side-saddle, and placed the travel-worn woman thereon. Walking by her side, he held the bridle-rein and carefully guarded the horse over the rugged forest path, the two soldiers falling behind as a rear-guard. As they approached the post at Beaver Dams, the red-coats gave a hearty British cheer. The guard turned out, and presented arms as though she were the Queen; and the gallant Lieutenant Fitzgibbon assisted the lady to alight with as dignified a courtesy as he could use to royalty itself. She was committed to the care of the good wife of the farmhouse which formed the headquarters of the post, and every means taken to ensure her comfort. By such heroism as this did the stout-hearted Canadian women of those stern war times serve their country at the risk of their lives.

Vigorous efforts were now made for defence. Trees were hastily felled to blockade the road. A breastwork of logs was thrown up at a commanding position, in front of which was an abattis of young trees and brush piled up to obstruct approach. Lieutenant Fitzgibbon had only some forty-three regulars and two hundred Indians, to oppose a force of nearly six hundred men, including fifty cavalry and two field-pieces. He must effect by stratagem what he could not effect by force. Every man who could sound a bugle, and for whom a bugle could be found, was sent into the woods, and these were posted at considerable distances apart. The Indians and thirty-four red-coats, concealed behind trees, lined the road. Before long was heard the tramp of cavalry and rumble of the field-guns. As they came within range the buglers, with all the vigour in their power, sounded a charge, the shrill notes ringing through the leafy forest aisles. The Indians yelled their fearful war-whoop, and the soldiers gave a gallant cheer and opened a sharp fire.

The ruse was as successful as that of Gideon and his three hundred men with their trumpets and pitchers, in the wars of the Philistines. After a spirited attack, the advanced guard fell back upon the main body of the enemy, which was thrown into confusion. Some of the cavalry horses

were wounded, and dashed wildly through the ranks, increasing the disorder. The artillery horses caught the infection, and, plunging wildly, overturned one of the gun-carriages in the ditch. At this moment a body of twenty Canadian militia arrived, and Fitzgibbon, to carry out his ruse of affected superiority of numbers, boldly demanded the surrender of the enemy. Colonel Boerstler, the American commander, thinking the British must be strongly supported, to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon's astonishment consented. The latter did not know what to do with his prisoners, who were twice as many as his own force, including the Indians. The opportune arrival of Major de Heren and Captain Villiers, with two hundred men, furnished a sufficient force to guard the prisoners. The chagrin of the latter, on hearing of their deception and capture by a handful of red-coats and red-skins, was intense. The name of the heroic Canadian wife, Mrs. Laura Secord, to whose timely information this brilliant and bloodless victory was due, was honourably mentioned in the military despatches of the day; and her memory should be perpetual inspiration to patriotic daring to every son and daughter of Canada. A portrait of Mrs. Secord, as a venerable old lady of ninety-two, in a widow's cap and weeds, is given in *Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812*, page 621; also her autograph and a letter describing her exploit. The Prince of Wales, after his return from Canada in 1860, caused the sum of £100 sterling to be presented for her patriotic service. Lieutenant Fitzgibbon was made a Knight of Windsor Castle.

We greatly deprecate anything that would foster a wicked war spirit in the minds of the young. Even a just war is a great evil, and an unjust war is the greatest of crimes. But every instinct of patriotism and duty warrants us in defending our rights and liberties and native land, when unjustly assailed. The heroic adventure of Laura Secord is one of the most thrilling in the annals of Canadian patriotism. We have pleasure in reprinting from the columns of the *Orillia Packet*, one of the best of our Canadian exchanges, the accompanying spirit-stirring ballad on this subject by D. C. E. Jakeway, of Stayner, Ont.

LAURA SECORD.

On the sacred scroll of glory
Let us blaze forth the story
Of a brave Canadian woman with the fervid
pen of fame;
So that all the world may read it,
And that every heart may heed it,
And rehearse it through the ages to the
honour of her name.

In the far-off days of battle,
When the muskets' rapid rattle
Far re-echoed through the forests, Laura
Secord sped along;
Deep into the woodland mazy,
Over pathway wild and hazy,
With a firm and fearless footstep and a courage
staunch and strong.

She had heard the host preparing
And at once with dauntless daring
Hurried off to give the warning of the fast
advancing foe;
And she fitted like a shadow
Far away o'er fen and meadow,
Where the wolf was in the wild wood, and
the lynx was lying low.

From within the wild recesses
Of the tangled wildernesses
Fearful sounds came floating as she fastly
fed ahead;
And she heard the gutt'ral growling

Of the bears, that, near her prowling,
Crushed their way throughout the thickets
for the food on which they fed.

Far and near the hideous whooping
Of the painted Indians, trooping
For the foray, pealed upon her with a weird,
unclearly sound;
While great snakes went gliding past her,
As she sped on fast and faster,
And disaster on disaster seemed to threaten
all around.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled
Over pathways rough and ravelled,
Braving danger for her country like the fabled
ones of yore;
Till she reached her destination,
And forewarned the threatened station
Of the wave that was advancing to engulf it
deep in gore

Just in time the welcome warning
Came unto the men, that, scorning
To retire before the foemen, rallied ready for
the fray;
And they gave such gallant greeting,
That the foe was soon retreating
Back in wild dismay and terror on that
glorious battle day.

Few returned to tell the story
Of the conflict sharp and gory,
That was won with brilliant glory by that
brave Canadian band.
For the host of prisoners captured
Far outnumbered the enraptured
Little groups of gallant soldiers fighting for
their native land.

Braver deeds are not recorded
In historic treasures hoarded,
Than the march of Laura Secord through the
forest long ago;
And no nobler deed of daring
Than the cool and crafty snaring
By that band at Beaver Dam of all that well-
appointed foe.

But we know if war should ever
Boom again o'er field or river,
And the hordes of the invader should appear
within our land,
Far and wide the trumpets pealing,
Would awake the same old feeling,
And again would deeds of daring sparkle out
on every hand.

STREET TALK.

THERE is an epidemic of "slang." Men use it, boys shout it, and what is far worse, young women and girls speak it. The fact that it comes from the "street" does not prevent its entrance into the parlor. In spite of its vulgarity, it is cherished by those who claim to be genteel. Parents and children should aim to banish it from polite society. This incident may teach the way of eradicating the bad habit:

"Learn to talk like a gentleman, my boy! I am sorry to hear you talk 'street talk!' Do quit it."

"What is 'street talk,' papa?"

"What did you just now say to sister?"

"I told her to be quiet."

"But you said 'Hush up,' and said it very loud and rudely. What did you, ten minutes ago, say to Martha?"

"I told her to get out of my way."

"But you did not say it half so nicely as that. You said, 'Get out of this.' And I think you called her some name."

"That is what I mean by street talk. All such coarse, vulgar words, and especially the rough tone and manner, you hear on the street. They belong to those boys who have never been taught any better, and to those men who, knowing better, yet do not care about the better way. But my boy should never use street talk."

* From Withrow's "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher: a tale of the war of 1812." Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75 cents.

CHILDHOOD'S VALLEY.

It was a quiet valley,
 Set far from human ills,
 A sunny, sloping valley,
 Begirt with green, green hills.
 The white clouds softly knitted
 Grey shadows in the grass;
 The sea-birds poised and flitted,
 As they were loath to pass.
 A clear stream thrid the bridges,
 Blue, lazy smoke upcurled;
 Beyond its purple ridges
 Lay the unquiet world.
 Under the ivied rafters
 Low crooned the sun-drowsed dove;
 While youthful, br'azy laughter
 Moved on the slopes above.
 Where mid the flower-pied spaces
 We children made bright quest;
 Sure as we ran quick races
 The far-seen flower was best.
 Thus while the sun uplifted,
 And flashed adown the stream,
 The white clouds drifted, drifted,
 In deep untroubled dream.
 Fair shines that sunny valley,
 Begirt with green, green hills,
 Nor all the world's mad riot
 Which we have known since then,
 Hath touched this valley's quiet
 Deep in our heart's own ken.

BREVITIES.

MANY a woman who does not know even the multiplication table can "figure" in society.

It is proper to educate the children, but not to kill them. The training of mind that comes through the loss of health is a damage instead of a blessing.

THERE are more than 500 pupils in architectural and mechanical designing attending the evening sessions of the art school attached to the Maryland Institute.

A LITTLE Newport girl hearing her mother reading about Queen Victoria almost living on mutton with carrots and turnips, exclaimed: "And she eats that! And she doesn't get any cake or ice cream! Goodness gracious! I wouldn't be a queen for anything."

A GENTLEMAN who sent a poem to an editor said in a note: "I hope you will do me the kindness of excusing the errors in my manuscript." The editor replied: "I have excused all the errors—in fact, I have excused the entire poem."

THE courts of Weimar have made a stand against the system of duelling between students which has discredited the German schools of learning. As many as eight young men have been sent to prison for three months' reflection on their disgraceful conduct.

A PAIR of Queen Elizabeth's gloves can be seen in the British Museum. She had a hand like a brakeman. The thumb of the glove is three inches long, and the palms measure three and a half inches across. No wonder the kingdom trembled when she brought it down.

A JAPANESE student at the University of Berlin has been appointed assistant to the Professor of Anatomy, and the Minister of Public Worship has approved the appointment. No honor equivalent to this is said yet to have fallen on a Chinaman in any European institution.

MR. FALLS, a well-known Irish sportsman, happened one day to ride down a hound. The irascible but witty master attacked him in no very measured language. "Sir," was the reply, "I'd have you recollect that I'm Mr. Falls, of Danganon." The answer was ready: "I don't care if you are Mr. Falls, of Niagara; you shan't ride over my hounds."

CONSCIENTIOUS CONDUCTOR.—"I'm afraid, sir, the young lady can't be permitted to travel on a half ticket; she's much over twelve years of age!" Irate papa—"Do you mean to inform me, sir, that my daughter and I are endeavouring to swindle the railway company? Let me tell you, sir, that we've never been so grossly insulted on this line before, although we've traveled on it for over fifteen years!"

THE minister asked the Sunday School, "with what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay a number of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer, and the minister, to assist the children a little, commenced to tap his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this—what's this?" Quick as thought a little fellow innocently replied, "The jaw bone of an ass, sir."

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,
 "To make the dark world bright!
 My silvery beams cannot struggle far
 Through the folding gloom of night!
 But I'm only part of God's great plan,
 And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 58.] LESSON XII. [June 22.

OBEDIENCE TO LAW.

Rom. 13. 1-10. Commit to memory vs. 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers Rom. 13. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. The Powers that Be, v. 1-7.
2. The Law of Love, v. 8-10.

TIME.—A. D. 58.

EXPLANATIONS.—The higher powers—The laws and government of the nation. No power but of God—No government except by God's order. Ordained of God—Established by God. Resisteth—One who does not obey the law of man disobeys the law of God. Damnation—Rather, "condemnation;" God shall judge them. Not a terror to good—The good man has no fear of the Government or its officers. Minister of God—The ruler represents God's authority. The sword—Meaning power to punish evil-doers. Not only for wrath—Not only from fear of penalty. For conscience' sake—On principle, because it is right. Tribute—Taxes. Custom—Payment which is made as tax on goods. Owe no man—Keep out of all debts, except the love which we owe to all men. Briefly comprehended—The law of love includes all other laws. Love worketh no ill—One that loves another will not harm him.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. Obedience to human law?
2. Obedience to the divine law?
3. Humility in love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom should every soul be subject? To the higher powers. 2. Of whom is all power? Of God. 3. What should we render to all? "Render to all their dues." 4. What is the saying in which is briefly comprehended every commandment? "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" 5. What is the fulfilling of the law? "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Church and the State.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

62. Did God create you? Yes; He made me, both body and soul. Psalm c. 3; Job x. 11; Numbers xvi. 22; Hebrews xii. 9.
63. Does God care for us? I know that He cares for me, and watches over me always by His Providence.
64. What is the Providence of God? The Providence of God is His preservation of all His creatures, His care for all their wants, and His rule over all their actions. Acts xvii. 28; Hebrews i. 3; Nehemiah ix. 6; Psalm ciii. 19; Psalm cxlv. 15, 16; 1 Timothy vi. 15.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 29.

REVIEW SCHEME.

Lesson I. Paul's Third Missionary Journey.—Where did Paul go? Who came to Ephesus after he left? What is related of Apollos? What did Paul ask of certain disciples at Ephesus? What is told in the GOLDEN TEXT?

Lesson II. Paul at Ephesus.—What special miracles were wrought by Paul? How did some show their turning from sin? What sins did they confess? How should we confess our sins?

Lesson III. Paul's Preaching.—What was the subject of Paul's preaching? To whom is Christ the power of God? Whom has God chosen in this world? What is it to be one of God's people?

Lesson IV. Abstinence for the sake of Others.—From what did Paul say he would abstain? [GOLDEN TEXT.] What kind of meat is here meant? From what should we abstain, and why?

Lesson V. Christian Love.—What shows the worth of love? What is love, according to the GOLDEN TEXT? What three things does Paul say abide?

Lesson VI. Victory over Death.—Who will have this victory? When will they possess it? What change shall then take place? Who gives it to us?

Lesson VII. The Upbraid at Ephesus.—Who caused it? What was done? How was it quieted? What did Paul do? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? How should we act in trouble?

Lesson VIII. Liberal Giving.—Of what gifts did Paul write? What is said in the GOLDEN TEXT? What should be the rule of our giving? What gift should we always remember?

Lesson IX. Christian Liberty.—Who did Paul say were in bondage? How are we redeemed? What does God now call us? What is the message of the GOLDEN TEXT?

Lesson X. Justification by Faith.—What is it to be justified? How may we have peace with God? Who brings to us pardon? What is the GOLDEN TEXT?

Lesson XI. The Blessedness of Believers.—What is the promise to them that love God, in the GOLDEN TEXT? In what are we more than conquerors? From what shall nothing be able to separate us?

Lesson XII. Obedience to Law.—What is the GOLDEN TEXT? What does Paul say of the "powers that be?" What should we owe to others?

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