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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

This splendid picture shows the magnificent sheep which abound in the more inaccessible regions of the far west of Canada. They are very wary, hard to approach, and so active that they can climb from crag to crag where the hunter's feet can hardly follow. They have majestic heads and large curling horns which one would think would be greatly in their way in leaping from crag to crag. It is said that some of these sheep have horns so firm and elastic that they can fall over a precipice upon them without receiving injury. It is said to be great "sport" for hunters to follow these animals to their mountain solitude, but we fail to see the fun of doing to death these graceful creatures for mere sport. Of course if they are hunted for food that is another question and is quite legitimate.

We think hunting for sport's sake is an amusement which the higher civilization of the future will see done away with. Lady Florence Dixey, who has killed more game than any woman living, in a leading review deploras her life-long addiction to such sport. She says her soul has often been wrung with anguish when she saw the eyes of these graceful creatures filled with agony or filmed with the approach of death. In this country we have little of coursing the deer or following the hare or fox. And yet refined and delicate ladies and gallant gentlemen will "ride to hounds," as the caso goes, "chasing the poor, timid hare, frightened deer, or dragged fox for miles; when finally run down the poor creatures are almost



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

torn to pieces by the hounds. Under the humanizing influence of Christian civilization these cruel practices are being abandoned. The standing joke about certain sporting gentlemen is that they let us kill something we hope will soon be inappropriate.

KITE DAY IN CHINA.

On the ninth of October, men and boys of all ranks and sizes are seen with cords in their hands, pulling and jerking, or letting loose all sorts of agile rice paper monsters in the sky. The fun consists in making the kites fight, in entangling them, and cutting one another's strings by jerks.

There is a story to account for the origin of "Kite Day." Back in the world's history, when Time was yet a boy, a man, while working in the field, was told by a passing stranger, with an august mien, that a terrible plague was about to visit his house on the ninth day of the ninth month, and that the only way to escape was to hie to a high hill near by. After giving this warning the stranger disappeared mysteriously.

This man, who was a good man, went home, and getting his whole family together before the fatal day arrived, set out with them to the hill designated, and remained there all day. To while away their time, probably, his little children flew their kites. Hence the custom. After sunset they went home and found that all their cattle, chickens and ducks had died. This made them believe that they had been saved through the intervention of some deity. Ever since the people have made the day a national holiday.

Hark! the Shepherd Calls Us

Tim, the Shepherd calls us,
The gentle shepherds lead
To the pure water
And through the fresh green meads,
Though sheep beyond all number
His care and guidance claim,
He knows each lamb and loves it,
And calls it by its name.
Hark! the Shepherd calls us!
Do not wander wide
Closer, lambs of Jesus,
Closer to his side!

He doth not drive us onward
The pathway to explore—
Face the linking danger—
Ah, no! He goes before!
He knows each step we travel—
He trod it all of old;
O trust his love to lead us,
And bring us to his fold!
Hark! the Shepherd calls us!
Do not wander wide
Closer, lambs of Jesus,
Closer to his side!

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3 Murray Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

"CAN THE LIKE OF US GET IN?"

Coming rather late, one stormy afternoon in November, to the place where a children's service was to be held, I was surprised to find a group of little ones standing outside the door in the heavy rain, apparently waiting for something. They were strangers to me, but as I came up three of them ran to me, asking eagerly, "Is there anything to pay to get in?"

"Nothing, dear children," I said; and in the three ran once.

But two little ragged ones, with bare feet, still lingering outside till one of them shyly asked me, "Can the like of us get in?"

Glad was I to be able to say, "O, yes; all are welcome; and we went in together.

But I had learned a lesson from the children which I hope I shall never forget. They have all been invited to come. They were cold and weary outside, and they wanted to get in. The door was open, and a kind welcome awaited them inside. They kept themselves out by thinking the invitation could not be meant for them—that they were not fit to come in. Here, then, is my lesson: God has, in his infinite love, provided a rich feast, to which he freely and fully invites all. Before God could give you and me—guilty sinners—this full and free invitation, his only begotten Son had to suffer and die in the sinner's stead, in order that he might take away the mighty barrier of guilt that blocked up our way to heaven. But now there is "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us,

through the veil, that is to say, his flesh" (Heb. x. 19, 20); and in every outcast who enters, Jesus sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied.

Jesus, then, wants you to come. The Father is waiting to welcome you. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to him and live. The Holy Ghost saith, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." And God's messengers are sent out to say, "All things are ready; come;" "Whosoever will, let him come." "Whosoever;" that means you; you will never get a fuller invitation.

Do not think the invitation is not meant for the like of you. Do not let any thought, as that you are not fit to come in, keep you out. The like of you may come in. Jesus "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Matt. ix. 13); and he has declared, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Reader, will you accept the invitation and come just as you are? And come now.

TIM'S BUTTON-HOLE FLOWERS.

BY SUSAN TEAL PERRY.

ROSIE CARTER felt very sorry when her brother Tim had to leave school. She had built a great many air castles about Tim. He was to be highly educated, and then have some high position in the world; was to own a beautiful house, and she was going to live with him. All these castles, however, came to the ground with a dreadful crash, when her father, who was a bricklayer, came in one day, and said Tim would have to carry the mortar for the bricklayers who were going to put up the new house for Judge Hunter. Tim's father would not have let Tim out of school chapspring, but the mother had been ill for a long time, and there were doctor's bills to pay, and Tim's father never wished to be in debt. The time had come when Tim must earn something himself. Tim's mother was not able to go to the store, so Rosie had to go and buy Tim a working boy's blouse and overalls. The first morning Tim started, Rosie pinned a pansy on his blouse. She had bought a pot of pansy plants at the market. Tim was not disposed to wear the flower at first, because he thought the boys would laugh at him, but he was very fond of flowers, and his natural independence of character decided him to wear it for Rosie's sake.

Rosie went down the stairs of the large tenement house with Tim, and when they got to the door she said, "Dear Tim, you are going into a temptation now; promise me you will never drink any liquor. You know father never does, but nearly all the rest of the men in this house do. You know what trouble it brings to a family, because you have seen all about it yourself, Tim."

Tim did not wish to be tied up to a promise, he said. But he told Rosie there was no danger of him taking a glass, for he did not like even the smell of it. When Tim came home, however, he confided to Rosie, that when he saw the men and boys drinking their beer at noontime, that it did smell kind of good, and he did not see as there could be much harm in a glass or two of beer at noontime. And after he had been at work a week he told Rosie he was urged so often to take a glass that he had made up his mind to make her a promise not to taste the foaming beverage, if it did look so inviting on a warm day. "If I promise, I am sure I shall not break it, especially if I promise you, Rosie," he said. "I'll wear a flower every morning, and when I look at it, it will remind me of my promise." So Rosie bought a number of plants, and put them in a soap-box, and Tim fastened them outside the window, and it was wonderful how thrifty the plants grew, and how they blossomed.

Nobody ever took a firm, decided stand for the right without influencing some, who were in the wrong way, to turn back again, and Tim found he had a great work to do among the boys who were working in that locality. At noon they all gathered together under a shed where the workmen kept their tools, and the few words Tim spoke for the cause of Temperance were always timely and well chosen. He always spoke of his button-hole flower as his temperance badge. One of the ladies of the

"Flower Mission" came to see Tim's mother one day, and brought her a bunch of lovely roses. When she saw the soap box with the thrifty plants in it, she asked how they kept them looking so well, for the days had been very hot and dusty. Rosie's mother told her that her little daughter took care of them and watered them every evening, and brushed the dust off from them, and that she had grown to love them so well that she called them her pets, and really they seemed to know her care and love for them, and did all they could to show their appreciation of it. She also told about Tim's button-hole flowers every morning, and that he called them his temperance badges.

The lady was so pleased to hear about the button-hole flowers that she said it had given her an idea, which she thought would prove a good one. The Flower Mission rooms were in the locality where the new buildings were being put up, and when she went away she interested some of the King's Daughters, living near to supply the button-hole flowers every morning as temperance pledges for the day. It was surprising how many boys and young men stepped into the room, to get one on their way to work. Sometimes it took half a dozen King's Daughters to put all the flowers on. They had to be at the rooms at a quarter before seven o'clock, too, as the workers had to be at their several posts of labour at seven o'clock sharp.

You may be sure the lady asked Rosie to join a circle of King's Daughters after the new mission was opened, and so she became one of the active workers in the early morning. They all said Rosie was the prime mover of this new and helpful button-hole flower mission.

MANNERS FOR BOYS.

Poor fellows! How they got lectured and scolded and snubbed, and how continual is the rubbing and polishing and drilling which every member of the family feels at liberty to administer.

No wonder their opposition is aroused, and they begin to feel that every man's hand is against them, when after all if they were only, in a quiet way, informed of what was expected of them, and their manliness appealed to, they would readily enough fall into line.

So thought "Auntie M.," as she pointed out the following rules for a little 12-year old nephew, who was the "light of her eye," if not always the joy of her heart; for though a good-natured, amiable boy in the main, he would offend against the "proprieties" frequently.

First come manners of the street:
Hat lifted in saying "good-bye" or "How do you do."

Hat lifted when offering a seat in car or acknowledging a favour.

Keep step with any one you walk with. Always precede a lady up stairs, and ask her if you may precede in passing through a crowd or public place.

Hat off the moment you enter a street-door and when you step into a private hall or office.

In the parlor, stand till every lady in the room is seated, also all the people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining-room, take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with knife, fork or spoon. Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as the others, and finish the course when they do.

Rise when ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

If all go out together, gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

Cover the mouth with the hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

Do not look toward a bed-room door when passing. Always knock at any private room door.

BEFORE YOU ARE FIFTEEN.

BY REV. J. B. MILLER.

BEFORE a girl I know was fifteen, she was "remarkable;" all girls like to be remarkable. When she was ten, she curled herself up in a big rocker, gathered her manuscript into her lap, and, with a laughing look, began to read aloud her book. It was three years before it was finished; and perhaps it is to day in her waste-basket, or locked away to be shown as a curiosity, which it certainly is.

She is twenty-five now; she has not done anything any more remarkable than the little girl who sat at the same desk in the country school-house who had to puzzle over her grammar, and never could remember that one *l* was enough for *churchful*.

Did you ever read of that most remarkable girl, Anne Maria Schurman? At the age of twelve she is said to have understood (perfectly) her own German tongue, and Low Dutch, French, English, Latin, Greek, Italian, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic, and Ethiopian languages. Besides having hundreds of other accomplishments. "At the age of fifteen she had made startling progress in her studies, especially was this true in regard to her knowledge of the sciences, and her skill in music, painting, and sculpture was also extraordinary. As an illustration of her talent for modelling, we may mention the fact that she once made an excellent wax portrait of herself, taking the features from a mirror which worked on a revolving tripod. Almost every European potentate has copies of her letters in their cabinets, which are kept not alone for the clearness of their diction, but on account of the elegance of her style and the beauty of their written character." A 1, now, what is the rest of it? How sweet a woman did it help her to become, and what service for Christ did she learn through it all? This is all I know about her; I wish I knew more.

A girl friend writes: "Before I was fifteen I cared most to have wealth, intellect, beauty." Another writes: "I cared most to become a Christian." Still another: "To have a lover, and to live in a house with lace curtains."

You might think this last girl so silly that she would never grow up wise, would you not? She is nineteen now, and her letters reveal a desire to know God's will, and to do it, that I am sure God put into her heart and will grant fully. "I do desire God's will and pray for it; how can I know when I have it?" she inquires earnestly.

So God, the wise and clear-seeing Father, begins with us, and leads us on, to love what he loves best to give. He knows that girls are girlish; he does not expect them to be "remarkable," unless by special gift, he has made them so.

But, poor Marie! Boshkirtsoff, who died when she was hardly more than a girl, before she was fifteen, prayed that she might never have smallpox, that she might grow up pretty, have a beautiful voice, and be happily married. She learned many things, but not about God, and she did many things, but they were all to satisfy her own ambition and make herself glorious.

A little girl I know had three heart's desires—before she was fifteen: to travel, teach school, and write a book. Before she was twenty-one she crossed the Atlantic, taught in a public school, and held in her hand her first book. God cared about her heart's desires: Do you know how he can delight in yours, and give them to you? "Delight thyself also in him, and he shall give thee thy heart's desires." After we delight in him, he can give us anything; for nothing will hurt us, or draw us away from him, but every thing will. Like the sails of a ship filled with a fair wind, hurry us on to our desired haven—the haven of doing his will.

Girls, you must have hopes and desires and fancies, else you would not be girls; very silly ones (sometimes); but even the silly ones God cares for, and will turn them into wise ones, if you will let him.

You may have as many desires as you have hairs in your head, and he will not miss one in counting them. Can you do anything better with them than ask him to show you how to use them? Then the "beauty" will be upon you, and your "hands" will help work it out. Mark that beauty and hands verse in your Bible. Find it in Psalm 90, 17.

The Song of the Golden-Rod.

Oh, not in the morning of April or May,
When the young light lies faint on the sod,
And the wind-flower blooms for the half of a day—
Not then comes the Golden-rod.

But when the bright year has grown vivid
and bold
With its utmost of beauty and strength,
Then it leaps into life, and its banners unfold
Along all the land's green length.

It is born in the glow of a great, high noon,
It is wrought of a bit of the sun;
Its being is set to a golden tune
In a golden summer begun.

No hill is too high for its resolute foot,
No meadow too bare or too low;
It asks but the space of its fearless root,
And the right to be glad and to grow.

It delights in the loneliest waste of the moor,
And mocks at the rain and the gust.
It belongs to the people. It blooms for the poor,
It thrives in the roadside dust.

It endures though September wax chill and unkind;
It laughs on the brink of the crag;
Nor blanches when forests turn white in the wind;
Though dying, it holds up its flag!

Its bloom knows no stint, its gold no alloy,
And we claim it forever as ours;
God's symbol of freedom and world-wide joy—
America's flower of flowers!
—St. Nicholas.

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER III.

THE ADVENT OF THE HYMN-BOOK AT OAKSHADE.

To go back to that first evening when I was introduced to the excellent family at Oakshade. I have still a dim recollection of being packed and forwarded in the carrier's van to Winton, the circuit town. I remember how glad I was to see daylight again, as the book-parcel was opened in the study of the good minister, Mr. Richmond. Books were not so plentiful then, and but for Methodist preachers they would not have been as accessible as they were. The village of Oakshade had no book-seller, no village library, no news-vender. The squire and the parson had, perhaps, their newspaper, and what with the stamp duty, they had to pay for it too. The era of illustrated periodicals and penny dailies had not then dawned upon the world.

No wonder, then, that the preacher's book-parcel was opened with interest, and that the visit of the good man to village and hamlet, perhaps with the new literature in his saddle-bags, were eagerly anticipated.

Together with "the Magazine" and some other books and pamphlets, I was made up into a small parcel to be delivered at Oakshade next time Mr. Richmond should be appointed there, which opportunity occurred the very next day.

Wednesday was market day at Winton, and on the evening of the monthly service at Oakshade, the preacher returned with the farmer from market. Mr. Wilmot, the occupant of The Hawthorns, was a man of about forty-five years of age, robust and ruddy, the very type of an English yeoman. It was growing dusk in the afternoon of an autumnal day when Mr. Wilmot's light cart stopped at Mr. Richmond's door to take up "the preacher" and myself, with my companions in the book-parcel. The gloom of night had begun to settle down upon the landscape when the cart reached The Hawthorns, and in the clear sky right above a few stars were twinkling with the peculiar brightness indicative of a frost in the air. At least so the farmer said, as we shared the village, as I happen to know, being I had been taken out of the parcel in his inspection.

"You haven't forgotten Alice's book, Mr. Richmond? Dear lass, she is twenty-two to-morrow, and I know nothing will set her so well for a birth-day gift as a hymn-book. So give it to me that I may

put it by till the morning, for she is sure to come searching your pockets for books, as usual."

Mr. Richmond was prudently keeping his mouth shut, to exclude the cold air which met his face, and without waiting for a response the farmer went on—

"Such a girl for singing! First thing in the morning and last thing at night, is that lass's voice ringing through the house. I tell her she's lark and thrush and night-ingale all in one. But bless her, she's only like David, when he says, 'I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth.'"

So the good man talked on, proud of his daughter, as he well might be, until the cart drove into the fold-yard, and he and the minister dismounted.

Though I was then in the farmer's pocket, I could hear the cheery voices that greeted him and his guest.

From my own observation of that evening, I can say nothing, but how often have I been present at similar scenes! Justice done to the ample tea, for which the nine miles' drive had given a salubrious appetite, the hour for divine service arrived. The Methodists had then no chapel in Oakshade, and the services were held in the big kitchen at The Hawthorns.

Can I not see it now? The large, deep fireplace, with room for one to sit actually in the chimney-corner on either side. The "long settle" standing between the fire and the door, shutting out all the draught and keeping in all heat, like a "hastener" before a fire. The tall brass candlesticks, polished till they positively sparkled again. The bright tins and stirrups and steelyard that graced the high mantel-piece. The sanded floor, scoured so clean that not a speck or stain was anywhere to be seen. The little congregation filling the place, sometimes a little sleepy as they sat still, feeling the heat of the fire, after many-hours' continual toil in the open air, but always wide awake at singing times. The farmer's spectacles, quite unnecessary, as I believe; Mrs. Wilmot's spotless cap; the farm-lads' round, red faces; the clean print dresses and neat aprons of the maids—are not the features of the picture permanently photographed before me? Then old Allen, the shepherd, our rustic precentor, with his flute that required so much screwing and unscrewing, and that did not always give "a certain sound." And above all, the huge, roaring fire, immediately in front of which, his back turned toward the chimney-piece, the preacher stood. It required no great exertion to preach in the kitchen at The Hawthorns, but many a time have I seen the good man mop his face like a mower in a June hay-field.

But those simple services were the only means of grace for the villagers at Oakshade. There was a church a mile or two distant, where prayers were hurriedly and indistinctly read on the Sunday afternoon; but the village would have been as dark as a Central African settlement but for the ministrations of Methodism. Good Mrs. Wilmot was the sick visitor for the whole region, and the farmhouse the only place where the children were instructed or the Word of God proclaimed.

It was on the next morning, however, that I first made acquaintance with Alice Wilmot. Her father came in to breakfast after a look round the farm, and she immediately ran to embrace him; while he wished her many happy returns of the day. I don't know whether Mr. Wilmot's eyes were not wet; I am sure his daughter's were. Then it was that I was duly presented to Alice as her parents' gift. And if you look within my cover you will see there, in characters legible enough if not elegant, "Alice Wilmot, from her father and mother, on her 21st birthday, with love and prayers." Happy the child whose privilege it is to be enriched by godly parents' "love and prayers!" The best blessings of both worlds are her heritage—human affection and heavenly grace. Strong human love sanctified by divine grace, and divine favour supplicated by affectionate hearts, as the best possession for their child.

"O father dear, the very thing I have longed for, a hymn-book all my own! And such a beauty!" (Do not accuse me of vanity, dear reader, because I repeat the lavish praises of my first professor.) "I love red morocco; and then the edges

are so nicely protected by that pocket-book like cover which I like so much. And here is actually a pocket! What can that be for? For notes of various Oh, no; I guess that will be for society tickets." And so Alice chattered on, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes brightening, while her father and mother were delighted in her delight.

"May God make the book a great blessing to you, my child," said the good mother.

"Amen," said Mr. Wilmot; and Alice, having kissed her parents, went up to her own room to feast her eyes on the outside and inside of her new possession.

Shall I describe her? Graceful and slender, not too tall, but of dignified stature; fair, with rich brown hair that needed no artifice to make it curl and wave upon the shapely head, hazel eyes and pure complexion; lips richly red and sweetly parted with a smile that was the constant index of the peace and brightness of the pure soul of dear Alice. Such was my young mistress when I first knew her, and the years that have intervened since then have been powerless to obliterate the bright impressions of that hour.

I can hear her now, with a voice of singular purity and power, singing her first strain from my pages, as her eyes caught the jubilant words:

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven;
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven!"

"To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair:
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul are there."

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS EGGS TEAT BIRDS LAY.

Among the queerest bird's eggs in the world are those of the tinamous of South America, which are distantly related to our own domestic fowls. Their most striking peculiarity is that the shell is beautifully polished and often very brightly colored. One species lays an egg of a deep stone color and of a polish so brilliant that it looks as if made artificially out of fine-grained rock. Other species have eggs that are pink or blue or green, in many different shades.

Among the North American bird's eggs, perhaps the most curiously marked are those of the flycatcher, of which the common, grey-crested flycatcher is a representative type. Their eggs have a delicate buff or cream-colored ground, varied by splashes of lavender and other soft, neutral tints. The most remarkable point about them, however, is that the whole surface is marked with fine lines, running lengthwise from end to end, and looking exactly as if they were made with pen and ink.

The eggs of some orioles and blackbirds are also very strangely marked, the markings often resembling, in a very striking way, Chinese characters and other grotesque figures.

Cuckoos, of the genus *crotophaga*, lay eggs which appear at the first glance to be of a uniform dull white, but on close examination it is found that this is merely a chalky coating over the surface. When the coating is removed, which is easily accomplished by gently scraping with a pen-knife, the shell is discovered to be of a very deep blue.

In South America there is a cuckoo that lays a similar egg, but the chalky coat, instead of being spread uniformly over the surface, is arranged in the form of a net-work, the blue showing in the spaces between the lines, so that the effect is as if the shell were covered with a fine white net. As may be imagined, it is very beautiful.

The egg of the California partridge and of its Arizona relation, the gambel's partridge, is covered with a delicate pinkish bloom, which softens and renders more beautiful the bold markings on the shell; but the touch of a finger destroys this bloom entirely, owing to the moisture of the skin. A drop of water will have the same effect.

Eggs of woodpeckers and kingfishers are always of the purest white, and so highly polished as to resemble the finest porcelain. Very beautiful, also, are the eggs of certain

small flycatchers, such as the wood pewee, which have a delicate buff or cream ground, exquisitely relieved by an encircling band of reddish brown or lavender spots.—*Natural Days.*

DICK'S GOOD MORNING.

"I had a curious thing happen to me this morning," said Mrs. Northern; she was putting away her boat bonnet, folding up her soft kid gloves, and putting the tiny scrap of lace veil into a small roll: "As I crossed the street by Dr. Campbell's I saw Mrs. Howland's little Dick, dancing along before me, his yellow curls bouncing up and down under the wide-brimmed hat. 'Good morning, Dick,' I called after him in a friendly tone. He did not hear me, but a poor, ragged-looking mulatto boy, dirty and ragged, ran up to the curb-stone, and made me a bow: 'mawwin, mistis,' he said; 'I is poorly 'nuff dis mawwin, thank you mawwin for your kind axing.'"

"He evidently thought I was speaking to him when I said 'good morning Dick,' and I did not tell him I meant Mrs. Howland's little boy. I stopped and chatted with him a while, and found him poor, and as he seemed to think, without any friends. I hoped I encouraged him some."

"This was Mrs. Northern's side of the little story; some of the rest of us heard it from Dick himself:

"I had done low my place," said Dick, "cause I was sick, and I was powerful fretted 'ganst my Hebenly Father 'bout bein' sick, 'bout losin' my place, 'bout mos' everything. Seemed to me lek nobody in all dis big shinin' world cared nothin' for po' Dick. Let him live, let him die, it all de same: sun go on shinin', people keep goin' dis way, goin' dat, and Dick jes' drap out. Well, here comes along one of dem high steppin' ladies, everything 'bout her lookin' like a peay of garden pinks, and I turns in and gets mad at her, 'bout livin' soft an' fine, and not even givin' a look at po' folks, when, 'ole bless her, she says out loud and cheerfull like, 'good mawwin, Dick.' How come she know dis nigger's name? I dunno, I spect the Lord A'mighty told her. anyhow I felt different all over: I got up an' made my bow, an' told her how poorly I was, and she jus' stood dar in de sunshine, talking to Dick lek he was de president. 'Cheer up Dick,' says she, 'our Lord sets some of us on the up hill road and some on the level, but he goes along with us himself, and heaven is at the end of both paths, when we walk with him.'"

A SERMON BY AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

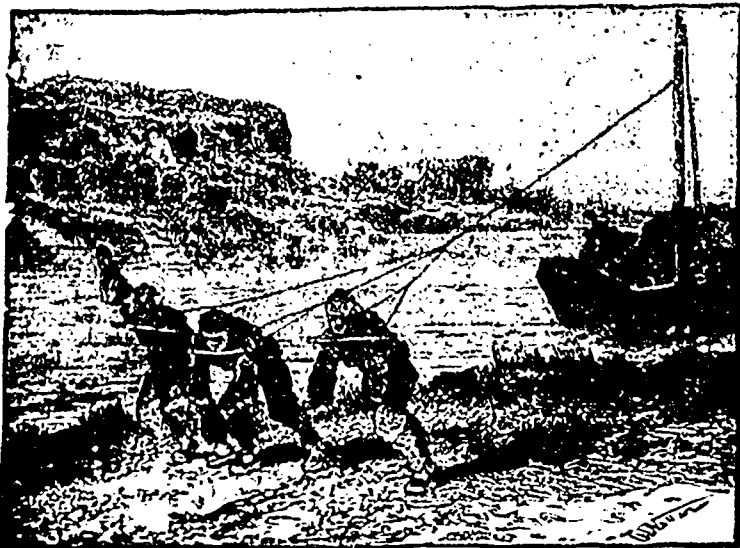
His text was "Quench not the Spirit." He preached in a school-house in Dakota to the Indians, and in his sermon he said:

"The heart is a lamp. The body a room. I have in this school room a lamp. At night I come in here and I tumble over the chairs or stove, and run against the door. Why? The room is just the same as it is in the day time, and the lamp is here all right. Why do I make so many mistakes? I have not lighted the lamp. Now I light the lamp and I move along without hitting anything.

"We, as heathen, have a body, well made and with all the parts well formed and well placed. Our heart is there, but why do we stumble in life in the dark? Why is our life so hard? Why do we always dread death and fear the evil spirits? Because our heart has not been lighted. God can light your heart with his Holy Spirit, but to keep it burning you must keep close to God.

"If you get far away, forget to pray or read the Bible or to go to church and prayer meeting, the devil will blow out your light and the darkness will be denser than ever. Keep close to God! Keep on praying and studying the Bible and the devil will run away from you. If you are out of God's light, if you 'akes darkness"

The essential principle of tobacco is a great dehydrator of living tissue. Excessive use of it will cause the tissue of the heart to become as rotten as old rubber.



BOAT TOWING IN CHINA.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 40.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 23.

PETER AT CAESAREA.

Acts 10. 30-43. Memory verses, 39-43.

GOLDEN TEXT

Through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins Acts 10. 43.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God is no respecter of persons

CIRCUMSTANCES.

As in our last lesson, the messengers of Cornelius reached Peter in the house of Simon the tanner about noon, just as Peter had been taught by a vision. They remained that day with him, while he found six Christians of Joppa to go with him (ver 23; 11-12) for witnesses and advisers. The next day they all started for Caesarea, and reached Cornelius' house about three o'clock in the afternoon (Compare ver. 30 with ver. 3.) In the meantime Cornelius had assembled his family and friends, seekers like him, and were waiting for Peter to come (ver 24).

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Until this hour—The ninth, or three o'clock (ver. 3). *God is no respecter of persons*—He treats men according to their character, and makes no difference on account of rank or wealth or nationality. All are welcome. *That word*—Tiling. Not the same word as "word" in verse 36. *Ye know*—You have heard of Jesus and his works. You are somewhat acquainted with the facts. *Quick*—The living. *Whosoever believeth*—Jews or Gentiles. *The Holy Ghost fell on all*—As on the day of Pentecost, so that they spoke with other tongues. Probably there was also the same appearance of tongues as on Pentecost (ver 46; 11. 15). Thus God testified that he received the Gentiles without their becoming Jews, and gave to them the best gifts as freely as to the Jews. *Can any man forbid water?*—Who can go contrary to God's expressed plan, and exclude the Gentiles from the church? Baptism was the ordinance by which disciples were admitted to the Church.

Find in this lesson—

That those who seek shall find.

That God is no respecter of persons.

Who are accepted by God.

What all Christians may receive.

What all Christians should do.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. How did Cornelius prepare for the coming of Peter? "By gathering his kinsmen and friends at his house." 2. When Peter came what did he say? "That he had learned that God is no respecter of persons." 3. What did he do? "He preached the gospel to these Gentiles." 4. How did God show that he welcomed the Gentiles? "By giving them the Holy Ghost, as to apostles, on Pentecost." 5. What was then done? "The Gentile believers were baptized and received into the Church."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

What is the law of God?

The law of God is his declared will respecting what men are to do, and what they are not to do.

Where is the law to be found?

In the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

A TWO THOUSAND MILE JOURNEY IN CHINA.

BY THE REV. V. C. HART, D.D.,

Superintendent of our Chinese Mission.

HERE we are in front of Chikentang, each boat tied with bamboo ropes to piles of cobble stones thrown together by the boatmen. A long plank extends from our boat to the shore. This is our fifty-third day from Ichang, and some of us are getting just a bit tired, and possibly a little impatient to see the city of "Perfect Delights," twelve miles above us.

Some of the boys will say "Fifty-three days in Chinese boats!" "What were you doing for so many days?" We were traveling of course, and have gone nearly one thousand miles in the time, sailing, rowing and tracking, mostly tracking. Each boat has about twenty men, and they hitch themselves to a long bamboo rope, which is attached to the mast, and they pull like horses from daylight until dark. "A strange way to travel in this age of railroads and steamers, and in the world's oldest empire!" Yes, indeed it is, because steamers could run anywhere on the river to this place, and much higher, and not occupy more than eight days in the trip.

As the river runs we are quite one thousand miles from Ichang, where we took these clumsy junks, and more than two thousand miles from Shanghai, where we commenced our journey. Since leaving Ichang we haven't seen anything to remind us of modern times except the telegraph line which stretches from cliff to cliff up the river bank to Chungking, and the few missionaries and foreign gentlemen residing at Chungking and Suchen-foo. Some one says, "What a dismal journey." By no means, we have had a real pleasure trip, reading, writing, walking along the banks and talking to the people and occasionally making the rocks resound with Christian hymns sung from the Canadian Hymnal. "But what about the rapids and sharp rocks, and the holes punched in the bottom of the boats, and the napping of ropes, and the boats making a few concentric circles like tops?" I had almost forgotten, there are a few fierce rapids, such as Tsin and Yieh, where we add a hundred men and boys to our team and are pulled over the foaming, seething falls. I must say they look bad, I mean to get up, but when you are up you feel very happy, and like singing a song of deliverance. We sheer most of the bad rocks, and those we struck didn't inflict very serious wounds upon the old lumber boats, and were easily doctored with boards and bamboo shavings.

SALT WELLS.

The town where we are anchored is a real large one, and exports coal to the salt wells, which are just above us, upon the opposite bank of the river. Hundreds of large buildings, with lofty frame-work like church steeples, are seen scattered over the hills for miles. Many hundreds of junks are anchored there, waiting for the caked salt, which is boiled from the brine, drawn from the deep wells with oxen.

The salt is caked like maple sugar, and is the colour of granite, and looks like dark gray sand when pounded in the mortar. It is perfectly clean, and considered much better than white salt.

While taking a little exercise upon the bank above our boats, I was attracted by twenty or more cormorants sitting upon small skiffs which the men row about after the birds, while they dive into the river and bring up fish. Two or three men were going the rounds of the birds, with dishes filled with water, and gave each one a dash or two of the water. The tired birds seemed to take intense enjoyment out of the bath. They would stretch out their long necks to the full and flap their great wings and then give themselves a glorious shake. I had never seen this process of cleansing the fishing birds before, and I judge it was a bit of petting as a hunter would pat his dog after a day's hunting.

QUEER FISHING.

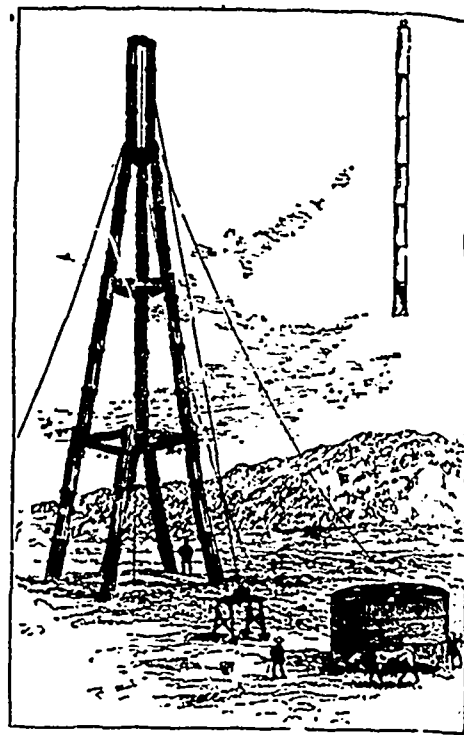
It is no uncommon thing to see fishermen carrying their skills upon their backs from point to point and the birds sitting upon the tops of the upturned boats. The cormorant is a clumsy, unattractive bird, and seems stupid enough when on land, but is an expert swimmer, and will bring up fish weighing two pounds. While I stood looking at the process quite a crowd of men and boys gathered about me and looked in amazement at my face, hat, and clothes, without saying a word until I addressed them in their own language. Then came volleys of the queerest questions you ever heard. What do you suppose a middle-aged man asked me? I am almost ashamed to tell you, but it is too good to keep a secret. He inspected me pretty thoroughly except my teeth, and said, "Are you a hundred years old?" Just imagine my emotions at such an absurd question. I am straight and fat, and can walk thirty miles a day, jump and hop with any of the young missionaries, and to be taken for a centenarian was a little too much, and from the smartest man in the crowd, what would the rank and file think? He quite wilted when I gave my age, and he found himself five years my senior. Well, he said, "your beard is white."

At Kin-Ting-Fuo, I was discoursing to a crowd upon the mystic subject of geography, when half a dozen made a guess as to my age, 80, 60, 50, 40, were the figures. When I said 52, and I have given you my age, one fellow looked at the other with scorn and said, "you might have known he was not 30, he has teeth." The people take me for a genuine patriarch, and would not be very much surprised if I were to tell them that I am two hundred years old. Buddha is said to have received into the priesthood one man two hundred years old.

The fellows were greatly emboldened by their success and plied me afresh with every conceivable question, such as, what is your boots made of? what material is your collar? and when I said of leather and linen it was pretty hard for them to believe, especially as to the collar. "So white and fine." "Our linen," and an old waist flap is lifted for my inspection, "is black and coarse as a fish net."

"Do you have the same sun as we, and is it much nearer and larger?"

One fellow with a black skin, and big mouth, and small tail tied about his head, with barely a pair of loose pants on, came closer than the others—if possible—and asked, "How far is it to your country and how do you go?" When I told them the distance to Shanghai, and that to the mass of the Se-Chuenese is a foreign city he began to look a little sceptical, but when I said, from there to my great country is three myriads of (Chinese) miles, his throat seemed to be choking, and chest distending, and when I said the great steamer goes twelve hundred (Chinese) miles a day he struggled with himself for a moment and then gave vent to his pent-up feelings. It was like lifting a safety valve clear off. Poor fellow! an idea had penetrated his inmost being. Such an enthusiast should have the opportunity of satisfying his scientific aspirations.



SALT WELL.

COUNTER ATTRACTION.

It would please you to see how quickly a foreign dressed lady will take a crowd away from even me. Mrs. Kilborn, with five minutes' walk of our boat, had nearly a hundred admiring boys, women, and mostly boys, following her. I came upon the crowd and tried to draw it after me, but not a solitary being was left for me, but a huge Waterbuffalo, and a small ugly calf, and the mother cow looked wonderfully suspiciously at me. If you want a good following out here, you must have a lady with you.

The ignorance of the masses is appalling, and the indifference in most places is more so. Just think, here is a vast empire and only one or two newspapers published by the Chinese, and these are seldom seen away from the Eastern open ports. A land without colleges or high schools, and without railroads. What is done in Eastern or North China will be known to but the few here. No political questions trouble them, no questions except the chop sticks and rice bowl, and how to fill it, are considered important to the masses. The little boys are better behaved in this province than in other parts of China. They know how to throw stones and scream "foreign devil" in the East. We never get any stones or hear "foreign devil" in this province, if so, very rarely.

Just think, there are about twelve millions of boys and young men in this province where the Canadian Methodist mission is to be established.

What are you going to do for these boys all of them your brothers? I am sure you want them to know more than they know. You desire to remove their ignorance and give them as good a chance for knowledge and success in the world as the boys of Canada have, and above all a knowledge of the living God.

The men and women in our party can reach but a few out of the millions. You must come to our help and send out many earnest self-sacrificing young men. Young men who are willing to dare to do.

CHILDREN CAN SERVE CHRIST.

A little boy once said to his mother, "I should like to have lived in the time of our Saviour that I might have done something for him."

His mother smiled and said: "What could a child of your years have done for him to prove your goodwill?"

The little boy thought a moment and then said:

"I would run everywhere doing errands."

Now this boy could still serve Christ by giving his little savings to translate, print, and circulate Bibles and Testaments. The Lord Jesus could see him do it, and still remember all he did for heathen children.